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VIRGINIA IN THE REVOLUTION.

By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.



"IN OLE VIRGINNY."

IN May, 1765, the hall of the House of Burgesses, in the "Old Capitol" at Williamsburg, Virginia, was the scene of one of those incidents which project themselves forward from the canvas of history, and seem to sum up and define a whole epoch. The House was in full session, as the mace lying on, and not under, the Clerk's table indicated. The Speaker sat in an arm-chair on a dais, behind which was a red curtain held aloft by a gilded rod. The members, in ruffles, silk stockings, and powder, were ranged in long rows—men of ample estate, owning hundreds of servants and thousands of acres—and the expression of the imposing faces was grave, almost solemn. The moment was, indeed, solemn, and the responsibility they were about to assume critical.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The Burgesses of the colony of Virginia were on this day called upon to decide whether the colony should definitely submit itself to English misrule in the shape of the oppressive Stamp Act, or refuse to submit to it, and so defy the whole power of the British Empire.

The question was so serious that the most resolute hesitated. But there was no possibility of evading it. The issue was clearly and sharply defined. To remain quiescent, or only "respectfully protest," was to submit formally to taxation without representation. And yet to resist was to take the first step in rebellion. For a long time, if we are to believe tradition, there was a solemn silence in the assembly; and when this silence was suddenly broken by the voice of one of the members, every head turned, and all eyes were fixed upon the speaker. This speaker was a young country lawyer almost unknown to the House. He was about twenty-nine, gaunt of face, stooping in figure, awkward in address, and wore an old tie-wig without powder, a faded plum-colored coat, leathern knee-breeches worn smooth by riding, and carried his papers in a pair of saddle-bags. His personal appearance was thus in vivid contrast to that of the wealthy planters, and the eyes fixed upon him seemed at first to confuse him. His voice faltered and his head hung down. After a short speech without significance, he proceeded to read from a yellow sheet—the fly-leaf of an old volume of *Coke on Lyttelton*—a series of resolutions. These were to the effect that the Americans brought with them and transmitted to their posterity all the rights of British subjects; that two royal charters had confirmed these rights; that taxation without representation violated the English Constitution; that Virginia had always hitherto taxed herself; and that the *House of Burgesses of Virginia* had the *sole right* to levy taxes in Virginia; for others to do so was *to destroy British as well as American freedom.*

When Patrick Henry sat down after reading this paper, the storm burst forth, and the resolutions were denounced by speaker after speaker, as violent and premature. He rose to reply, and it was soon seen that the unknown county court lawyer was a matchless orator. His stooping figure grew as straight as an arrow, his eyes burned with a steady flame, and his voice began to thunder. Passion carried him away at last, and in the midst of cries of "Treason!" from all parts of the House, he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it!" The statement of principles had thus been followed by the defiance of power; and before the immense eloquence of one man, all opposition had been swept away. The vote was taken, and the remarkable result was announced. The resolutions were all carried—the last and most defiant by a single voice.

What was the character of the society from which issued this great protest in favor of human freedom, and from which sprung in turn Henry the tongue, Jefferson the pen, and Washington the sword of the Revolution?

The figure first attracting attention in that old society was the figure of the planter, or "nabob," in his country-house on the banks of some lowland river, where we may see him, in fancy, surrounded by his swarms of dependents; laying down the law to every body around him; presiding like Shakspeare's justice of the peace at the county court; enthroned in the midst of his family, who love him as much as they respect him; or on the race-course; or playing trick-track with the old parson of the parish, under whose solemn droning from the tub-shaped pulpit he will serenely drop to sleep next Sunday. This figure of the planter is the one most racy of the soil and of greatest interest; but let us, in the first place, look at some others in that complex society which were grouped around the central personage. In our day the democratic idea pervades all minds, and social equality is the current dragging all else with it. It is difficult, then, to realize the state of things in America, North and South, a century ago. At that time no human being believed in the doctrine of social equality. The wealthy proprietor of New England or New York wore silk and velvet and rolled in his coach, and the laboring-man doffed his hat to him; and in Virginia the old squire or "colonel" wore a similar dress, rode in a similar vehicle, and was treated with similar respect. In Virginia society ascended in regular steps from bottom to top, like the rounds of a ladder, the black and white "indented" servants being the lowest rounds, and the planter the highest.

The African and indented servant occupied much the same position. The former was either a native of Africa—slave importation, which began in 1620, having continued to the Revolution, when it was forbidden by law—or he was the descendant of natives. The status of the African is well known. He was the property of his master, and could be bought and sold; but selling "servants," as persons of good-breeding called them—never "negroes"—was a very unpopular proceeding, and seldom resorted to except in case of necessity. They were divided into farm laborers and domestic servants, an overseer managing the former, under the eye of the master. The farm laborer was well fed, and rarely overtasked; generally had his own patch of ground, and sold eggs or poultry to his owner; was a



THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEER.

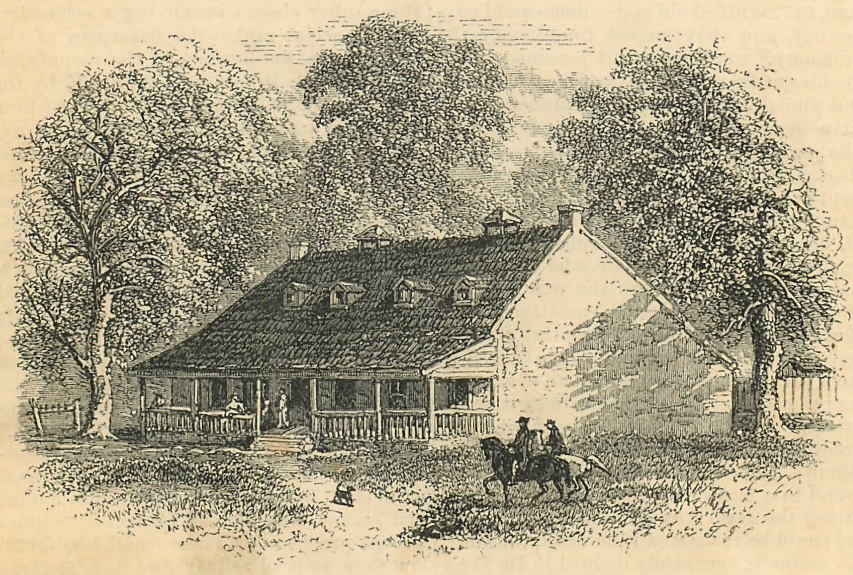
merry, jovial, musical being, and when his day's work was over, played his banjo in front of his cabin, and laughed and jested and danced by the light of the moon. The domestic servants were a step higher, and were looked upon very much as members of the family, whose joys and sorrows were their own too. They were slaves in nothing but the word. The gray-haired coachman, the dignified old major-domo and body-servant, and that august functionary the "mammy," were important personages, and the idea of treating these merely as chattels, and punishing them in any manner, would have been regarded as supremely absurd. The coachman and major-domo had been playmates of the master of the establishment when they were all children, and the mammy had nursed, washed, dressed, scolded, domineered over, and ruled the rising generation, male and female, who were much more subject to her than she was to them. These old servants were a constituent part of a social organization essentially patriarchal, and repaid the confidence placed in them with warm affection and an overweening pride in every thing connected with "the family." Of the indented servant, who was almost always a criminal transported to the colonies, not much need be said. He was bound to a master for a term of years, and during the term was subject to his orders, and could be reclaimed if he fled from work. His status is accurately defined in De Foe's novels, where it will be seen that he was a servant bound to obey a master. At the end of his term he became a freedman again; and there were numerous instances where persons of this class reformed their lives, accumulated property, and became respectable members of the community.

Passing to the class of free citizens, we encounter at the next round in the social ladder the small land-holder and two or three other classes occupying a somewhat similar social rank—the fishermen of the Chesapeake, the hunters of the mountains, etc. The small land-holder—called by the black people, who invariably disliked him, the "poor white man"—was generally uneducated, of humble origin, dressed in homespun, tilled his small tract with his own hands assisted by his sons, and eked out what was often a scanty subsistence by selling the produce of his "truck patch" at some planter's establishment near, or in the neighboring town, when there was a town. He had no servants, farm or domestic. His wife and daughters cooked, washed, and spun; and his only recreation was to go and listen occasionally to the "speechifying" at the county court. He managed sometimes to send his children to the "old field school," and if he was a man of prudence and industry, often accumulated means to purchase more land, bought a servant or two, and at last became a well-to-do farmer, sometimes a large proprietor. These small land-holders were men of sturdy and independent characters, like the English "yeoman" class.

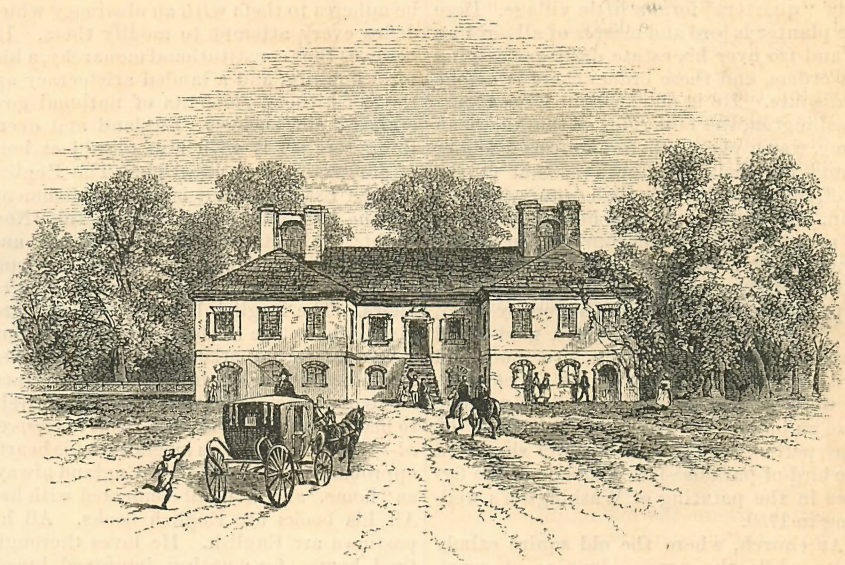
They were uneducated by books, but ardent lovers of public discussion, which was often a very liberal education in political philosophy. Twenty-five acres of land was a freehold, and gave the right to vote; and this vote was cast by the small proprietors in the freest and most independent manner. They were not very friendly to England. When Henry came out of the Burgesses after his speech against the Stamp Act, it was one of this class who slapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Stand by us, old fellow, or we are gone!"

The fishermen of the Chesapeake, the only "aquatic" class in a colony without fisheries like New England; the merchant "factors" of the small towns, very similar to the present commission merchants, who managed the business affairs of the planters; the lawyers, physicians, and other classes—offer nothing very interesting. Let us pass to the two strongly contrasted types—the hunter of the mountains, in his hunting shirt and moccasins, and the planter of tide-water, in his silk and velvet. The Virginia mountaineer of the eighteenth century was one of the most picturesque and notable figures of the epoch. He or his father had turned his back on the tide-water settlements, and resolutely set out to penetrate that "debatable land" and "bloody ground," the region west of the Blue Ridge, intent, like Cooper's Leatherstocking, on securing "more elbow-room." The mountaineer was tall, stalwart, sparing of speech, entirely fearless, inured to hardship, of the race that extends civilization in new lands, preparing the way for others to enjoy what he wins from the wilderness and the savage. His sole possessions often were a rifle and an axe. With the axe he felled trees and built his rude cabin in some gash of the Alleghanys on the farthest outpost of civilization. With his rifle he provided venison and bear meat, or defended wife and children from massacre by the savages. The story of these bloody combats, as we read it in the old provincial history by Samuel Kercheval, is rich in romance, tragedy, and exhibitions of the coolest courage. The mountaineer did not know the meaning of the word fear, and every thing about him was in accord with his surroundings. He was liberal, open-hearted—as guileless and unsuspecting, indeed, as a child—but tougher manhood never dwelt in human breast. The fibre of his character easily stood any strain upon it, and he endured patiently and cheerfully all hardships. It was to this class of men that Washington looked, not to Braddock's "regulars," on the march to Fort Duquesne and in the bloody engagement there, as in all the long and arduous years of border war; and they formed the *corps d'élite* of the little Virginia army under General Andrew Lewis, which broke the power of the savage tribes in 1774, at the battle of Point Pleasant, on the Ohio. When the Revolution began, they appeared as "Morgan's Riflemen" in front of Boston, clad in fringed hunting shirts, belts of wampum, and moccasins, with "Liberty or Death" on their breasts, every man grasping his long rifle, and they fought throughout the war with unfaltering courage and endurance, from Quebec to the Cowpens.

The planter of Tide-water Virginia—the last round in the ladder—was the most



GREENWAY COURT, HOME OF LORD FAIRFAX.



STRATFORD, IN WESTMORELAND, THE HOME OF THE LEES.

striking representative of the older society of the colony, as the mountaineer was of the new. The planter was almost always an Englishman of unmixed race. He was a descendant of the first immigrants who took root at Jamestown, or of those who afterward sought Virginia as a place of refuge from the heavy hand of Cromwell. If they brought any means with them, they purchased rich tracts on the lowland rivers, and built fine houses. If they were poor, they went further up, "took up" tracts which they engaged to defend from the Indians, paying so many shillings rent to his Majesty annually "at the feast of Michael the Archangel," as the old deeds ran; and if these latter were prudent, energetic, and acquisitive of land, as almost all of their race were, they died wealthy. An instance out of a thousand others was Captain William Byrd, who "took up" thus the site of the present city of Richmond. He was a gentleman of small means. His son, the famous owner of "Westover," was what we should now call a millionaire, and died possessed of between one and two hundred thousand acres of the best land in Virginia.*

This was the origin of the planter class. Their ancestors had been men of social position but impoverished fortunes. The descendants held the same position, but were the owners of great estates. With the family blood they inherited all the family proclivities; and as they were the controlling class from social influence, and almost from their numbers, the commonwealth received from them an impress which it has never lost. Able writers—among them Mr. Bancroft—have contested this controlling influence, but it existed in spite of other important elements. These were the brave and conscientious Huguenot element—men who had fled from bigotry and persecution in France to the free air of Virginia—and the Scotch-Irish element, chiefly encountered in the rich Valley of Virginia. From this hardy and intelligent Scotch-Irish stock sprung some of the most distinguished men of Virginia history; among them General Andrew Lewis, the fearless soldier and statesman of the Revolution, and General "Stonewall" Jackson, one of the greatest leaders of the Confederate army. The Valley was also the home of large numbers of thrifty and law-abiding Dutch and Germans, owners of comfortable houses, huge red barns, and broad fertile acres. These and other classes gave variety and picturesqueness to the composite social fabric; but the most interesting individual of all, the figure with the richest peculiarities, was the large land-holder of tide-water. He was full of prejudices, oddities, humors; and the men of his class inaugurated the Revolutionary struggle—a fact which by itself makes him worthy of attention.

Let us go back in fancy for a moment and visit the planter in his manor-house on the banks of the James, the York, or the Rappahannock. His house is sometimes large and fine, like "Rosewell" or "Stratford Hall," but frequently unassuming. It stands, however, in the midst of hundreds, often thousands, of rich acres, and its out-buildings and serv-

* An interesting illustrated article on "The Westover Estate" was published in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1871.

ants' "quarters" form a little village. Here the planter is lord and master of all—riding to and fro over his estate daily and issuing his orders, and these orders there is no one to dispute. He is an excellent horseman—Washington, the best rider of the American army, was a planter before he was a soldier—and the mounted figure is that of the bluff, ruddy, healthy English country gentleman. His dress is plain at home; but when he enters his coach-and-four, driven by the portly black coachman, to go to the metropolis of Williamsburg, or to attend church, or to preside in awful state at the county court, he is *en grande tenue*—ruffles, gold-laced waistcoat, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and powder. The costumes of the old comedy, as we see them on the stage to-day, alone give an idea of the gorgeous "full dress" of that period, which is accurately shown in the bird-of-paradise-like plumage of the figures in the painting of Washington's wedding in 1759.

At church, where the old squire calmly dozes while the parson drawls; at court, where, as magistrate, he is the terror of evil-doers; at the fine balls at the Governor's palace or the Raleigh Tavern; and in his own hospitable house, where the table groans under every delicacy and the wine flows freely—the generous, dogmatic, prejudiced, courteous, imposing old worthy appears in his most characteristic phases. His opinions upon political, religious, and social subjects have long since been made up, and he adheres to them with an obstinacy which defies every attempt to modify them. He believes that constitutional monarchy, a historic nobility, and a landed aristocracy are the constituent elements of national government and society. England and every thing English is with him a subject both of admiration and affection. The English Church Establishment is his establishment, and he has little patience with the "New Lights," "Baptists," "Presbyterians," and other dissenters, who are leading people astray, he tells you, with their new-fangled views. The English law of primogeniture, giving the estate to the eldest son, and thus perpetuating an aristocratic landed class, is, in the planter's opinion, the very corner-stone of the social fabric. The king's right to his obedience—*if his own rights are respected*—is a doctrine which meets with his hearty approbation. He speaks of England always as "home," and loves all connected with her. All his books are English books. All his pastimes are English. He loves thoroughbred horses, fox-hunting, improved breeds of stock, Christmas festivities, a house overflowing with company, and a generous style of living.

The sketch here given will, we hope, enable the reader to take in at a glance that striking and composite society of Virginia in the last century, with its black and white servants working on the glebe; its wealthy land-holders rolling in their coaches, and ruling supreme on their large estates far from



EN GRANDE TENUE.



OLD SMITHFIELD CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT, 1632—THE OLDEST CHURCH NOW STANDING IN VIRGINIA.

towns; its parsons of the parish prone to easy living, quarrels with their vestries, and intolerance of "New Light" dissent led by Wesley, Fletcher, Whitefield, and in Virginia by Samuel Davies and some of the ablest and purest of men; its fishermen dredging the waters of the Chesapeake; its "factors" driving a profitable business in the few towns; and its stalwart borderers in the mountains and the great valley grasping their rifles, and as free as the eagle sweeping above them. If this picture is clear before the eyes of the reader, he will find no difficulty in conceiving a tolerably correct idea of the land and period in which now took place the great political agitation which, concurrent with that in the other colonies, was to result in the overthrow of English supremacy in North America.

From this outline of Virginia society we pass now to men and events. The English government recoiled before the determined opposition to the Stamp Act, and repealed it; but two years later passed a new law levying duties on tea, glass, and other commodities, which aroused a similar ferment in the colonies. In Virginia the Burgesses passed resolutions so rebellious that the Governor dissolved them. Thus all things hastened. In the spring of 1773 it was plain to all that the public sentiment of the colonies was becoming imbittered and dangerous. There was something in the air resembling the first breath of an approaching storm; and the great political leaders North and South, who foresaw that revolution was inevitable, welcomed joyfully these signs of popular agitation. In Virginia the two men who marched in front of all were Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson—and these two leaders are equally interesting as individuals and political overturners. Let us glance at them. Henry had already received the name of the "Man of the People." He sprung from what may be called the middle class, and his personal appearance was plain, almost humble. During his early manhood he was noted for idleness and failure in all that he undertook. He failed twice as a small country merchant, giving his time and attention to hunting, fishing, and playing the violin, instead of his business; and, as a last resort, read law for six weeks, barely received a license to practice, and seemed destined to starve a little more rapidly even in his new profession than in trade. The moment was near, however, when his wonderful powers were to reveal themselves. The clergy of the colony—who were not a popular class—brought suit to recover their salaries, resting their claims on a royal order in council, which was in direct opposition to an act of the Burgesses, and Henry was employed to oppose them, though the law was completely in their favor. The result was remarkable. The awkward youth rose to speak in the midst of derisive smiles from the clergy, who were present in great numbers. His head hung down, and his voice faltered. But soon an astonishing transformation took place in his appearance. The head rose erect, the voice grew vibrating and imperious, and he denounced king, clergy, and Parliament in terms so violent and overwhelming that he was interrupted by cries of "Treason!" and the parsons left the court-house in bitter indignation. Henry's triumph was com-

plete. He had played upon the chords of the popular heart with the hand of a master. The jury decided in his favor in open opposition to all law; and the crowd, yielding to passionate admiration, caught the young orator up on their shoulders and bore him in the midst of shouts and outcries around the yard of the court-house.

Henry's next public appearance was in the debate on the Stamp Act in the House of Burgesses. We have seen him on that occasion rise in the midst of the crowd of planters, and break down all opposition by his immense eloquence. He had thus carried with him the first men of Virginia, as he had carried with him the rustic crowd when he spoke against the parsons. He was thenceforward the mouth-piece and leader of the extreme revolutionists, and his own fiery spirit pervaded the whole fabric of society, moulding public sentiment and spurring the people to resolute resistance.

Jefferson belonged by birth to the aristocratic class—a subject of great derision to him—and in his early years was a tall, thin, red-haired, laughing, fiddle-playing youth, who spent his time in a round of frolics; in writing rollicksome letters from "Devilsburg," as he called the city of Williamsburg; in making romantic love to little beauties with whom he danced, he tells us, in the "Apollo Room" of the Raleigh Tavern, where afterward, in the very same room, he was to inaugurate revolution. College ended, he became a county court lawyer, bore off a beautiful young widow and heiress from many rivals, and in due time entered upon politics. Young as he was, the first intellects of the time soon found that he was their leader. The position he speedily assumed and never lost was due to no intrigue or influence of family or friends; the born *révolutionnaire* and iconoclast took as of right the rank to which his intellect entitled him. This intellect was *sui generis*; a species of machine which rolled remorselessly without pausing over all that lay in its path—the *jus divinum*, aristocratic privilege, and ecclesiastical authority. Henry was the orator, on fire with indignation, and lashing himself to rage, as it were, by the sound of his own voice. Jefferson was the writer, the cold political thinker, attaching no weight to authority, subjecting all to the test of reason, without reverence for what was established because it was established, and prone by nature to carry out abstract principles to their extremest bounds without shrinking from the result. It was not to be wondered at that, with such a bent of intellect and temperament, he should have become a political agitator and social leveler: unfortunately he became also an unbeliever in Christianity.

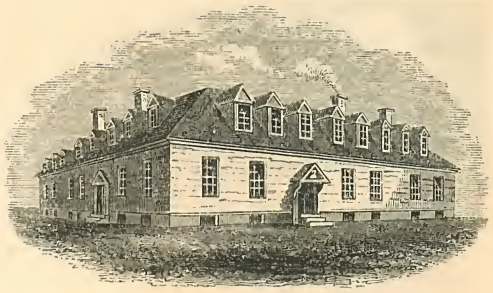


PATRICK HENRY.—[FROM THE STATUE IN RICHMOND.]



THOMAS JEFFERSON.—[FROM THE STATUE IN RICHMOND.]

Such were the two great ultra-revolutionary leaders who moved in front. Immediately behind them, however, were men who surpassed them in many of the qualities which found new commonwealths out of the *débris* of old ones. These men were —Richard Henry Lee, of "Chantilly," in Westmoreland, tall, noble-looking, with a



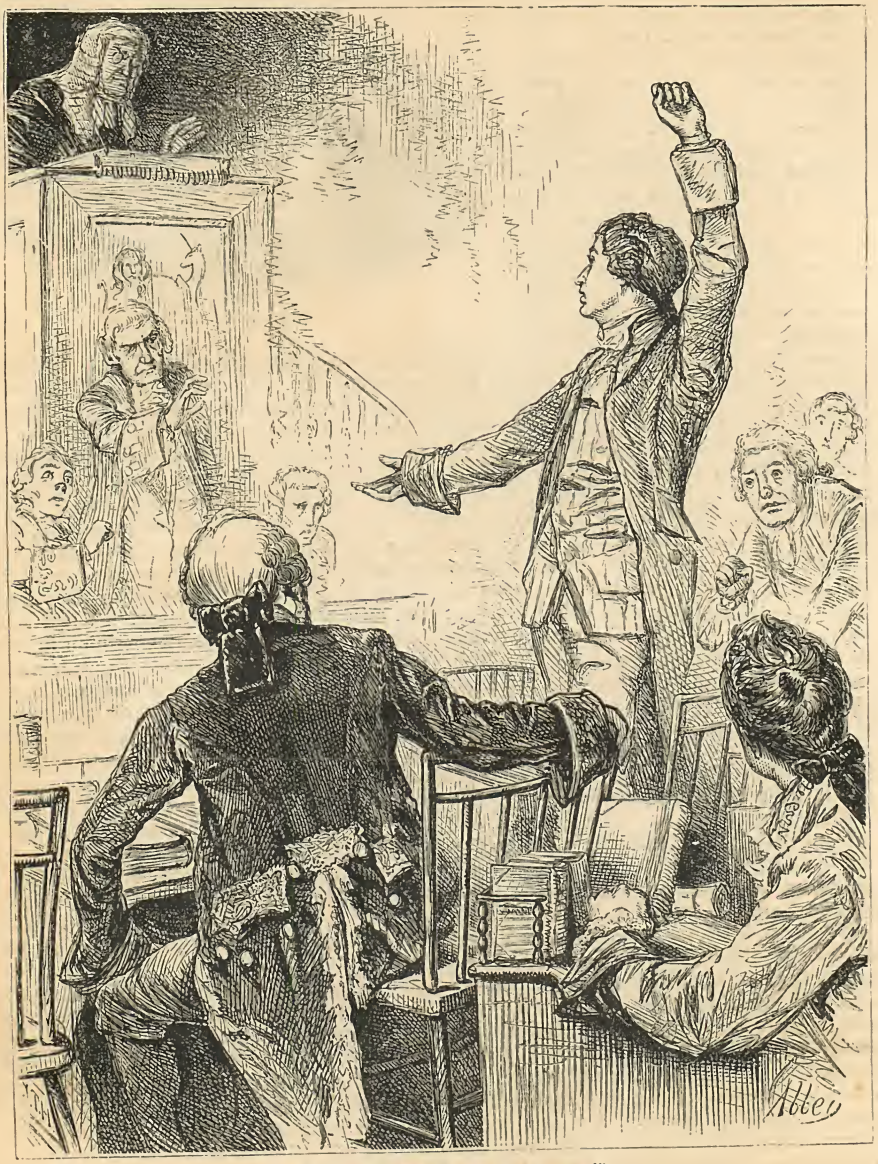
RALEIGH TAVERN.

black bandage on one hand covering a gunshot wound received while shooting swans on the Potomac, with a slight bend in the neck, which gave him the appearance of listening courteously; and a delicacy in public speaking so peculiarly graceful that he was said to have made it the subject of study, and to have practiced his gestures before a mirror. He was to play a great part in the approaching collision, to share in all the consultations of the leaders, to move in Congress the Declaration of Independence, and to die, at the end of a serene old age, in his native Westmoreland, leaving behind him the reputation of a devoted lover of his country, and an orator full of "fire and splendor." Edmund Pendleton, of "Edmundsbury," in Caroline, was another of these eminent figures—tall and graceful in person, like Lee, with the silvery voice (*vox argentea*) of Cicero, and a face "of the first order of manly beauty;" a conservative statesman, having that intuitive love of prescription characteristic of all eminent lawyers; in favor of the system of primogeniture and of a well-regulated Establishment; winning in manners, an exquisitely persuasive public speaker, and so vigorous of intellect that Jefferson said of him, "Take him all in all, he was the ablest man in debate I have ever met with." He was to become the president of the Committee of Safety, to preside over the Supreme Court of Appeals of the Commonwealth, and to die in harness, old and famous, while penning the last lines of a judicial opinion protecting his beloved Episcopal Church. With these was associated George Mason, of "Gunston Hall," on the Potomac—powerful in frame, with a swarthy complexion, and dark eyes, whose expression was half sad, half severe, as may still be seen in his portrait: with his massive political genius trained by profound study of charters and state papers, his biting wit, his honesty, pride, simplicity, courage, a true type of the great race from which sprang Hampden and Sydney, though his ancestors had adhered to the fortunes of the king. He was to become the author of the *Bill of Rights* of the people of Virginia, which has been styled "the quintessence of all the great principles and doctrines of freedom wrought out by the people of England from the earliest times;" to write to his son in Paris, "God bless you, my dear child, and grant that we may again meet in your native country as freemen, otherwise, that we never see each other more, is the prayer of your affectionate father;" and to say, in 1778, "If I can only live to see the American Union firmly fixed, and free governments firmly established in our Western world, and can leave to my children but a crust of bread and liberty, I shall die satisfied, and say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!'" And others still were the eminent Benjamin Harrison, said to be descended from the regicide; Wythe and Bland, profoundly read in the ancient charters; Page and Nelson, both to become Governors; Edmund Randolph, afterward President of Congress and Washington's cabinet officer; and Archibald Cary, of "Ampthill"—that small, slender, bright-eyed gentleman called "Old Iron" for his courage, who, when some one broached the project of making Patrick Henry dictator, sent him the message, "Tell him that the day of his appointment shall be the day of his death, for he shall find my dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day."



THE APOLLO ROOM.

Such was the strong phalanx supporting Henry and Jefferson at this critical moment—the spring of '73. These two latter were in the Burgesses, and under their hands all the elements of revolution began to combine and form a compact mass. They held a meeting with other determined spirits "in the evening, in a private room of the Raleigh," and from this consultation sprang the project for a "Committee of Correspondence and Inquiry for the Dissemination of Intelligence between the Colonies"—the first great bond of union between the scattered colonies. Massachusetts had already such a



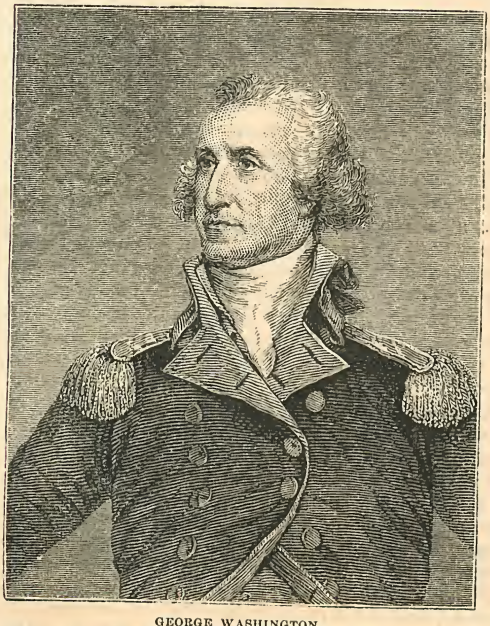
"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

system within her own borders, among the counties and townships; the Virginia proposition was the first for intercolonial consultation, and it proved one of the main great engines of resistance. It was laid before the Burgesses; the project was promptly adopted; Lord Dunmore as promptly dissolved the body; the people as promptly re-elected every member; and with the advent of 1774 the storm began to mutter nearer and nearer. What the leaders earnestly desired had duly taken place. The tea had been destroyed in Boston Harbor; Parliament ordered the port to be closed on the 1st of June; and the Virginia Burgesses resolved that the day should be one of "fasting, humiliation, and prayer," whereupon Governor Dunmore again dissolved them. But the die was now cast. The Burgesses had gone too far to recede, even if they desired to do so. "We retired to the Apollo, as before," says Jefferson. The counties were recommended to appoint deputies to a convention to assemble on the 1st of August, and the Committee of Correspondence was directed to propose to all the colonies a *General Congress* to meet and consult on the general welfare.

The main aim of this paper is to show what part the colony of Virginia bore in the *political* history of the Revolution, for therein lies her chief claim to attention. Having this in view, the writer ought not to pass over without mention a remarkable publication of the period—Jefferson's "Summary View of the Rights of British America"—which procured the enrollment of his name in a bill of attainder for treason. This striking pamphlet led, according to John Adams, to the selection of Jefferson to draw up the Declaration of Independence. The history of the latter document is familiar to all. The colonies almost without exception were, in the spring of 1776, ready for such a step, but it was first formally proposed by Virginia. On the 17th of May the Burgesses directed their delegates to Congress to propose to that body to declare the colonies independent of Great Britain, and in June Richard Henry Lee moved in Congress "that these united colonies are and ought to be free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." John Adams, the hardy and resolute champion of resistance, supported the resolution. A fiery debate followed; but all opposition was broken down, and on the 4th of July this immeasurably important document became the foundation of the republic of the United States. The country was already at war. Henry had foreseen the armed struggle, and predicted, almost with the spirit of prophecy, the exact date of its beginning. In March, 1775, more than one year before, the Virginia Convention had met in old St. John's Church, crowning a lofty hill above the falls of James River, at Richmond, and Henry had promptly moved that "the colony be put in a state of defense." When his resolution was opposed, his extraordinary eloquence again swept all before it. Inaction, he declared, would prove fatal. "There is no retreat," he exclaimed, "but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston.....The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms.....I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" The echo to this defiant outburst and call to arms was the rattle of musketry at Concord, and the thunder of Lord Percy's cannon as he retreated, before the minute-men, on Boston.



WASHINGTON.*



GEORGE WASHINGTON.
[FROM PORTRAIT BY COLONEL TRUMBULL.]

Thus step by step the Americans had advanced from indignation to protest,

* From the Washington Monument in front of the Capitol in Richmond, Virginia. The statues of Henry, Jefferson, and Lewis, represented in other cuts, are parts of this same monument.



"BY THE LIGHT OF HIS BIVOUAC FIRE HE MADE BAD VERSES IN HER HONOR."

from protest to resistance, and from resistance to revolution; and, from the first, Virginia had been one of those in front of the column.

The great political revolution had thus been consummated. The tongue and the pen had done their work. The colonies had declared themselves independent of Great Britain—that step meant war—and the great question now was, who should be selected as the military leader. It did not seem a difficult matter to find this leader. The old French and Indian wars had trained excellent soldiers in the severest of schools, and both in the North and the South were many suitable persons. The choice fell upon George Washington, a planter of the Potomac, who was now called from his beloved retirement at "Mount Vernon" to take command of the armies of North America.

The public career of Washington is an oft-told tale, and does not belong to the subject of this paper. But a few personal details of the man may interest—a familiar likeness of an individual whom we are much too prone to regard as merely a chill figure in bronze or marble. Washington was essentially a countryman: he became a soldier and ruler from force of circumstances, not from choice. He was a younger son, and began life as a surveyor for his connection Lord Fairfax, of "Greenway Court," in the Virginia Valley—the eccentric old nobleman who owned nearly one-fourth of the colony of Virginia, who became the early protector of the boy George Washington, and who when, more than thirty years afterward, he heard that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to this same boy, exclaimed to his old body-servant, "Take me to bed, Joe; it is time for me to die!" The youth was sixteen when he forded the Shenandoah, chain and compass in hand, a ruddy boy with bright face and curling hair, intent on earning his "doubloon a day." He had left behind him a little "lowland beauty," as he called her—the mother afterward of "Light-Horse" Harry Lee—and by the light of his bivouac fire in the great woods he made bad verses in her honor. Then came Braddock's march and the Indian wars on the frontier, and the youth was put in command there, and became tough and enduring for the greater work of the future. He made a high reputation and received public honors; but he did not seem to desire them. He preferred country life at Mount Vernon, which was now his property, and the enjoyment of the society of his young wife and his old neighbors. His first meeting with Mrs. Washington was accidental and a little romantic. He was making a rapid horseback journey from the frontier to Williamsburg, when, in New Kent County, he met a gentleman who invited him to stop for the night. He declined—his business was public and urgent; but consented to dine, ordering his horse to be ready in an hour. In an hour his horse was awaiting him at the

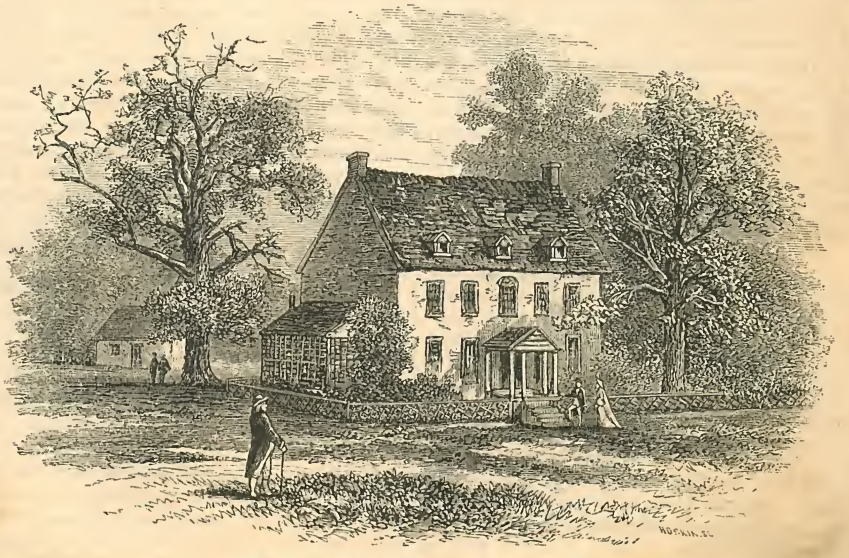
door, held by his stiff old body-servant, Bishop, presented to him by Braddock. But Colonel Washington was not ready, and did not make his appearance until next morning. He had made the acquaintance of the beautiful young Martha Custis, who in January, 1759, became Mrs. Washington, bringing him a fortune of about £30,000. Thenceforth the young soldier seemed to lose all his ambition. Private life pleased him better than public. Ingrained in him were the instincts and tastes of the planter, and he loved the management of his estate as a politician loves to govern a nation—to lay out new fields, plan improvements, raise thorough-bred horses and new breeds of cattle, and to ride out gun in hand, or follow the hounds, of which he had an excellent pack. His character was sedate, and he seemed rather cold, but he entertained liberally, though his personal habits were plain and temperate. He was more a man of business than a student. In his county and in the Burgesses he threw his great name into the scales of revolution; and receiving from Congress in 1775 the summons to take command of the American armies, at once obeyed the summons, urging his incompetency, but calmly accepting the responsibility. He set out for Boston, was every where received with acclamations, and at Cambridge took command of the colonial forces, resolved to do his duty and leave the rest to Providence.

The armed struggle of the Revolution took place rather in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas than in Virginia; but some interesting military events occurred upon her soil, and by a singular chance the war came to an end within a few miles of the spot where Patrick Henry had sounded the first note of resistance.

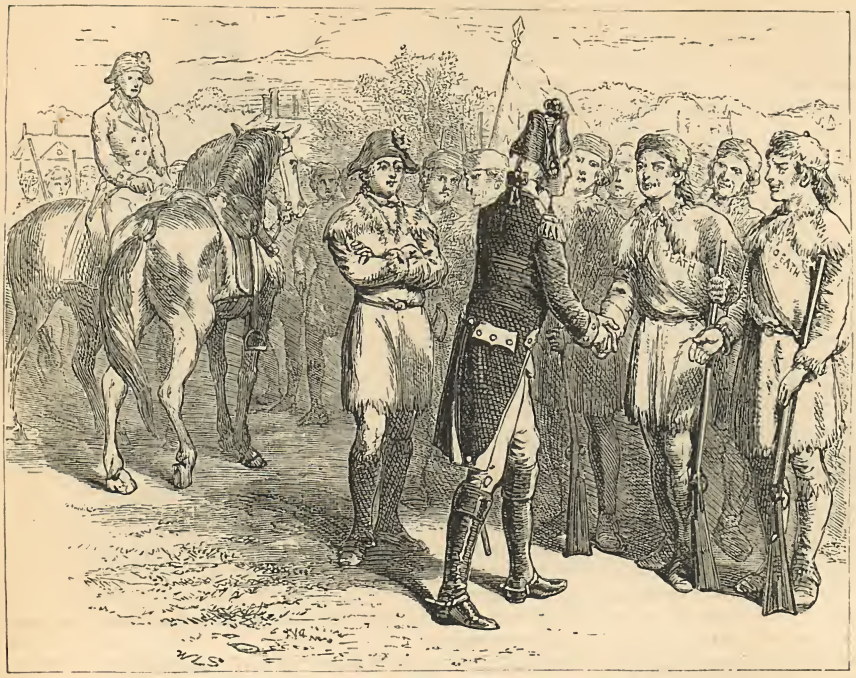


ANDREW LEWIS.—[FROM THE STATUE IN RICHMOND.]

The military events were briefly these. In the autumn of 1774 a great force of Indians appeared on the Virginia frontier, and it was charged—with or without reason—against Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor, that he encouraged an inroad on the border to paralyze the spirit of colonial rebellion. The Virginians acted with decision. A force was promptly embodied, under com-



SARATOGA—GENERAL MORGAN'S RESIDENCE.



"GENERAL, FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE POTOMAC."

mand of General Andrew Lewis. He marched to Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, and in a bloody battle there, fought in the month of October, completely defeated and broke the strength of the great tribes under Cornstalk and other leaders, who thereafter gave the colonies no trouble.

With 1775 the war began; and almost at the moment when the men of the North were fighting at Lexington and Concord, Patrick Henry was marching at the head of an armed force on Williamsburg, to extort from Governor Dunmore the restitution of the powder which he had removed from the public magazine. The intelligence of this removal had fired the whole colony, and seven hundred men promptly assembled at Fredericksburg, among whom was a company of Culpepper minute-men, bearing a flag with a rattlesnake upon it, and the motto, "Don't tread on me!" One of the officers of this company was young John Marshall, afterward Chief Justice of the United States. It marched to the sea-board, and—Lord Dunmore having fled and begun a predatory war on the coast—took part in the battle of Great Bridge, in December, where an English force sustained a bloody repulse, their brave leader, Fordyce, falling at the head of his grenadiers, pierced by fourteen bullets from the rifles of the mountaineers. This resolute race of men has been spoken of already; and in this year (1775) an interesting incident is related of them. Daniel Morgan—the hero of Quebec, Saratoga, and the Cowpens afterward—had recruited in the Virginia Valley a battalion, which he called "Morgan's Riflemen." With these he set out to join Washington, then at Boston, and while riding along his lines, Washington saw them approaching. At the sight he stopped, the riflemen drew nearer, and their commander, stepping in front, made the military salute, exclaiming, "General, from the right bank of the Potomac!" The effect of these words was remarkable. Washington dismounted, came to meet the battalion, and going down the line with both arms extended, shook hands with the riflemen one by one, tears rolling down his cheeks as he did so. He then mounted, saluted, and silently rode on.



FLAG OF THE CULPEPPER MINUTE-MEN.

In 1781 the war was transferred from New York and the Carolinas to Virginia, Arnold, the traitor, ascending James River and setting fire to Richmond, after which he retreated. This was followed by the occupation of Petersburg by General Phillips, whom Jefferson called "the proudest man of the proudest nation upon earth." The young Marquis Lafayette, sent by Washington to take command in Virginia, cannonaded Petersburg; and the "Bolingbroke" mansion, where Phillips had his head-quarters and lay ill, was in the range of fire. To

protect him from the shot, the British general was removed to the cellar, exclaiming, "Won't they let me die in peace?" soon after which he expired.

With the month of May came Lord Cornwallis from the Carolinas, confident of his ability to capture Lafayette, of whom he said, "The boy can not escape me." The boy, however, steadily retired toward the Rappahannock; Lord Cornwallis advanced into the interior of the State, and Colonel Tarleton, his chief of cavalry, swept like a hurricane in front of him, burning houses, cutting the throats of such horses as he did not need, among others those on one of Jefferson's estates, and having dispersed the Legislature at Charlottesville, made a swoop at "Monticello," the residence of Jefferson, who just managed to escape into the neighboring mountains.

Cornwallis soon fell back toward the Chesapeake, pursued by "the boy" Lafayette, who struck a heavy blow at him in the neighborhood of Williamsburg; and then appeared a courier at the American headquarters, bringing great news. Washington had determined to transfer the war to Virginia. He secretly evacuated his lines in front of New York, marched through Philadelphia in the midst of shouts and acclamations, made a brief pause at Mount Vernon while the forces continued their way, and on the evening of the 14th of September, 1781, made his appearance at Williamsburg.

All things now hastened forward to the great catastrophe upon which the curtain was about to fall. Lord Cornwallis had shut himself up in Yorktown, awaiting succor from Sir Henry Clinton. The English fleet had been attacked outside the capes and driven off by the French fleet under Count de Grasse. The British commander was closely invested in Yorktown, and a thundering salute from the American cannon announced that the attack upon him had begun; and at length a decisive assault took place, which resulted in the capture of two of the strongest of the English redoubts, one toward the banks of the York, the other toward the bay. Washington, who had witnessed the contest, when the English works had been carried, said to Knox, in his grave, deliberate voice,

"The work is done, and well done."

The long work was indeed over, the event was decided. Lord Cornwallis, in despair, conceived the desperate design of crossing his army secretly, under cover of darkness, to Gloucester Point, on the north bank of the York, and of thence pushing his way by a forced march to New York. But the elements fought against him. A great storm arose and wrecked his barges, and he wrote to General Washington announcing his readiness to surrender. This great final scene of the long and bloody tragedy took place on the 19th of October, and terminated the Revolutionary war.

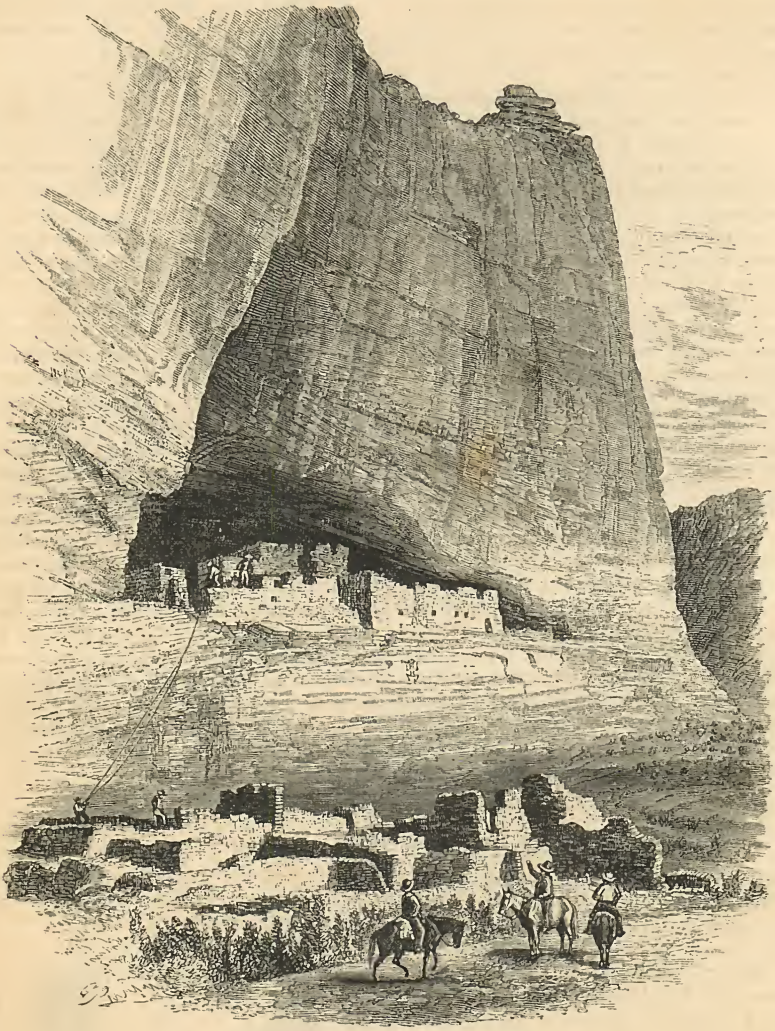
A TRAIL IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST.

FROM the high mountain country of Southern Colorado, in which the Chama and Navajo rivers are fed by the inexhaustible snows of the San Juan range, Lieutenant Morrison's division of the Wheeler exploring expedition, an account of whose progress to this point has already appeared in these pages, crossed the boundary line of New Mexico and entered a section which would have proved to us, had we needed proof, the impossibility of generalizing on the elements of Western scenery. The mature and mellow prettiness of the English rural landscape may be comprehensively grasped in some happy figure of a poet. But it is as vain to attempt to describe the territory beyond the 100th meridian by one or half a dozen adjectives as it would be to attempt to epitomize in a single sentence the changing glories of the western sky.

To say that it is all rugged, weird, and depressing is as incorrect as to say that it is invariably beautiful, luxuriant, and inspiring. It contradicts itself in the possession of all these qual-



NAVAJOS.



INDIAN RUINS IN THE CAÑON DE CHELLE.

ities, and in it Nature becomes a polyglot, expressing herself in a confusion of tongues, familiar and unfamiliar, breathing lullabies in the tranquillity of clover-loaded pastures, muttering threats where the spear-like peaks glitter with frosty brilliancy, and mocking herself in the witch-like images and exuberant colors of the eroded sandstones. To-day the traveler labors in the troughs and over the hillocks of the plains, where the deformed sage bush mantles the sterile earth with its leaden-hued pall, and where life is merely an illustration of its consequence, death. To-morrow he pitches his tent among the overflowing vegetation of a mountain valley, and reposes on a bed of bluebells, with the melody of sighing cotton-woods and snow-fed brooks rippling in his ears, all his senses surfeited in a paradise of sweetness. The next day he may be in a region of monumental fantasies that set at naught the common laws of heaven and earth and all possibilities of description—a lost mortal in a goblin land where the grotesque and the preternatural are blended in the oddest architecture that wind, rain, and sand ever wrought upon.

At the forks of the Rio Chama, near the southern limit of Colorado, we were in a country crystalline with peaks and glacier tracks, furrowed far and wide with deep cañons locked between chromatic walls of basalt and undulating hills of pine, as silent and sequestered to all appearance as it was when the world began. Ten miles farther south, across the New Mexican boundary line, we reached an extensive low-lying

Education is making slow headway. Until 1871 there were no public schools in the Territory, but there are now no less than 133, with 5625 pupils. In twelve schools both English and Spanish are taught, in ten English only, and in 111 Spanish only. When the last census was made, the population included 48,836 persons over ten years of age who could not read, and 52,220 persons who could not write. The wealthier classes sometimes send their children to school in the States, but when a young man has tasted the pleasures of Eastern society he does not willingly submit himself again to the primitive surroundings of his father's house, and hence there is a decided prejudice against this custom.

In faith the people are simple, obedient, miracle-loving believers in the most authoritative and absolute Roman Catholicism—blind slaves of crude superstitions, taxed beyond their means to support a tyrant Church. Previous to the acquisition of the Territory by the United States, their nearest bishop lived over a thousand miles away in old Mexico, and seldom if ever visited so remote a diocese as this. The priests exercised unlimited temporal and spiritual powers in the several parishes, and were indescribably corrupt in the use of those powers for their personal benefit and the shameless satisfaction of their lusts. Never before was religion further perverted. It became the mere mask of license, and its ministers the priests, not of Christ, but of lechery and greed. At the time when the present archbishop was appointed, he could not close his eyes to the condition of affairs, and summarily dismissed a large number of priests for open immorality; but despite his efforts, which have been sincere and zealous, the Church is still represented in many distant settlements by men who are a disgrace and danger not only to Christianity, but to manhood and freedom. The bishop is a native of France, and most of those under him are French Jesuits, who, while they are not guilty of downright corruption, have not proved themselves in the history of their order the safest guardians of an ignorant people.

The New Mexican is not extravagant in matters of architecture. He is not the man by temperament or inclination to quarry stone and shape it for a shelter, when lighter material can be found, and his chief aim in constructing his dwelling has apparently been to succeed with as little labor as possible. His feeble indolence was not likely to express itself in such robust edifices of rock as some of the hardier Indians have left on the cliffs to commemorate their former greatness. Had the sun always shone and the winds blown steadily from the south, he would not have built at all; but favorable as the climate is, an occasional tornado in summer and the snows of winter made the erection of a house a painfully unavoidable necessity. Nature accommodated him, however, and whichever site he chose, he had to go no farther than the spot on which he stood for building materials. The earth only needed mixing with a little water and straw to make it adobe. Adobe, in point of fact, is mud, and by spreading it while it is moist over a rude inclosure of logs, or shaping it into bricks, it can be fashioned without much labor or design into a passably comfortable habitation. This was all that was necessary, and this was all that was done.

If any thing is calculated to make a traveler feel more homesick than a dinner in a railway restaurant, it is a collection of these adobe houses. The prairie-dog throws up a mound around his dwelling; shapeliness and purpose are visible in the nomadic Indian's wigwam; the bamboo house of the South Sea Islander has its overlapping roof of palms; but the home of the New Mexican is a cheerless one-storied rectangle, as unpicturesque as an empty soap box, without chimneys, gables, or eaves—four flat, expressionless walls covered in by a flat, unmeaning lid, without a curve or projection of any kind to relieve the dead-weight of monotony. Neither mould nor creeper touches it; age leaves no mark of its caresses upon it, except, perhaps, an unseemly gap here and there where a portion of the adobe has fallen away. The door has no panels, the window no frame. Barren surfaces meet the eye every where, not one sign of beauty or strength. The crevices are infested by swarms of lizards, beetles, and hornets, to say nothing of roving tarantulas, scorpions, and rattlesnakes. And the interior matches the exterior in its prison-like, angular appearance. The two or three square apartments into which it is divided consist of adobe walls, floors, and ceilings, furnished with a small table, a few kitchen utensils, and a roll of bedding. They have the one merit of being warm in winter and cool in summer; and it would be unfair to overlook their extreme cleanliness, for however filthy a Mexican woman may be personally, she invariably keeps a clean house, and is never done scrubbing and whitewashing.

Yet poverty-stricken and destitute of other decorations as these rude houses are, the poorest of them can usually boast of a bit of religious finery, and though a chair or a table is not included in the furniture, a crucifix dangles over the hearth, and a gaudy Nassau Street print of the Last Supper, the manger of Bethlehem, or the Madonna and Child may be found hanging against the wall.

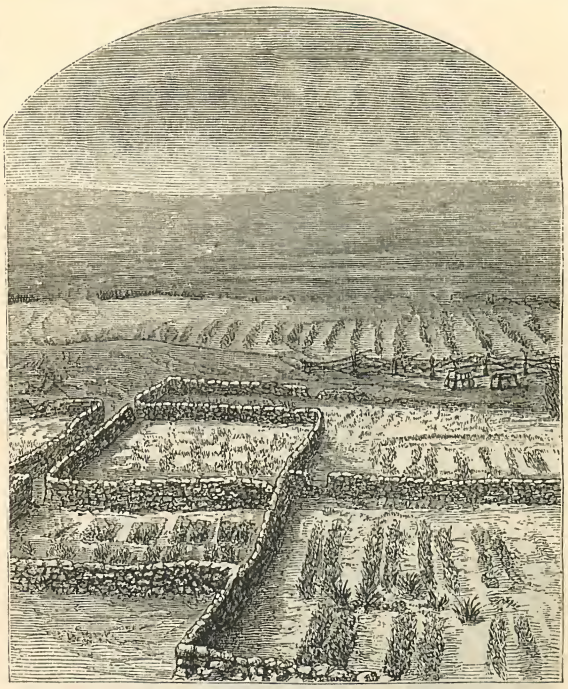
Another indication of the homage paid by these people to their religion is the presence of a church in the smallest settlements;

and whenever the Mexican has risen from the architectural squalor of his squat adobes, his efforts to attain a higher standard have been spent on the edifice that proclaims itself in the cross. In the most distant and impoverished villages a little sanctuary is found, raising its head a few feet above the huts around it, and presenting in its belfry and cornice the only attempt at ornamentation visible. The poverty within is almost pathetic. The bare mud walls are not more than twelve or fifteen feet high, and two small windows admit a drowsy yellow light into the dusty interior. The altar is adorned with cheap engravings, cheap paper flowers, cheap plaster images, cheap tallow candles, and cheap paper lace. It looks like a toy-shop window in fire-work times. The beams in the ceiling are as rough as the woodman's axe left them. No chairs or seats are provided, and the congregation crouch, Indian fashion, on the hard mud floor. In the larger towns, which are supplied with a resident priest, the church bell is never done ringing for services, but in the far-off districts a wandering padre trots into town some Sunday morning and out of town on Monday morning, not to appear again for three weeks or a month.

The extraordinary credulity and fanaticism of the people are seen in the strongest light, however, during Holy-Week, when large numbers throughout the Territory participate in the exercises of the Society of Penitentes, which is discountenanced by the priests, though it originally sprang from the Church. The head-quarters of this organization are at Mora, and its branches extend in every direction, including among its members a considerable part of the population, both male and female. It meets in the Morada, or assembly hall, and its transactions are secret, but its avowed object is the expiation of sin by the infliction of violent bodily punishment. Toward Good-Friday there is an unusual activity in the society, and the town-hall is occupied nearly every evening by meetings, which are signalized to the outsiders by dismal cries, groans, and the mysterious rattling of chains—preparations which result on Holy-Thursday in the public scourging of those members who desire to chasten themselves and make atonement for their offenses. The day is regarded as a festival, and a crowd of eager spectators gather about the hall. After many preliminary ceremonies, the door is thrown open, and the *penitentes* file into the April twilight of the snow-covered street to the doleful music of a shrill reed instrument played by an attendant. They are destitute of other clothing than a thin pair of under-drawers, and their heads and faces are hidden in white cotton wraps, so that their neighbors may not, by recognizing them, have cause to wonder what crime they expiate. The leader staggers under the weight of a heavy cross about twenty feet high, and his companions, shivering with cold as the wind beats their naked bodies, carry thick bunches of the thorny cactus in their hands. The attendants place them in position, and at a given signal the procession moves, chanting a plaintive hymn to the time of the musician's pipe. At every second step the men strike themselves over the shoulders with the cactus, leaving a deeper scar with each blow, until the skin is broken and the lacerated flesh pours its blood in a carmine trail on the snow. Several are bound at the ankles by rawhide thongs, a dagger, pointed at both ends, being secured between the two feet in such a way that when they stumble, it stabs them in a most sensitive part. The sight becomes sickening with horror, and repressed moans of anguish fill the air as the cactus brushes afresh the streaming, quivering wounds. No one is allowed to retire, and when the cross-bearer sinks to the ground from exhaustion, the attendants quickly raise him and urge him on again with his heavy burden. The route is traced along the white road in crimson footsteps, and after parading the alleys of the town, the procession turns off toward a steep hill, in ascending which their bare feet are cut to the bone by the sharp projecting rocks. The eminence gained, preparations are made for a new and surpassing torture. The cross is laid upon the ground, and the bearer is so firmly bound to it by lengths of rawhide that the circulation of the blood is retarded, and a gradual discoloration of the body follows. His arms are outstretched along the transverse beam, to which a sword, pointed at both ends like the dagger before mentioned, is attached, and if he allows them to drop a single inch from their original position, the weapon penetrates the flesh. Amidst the unearthly groans of the bystanders and the shrill piping of the musician the cross is raised, and the crucified turns his agonized face to heaven, while the blood slowly trickles from his wounds and a livid hue overspreads his skin. How long he remains is merely a question of endurance, for eventually he loses consciousness, and not until then is he released. At the conclusion of this barbarous performance, which occasionally results in death, the *penitentes* return to the Morada, and the celebration is brought to a close.

The nineteenth century has brought very few improvements to the Territory. The terminus of the nearest railroad is 300 miles distant from Santa Fé. The few fields under cultivation are plowed with a forked wooden stick. The grain is trampled from the chaff by sheep and cattle. But curious as the people and their ways are, still more curious is the country itself.

From Tierra Amarilla (Yellow Earth) our little party, including Lieutenant Morrison, of the Sixth Cavalry, in command, and Mr. Frederick A. Clark, topographer,* explored an area to the west and southwest, presenting many difficulties, not a few perils, and innumerable novel geographical features, most interesting of which are the extensive *mesas* or table-lands that give some parts the appearance of a vast archipelago. Few whites had ever gone before us into this mysterious country. Hundreds of years ago it was inhabited by a race, possibly the Aztecs, that has left no tradition or record behind, except its ruined dwellings, which prove an intelligent knowledge of architecture and the art of fortification, such as no living Indian tribes possess: how many hundred years ago no historian has ever ventured to say. Some of the ruins show traces of 400 rooms under one roof; and so large a population as this indicates could not have existed in the country as it now is—an arid desert without permanent water, and consequently without vegetation, in a circle of ninety miles. It must have been moderately fertile certainly; in all likelihood it was well stocked with game; and the mind is dazed in thinking of the ages that have probably gone by while Nature has been canceling the old features, and clothing herself in the garments that she wears to-day.

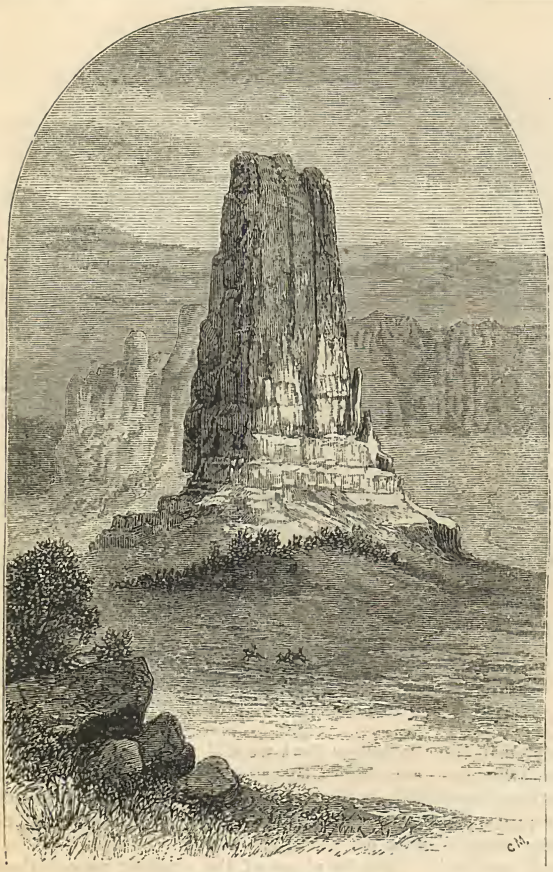


NEW MEXICAN FIELD WITH ADOBE WALLS.

The pastures are wiped out. For three weeks we traveled twenty-five miles a day on an average without encountering a human being outside our own party, or a sign (except the ruins, and the fragments of quaintly figured pottery that are thickly strewn around them) to show that we were not trespassing on a domain hitherto unknown to man. Our voices awoke no response in bird or beast. The swift lizard winding in and out among the prickly-pears, the cactus, and the sage bushes; the horned toad in its brightly colored armor creeping among the rocks; the yellow-brown rattlesnakes spitting their venom at us as they basked in the broiling mid-day sunshine; the prowling coyote stealing away from us, its weazen little body ill concealed by its bushy hair; a stray rabbit, so tough and flavorless that we did not deem it worth a cartridge—these, and these only, were the things that reminded us that life was not wholly extinct in the lonely wilderness before us.

But in place of the smiling aspect that the country once presented, the traveler is brought into the presence of the primitive forces of nature, into a laboratory where not merely the effect, but the action itself is perceptible. The parched earth is mapped with open seams, that gape wider and wider with successive rains, until a deep channel is formed between abrupt, vertical walls. These *arroyas*, as they are called in Spanish, lying in every direction, and making travel by night extremely dangerous, represent, on a small scale, the gorgeous sandstone *mesas* and the box cañons that divide them. The *mesas* are, technically speaking, plateaus, but their formation is such that they are better described as flat-topped mountains, or islands in the ocean of the plains, rising with defiant bluffs of miraculous color to heights of from 8000 to 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and 1000 feet above the immediate level. Looking from the summits, the eye follows their long smooth ridges, unbroken by pinnacle or crag, into the uncertain gray of a hundred miles. Viewed from the flat-bottomed troughs that separate them, they present in the lower half a slanting bed of detritus, specked by the dull green of stunted pines, and support-

* The writer's thanks are due to Mr. Clark and Mr. W. H. Holmes for the valuable assistance he received from them in illustrating the article.



MESA OF CHASCA MOUNTAINS.

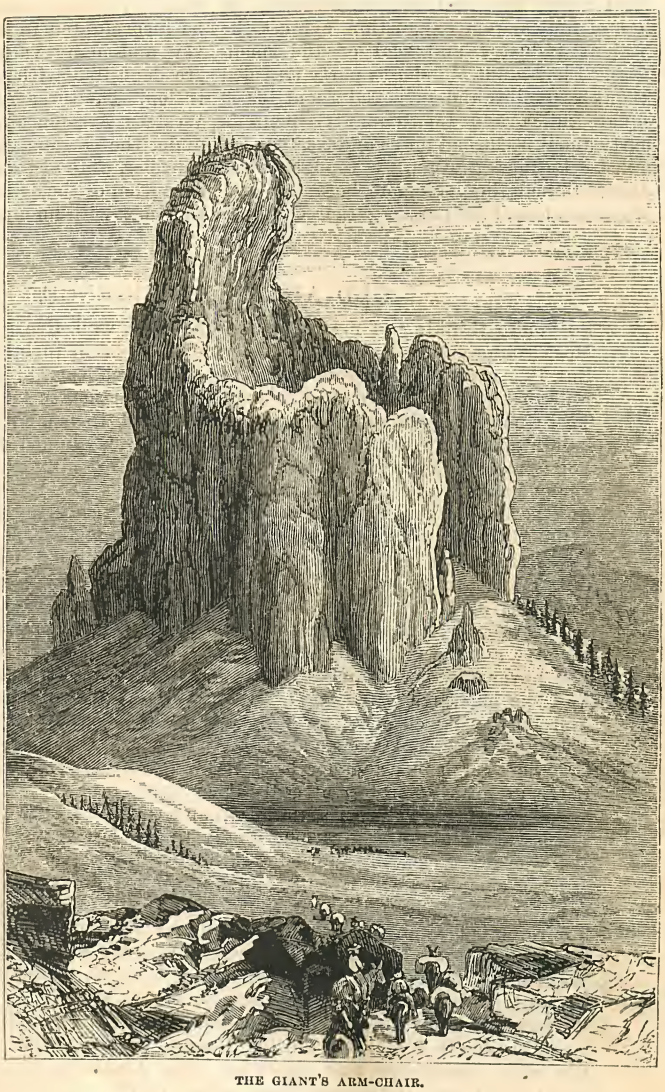
ed by abutments of solid or tessellated rock, and in the upper half a belt of stratified sandstone fringed with hemlock or fir. Some of them are precipitous on all sides. Others incline by an easy slope from a high bluff to the level. No words can describe the resplendent colors that illuminate them, nor the wonderful effects they produce in the effulgent western atmosphere. Sometimes the sandstone forms a broad band of golden yellow, and its gritty particles glitter like burnished metal in the sunshine that pours down upon them from the undimmed sky; sometimes it is a vivid crimson that seems steeped in the inextinguishable fires of sunset; sometimes it is a mossy green, or bronze, or purple; but oftener it is ribbed by a score of different hues, each strong in its own beauty, and drawn across the wall of the *mesa* in a distinct line as by a painter's brush.

Wind and rain have written the story of their work on these sandstones in unmistakable signs. We see the silver thread of a pool slowly wearing a channel for itself in a fissure less than an inch wide. A little farther on, a similar channel widens into a great crevasse. One day we traveled several miles along a great oblong *mesa*, a mass of crimson, which ended suddenly in a rough escarpment of loose and overhanging rock, as though it had been violently torn asunder. After an interval of a quarter of a mile, we came upon the missing fragment, which, without doubt, had been separated from the main rock not in the convulsive throes of an earthquake, but by the gradual, gentle, silent toil of the rain-drops.

Nor are the evidences of the same power seen in such giant-like work as this only. The bluffs and cliffs are often supported by fluted columns and ornamented by delicate pilastered erosions that resemble the rich carvings of an old Gothic church in their infinite variety and harmonious design. And the wind, working with the sand, has not been less industrious than the water in lavishing fancies on these pliant rocks. The weird pillars that attract hundreds of tourists to Monument Park, in Central Colorado, are multitudinously repeated here, and nature confronts the astonished intruder with the grimace of a jester in the wildest and quaintest of vagaries.

The yet more pliant sandstone clay which surrounds the *mesas* exhibits greater marvels. Cities with clustering spires, minarets, colonnades, towers, and monuments seem to rise out of the plain, bathed in deep, mellow, and brilliant tints—fair cities full of beautiful forms and colors. You can probably recall pictures of Italy in which all kinds of tints are pervaded by a haze that softens all the outlines in its misty gold. Think, then, of such a picture realized with all its subtilty of color; think of an amphitheatre of buildings, fanciful in form and fresh-looking as polished granite, composed of well-defined belts of mauve, violet, yellow, pink, gray, blue, and a score of other hues, and from that you may gather an idea of the views that were constantly unfolded to us. First we saw a pyramid 200 feet high, at its base a shade of violet blending with an earthy brown that is next in the ribs of color surrounding it; above these a line of carmine extends, melting into a soft rose-color, which by almost imperceptible degrees changes to a carmine again, and the apex is only reached by an infinite variety of the most astonishing chromatic transfor-

mations. Next we saw a larger and more complicated structure—two towers connected by a wall in front, with an arrow-like spire midway between them; and for miles farther we wound among similar and not less picturesque rocks, some like crescent-shaped fortresses, others pointed and slim like needles, and others with a ludicrous likeness to the human figure. In some places the stones have been eroded into thousands of little cells, like a worm-eaten piece of wood from the tropics, and occasionally a great split opens into a darksome cavern hundreds of feet deep.



THE GIANT'S ARM-CHAIR.

We crossed the Chasca Mountains by the Washington Pass, the suitability of which as a wagon road to the West was confirmed, and for a week we worked in luxuriant valleys, amidst a tropical superabundance of vegetation and the music of cool, refreshing brooks. The Navajo reservation includes these mountains, and we were visited by many Indians of that nation, broad-shouldered, swift-footed, handsome men, and pretty, pensive-looking squaws, with the merriest of silvery laughs and the most winning of faces. Thence we entered Arizona by the way of Fort Defiance, traveling for three days under the shadow of a line of red sandstone bluffs about 800 feet high, which are split in many places into detached needles and pyramids like those in the Cañon de Chelle. Here and there a volcanic mass rises alone from the plain, its black and porous substance covered with a yellowish-green moss; and among others of this kind we found one which Mr. Clark aptly named the Giant's Arm-Chair. From Fort Defiance we re-entered New Mexico, passing through the Zuni Mountains, striking across country to the Rio Grande, ascending the valley to Albuquerque, working our way through the Zandia, Manzana, and Placer mountains to Santa Fé, and giving a distinct name and place on the map to every peak, trail, and creek on our route.

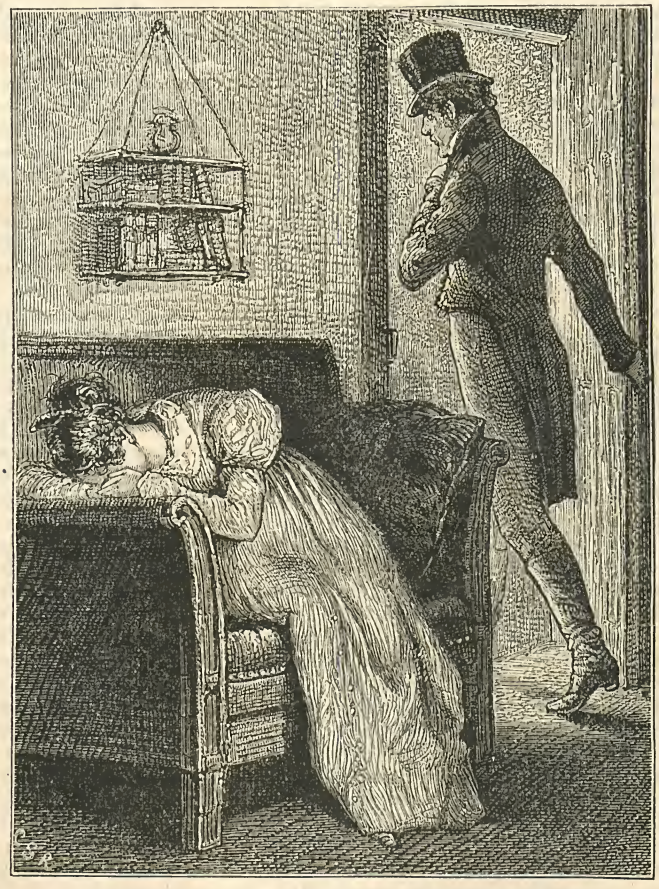
From Santa Fé the party explored the country to the southwest, calling at Galisteo, Anton Chico, Las Vegas, and Fort Lyons, where the field season of five months was brought to a close on November 20, and the three divisions of the Colorado section of the expedition met to disband. Lieutenant Morrison's division traveled over 4200 road miles and surveyed 12,000 square miles—an achievement which, considering the difficulties encountered in mountain regions

from forest fires and swollen streams, the loss of mules from exhaustion, evinces the patient industry and zeal of the members. Lieutenant Marshall's party traveled about 3800 miles and surveyed about 10,000 square miles, and Lieutenant Carpenter's party about 3600 road miles and 9000 square miles. Besides the purely topographical data obtained, the geologists, botanists, and ornithologists of the parties gathered a large quantity of important materials, which will be incorporated in the reports of the survey, and many valuable specimens, which are deposited with the Smithsonian Institution. The three other parties, working in Western Arizona and Southern California, under the personal direction of Lieutenant Wheeler, were also successful, and, with the exception of the death of one man by thirst, they met with no mishaps.

OLD ABEL'S EXPERIENCE.

So you're thinking of marriage, Joseph—well, well, I've naught to say;
Most young folks (and some of the old ones) seem to incline that way.
But I've always liked you, Joseph; you've been very kind to me,
And to know you're coming to trouble, why, it makes me sorry, you see.
There now, Joseph, you're angry; 'twas foolish in me, no doubt:
I didn't mean to say it, but somehow the words slipped out.
You'll have to forgive me, Joseph; you know I'm silly and old.
Shake hands; and I'll tell you a story that has never yet been told;
And perhaps when my story's ended, you'll be ready, my friend, to say,
"Old Abel had very good reason for his doubts and fears to-day."
I was sixty-five last birthday—I'm gray and wrinkled, 'tis true;
But forty years ago, Joseph, I was young and as spry as you,
And Amy said I was handsome—how proud it made me then!
Not the praise, but the thought that Amy preferred me to other men.
She was a little beauty, sweet and dimpled and fair;
You never saw such a mouth, Joseph, nor such brown eyes and hair.
And she had such a coaxing way, too, that— I was a fool, I know,
And I'm hardly cured of my folly, though it's forty years ago.
Amy and I were playmates; we went to school together;
I carried her books and her basket through summer or winter weather.
Later, at husking frolics, at quilting or apple bee,
I was always her chosen sweetheart, and that was bliss for me.
Time and thoughts and service gladly to her I gave;
She was my queen, my idol—I was her willing slave.
And so, when she was twenty, and I was twenty-five,
We were married: I thought that I was the happiest man alive.
I fairly cried when the parson pronounced us man and wife,
For hadn't I won the angel I'd been worshiping all my life?
Well, the wedding was fairly over, and I thought to settle down;
I'd built and furnished a cottage as pretty as any in town.
Whatever I knew she fancied, I couldn't rest till I bought,
So in trying to please my darling I spent far more than I ought.
But when she smiled, and called me "*dear* Abel," and praised my taste,
What did I care if the neighbors talked of folly and waste?
For a little while I was happy: too soon I was forced to see
That Amy could be neglectful, and even cruel to me.
When sometimes I hinted gently that the house wasn't very neat,
Or left the food untasted that was scarcely fit to eat,
She'd answer me so harshly, and say such cutting things,
They gave me many a heartache: ah! *words* have terrible stings!
At last I saw it plainly—her life too dull had grown;
She was tired of her homely duties—tired of seeing me alone.
I was always content and happy just at her side to be,
But she—and that was bitter—found something wanting in *me*.
It's too long a story, Joseph, to tell you how I strove
To please and interest Amy, and to keep her fading love:
My farm was left untended, my stock to ruin went,
While we journeyed about and idled, till my little fortune was spent;
Then back we went to our cottage—it never had been a *home;*
It could only grow more cheerless in the weary years to come.
Weary and dreary I found them, till I grew to hate my life,
And to think hard thoughts of all women, because I was grieved in my wife.

One day—can I ever forget it?—we'd been married just seven years—
I went out as usual, wretched, leaving Amy in angry tears.
As I walked I found myself praying that God would send help to me,
Never thinking—oh, *never* thinking—of what the answer might be!
Before that day was over I stood by Amy's bed,
And saw her peaceful and smiling and beautiful—yes, and—*dead!*
I had said my love was over, but then I knew I was wrong;
Knew when I kissed her, my darling, I'd been loving her all along;
Knew when I looked at the baby, laid on her arm to rest,
That my heart was dead within me, and I'd only a stone in my breast.
Well, there's little more to tell you. I couldn't bear to stay
In the house I had built for Amy; I sold it, and moved away.



"I WENT OUT AS USUAL, WRETCHED, LEAVING AMY IN ANGRY TEARS."

Where to go next I knew not—all places were much the same—
Till my nephew wrote and bade me come here, and so I came.
Since then I've hardly noticed how the lonely years went on.
I've had chances for making money, but my energy seemed gone.
Besides, I wanted so little, and why should I toil and save,
When she who should have spent it rests in her quiet grave?
So you see it's natural, Joseph, that I should have doubts and fears,
When I think of my disappointment, and all my lonely years.
And yet—I've often thought it—if I was twenty-five,
And had my life all before me, and Amy once more alive,
I'd marry her—never doubt it—and love her, yes, all the same:
So, after all is said, Joseph, you're not so much to blame.

MISS SUSAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

SHE always impressed you as a person with a history. Though she was now a maiden woman of no doubtful age, having reached that age, indeed, that turns first, on opening the paper, to the record of deaths and marriages, and experiences a sort of disappointment if the name of some acquaintance is to be found in neither; rather gaunt and spiny; dependent on her cup of tea; wearing spectacles on the sly at her fine work; clothed in fashions of three or four years ago, if, indeed, they could ever have been entitled fashions at all; with hardly any hair on her head, and a great deal of goldsmith's work in her mouth; with nothing at all to say, and nothing at all about her that to the young imagination presents an attraction; yet withal there was a quiet reserve in manner, a certain contented silence, an air of satisfaction over delightful secrets, that led you to look at her with inquiry, and presently to be assured that in the course of her experience she had played her part in some drama, had been one of the figures of some romance, had, in short, *des affaires* to remember. She seemed to be remembering them, too, all the time. She sat pricking and stitching and threading her needle, with an odd smile about her lips, and now and then pausing with a far-away look in her eyes; sometimes the needle suspended, sometimes beating with its point a delicate tattoo on the pricked left finger, as if beating time to the dream of some old tune to which her young feet once had danced, with a strong young arm about her.

But Miss Susan's reverie seldom ended with a sigh. If she had suffered any in her past, the suffering was all over now, and in some incomprehensible way it seemed to be compensation enough for her to remember it now. When the girls were gossiping, as girls do, sitting at their various work, jesting each other lightly, as girls will, and taking the name of this youth or of that in vain, Miss Susan joined in the gayety, yet much as the resident of a superior planet, or rather, as Fred used to say, as Helen of Troy might have smiled, years after windy Ilion went down, when the slave women went on about their particular heroes, as she sat at her weaving, conscious of certain passages.

Poor Miss Susan! there were no more tender passages for her. Let her make the most of what sweetness there had been in the past. It could hardly have been so very much, from appearances. And yet Fred said Miss Susan had been rather pretty than otherwise in her day and generation; that is, she was round and fair, with a pair of soft dark eyes, and if not positively lovely, yet not at all unlovely, and comfortable in the sense that had never happened to doubt whether or not she was the peer of such other girls as were not breathing beauties.

Perhaps she was; and perhaps it was only her exceeding shyness that rendered it difficult for any one to do more than address her a few commonplace sentences. When a person reddens and stammers if you attempt conversation, and is unable to command a thought with which to reply, and seems about to have tears spring into her eyes at another word, you naturally make your communication very brief, if only for fear of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and thus, if Miss Susan had charms, there was not much opportunity for any one to discover them. Certainly Clavers M'Veigh never discovered them. Yet such is fate: it was the charms of Clavers M'Veigh that had moved Miss Susan's heart and become the subject of her dreams—not vivid, passionate dreams, be it understood, but mild, illusory visions that glanced upon her and came again, and gave her an airy region into which to mount occasionally above her work-a-day world as she went up and down with her daily task—a region with which Miss Susan was quite content for a season, without troubling herself about its baseless fabric.

Miss Susan was not the only girl of that day whose heart felt a quicker pulse when Clavers M'Veigh went by. In fact, she would have been rather an exception if her heart had not felt his beautiful and magnetic presence. He was a person of superb appearance, a Saul for stature—and perhaps as much like one's ideal of the person of that picturesque monarch as it is given a modern mortal to be—heroically strong and brave by nature, the traditions of him went, and dark and clear and brilliant-eyed in face, with a great lock of his black hair always tumbling down his white forehead: yes, Clavers M'Veigh had fired more than one young imagination, and Miss Susan left the others to think of him as Saul, or as Lucifer, Star of the Morning, or as any else in that line, and thought of him herself only as the one man of the world. It brightened life for her to know there was such a person, and the sight of him lent delight to any day. She could settle herself at no work till she had seen him go down the street in the morning to his office, and she sang like a bird long after the sight, and lived during the rest of the day in the anticipation of seeing him go back at night-fall. An hour before the time she was all aflutter, peering forth and drawing back demurely, veiled by the drapery of her aunt's curtains, watching as eagerly as any girl watches for her delaying long-acknowledged lover. If he did not come, she waited till some chiding voice obliged her to drag herself, still looking back, away. If he came, her heart began to beat, her cheek to burn. She watched him

pass, erect and haughty, looking straight before him. With a long, satisfied survey she gazed after him, with clasped hands and suspended breath, and she pursued her evening duties then with as light a heart as though she felt a lover's arm about her.

As for herself, Clavers M'Veigh was not exactly aware of her existence. He had met her, to be sure, here and there with others, and had often passed her on the street; but she was one of those colorless shadows just outside of his special consciousness, like the ghosts that flit round the dim border of hell, and he never gave her a second thought. Second?—he had never given her a first thought. Yet for all that, he had given her a flower; yes, he had given her a flower. One festive night, when in a great gayety he was dividing a bouquet among the laughing bevy about him, and somewhere on the edge of the group Miss Susan, hovering, felt a hand touch hers and slip into it a spray of heather, Clavers M'Veigh had no more idea whose hand he touched than if there had been no hand there; but poor Miss Susan has that spray of heather now. She has it in the box with her ribbon, which once he kept and wore; really kept and wore, and only surrendered on compulsion. She dropped it as she walked—a pretty blue ribbon with a silver rose wrought on it; she heard his step hastening behind her; she would have given the world to stop, but the very thought made her heart beat till she was faint, and she fled with swift feet, and he coolly folded the ribbon and put it in his breast pocket till it should be inquired for, a little amused with what he considered a bit of coquetry, and never dreaming that the light swift foot belonged to that pale and colorless Miss Susan, till his cousins, happening to see it when he accidentally pulled it out, inquired with mischievous glee if he were treasuring Miss Susan's ribbon. "It belongs to the Fair Incognita," he said; and he fluttered it aloft on his fingers and pressed it dramatically to his lips. "The fleetest foot, the lightest step—"

"Nonsense!" cried his cousin Rose. "It is little Susan's. You must give it to me."

"Part with it?" cried Clavers, still dramatically.

"Yes, indeed; the poor little thing can not afford to lose it—she has so few ribbons."

"Then she must ask me herself," he said. And, as it chanced, the door opened just then, and Miss Susan came in with a message from her aunt: always delighted with an errand to the house where lived Rose, for whom she cherished one of her enthusiasms.

"Clavers has your silver ribbon, Susan," cried Rose and her sisters in chorus. "And he will not let us have it for you. You must ask him yourself, he says."

How glad she would have been to have him keep it! Did he wish to keep it, and had he made the excuse so as not to be forced to surrender it? She dared not hope. But she recognized all that propriety required of her. The blush mounted her face and fluttered on her temples; she took a step in his direction, but could no more look up than if a weight sat on either eyelid. "If you please," she said, half inaudibly, and held out her little hand in its shabby glove. And Clavers laid the ribbon across it with a grand bow; and then he and his cousin Rose exchanged a laughing look; but poor Miss Susan never saw the look.

When Miss Susan was at home and in her own room again, she sat down and thought over the little scene, and it increased and magnified itself in the mirage of fancy and desire till it assumed gigantic proportions.

Clavers M'Veigh had kept her ribbon; had chosen to keep it; had refused it to Rose; had worn it, a day at least, next his heart. What possibilities all that implied, what authority it gave her dreams, what a hope it warranted to spring in her hopeless passion! Till then Miss Susan had enjoyed no vivid personal dreams: her timid dreams had all been concerning Clavers M'Veigh himself and that enchanted kingdom in which he moved, and in them she herself figured no more than any poor little supernumerary, a sort of worthless and unhonored guardian angel with nothing but wings and wishes. But now something personal crept into them in spite of herself; she was no longer a supernumerary, but of some service, of some value: Clavers M'Veigh was aware of her, was smiling on her, perhaps was thinking of her, perhaps— Ah, no, that could not be, that was too much; yet perhaps—only perhaps—ah, what if he were dreaming of her as she had dreamed of him! The mere idea gave Miss Susan a fantastic importance she had never felt before, gave her a place in the world, a clew to the future, something to hold by, to live for. Any one who saw her then and staid to think of it, with her head high and her foot elastic, with the sparkle in her eye and the eager light on her face, would have known some great joyful hope, that was in itself almost fruition, had certainly dawned upon her and was shining over her. But nobody ever staid to look at Miss Susan—hindered by her confirmed habit of nonentity.

Yet the bold beauty, accustomed to lovers, and enamored at last of one indifferent youth, would have laughed at Miss Susan's modest dreams; they had not reached the lofty flight to which the beauty's dreams might confidently spring. She had not once thought of herself as Clavers M'Veigh's wife, she had not thought of him even as her lover; she merely walked beside him in these

reveries, heard him speak, saw him turn to her with confiding smiles; in one daring moment she danced with him, and the thought of it, of the scene, the flowers and lights and music, the encircling arm, made her as giddy as though it were real; in another she sat at his feet while he read the verses he liked best, glancing at her face for opinion or approval, and her pulses quickened at the fancy; and for the moment, at any rate, she was happy—happy as though it had been true. Possibly no one had ever asked her opinion or solicited her approval in all her life; she had never expected it; and now to think of Clavers M'Veigh doing so made her blood stir. Poor fool!

But Miss Susan was held for more and greater bliss than this, if dreams could give it to her. There was to be a sailing party down the river to the beach; and of course, as nobody thought of her cousins going without their shadows, she was included in the general invitation; and Clavers M'Veigh, as one of the committee, chanced to deliver the invitation, and Miss Susan chanced to go to the door. Presuming he should see a servant, and seeing a young lady, the gentleman was not exactly startled, and certainly by no means embarrassed—the sky might have reeled from its foundation without embarrassing Clavers M'Veigh—but just sufficiently surprised to send an unexpected cordiality into his address, and cause him to take the young lady's little lifeless hand; the other hand was at her throat—she had forgotten her bosom pin; and how she regretted the bauble! Her eyes danced, she looked really for the moment almost attractive. She promised for them all with fervor; and it seemed to her, as he turned on his way, that Clavers M'Veigh had personally invited herself to the sail, and when he handed her on board next day—though he stood at the boat side for no other purpose, and had handed a score of others across the plank—she felt that she was entirely Clavers M'Veigh's guest, and experienced a generous sense of renunciation in allowing him to bestow his attentions and his society on any of the others. All the evening before—after she had trimmed and retrimmed her little hat, with discarded scraps, for the excursion—she had sat alone in the dark with her sweet dreams. Wandering down the long beach with Clavers M'Veigh, listening to his voice, stooping now to pick up a shell, venturing now to point out to him the rainbow in the spray, now standing still together and watching the light die away from some distant sail, and now— Ah, Miss Susan's dreams were growing bolder!

It was this pleased sense of proprietorship that gave such a glad, bright smile to Miss Susan's face, such a ringing tone to her voice. Clavers M'Veigh, glancing at her as he crossed the boat, said to himself at last that that was really quite a sweet girl, and went and sat down by her side for a moment. What do you think Miss Susan did? She burst into tears. The poor starved soul could not endure such a surfeit of happiness.

"What the deuce—" cried Clavers.

"Oh, you mustn't—mustn't mind me," ejaculated Miss Susan, looking up, with the tears sparkling sunnily all over a laughing face. "I—I always cry when I'm happy."

"Well, if women are not strange creatures!" he cried, springing to his feet. And just then the great boat giving a slight lurch as they tacked to make shore, Miss Susan, with an idea that they were in danger, sprang to her feet too, and completed the danger; for she lost her balance, swung a moment, caught at something, she knew not what, and went over into deep water, having pulled Clavers M'Veigh after her. She saw in one moment what she had done, and loosed her hold and went down, determined to let him go free, and in the instant when darkness closed over her, felt only a wild rejoicing that she had saved his life; for alone he could hold himself afloat till help came. Of course he could, and her too. He caught her, as she came up, in one hand, and grasping the boat side with the other, kept up a laughing interchange of words till she was drawn in and he could follow. They were close on shore; but there was no house near, no quarters where a change of clothing could be made, and the day was as full of danger for them in their wet garments as if they had gone to the bottom for good. As soon, then, as they could cast anchor and rattle down the sails and get ashore, the friendly party laid violent hands on the two wet creatures, and making them assume a half-lying, half-sitting position on the side of a sand hill, buried them in the hot sand to dry, according to immemorial usage, and made a great business of the merriment.

"Nothing was ever more humiliating," said Clavers M'Veigh. "And now that they have placed us at the mercy of the elements, like any drift of the sand, for a wave to wash off, they are dispersing for their chowder, and will perhaps forget all about us. Do you suppose any leviathan will come up from the deeps and make a mouthful of us, or the young ravens descend and eat out our eyes? They will never have a better chance. There sits Rose—just out of hearing. We can think of her as a kindly guardian, or else as a vulture poised on that old broken keelson, and waiting for the last signs of life to disappear before attacking us. Let us sell our life dearly!" And he laughed his gay, infectious laugh, that made Miss Susan laugh too, although she felt so very solemn.

"You are a strange little body," said

Clavers M'Veigh, presently. "You haven't even thanked me. Didn't you know I saved your life?"

"Didn't you know I saved yours?" asked Miss Susan, with more *espièglerie* than mortal had ever seen her show before; for happiness is a developing sunshine.

"That's good! May I ask how?"

"I let go."

"You let go?"

"I let go. Indeed I did. I didn't pull you down," said Miss Susan, quaveringly.

"And you thought I would let you go?"

"Oh no, no. I didn't think at all. I only knew you mustn't drown."

"You are a stranger little body than ever," said Clavers M'Veigh, trying, ineffectually, to turn and look at her. "But I believe you are going to sleep." And he went to sleep himself.

But Miss Susan had no idea of sleep. These were not moments to waste in unconsciousness. Lying there in the sand, with Clavers M'Veigh beside her and not two yards away—lying there in the sand and watching Clavers M'Veigh's slumbers—if a gypsy had foretold it to her, she would have thought it an impudent and impossible fiction; and here! Poor silly little Miss Susan! it seemed to her as though no one had ever come quite so near to Clavers M'Veigh. Who else had let go of life to spare him? for whom else had he risked life to save hers? What an awful moment was that in which they had been together, looking eternity in the face, and yet, indeed, each thinking of the other! How could any one ever come nearer to him than that? So strangely joyous, so unaccountably exalted, it seemed to this poor silly little Miss Susan that the sacrament of marriage could be no sweeter, no more solemn, than these moments!

Her happiness quite tired her out. And when Clavers M'Veigh awoke at length, and worried out of the sand, and rose clothed and in his right mind—that is to say, well dried as to his attire, shaking off the hot yellow grains like water-drops—he looked at her, with the long baby-like lashes resting on her pale cheek, and murmured, "Poor sweet little simpleton!" and went wandering down the beach with Rose, who had just finished her novel and scented the chowder from afar.

Miss Susan was ill for some weeks after this escapade, having taken a violent cold, of course. She did not regret it, though. During every hour that confined her to her room she had the recollection of that precious day to pore over and revel in, and of the evening sail in the moonlight on the dark water, when, as a cold wind blew up, chilling her to the marrow, Clavers M'Veigh, talking with Rose, wrapped to her dimpled chin in her great soft plaids, turned to see the shivering Miss Susan sitting behind him, and, there being nothing else to do, divided with her his shaggy boat cloak; and as she accepted a modest corner, he bent and drew the rough drapery close about her himself. Could bliss go farther? Not in Miss Susan's imagination had it ever done so. She sat in contented warmth, smiling up at the god who, obliged by the courtesy to turn his back on Rose, began to join in the boat songs that the rest were piping to the winds—join with a rich deep voice, to which she thrilled as she listened. Now and then Miss Susan tuned up her little treble and sang with him, just for the joy of singing with him; but for the chief part of the time she merely gazed and hearkened, drinking at every pore the divine draught of the hour's pleasure. This was what she never had expected, what she had no more right to expect than a principality; if he should tell her all the experiences of his life, she did not feel that she could be any more intimate with him. If, indeed, she had wildly dreamed of his love, she had, on the other hand, never so much as hoped for his acquaintance; and now, sitting wrapped in the same cloak with him, and with this bond between them caused by life risked and saved! Ah! how it made her own heart beat to remember how his beat with heavy throbs in the moments when he clung to the boat side with her upon his arm! She did not dare quite to imagine that it beat for her; it did not occur to her to imagine that it beat from the exertion; she could only let the faint hope flutter and stretch its wings in her heart as she remembered it.

This unfortunate little Miss Susan! Her aunt wrapped her in bed that night with a jug of hot water at her feet, and she sat up in bed the next morning only to have flannel and goose-grease about her throat, and her diet for a time consisted of little but onion sirup, squills, and other mild expectorants. But it all availed nothing toward quenching the light of romance that shone over her; she endured her sufferings, scarcely knowing that she suffered, for her other self walked in a serene zone above the clouds and among the castles in the air.

Clavers M'Veigh had left town, she heard. Perhaps that was the reason he had not called to inquire for the health of the little girl whom he had rescued. He had gone away to make arrangements for that long lecturing tour which, since then, has made his name ring with his eloquence from one side of the land to the other. With the October weather he had launched the enterprise; and as Miss Susan sat up in her easy-chair by the fire at last, and her cousins brought her the papers, she followed his career with something of the rapture she would have felt had she been with him. What if she had been with him! Ah! ah!

Earth then would have been too much like heaven for any use of Miss Susan's. The very thought of it made the blood rush to her temples, and her aunt took away the papers, saying this reading was too much exertion yet, for any thing accelerating the beating of the heart engorged the lungs to a point of danger. If her aunt only knew the reveille Miss Susan's heart was always keeping up!

Later in the year, in the winter, indeed, and when she was quite well again, she went on a brief visit to a distant city. There was the opera, there were the theatres, there were the concerts of some seraph-toned *prima donna*, there were a score of amusements; from them all she chose the lecture of Mr. Clavers M'Veigh, and spent an ecstatic night. That great hall thronged to hear him; the echoing and re-echoing applause as he came upon the platform with his polished and perfect presence—as fine a piece of art himself as his oration was—while her head swam with the delight of seeing him; the rapt silence, broken only by that voice with its silvern resonance; the kindling of answering thought, and the electric flash of swift intelligence between orator and people; the thunders that shook the very roof when he had done—to Miss Susan it was a scene from some life so much outside and beyond her sphere that it seemed like a chapter of enchantment, something too unreal, too heavenly happy, to be true. She sat thrilling through and through with love and pride and admiration; she wondered if this great being saw her little white face in all that blossoming audience; she hugged herself with delight to think she had ever been so near him, to think they might have died together in those moments in the sea, to think of the morning in the sand, of the evening in the boat cloak. And when she reticently replied, to her friends' inquiries, that she knew him very well, their loud and enthusiastic expressions made her step along as if she walked on air. How he justified her love! No hero's bride ever breathed with a loftier sense of her crowned honor as the chosen one than poor little Miss Susan in her exultation and her satisfaction over the fact that she loved this cynosure of all men's regards—that she dared to love him. As Fox said of the game of whist, that the first best enjoyment in the world was winning at whist, and the second best was losing at whist, so Miss Susan felt that if the first best thing in life would be to have Clavers M'Veigh's love, so the next best thing was the liberty to give him hers.

She had grown very bold; she had looked her emotions in the face and called them by name; and she went back presently to her little room, her flower and her ribbon, to her round of home duties, with deeper and richer dreams to dream over.

Nobody knew any thing about the world in which the child lived. If her feelings had ever been guessed, they would have been laughed to scorn, and she was more than half aware of it. Something of their sweetness, too, possibly was due to this delicious secrecy. The very fact of this secrecy seemed to her like a tie between them; it was something that nobody shared but Clavers and herself. Many people pitied her as a girl without much vivid happiness in her way; none could have imaged her as one who pitied them, indeed, once in a while, as all people might be the objects of her pity who had not the great bliss of loving Clavers M'Veigh. She brooded over her ridiculous yet touching fancies so much, over her idea of him and her love for him, that he became a portion of her life itself, and she could not conjecture any different sensations on the part of a betrothed girl in regard to her lover. And when a vague rumor reached her that Clavers M'Veigh was engaged to be married to somebody else, she dismissed it cavalierly, and found it as impossible to believe as though he had been plighted to herself, as impossible as though he belonged to her, as impossible as if it were a question of Clavers M'Veigh's breaking faith!

She used to sit by the fire in the twilight, intensely happy with the pictures that she found there—pictures that sometimes made her heart leap to her throat; pictures of the days when she would be proudly hanging on her husband's arm, and only regretful that she did him no more honor; pictures of his face when he should bend to her with answering love in his eyes, and deplore the wasted days before he loved her, or else confess that he had loved her all along; some sudden unpremeditated picture of another fire-lit hearth to which he should enter while she sat, rosy, with clustering little yellow heads of rosy children round her—poor little children that were only the shadow of shadows, born in a dream that was banished with a burning blush in the instant of its being!

Thus far in Miss Susan's love affair every thing had progressed quietly; she had loved without let or hinderance, her emotions had all been the true and deep emotions proper to the period, and her hopes, till very recently, had been so humble that she had had no disappointment; she could have felt no otherwise, nothing but a deeper, more satisfied, more fixed and permanent joy, perhaps, had the right to feel them been real instead of fanciful. But the universal course of true love being far from smooth, it was to be expected that some obstacle would make the current run into rapids and shallows and general tumult and trouble.

And so it did: a very decided obstacle. And that was the confirmation of the rumor

of Clavers M'Veigh's engagement to marry another. Clavers had accepted Fred's congratulations in the street, when Fred was last in the city; but there being only five minutes for the train, Fred had heard no particulars, not even the bride's name. Of course she was some peerless thing, as all the girls exclaimed, for Clavers's taste in beauty was perfect.

It was true, then. It was horribly, fatally true. Like a puff, all Miss Susan's dreams escaped into thin air—into that of which they were made. Widowed, childless, dreamless, hopeless, in one instant, Miss Susan stood like a tropical tree in full summer stripped of its leaves and blossoms by a cruel winter gale. She was utterly bereft in that instant; the world where she had dwelt existed no longer; she was shaken from her centre; she had no refuge without, none within; she had lost her polar star, and was shivering, bewildered, in the lonely cold. She went from room to room, aimless, white, and wan. Nobody noticed it. She was always one of those people who appear to suffer from insufficient nutrition both of body and soul, and it would have entered no one's wildest fantasies to suppose that Miss Susan was disappointed in love for Clavers M'Veigh. At first her little breaking heart was full of wild reproaches of Clavers—he had seemed to her so entirely her own, and he had betrayed her. But presently the faintest flicker of sense lighted her mind, or what passed with Miss Susan for a mental process; and she then confined her reproaches to fate—and bitter, bitter ones they were; fate, that had made her poor and mean and small and plain, unintelligent, unattractive, dependent, worthless; fate, that had at last robbed her even of the right to love! She sat down in the dark and cold, and cried and cried as if she would cry her soul away.

It was at this point that Miss Susan, deprived of the enjoyment of all her other dreams, took shelter in a new and somewhat inviting one—a dream of suicide. Why should she live? who cared for her? who would sorrow for her? of what use was she? what right had the powers that had so spoiled her life to compel her to endure it? These questions and a multitude of others swept like chaff on a whirlwind through her being. She abstracted a small vial from her aunt's medicine closet, and hung over it, lost in wonder to think so few drops of the liquid could induce a sleep from which only the Judgment trump could wake her. Whether it was thought of that trump or the bitter taste of the opiate that moved her, one can not say, but she did not swallow the poison; and she began to think of some form of death that might more openly confront Clavers M'Veigh: drowning, for instance, in the brook behind the M'Veighs' garden—as soon as the weather was warmer. That was a strong sketch that she made of herself in her mind's eye, brought up from the brook on men's shoulders, with the water streaming from her long hair, and of Clavers M'Veigh pausing on his way to view his work; but then she remembered Lancelot glancing carelessly, with his idle and indifferent compassion, on the dead Lady of Shalott. "He said, 'She has a lovely face;'" and she decided not to drown herself. No; she would look this Lancelot in the face with her great sad eyes, and let the iron enter his soul! It is impossible to say that there was not, when the first and worst was over, something rather consolatory in all this to Miss Susan; it was still very romantic, and that was a satisfaction. She could not quite rid herself of the fancy that Clavers had treated her badly, and that his conscience must smite him when he saw her; and for him to be reminded of her, if only in that way, had some flavor of the old deliciousness. And so, on this total change of base, she had begun a fresh succession of dreams. He would be coming to church on Sunday, with his future bride upon his arm —this unknown dazzling beauty, very likely an idiot, but without doubt a beauty; he should meet her, Miss Susan, at the pew door, for the M'Veighs' pew would be full, and theirs was just behind; and then he could see the pale calm face that had found peace, and think of martyrs with their palms. There! there! poor Miss Susan! It grew too ineffably silly.

But it was not silly to Miss Susan. It was all too lively reality. And when it happened just as she had fancied, and she heard her cousin murmur in church that the M'Veighs' pew was full and there was Clavers coming, she felt as if fate were really meddling in the matter, and she trembled so that she dared not look up for a moment. And when she did, who was this smiling, blushing little thing he was handing into her aunt's pew—who but his cousin Rose?

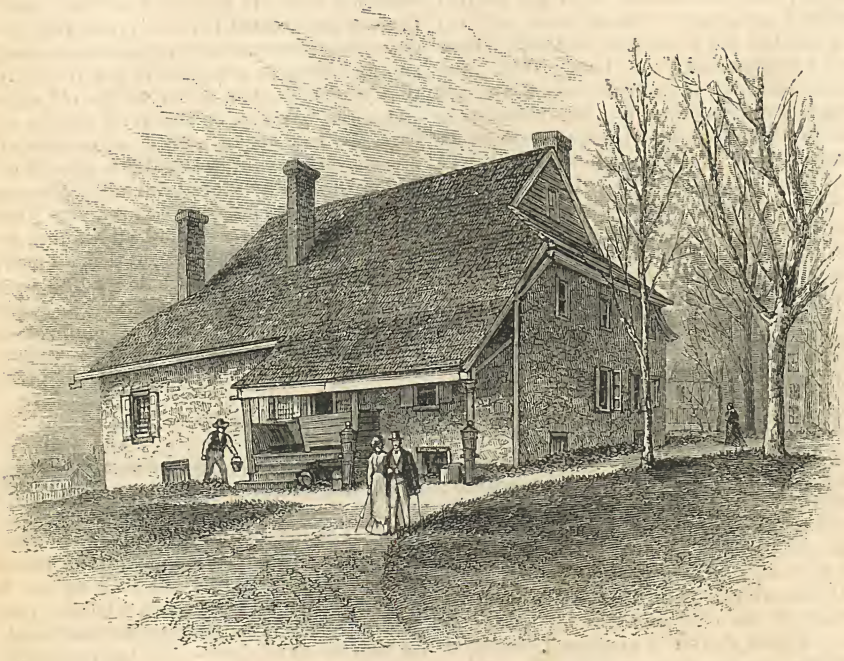
If Miss Susan fainted away during the *Te Deum* that morning, the air of the church was so oppressive that it was a wonder every body else did not faint away too; and all that Clavers M'Veigh felt as he helped Fred take her out was that if an ugly woman only knew how much uglier she looked when she fainted once, she would never faint twice. How was he—how was any body—to know that they had been present at as great an act of renunciation as it is possible for any one to make? In that half hour, feeling anew all her old love and worship of Rose, she had surrendered to her with her whole heart and soul all right and title even in a dream to the affections of Clavers M'Veigh.

And that was Miss Susan's love affair.

As she sat, in her eventless middle life, she had its great thrilling secret to live over, and it never became threadbare. She felt again the rapture of her hidden passion; she was once more in the sea, in the sand, in the boat cloak; she was once more all but engaged, all but receiving the great sacrament of marriage; once more neglected, once more forsaken, once more confronting the deserting lover, once more making the great renunciation of love to friendship, once more borne from the church in those strong arms. It was always as true and as ecstatic as it had seemed to her then in her seventeenth year. And reveling in its memories and in its conscious importance, she could not help impressing you as a person with a history; and she could afford to sit and smile with that quaint air of superior experience, as the girls jested each other about their lovers, aware that she had loved a greater and brighter than any of theirs, that her romance was something sweeter than any they could ever know, and that, as I said, if she had now no love affairs to enjoy, she certainly had them to remember.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HUDSON.

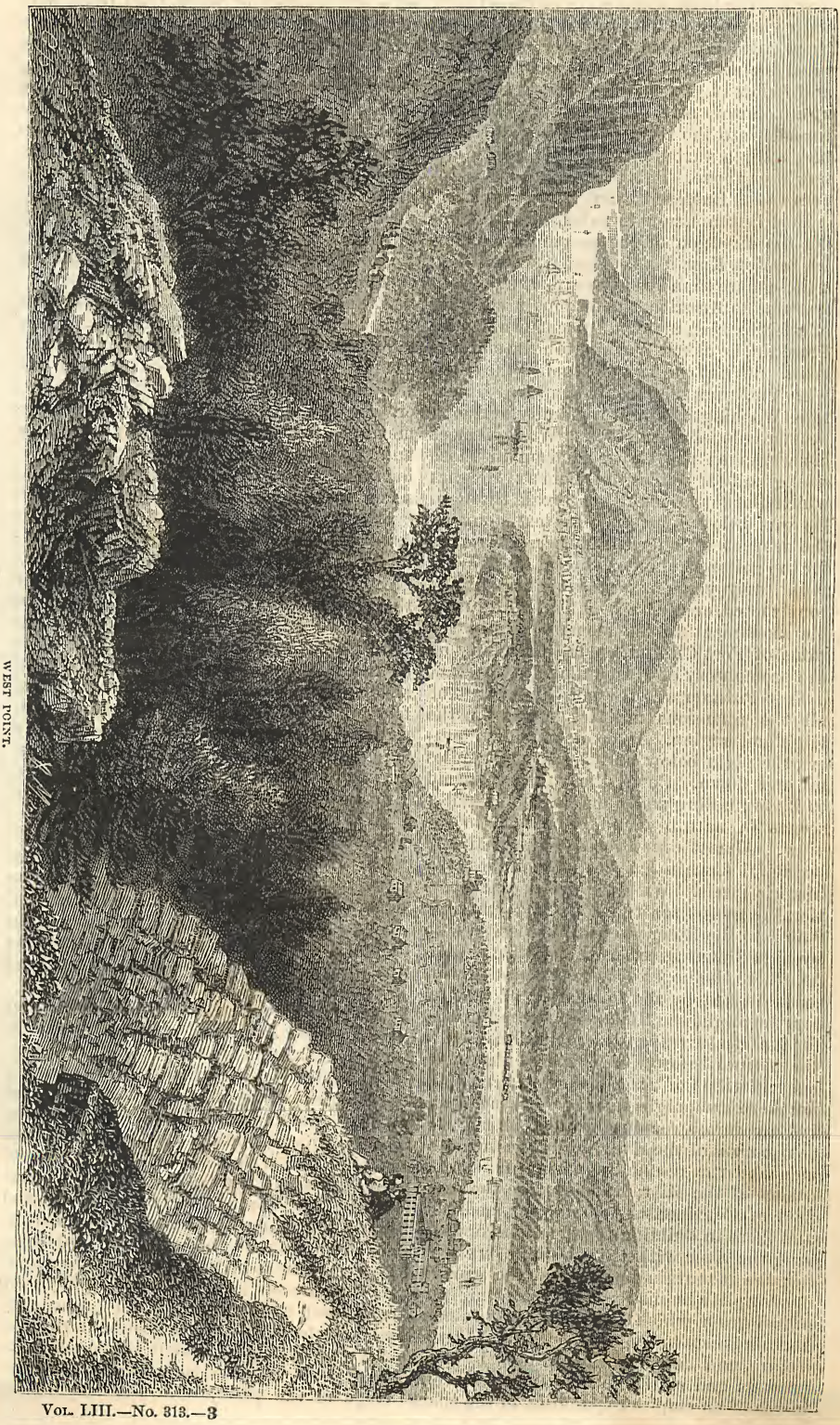
[Third Paper.]



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS BELOW NEWBURGH.

WHAT a magnificent theatre of romantic events bursts suddenly upon the vision as the steamboat sweeps around the lofty promontory of Anthony's Nose on a fine summer afternoon! The aerial perspective is charming, and a picture of marvelous beauty and grandeur is presented to the eye of the voyager. We are in the heart of the Highlands, and seem to be traveling upon a narrow lake with rugged shores, broken by islands and pierced by promontories. Through a narrow vista in the great hills, where the head of the Storm King is more than a thousand feet above the tide, may be seen in the far distance, sixty miles away, the pale blue line of the Katsbergs. In the immediate foreground is Anthony's Nose, rising full 1300 feet, its base pierced for the passage of the Hudson River Railway only a few feet above the water. From its northern verge stretches a wet meadow toward the foot of the Sugar Loaf, whose purple cone shoots up sharply in the northern sky. It is the first conspicuous object that attracts the eye when the enchanting scene opens. It is the highest part of a range of lofty hills on the eastern side of the Hudson, upon which the Americans planted batteries and lighted beacon fires in the time of the old war for independence.

On the western shore, opposite the Sugar Loaf, rises Mount Independence, crowned with dark evergreens, that cluster around the gray ruins of Fort Putnam. Below it you



WEST POINT.

may see the high promontory of West Point, with glimpses of the buildings of the Military Academy. On the brow of a rocky precipice nearer is Cozzens's summer hotel, and below it you may see the white foam of a mountain stream, as it falls in a gentle cascade into the river over a smooth rocky bed, after a turbulent passage among the bowlders above. This the prosy Dutch skippers called Buttermilk Falls.

Fort Putnam, now in ruins, was built under the direction of the accomplished Polish patriot, Kosciusko. The latter was only a little more than twenty years of age when he came to America, the disappointed lover of a Lithuanian maiden. Recommended by Franklin, he asked Washington for employment. "What can you do?" asked the chief. "Try me," was the laconic answer. He entered Washington's military family, and soon became colonel of engineers. We shall meet his works on the Upper Hudson in those strong military lines on Bemis's Heights which Burgoyne could not break through. He was beloved by all. In testimony of the respect which their fathers cherished for the gallant Polander, the cadets at West Point, fifty years after Fort Putnam was constructed, erected a beautiful white marble monument to his memory within the ruins of Fort Clinton, on the extremity of the promontory of West Point.

Fort Putnam was the most important of all the numerous military works in the Highland region. It commanded all others, the plain below, and the river for miles up and down. Could the voyager ascend to its crumbling walls, one of the grandest scenes in nature would be opened to his view. Almost every rood of the wild and beautiful domain has been consecrated by historic deeds. With the eye of retrospection, he might see the *Half-Moon* running "up into the Riuer twentie leagues, passing by high Mountaines," as the chronicler tells us, where the hopes of her commander were extinguished by the freshening of the water; he might see the dusky tribes fighting for the mastery upon the mountains and in the ravines before the advent of the white man; flotillas of vessels bearing armies for northern campaigns during the French and Indian wars, sweeping around the magnificent curves of the river, while the voices of men and the resounding drum awoke the echoes of the hills; he might see the camp fires of Continental soldiers engaged here and there in building fortifications, or spanning the river with a great chain, or watching the mountain passes, and the growth, upon a plain at his feet, of a grand military school from which have gone out soldiers and engineers to conquer armies and rugged nature, and astonish the nations by their prowess and skill; he might see the commerce of an empire expanding, in the space of a few decades of years, from trade with a few Indian trappers, to the mighty bulk which now floats hourly upon the waters, or is hurried with the speed of a gale along the railway from field to mart. Glancing his eye, as he awakes from his reverie, to the mouth of a broad hollow, scooped from the hills, he would see the smoke of furnaces and forges at Cold Spring, where the great Parrott guns of our army and navy have been wrought for many years. Such are the heads of some of the chapters in the romance of the Hudson unfolded among these everlasting hills.

At the verge of the Buttermilk Falls is a modest house, with its back against the overhanging precipice. There, more than twenty years ago, the writer found an old waterman, who ferried him across the river. He was eighty years of age, and well remembered sitting upon Washington's knee and admiring his silver buckles and big gilt buttons. He remembered, too, a romantic scene on the plain above that dazzled his eyes and made a lasting impression upon his memory. It was at a *fête*, given by Washington, in obedience to the command of Congress, in honor of the birth of an heir to the throne of the French monarch, who had been the active ally of the Americans in their struggle for independence. It took place on the last day of May, 1782. A beautiful arbor was made, more than two hundred feet in length and eighty in width, constructed of evergreen trees, which formed a colonnade of more than a hundred pillars. It was roofed with boughs and tent cloths. Branches curiously woven formed a sort of pediment, on which were displayed emblematic devices, the *fleur-de-lis* being prominent. Every column was encircled by muskets with bayonets; and the interior was decorated with festoons and garlands of evergreens, with devices significant of the alliance. Prominent among these also was the *fleur-de-lis*. Appropriate mottoes were scattered about the edifice.

At five o'clock in the afternoon more than five hundred ladies and gentlemen partook of a grand banquet in the arbor. These represented the *élite* of civil and military society in America. Early in the afternoon General Washington and his wife and suit, Governor George Clinton and his wife, Generals Knox and Hand with their wives, Egbert Benson, the Attorney-General of New York, Mrs. Margaret Livingston, of the Lower Manor, and Janet, the widow of General Montgomery, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the States of New York and New Jersey, had arrived in their barges. They were conducted through the grand arbor, situated on the gently rising ground in the rear of Fort Clinton, on which the West Point Hotel now stands. It was on the upper verge of the plain, with the magnificent



THE FÊTE OF MAY 31, 1782.

river and mountain scenery at the north in full view.

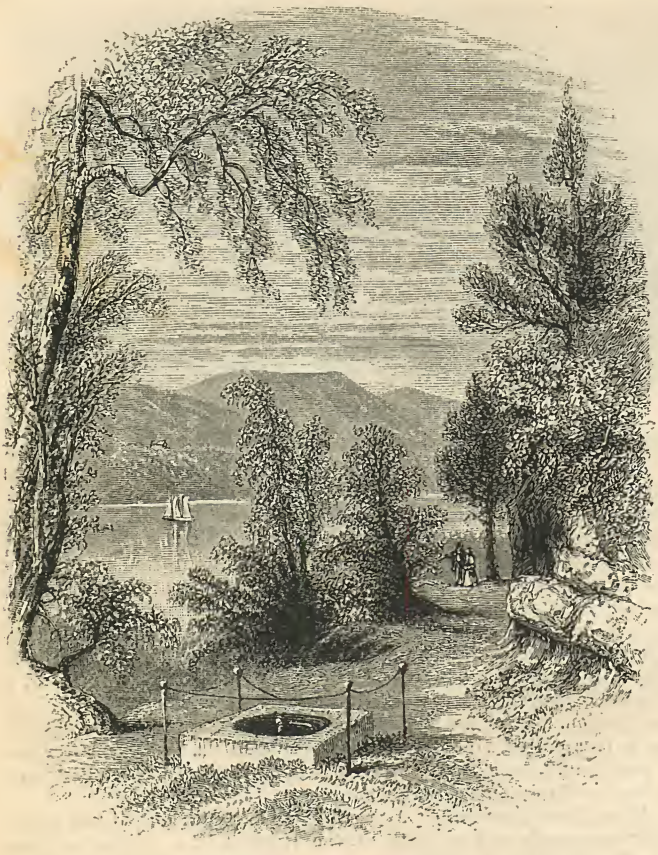
The Continental army was paraded on each side of the river. At the signal of three cannon discharges the regimental officers left their commands and repaired to the quarters of General M'Dougal. When the banquet was on the table, General Washington, with his wife and suit, left those quarters, followed by the invited guests, and went to the arbor, where a martial band played sweet airs during the repast, suggestive of peace and reconciliation. After the banquet of meat came a banquet of wine, when thirteen toasts were drunk, each followed by thirteen discharges of cannon, accompanied by music. Then the regimental officers returned to their commands, and as night came on the arbor displayed the splendors of a grand illumination by scores of candle-lights. At that moment cannon and musketry throughout the whole army gave a *feu de joie* which, like peals of thunder, awoke a thousand echoes among the grand old hills. This was followed by a consentaneous shout of the whole army—a wild huzza, with the benediction, "Long live the Dauphin!"

A ball in the arbor followed these noisy demonstrations without, in which the commander-in-chief heartily joined. "He attended the ball in the evening," wrote an eye-witness, "and with dignified and graceful air, having Mrs. Knox for his partner, carried down a dance of twenty couples in the arbor on the green grass." That partner was the wife of General Knox, the Boston bookseller—the "beautiful Lucy," as she was familiarly spoken of, the belle of the camp, and then about thirty years of age. The festivities ended toward midnight with a brilliant display of fire-works.

As the steamboat sweeps around the short curve in the river here, after leaving the government landing, you behold a white marble monument erected to the memory of more than a hundred United States soldiers who were massacred by the Indians in Florida many years ago. Near it may be seen a sheltered nook in the rocks at the brow of the cliff, which is known as "Kosciusko's Garden." There the eminent Polander constructed a pretty fountain; and there, it is said, he retired for reading and repose. His monument may be seen a little further on; and across the river at the turn, on Constitution Island, the crumbling walls of a part of old Fort Constitution may be seen. It is the relic of a work that guarded the immense iron chain which the Americans stretched across the river there, buoyed up by logs, after the obstructions at Fort Montgomery had been broken.

As the steamboat goes out at the upper gate of the Highlands, a picture of rare beauty opens upon the vision of the voyager. The great hills disappear on the right and left. The broad expanse of Newburgh Bay is before him, harmonizing in its aspect of repose with the rolling, cultivated country of Dutchess and Orange counties on each side of the river. Looking eastward, the eye wanders to the theatre of many of the exploits in the life of "Harvey Birch" (Enoch Crosby), the hero of Cooper's *Spy*. You may almost see the spire of the old Dutch church at Fishkill, wherein he was a manacled and willing prisoner, after a mock trial before the Committee of Safety. Around that old church cluster many historical romances of the valley of the Middle Hudson, of deepest interest. Near its ancient walls the fugitive Legislature of the State of New York met, after flying before British bayonets from the neutral ground in Westchester. There was the place of deposit for a large amount of stores for the northern army; there the New York Committee of Safety held their meetings; and by that old church passed the captive army of Burgoyne, British and Hessians, on their way to Virginia.

Nestled in a quiet spot on the western shore, a little below the city of Newburgh,



KOSCIUSKO'S FOUNTAIN.

is New Windsor, famous as the head-quarters of Washington for many months during the Revolution, and as the residence of a charming little maiden named Anna Brewster, a lineal descendant of Elder Brewster, of the *Mayflower*. Her height in womanhood was three feet, her form was perfect, her face beamed with intelligence and sweetness, and her mind was pure and active. She was loved and admired by every one; and she lived a charming maiden until she was seventy-five years of age. She possessed such dignity and self-respect that she declined an invitation from Mrs. Washington to visit her at head-quarters, because she improperly thought it was curiosity rather than respect that prompted the kind act.

As the steamboat approaches the wharf at Newburgh, the voyager beholds on the southern verge of the city a low broad-roofed house, built of stone, with a flag-staff near, and the grounds around garnished with cannon. That is the famous "Head-quarters of Washington" during one of the most interesting periods of the war and at its close. Then the camp was graced by the presence of Mrs. Washington a greater part of the time, and the cultivated wives of several of the officers; and until a comparatively few years ago the remains of the borders around the beds of a little garden which Mrs. Washington cultivated for amusement might have been seen in front of the mansion.

That building, now the property of the State of New York, is preserved in the form it bore when Washington left it. There is the famous room, with seven doors and one window, which the owner used for a parlor, and the commander-in-chief for a dining hall. In that apartment, at different times, a large portion of the chief officers of the Continental army, American and foreign, and many distinguished civilians, were entertained at Washington's table.

More than fifty years after the war a counterfeit of that room was produced in the French capital. A short time before Lafayette's death he was invited, with the American minister and several of his countrymen, to a banquet given by the old Count de Marbois, who was the secretary to the first French legation in this country during the Revolution. At the hour for the repast, the company were shown into a room which strangely contrasted in appearance with the splendors of the mansion they were in. It was a low boarded room, with large projecting beams overhead; a huge fire-place, with a broad-throated chimney; a single small uncurtained window, and numerous small doors, the whole having the appearance of a Dutch or Belgian kitchen. Upon a long rough table was spread a frugal repast, with wine in decanters and bottles and glasses and silver goblets, such as indicated the habits of other times. "Do you know where we now are?" Marbois asked the marquis and the American guests. They paused for a moment, when Lafayette exclaimed: "Ah! the seven doors and one window, and the silver camp goblets, such as the marshals

of France used in my youth. We are at Washington's head-quarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!" So the story was told by Colonel Fish, father of our Secretary of State, who was one of the company. Close by the "Head-quarters" is a modest monument of brown freestone, beneath which rest the remains of Uzal Knapp, the last survivor of Washington's Life-Guard.

On the eastern side of the river, about two miles above Fishkill Landing, stands a mansion of similar form, a mile back from the shore, which has been for more than a century the country-seat of the Verplanck family. It was the head-quarters of the Baron de Steuben while the army lay back of Newburgh. There, a little while before that army was disbanded, the officers formed the notable association known as the *Society of the Cincinnati*, which still exists. It was suggested by General Knox, and approved by Washington. Its object was to perpetuate and cherish the mutual friendship of the officers of the Continental army, and to provide a fund for the aid of the indigent among them. Membership was made hereditary in the masculine line; that failing, it might be perpetuated in worthy collateral branches. State societies were formed for convenience, which were subordinate in a degree to the general society. Washington was the first president of that general society—an office now filled by Secretary Fish. This is the only institution in this country which bears the primogeniture feature of English society.

Not far above Newburgh is a low rocky peninsula known as the Dans-Kamer—Dance Chamber. On that spot, for a century after the discovery of the Hudson, the Indians held their *kinte-kayes*—fearful orgies, in which they danced and yelled around great fires on the eve of an expedition for war or the chase. They appeared more like fiends than human creatures, and the Dutch skippers called the place the Devil's Dance Chamber. There it was, according to the veracious Knickerbocker, that Peter Stuyvesant's crew were "most horribly frightened by roystering devils."

Poughkeepsie, which bears the corrupted form of an Indian word signifying "safe harbor," has historical associations of great interest. Here were dock-yards, at which vessels for the Continental navy were built, and where they were burned on the stocks to prevent their falling into the hands of the marauders. In the old court-house in that village the Legislature of the State of New York held its sessions after Kingston was burned in the autumn of 1777; and here was held the State Convention which ratified the national Constitution. The house in which Governor Clinton resided, and where several of Washington's letters were written, yet stands on Upper Main Street.

At Krom Elbow, a few miles above Poughkeepsie, is the head of the Long Reach, which extends to the Dans-Kamer. Near there, on the western shore, is a smooth rock, with an inscription chiseled by the ancient inhabitants of the valley—a hieroglyphic record of some event in their history. As the steamboat sweeps around the short curve of the "crooked elbow"—as the name means—the river widens into the appearance of a lake, with the lofty Katsbergs in full view. On the left there is a low light-house in the shallows, and beyond it is the village of Rondout, now a part of old Kingston or Esopus, on the Esopus Creek, two miles from the river.

That region was a theatre of stirring historical events from its first settlement by Europeans, two hundred years ago, to the close of the old war for independence. The Indians and the white intruders there contended for the mastery many years, until the pale-faces conquered, as usual, after seasons of bloodshed, terror, and distress. At Kingston the Convention sat which framed the first Constitution of the State of New York. There the new commonwealth was organized in the summer of 1777, and there the first Legislature was in session when Forts Clinton and Montgomery fell. When news of that event and the coming of a squadron under Sir James Wallace (piloted by a Dutchess County Tory), with almost four thousand soldiers under General Vaughan, reached Kingston, the members of the Legislature fled. They supposed that the then capital of the State would feel most cruelly the strong arm of the enemy. And so it did. The British frigates anchored above Kingston Point, and large detachments of soldiers landed and marched upon the doomed town of almost four thousand inhabitants. They laid nearly every house in ashes, driving the affrighted people back upon the Wallkill settlements, where they were exposed to the dangers of attacks from savage war parties in the interior, under Brant.

From Kingston the British went up the river as far as Livingston's manor, on the eastern shore. They spread desolation by the torch at intermediate places, and burned the manor-house. Their object was to assist Burgoyne, then struggling with the Americans at Saratoga, either by drawing away a part of Gates's army for the defense of the country below, or by actually joining the crippled British force above. The news of the surrender of Burgoyne, which reached them at the manor, quenched their hopes, and they fled to New York with all possible speed.

From a point a little north of Tivoli, on the river or on the land, may be obtained the most comprehensive views of the Katsbergs, lying bold and lofty against the west-



RIP VAN WINKLE.

ern sky. The Indians called the range *On-ti-o-ra*—Mountains of the Sky—and the Dutch, less poetic, named them Katsbergs—Cats' Mountains—because of the abundance of wild-cats found there. They are commonly called Catskill Mountains.

High up on the Katsbergs are the two famous summer resorts, the "Mountain House" and the "Overlook House," from both of which magnificent views of the country may be seen.

In a hollow near which the road passes up to the old Mountain House is the scene of Rip Van Winkle's encounter with the Dutch ghosts and the bewitching flagon. The story of Rip is one of the most charming of Irving's legends. He tells us that he was a good-for-nothing idler about the village tavern that stood in the evening shadows of these mountains, and was properly a hen-pecked husband. Rip feared nothing so much as Dame Van Winkle's tongue, which was sharp and lively when the good woman was irate. He was much away with his dog and gun hunting in the mountains. On one of these occasions he heard the rumbling of the ghostly nine-pins among the hills, which often sounded in the ears of dwellers near; and he soon came upon a queer-looking company, who were solemnly and silently engaged in that game. They were doubtless the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson and his crew in carnal form. He was introduced to them by a man who was bearing a keg of liquor on his shoulder. That liquor was poured into a flagon, out of which the ever-thirsty Rip drank freely, fell asleep, and did not awake until twenty years had passed away.

When Rip awoke, his first thought was of his wife's tongue. "Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon!" he exclaimed. "What shall I say to Dame Van Winkle?" Alas! all had changed. His rusty gun-barrel, without a stock, lay by his side; his dog was gone; his beard was white and flowing, and his clothes were rags. What could it mean? As he wandered back to the village, he saw nothing that was familiar to him—men, politics, the tavern, all were changed. Every thing was a mystery to him, and he was a mystery to every body. At length some recognitions occurred, and the first real happiness that beamed in Rip's dim eyes was when he was assured that death had silenced Dame Van Winkle's tongue. His story of the mysterious nine-pin players was finally believed; and "even to this day," said the romancer, "the Dutch inhabitants never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Katskill but they say, Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins."

The story of the birth and growth of the city of Hudson is a notable romance. It was founded in 1780 by thirty families, chiefly Quakers from New England. At the end of three years from the time the farm on which the city stands was purchased, one hundred and fifty dwelling-houses, and wharves, storehouses, workshops, and out-buildings, were seen there, and a population of fifteen hundred souls, who possessed a city charter. The history of cities has no parallel to this.

Between Hudson and Albany the river is dotted with islands, the most notable of which is one off the mouth of Norman's Kill, the Indian *Ta-wa-sen-tha*, or "place of many dead," that comes into the Hudson from the west a little below Albany. It was named by the Dutch Castle Island, from the circumstance that a stockade fort was built upon it as a protection to Dutch traders with the Indians. This was the first fort built by the Hollanders on the Hudson River, and there a large trade in furs and peltries was carried on with the Indians.

On the eastern shore, about four miles below Castle Island, is the village of Schodac, the name of which is derived from the Indian word *is-cho-da*, a "meadow," or "fire-plain." There in ancient times was the seat of the council fire of the Mohegans, and there, it is believed, Uncas, the eminent sachem and chief in Connecticut, sometimes presided over the great assembly. It is a beautiful region of country, and, like all the chosen seats of Indian society, attests their wisdom and taste in selection. From this point to Albany, where the ascending voyage of the *Half-Moon* was ended, the passage is soon made; and when the steamboat from New York reaches the wharf at the political capital of the State, it has traversed the length of the Lower and Middle Hudson region. Henceforth the traveler must be content with various and less luxurious vehicles of conveyance over the beautiful region of the Upper Hudson, from Albany to its head waters in the Northern Wilderness.

On the northern verge of the city of Albany is one of the finest of the old mansions of the State. It is the Van Rensselaer manor-house. On the southern verge of the city there is another of the finer dwellings. It was the town residence of General Philip Schuyler. Both were erected at about the same time—a little past the middle of the last century. The Van Rensselaer mansion is associated with the settlement of the colony of New Netherland; the Schuyler mansion is associated with the heroic age of that colony as the State of New York, and with the fortunes of the Six Nations of Indians.

The Dutch West India Company, trading along the Hudson River with the savages, built a small military work on the site of Albany, and named it Fort Orange. Wishing to colonize the country, they offered certain privileges and exemptions to any person who should lead or send a colony to New Netherland, and within four years afterward should have there at least fifty permanent residents over fifteen years of age, one-fourth of whom should be located there within the first year. Killian Van Rensselaer, a pearl merchant of Amsterdam and one of the directors of the company, undertook a settlement on these terms. With three other persons he bought of the Indians over seven hundred thousand acres of land on and around the site of Albany, and planted a colony near Fort Orange. He received the title of *patroon*, or patron, and was invested with its privileges. A reed-covered mansion was built near the site of the later manor-house, in which for more than a hundred years the patroons or their agents entertained the best society of the Province, and received delegations from the dusky monarchs of the forest. So great were the delegated powers and privileges of the patroon that he defied the local authorities, and there was a grand quarrel between his agent and Governor Stuyvesant. When the English took possession of the Province, these privileges ceased, but the patroon enjoyed his title and rights under the law of primogeniture until 1840. The last patroon was General Stephen Van Rensselaer, a son-in-law of General Schuyler.

The Schuyler family were conspicuous as friends of the Indians from the earliest period of their residence in this country, and through several generations they were popular with the red men. They held peculiar relations with the Iroquois confederacy under government appointment, controlling in a great degree the political action of the Six Nations until Sir William Johnson obtained



RESCUE OF SCHUYLER'S CHILD.

his ascendency over them. For many years General Schuyler was at the head of the Indian commissions for the transaction of government business with them, and his house was a place of frequent resort of the chiefs and sachems of the confederacy. During the Revolution his personal influence, wisdom, skill, and watchfulness enabled him to hold a large portion of these savages in a position of neutrality, and so secured the State from any disastrous invasions, and the cause from ruin.

The spacious Schuyler mansion is at the head of Schuyler Street. It was seldom without guests when the family were there. The most distinguished citizens of America and travelers from abroad found a generous welcome there during the forty years that Schuyler and his wife dispensed princely hospitality under its roof.

The Schuyler mansion was the theatre of a romance in the summer of 1781. General Schuyler was not then in active military service, but, at his house at Albany or at Saratoga, he was the vigilant eye of the Northern Department. His person as a prisoner was coveted as a capital prize by his Tory neighbors. Walter Meyer, a Tory colleague of the famous Joe Beltys, was employed to execute a scheme for the seizure and abduction of the general. With a party of his associates, Canadians and Indians, he prowled in the woods near Albany for many days, and ascertained the exact situation of affairs at Schuyler's house from a Dutchman whom he had seized at his work. He learned that a guard of six men were there for the protection of Schuyler's person, three of them alternately on duty continually. The Dutchman was compelled to take an oath of secrecy. He did so with a mental reservation, and as soon as he was released, he hastened to Schuyler and warned him of his peril.

As the twilight of a sultry day in August was yielding to the night, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the great hall of the mansion; the servants were about the premises; three of the guard were asleep in the basement, and the other three were lying on the grass in front of the mansion. A servant announced that a person at the back gate wished to speak with the general. His errand was understood. The doors and windows of the mansion were immediately closed and barred, the family were gathered in an upper room, and the general ran to his bedroom for his arms. Looking out of a window, he saw the house surrounded by armed men. To alarm the town, half a mile distant, he fired a pistol from his window. At the same moment the intruders burst open the front-door. At that instant Mrs. Schuyler perceived that in the confusion she had left her infant in a cradle in the hall below. She was about to rush down the stairs after it, when the general interposed and prevented her. Her third daughter, Margaret (who was afterward the wife of the last patroon), instantly

flew down the great stairway, snatched the sleeping babe from the cradle, and bore it up to its mother. One of the Indians hurled a sharp tomahawk at her. Its keen blade just grazed the infant's head, and was buried in the railing of the stair. Meyer, supposing her to be a servant, called to her, as she flew up the stairs, "Where's your master?" With quick thought she exclaimed, as she reached the verge of the upper hall, "Gone to alarm the town!" Her father heard her, and with as quick thought threw up a window and called out, as to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house, and secure the villains!" The alarmed marauders, who were plundering the general's dining-room of the plate, fled in haste, carrying away some of the booty. That infant was the late Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochran, General Schuyler's youngest child, who died at Oswego in the summer of 1857.



ALBANY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In that mansion General Schuyler, the father of the canal system of the State of New York, worked out his plans, and revealed to his guests his knowledge and his hopes concerning the feasibility of inland lock navigation. Joel Barlow, who visited him, prophesied as follows, in his "Vision of Columbus," published thirty years before the work on the great Erie Canal was begun:

"He saw as widely spreads th' unchannel'd plain,
Where inland realms for ages bloom'd in vain,
Canals, long winding, ope a wat'ry flight,
And distant streams and seas and lakes unite.

"From fair Albania toward the setting sun,
Back through the midland lengthening channels run;
Meet the fair lakes, their beauteous towns that lave,
And Hudson join'd to broad Ohio's wave."

That prophecy was fulfilled when canal-boats from Lake Erie came to Albany, and formed a part of the grand nuptial procession already mentioned in honor of the wedding of the lakes with the Hudson and the sea. That procession was ended at Sandy Hook, where Governor Clinton poured a keg of the water of Lake Erie into the Atlantic —a ceremony more significant of the true greatness of a state than that of the Doge of Venice who cast his ring into the waters, and so symbolically wedded the Adriatic. That canal, which enters the Hudson at Albany, may now bear to the bosom of the river 4,000,000 tons of the products of the West annually; when enlarged to the width of seventy feet, it may bear 24,000,000 tons.

We might linger long in recounting the romances of this old Dutch-founded city. We might tell strange stories of the primitive society, where, on the benches at the front-doors, were seen nearly the whole population in the evening, the old men smoking, the old women knitting, and the young people chatting loudly upon current topics or softly on love-making. We might tell of military events at Fort Frederick, that stood in the middle of State Street, on the hill, where General Charles Lee (then a captain) whipped one of Abercrombie's aids for in-

sulting a citizen's daughter; or of the troubles of Sexton Brower, of the old Dutch church that stood in the middle of State Street, near the river. Poor old bell-ringer! It was his duty to pull its rope every evening at eight o'clock, to ring out the "suppaan bell"—the curfew bell of the Dutch—when it was the duty of all good citizens to eat their *suppaan*, or hasty-pudding, and go to bed. The old bell-ringer was faithful and superstitious. The "horrid boys" of those days teased him dreadfully. While he was ringing the bell, by the light of a dim lantern, they would steal into the church, unfasten a side door, and remain hidden until his departure. When the old man was quietly seated at home, taking his last smoke before going to bed, they would ring the bell furiously. The old sexton would hasten down to the church, and the boys would slip out of the side door, leaving him puzzled and half frightened with the idea that invisible hands were pulling at his rope—those

> "people—ah, the people—
> They that dwell up in the steeple,
> All alone;
> And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
> In that muffled monotone,
> Feel a glory in so rolling
> On the human heart a stone:
> They are neither man nor woman,
> They are neither brute nor human—
> They are ghouls."

We might tell of the adventures of that queer old bachelor, Balthazar Lydius, tall, bullet-headed, and so ugly in features and manners that the boys would shun him in the streets as they would an ogre of a fairy tale. He was a Lothario in his young manhood. Jilted at Greenbush, he became a misanthrope. He loved his pipe and applejack better than human kind. He lived in a fine house, with mahogany partitions, the beams carved into pictures of vines and fruit, and a dresser that glittered with pewter plates so long as his mother lived, whom he loved tenderly. When she died, his locks were thin and white. He had no one to sew on his buttons, and so, to show his contempt for womenkind, he bought a squaw for a pint of gin, and lived with her as his wife the remainder of his life.

Not far up the street from Balthazar's dwelling was the grand "Van der Heyden Palace," where sumptuous hospitality was dispensed. The owner figures in Irving's charming story of Dolph Heyliger in *Bracebridge Hall*, and the iron vane from his double-fronted mansion now swings over the pinnacle of the cottage at Sunnyside.

But we must here bring to a close our record of romance. The valley of the Hudson above Albany is associated with stirring events in our Revolutionary history. These, however, would not have full justice done them within the limit which we have assigned to ourselves in these pages.

THE PURSUIT OF A HERITAGE.

"MY beloved nephew," said the Honorable Mr. Brewster, one morning recently, to a large party of guests assembled upon a memorable occasion, "has developed a talent in his profession as rare as it is commendable, a patience and originality in research, an independence and reticence in action, which evince the highest capability for the pursuit of our noble calling. I have always entertained for him the warmest aspirations, and I now predict for him a brilliant future!"

Then followed a burst of applause and acclamation, in the midst of which the honorable gentleman wiped his gold-ribbed spectacles and sat down. There may have been tears upon those pebbles; probably the eminent barrister meant every word that he said. When he got upon his legs in response to the toast in his nephew's honor, and cast that beaming, refulgent look to his side of the table, he considered him probably at that moment not only the light of his existence, but a planet of no ordinary magnitude to a benighted world.

Nevertheless, candor compels me to state that only a short period previous he had called him a disreputable young scoundrel, an idle, unprincipled dog, a disgrace to his name, and a blight to his profession.

And he had not had recourse to these strong expressions to relieve a momentary outburst of wrath, but Tom was assailed with them upon all the occasions in which he was unfortunate or stupid enough to allow himself to be left alone with his uncle. Mr. Brewster had too much respect for himself and the tie between them to descend to this abuse in the presence of others; he then maintained a cold and severe silence, eying Tom with the malignity of a basilisk, and asking him if he'd have a bit of mutton in the same tone he desired of a hardened culprit the reason why he should not be hanged.

The fact was, the uncle and nephew didn't get on together. The qualities that had descended in a direct line from the remote branches of a respectable genealogical tree were altogether wanting in Tom's composition. The mantle of dignity, eloquence, research, etc., had not fallen gracefully upon his shoulders, but was rather given to lopping aside, and not long since had been nearly trampled under his feet.

It was not Tom's fault that the womenfolks had been out late at a festivity the night before, had come down to the morning meal in a rather chaotic state, had sipped their chocolate, dallied with their steak, and gone back comfortably to bed. Mr. Brewster insisted that his household should arise at a certain hour, and assemble together at breakfast. His feminines, who had inherit-

ed considerable tact that way, complied with the legal form, but shifted its practical requirements; and the worthy barrister, who ought to have been the last man in the world to find fault with any thing in his own line of business, nevertheless attacked Tom the moment his cousin Emily's skirts had whisked out the door.

"Have you done any thing with those papers of Brown *versus* Smith, Sir? There were some points there to be elucidated."

"If you'll point me the points, Sir—" began Tom, meekly.

"Hah!" snarled his uncle; "that's your business, Sir. But the fact is, where talent and inclination are both wanting in the pursuit of a profession, it had better be abandoned. I recommend to you the vocation of a mountebank, or strolling musician, or a master of dancing. Yah!" And, impelled from the tip of his uncle's boot, there sped across the room to Tom's feet a ragged mop of a Skye terrier.

"If that dog isn't out of the house this very day," roared his uncle, "I'll have Wilkins pound out his brains. What with your dogs and your women—"

"Sir!" cried Tom, indignantly.

"Would you rather I'd call them ladies? In truth, the honorable name of womanhood is disgraced by these belaced and furbelowed puppets of fashion with whom you squander your time, with whom you go round and round on tiptoe, contracting your muscles and bending your spine, whose skeins of wool you hold upon your idle hands, with whom you drum and thrum, making the air hideous with your wretched rhymes and discordant song. But I warn you, Sir—I warn you, not one penny of your fortune shall be yours unless you comply with the decrees of your father's will."

"Hang my fortune!" cried Tom, choked with indignation. "You're welcome to it, Sir."

He went over to his uncle and extended his hand, severely and sadly. His voice trembled, for at that moment he felt he should perhaps never see him again.

"Good-by, Sir," said Tom. "We may never meet again. It is possible I may be driven to embrace one of the vocations you have mentioned, and in that case, Sir—"

"In that case, Tom," said his uncle, calmly, "you'd better take your dog along. He will, no doubt, prove a valuable accessory."

Tom lifted his terrier Tag by his head from the floor, put him in his overcoat pocket, and went out without another word.

Shortly after, he sang plaintively, twanging the air upon the strings of a rusty guitar,

"'The only one that's left me is this little dog of mine.'"

Tom was sitting upon the top of a cage filled with white mice; at his side was the stronghold of a celebrated ferret; a profane and vindictive parrot clawed and shrieked upon a brass ring over his head; some mild-eyed doves clung together upon a still higher shelf; and around and about him quarreled and chatted various specimens of the animal creation.

A little old man, not unlike the terrier at Tom's knee, whose bushy eyebrows overhung two sharp ferrety eyes, his projecting forehead fringed with hair of a rusty brown and gray, his long thin arms and legs clad in a leathery material that defied the wrath of ages, ingeniously mended the broken wires of a trap, and nodded his head as Tom run on, sometimes approvingly, sometimes warningly, but principally with the air of one who humored while he deplored.

This old man was a celebrated dog-fancier, and kept a queer old mart for the sale and exchange of fancies in ornithology, the canine tribe, and even the rarer specimens of reptiles. It was situated pretty well on the east side of town, at the confluence of a labyrinth of streets, and occupied the whole lower part of a structure that had held its own in the old days of colonial grandeur. A Corinthian order of architecture prevailed on this ground-floor, which facilitated the arranging and housing of his large family comfortably and securely, yet with an eye to the picturesque and the striking.

Tom had strolled for many a year through the colonnades of this subterranean retreat, and had grown to be extravagantly fond of the tumult, the strife, and even the peculiar odor that permeated the premises.

When particularly tired of the prim opulence and mathematical splendor at his uncle's domain, he would plunge down into the very bowels of Joe Comstock's lair, and ramificate there for half a day.

"The fact is, Joe," he said, upon the morning in question, "this poring over a musty old page and sifting out the chicaneries of dead and gone sinners is not in my line. I decline to set further by the ears an already distracted world. Wherever money is, it is pretty sure to be enjoyed, and he only knows its loss who has been once its possessor. What does it matter if somebody somewhere is reveling in the enjoyment of a handsome income, and perhaps walking over our heads, in blissful unconsciousness thereof, is the rightful owner of the same? But all this causes my uncle sleepless nights. Tons and tons of documents are poured in to him by malevolent pursuers of these different heritages, and he demands of me the labor of a Hercules in their behalf. Now I have a constitutional objection to labor of any kind, particularly to looking for any thing. I always wait till it turns up. But hark, Joe!"

Down from some unknown heights, becoming fainter as it ascended the stone

staircase, came the clear virginal voice of a young girl:

"'Lons, 'lons là!" it sang. "Les jours se passent,
Vides—misérablement—"

Tom listened in vain for more—even the sad sweet echo was lost. He sighed, and said, in conclusion, there were more enchanting sounds came to him in one half hour in Joe Comstock's cellar than would reach him in half a century at his uncle's domain.

"It's that French gal, Val'ry," said Joe. "She sings that way sometimes till she gets my people down here to screechin' their prettiest. There was a mocking-bird over there in that square cage that used to know enough to come in at the choruses. I believe he was in league with the devil, for how otherwise did he know that French jargon? But I got a nice little penny for him by that gal's voice. I bore it in mind when mounseer was a little behindhand with his rent."

"Is she pretty, Joe?"

"Well, as them furriners go, she may be. I wouldn't like to say, boy. Ef she hed good wholesome food to fill her out a little and take that hungry look out of her eyes, she might be a fairish-lookin' young woman, as them furriners go; but her shoulder-blades are too sharp, her head's too little: she's all hair and eyelashes. No," added Joe, with impartial severity, "she ain't pretty. I'm afeerd she's ugly."

"And poor?"

"As church mice, Tom. It must come kind o' tough to mounseer to make up the loss o' that di'mond. You see, he works at them precious stones—pecks at 'em day in and day out; makes quite a decent penny at it too. Before they had that bad luck, it wasn't so bad. Ma'm'selle looked better then, and sang, Tom, like a thrush in a country hedge. But one day, however it came about, one o' them di'monds got lost. The old woman was worse than usual, and fussin' about between his work-bench and her bed in the corner that little bit of a jewel got lost. Lord! how they did go on up there! I thought the house was afire. It beat the Jews where that stone went to. We hunted high and low for it; the old woman screechin' and moanin' like mad, and he goin' over to her, callin' her his angel, beggin' her not to fret. Talk about Frenchmen! There's plenty of our country people, Tom Brewster, 'd think nothin', when they were put about like that, of shyin' a bootjack at her head; but blessed if he didn't get down on his knees and coddle that old piece of parchment to sleep! Well, we couldn't find it. It did beat the Jews where that mite of a sparkle went to: took the whole room to bits, looked in every crack in the boards and every crevice in the wall, shook out every rag on the premises. Couldn't find it; had to give it up; and mounseer he had to make it up. Yes, he had, Tom Brewster; he wouldn't ask for mercy, nor take it if it was offered to him. It all comes of somebody belongin' to him losin' his head on the same plank with the French king. He's that set up about it, he says he's obliged to do what other folks wouldn't think of."

"And he has to make up the loss of the diamond?"

"Every penny of it, boy. There he sits, day in and day out, with that hungry eye of his glued to the glass, his stomach as empty as a drum, and ma'm'selle's song gettin' that low and solemn like it gives me the rickets to listen to 'em. Talk about Frenchmen! Many a one of our country people 'd walk off and leave the whole kit and boodle of 'em to shift for themselves. But what shall I do with this 'ere tarrier?"

"Keep him, Joe, for a while. He breeds too many rows up at the house—chews the tassels on the furniture, bites my uncle's heels. Playing with the cat the other day, he accidentally broke her spine. Just keep him a while, Joe."

And Tom Brewster, finding it was nearly time for his uncle to get down to the office, put the guitar down, took a fond farewell of Tag, and fled up the stone steps. As he reached the top, he thought he felt something touch his boot, but hurried along. Three steps further on, he felt something touch his hand, which was swinging along at his side. This time he paused, for it was the touch of a woman, and to this Tom was always susceptible. His hat was off in a minute, and although the young girl was poorly clad, wretchedly thin and pale, and altogether rather a pitiable-looking creature, there was something about her that won Tom's attention.

She extended to him the plethoric pocket-book, which had fallen upon his boot unheeded, and in the first sound of her voice he recognized the haunting sweetness that had reached him in Joe Comstock's cellar.

He took the pocket-book without a word, devouring her wistful face with a zeal and persistency that brought a fleeting blush to her cheek, and caused her to hurry away, leaving Tom gazing after her for a full minute and a half.

Then he went on meditatively, once in a while his lips shaping themselves into their accustomed whistle, but no sound issuing therefrom; and all that day at the office it was noticeable that young Brewster's musical efforts were singularly abortive. He had been wont to favor his business friends daily with scraps from the opera or the ball of the night before, and had even volunteered, in an under-tone, an entire ballad. As Tom's voice was a fine barytone, these efforts were encouraged, and in the absence of his uncle, the senior member of the law firm, vociferously applauded.

But all that day Tom was silent and preoccupied, absorbed in a reverie in which shadows came and went. He saw a bare, barren room; an old Frenchman with one hungry eye glued to the glass, working his heart out to redeem the malevolence of a stone which lay blinking wickedly, perhaps, close by; an old woman, helpless and bedridden, on a pallet in the corner; a young girl, with a face from which an exquisite "Il Penseroso" might be modeled; and all through the reverie Tom heard from afar, faint and sweet as a mountain echo, that enchanting voice telling him of how passed the fleet, sad, miserable days.

Early in the day Tom went into the dressing closet, put on the oldest coat he could find, a hat of shabby felt, and went out. He met his uncle coming in.

Mr. Brewster constantly found fault with the dandyism of his nephew, but grew purple with rage upon seeing his present shabbiness.

"What — what means this disgraceful masquerading, Sir?" he shouted.

"I will tell you, Sir, later on," said Tom, in a tone that his uncle afterward remembered.

Then Tom went on in the direction of Joe Comstock's cellar; but instead of plunging down the stone steps, he mounted the high stoop and wandered along through the corridors. Searching each floor, he found the people he sought on the third, in a large room back, and stood for a moment trembling on the threshold.

He, who entered boldly, as with an inherited right, the boudoirs of the fair daughters of fashion, chatted with them for hours together upon the mysteries and rites of the toilet; who matched for them with skillful accuracy worsted, silk, chenille, even in rare cases the human hair; whose advice was waited for impatiently and accepted with enthusiasm; whose word was authority upon the fine arts, music, the drama—Tom Brewster, the oracle of fashion, pulled hither and thither by rosy hands, coaxed and scolded by ruby lips, happy, irresistible, impregnable Tom Brewster, here in this wind-swept corridor, outside this crumbling and dilapidated wall, on this dingy threshold, Tom Brewster trembled!

The door opened, and he found before him the old Frenchman, his tasseled cap upon his head, his red and inflamed eye bent severely down, his gray hair and whiskers shaggy and disheveled; but Tom's eyes wandered in and rested upon Valérie. Her face seemed to him indescribably lovely. She was pale, but her pallor was divine. Her exquisite and frail form seemed to Tom like that of some beautiful phantom.

The old Frenchman drew the door closer and looked sternly interrogative.

"Your daughter found a pocket-book this morning," began Tom, "that contained considerable money; it is only fair that a proper reward should be given—"

Here the Frenchman intervened. He waved his thin hand, through which the blue veins were strongly marked.

"With that we have nothing to do," he said; "we are happy to have rendered the service."

At this moment an emaciated form raised itself from a bed in the corner of the room; two hollow greedy eyes rested upon Tom.

"Be tranquil, *ma mie*," said the Frenchman, soothingly, to the sick woman. "It was a simple courtesy of Valérie's — thy daughter and mine. To take money for that which was so simple and requisite—impossible, quite impossible."

The sick woman fell back upon the bed, and turned her face to the wall. It occurred to Tom that perhaps she had often wished her husband's ancestor had not lost his head upon the same scaffold with Louis the Sixteenth. Tom was compelled to apologize for his intention of benefiting these people: nothing could be done with Monsieur Jouèt —positively nothing. In five minutes he found himself bowed outside by the severe Frenchman, who shut the door so suddenly that Tom almost stumbled down the stone staircase.

"It ain't no use, boy," said Joe; "there's them that 'd rather die than take bite or sup at any body's hands. Then you see, his grandfather's head happenin' to tumble the way it did makes it all the harder. There's nothin' can be done, boy."

"Well, I haven't given it up," said Tom, "and in the mean while, you know, my name is Tom Brown. I'm a mechanic of some kind out of work; the only passport up there is irremediable poverty and wretchedness. I can't get work, you see, Joe."

"Nor wouldn't if you could," grinned the dog-fancier.

This passport of misfortune seemed to serve Tom's purpose well. From that day a large portion of his time was spent in the big bare room where the old Frenchman, his eye glued to the glass, took a feverish delight in divulging to Tom the mysteries of this malevolent stone, its attributes and value.

"We know beyond doubt, my good Tom," he would say, "that the diamond consists of pure carbon, that its material is contained in all coal and charcoal. The trouble is to make the compound crystallize; and if that were easy, it would then be valueless. *Hélas!* such are mankind: they find only the exquisite in that which is rare."

And Tom, echoing his sigh, looks over at Valérie, who, bending over her embroidery, puts many a charming thought therein, giving a new grace to the tendrils and vines that shape themselves under her deft little

fingers. This pale, still, demure Valérie begins to dream, and the warm blood, fresh from her heart, sometimes dyes her cheek. A strange sweet joy mingles itself with her songs—a joy the sweetness of which she can not yet understand; and so the tender fragrance of unconsciousness seasons her loveliness to Tom with a still higher charm.

Even the poor sick lady pours into Tom's ears the one wretched yearning of her heart—to die within the walls of Paris.

"Oh, the grace, the color there, my best Tom!" she would gasp; "oh, the wide white squares, the palaces, the shining roofs and steeples, the warm golden eagles gleaming in the sun! Oh, to see it once again, my good lad, if only with eyes that faint as they look!"

For Tom had won her favor by bringing her many a bottle of generous wine, which he declared to monsieur were given to him by a friend in the business, and papers of bonbons and delicate confections slipped from Tom's hands to the shaking ones of the poor invalid. Her pillows he cooled and changed, her hot brow he bathed with tenderness and care; and Valérie's eyes grew tenderer then, those of the old Frenchman sometimes blind with tears.

And so the days go by. Tom has disappeared from the haunts of fashion; the kettle-drums, the tea fights, the balls and receptions, know him not. He leads the German no more, and in vain are his favorite dances held in wait for him by the sighing and impatient sirens of Terpsichore. His few hours at the office are spent sternly with law papers, and his uncle, baffled and bewildered, would fain lure him back again, a culprit at his mercy. He fears, from Tom's woful visage, from the melancholy that has begun to be a part of his nephew's bearing, that he is the perpetrator of some hidden crime, and the old gentleman spends many a sleepless night anticipating the *dénouement* of Tom's disgrace and infamy. The face of poor Tom becomes more and more lugubrious. In truth, he knows not how to extricate the family that has become so near and dear to him from a poverty that partakes of privation and want. He dares not succor them from his own purse, as it is supposed to be empty. The tie that binds them together is that of mutual misfortune: to betray his position would be to stamp him as an impostor, and place between this proud old Frenchman and himself an impassable barrier.

And so the days go by, shortening perceptibly, and becoming more and more cold and grim. The depth of a hard winter is upon them. The golden sunshine has lost its warmth, and seems only the mocking shadow of its former self.

One evening Monsieur Jouèt was forced reluctantly to leave his bench. Twilight deepened so suddenly about him that he feared to trust further his already impaired sight. A bitter wind rattled at the windows, forcing its way through every crack in the wainscoting, defying the poor efforts of heat from the miserable stove, lifting the scant gray hairs from the Frenchman's forehead, and stirring Tom Brewster's curling locks. Valérie had gone to take her embroidery home, and these two men sat there silently and sadly awaiting her return. It seemed to Tom he had never found the place so gloomy and forbidding. It was peopled with shadows, the most appalling of which was that upon the bed. A fugitive ray of light had fallen upon the sick woman's face, illumining a ghastly countenance, as gray, fallow, and decayed as that of an exhumed Egyptian.

Deeper and deeper grew the darkness. The old Frenchman's face took also a rigid contour to Tom's nervous gaze. His heart thumped beneath his workman's jacket. He wished he was safe down among the beasts in Joe Comstock's lair, the shaggy head of Tag upon his breast, the genial heat of Joe's furnace dispelling this cowardly chill from the marrow of his bones.

He could not take his eyes from the form of the old Frenchman, which was as immovable as that of a statue. A sigh of relief escaped him when the thin white hand of Monsieur Jouèt sought the shelter of the worsted jacket which he had worn ever since Tom had known him; and as the well-worn lapel flew back, something flashed upon the retina of Tom's eye with lightning-like velocity. What was it? A gleam, a sparkle, a mocking phantom of his excited brain? There it shone, the pure white scintillating unmistakable brilliancy!

Tom plunged forward and clutched a corner of the Frenchman's coat.

"What is it?" cried Monsieur Jouèt, starting up—"what is it? What hast thou, my poor Tom?"

Tom's eyes were wild; his breath came short.

"Be tranquil, I beg of thee, Tom," cried the Frenchman, soothingly. "What new misfortune is this? Art mad? What hast thou?"

"I have," stammered Tom, taking his penknife from his pocket, and, despite the struggles of the now alarmed Frenchman, cutting out the portion of the well-worn jacket—"I have—O most merciful God!—I have that accursed diamond."

And firmly between his two fingers Tom held up to the astonished gaze of Monsieur Jouèt his long-lost jewel.

In the darkness it shone like a star.

Monsieur Jouèt sank upon his knees. From the bed in the corner arose a shout of thanksgiving; sobs and benedictions melted the freezing air of that grim garret.

Pearls were Tom's favorite stones; he had never cared for diamonds; but to his dying day he will recognize their value and power.

"The miserable little demon must have slipped down into the braid of your coat," said Tom, "and lain hid there all this time. I should never have seen it but for the cold and the darkness; and pardon me, monsieur, but you have no idea how confoundedly still you were. I thought, I feared—upon my honor I was afraid; I could not take my eyes off you, and all at once I caught a gleam of light—"

"It was the will of God," said Monsieur Jouèt. "I had borne enough; it was hard, it was terrible, to make up the loss of this little bit of carbon which lies in the hollow of my hand. It was like—seest thou, my Tom?—it was like the Danaides, who fill ever vainly the sieve; it was like Sisyphus, who rolls ever vainly the stone; and sometimes my heart was like to burst; my head was filled with a fiery flame; my hands shook; I could no longer see. I feared sometimes I should fall dead from my bench; and then, miserable that I was, who would have saved my name from dishonor? who would have cared for my poor wife, my sweet Valérie?"

"I! I!" cried Tom. "I would have cared for your name, your wife, your daughter."

And suddenly a warm little hand slipped into his own; the slim shadow of a woman was beside him.

"Dost thou know, *douce amie?* hast thou heard?" began the old Frenchman, who could not see his daughter, but felt her presence.

"I know; I have heard," she faltered. Her hand trembled in Tom's; her sweet breath touched his hair, his forehead.

"Valérie!"

"Tom!"

And for one little moment in the darkness she rested upon his heart; their lips met. Oh, how divinely sweet was that little moment!

Then Monsieur Jouèt lighted the lamp, and Tom repeated, still exalted to rapture:

"Yes, monsieur, *I*, I claim the right, next to you, to care for madame your wife, for mademoiselle your daughter."

But the hollow voice of madame fell upon Tom's ear with a melancholy cadence.

"And now," she said, "we shall go back to France."

"To France!" murmured Tom, in consternation. "Oh no, that must not be!"

"But yes!" cried Monsieur Jouèt. "I will strive no longer for that which is impossible, in a strange country, without money or friends. I think I have told you, my good Tom, of Alfred Alphonse Jouèt, who was martyred upon the same scaffold with—"

"The king," said Tom. "Yes, you have told me, monsieur—at least two hundred times," he added, in an under-tone.

"But that which I have not told you," pursued the Frenchman, "is that one of his remaining family fled to America, and there became the proprietor of a large estate. He died unmarried. The property is in alien hands. I thought—I hoped; but, alas! without money or friends one can do nothing."

For the first time in his life Tom began to be interested in a heritage.

"But, my dear Monsieur Jouèt," he stammered, "it is wrong to neglect so important a matter. Why did you not tell me before? There are people who undertake these things without money, if you have any documents."

"Plenty of them," said Monsieur Jouèt.

"Then the matter is easy," said Tom, who wished to gain time.

"Oh, for the love of Heaven, Tom," cried the sick woman, "do not tempt him further in the pursuit of that miserable phantom which has already almost cost me my life! Oh, my good boy, I beg of thee, let us go at once! Thou wilt follow—"

"I do not like that word 'follow,'" said Tom, rushing out of the room and down into the street. He went direct to his uncle. Plunging into the private office, he closed the door behind him.

"I would like to see you alone, Sir," he said.

The barrister trembled. He wiped from his forehead some drops of cold perspiration which had started there.

"It has come," he murmured. "The blow has come. May God be merciful to me! Speak, Sir," he said, with severity. "What is it that you have to say to me?"

"I would implore your interest in a matter which nearly concerns me. Oh, Sir," pursued Tom, warmly, despite the ominous brow of his uncle, "I beseech of you, help me to gain time!"

"To gain time!" repeated the wretched lawyer; "is this, then, your only hope?"

"Yes, yes," said Tom; "either this or to cross the ocean at once."

"Gracious Heaven, has it come to this?" cried Mr. Brewster. "To hide, or to fly? Go on, go on!" he groaned. "Tell me all; I am prepared!"

"It's very kind of you," said Tom. "I'm obliged, I'm sure. I don't suppose there's a ghost of a chance—"

"Go on!" roared his uncle; "do you want to drive me mad, Sir?"

"I'm coming to it," said Tom. "There's a French gentleman in this city by the name of Jouèt—"

"Jouèt?" repeated the lawyer, eagerly. "Jouèt?"

"Yes, Sir; a very respectable gentleman, I assure you, though not at present in affluent circumstances. Very highly connected indeed. One of his ancestors had the honor to lose his head—"

"On the same scaffold with Louis the Six-

teenth," cried the lawyer, getting upon his feet and approaching Tom.

"Just so, Sir, exactly," said Tom. "Are you acquainted with the family, Sir? There's some property somewhere to which they claim a right. The nearest relative of Alfred Alphonse Jouèt came to this country in the year—"

"Hush!" said Mr. Brewster; and, with beaming eyes, he placed his lips close to Tom's ear.

"Do you mean to say," he whispered, "that you have found the heirs to the Jouèt estate?"

"I don't know, Sir," said Tom, modestly. "Monsieur Jouèt has a trunkful of documents."

The barrister dropped his hands affectionately upon Tom's shoulders.

"I have always predicted for you, my dear boy," said the Honorable Mr. Brewster, "a distinguished name. And you say, Tom, there's a trunkful of documents?"

"I believe so, Sir."

"Let's go at once, Tom, and have a look at them. Every one of those papers is worth a fortune."

"Is there so much money in it?" said Tom.

"There's millions in it," said the Honorable Mr. Brewster.

And at the wedding breakfast alluded to in the beginning of this history, the eminent barrister was no doubt sincere in his panegyric upon his nephew. To have not only found the heirs to this great estate, but secured one of them immediately for his own, was to the distinguished lawyer a crowning evidence of his nephew's talent, and entitled him to the highest position in his regard and that of an admiring world. As he wiped his glasses and sat down, he remarked to one of the guests near him—a rather extraordinary personage, indeed—that his nephew had always been noted for his perspicacity of intellect; and seeing a blank look upon the leathery countenance of the individual addressed, he added,

"Quick to catch the points in a subject, you know."

"He's got a werry good eye for a dog," replied this party; "and he ain't fur out the way with a pigeon;" and having drained his glass in response to the toast in Tom's behalf, this wedding guest made his way to the door, followed by the petrified gaze of the Honorable Mr. Brewster. Tom hurried after him.

"Why, Joe," he said, "going already?"

"Yes, Sir," said Joe. "I ain't had a collar on afore since I was a baby; and between you and me, Tom, it don't agree with my jugular vein. I'll slip out o' this toggery, and be down at the ship to bid that tarrier of ours good-by."

Then Tom fled to an upper room, and went tenderly over to a bundle of fine laces and silks that lay upon a sofa before the grate.

"The deed is done, *maman*," he whispered, with a caress and kiss upon the brown and wasted cheek. "I belong to Valérie and to you. Courage, dear, we sail at noon!"

"At last!" she sighed. "Oh, my best Tom, shall I live to see France?"

"Live!" cried Tom. "Upon our wedding voyage, with Valérie and monsieur and me? Oh, I promise you, yes!"

And she did, in truth, live. And no happier people breathe the soft balmy air of Southern France to-day than the heirs to the Jouèt estate.

QUATRAINS.

MAPLE LEAVES.

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
Soon those will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

HUMAN IGNORANCE.

What mortal knows
Whence come the tint and odor of the rose?
What probing deep
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST.

This one sits shivering in Fortune's smile,
Taking his joy with bated, doubtful breath:
This other, gnawed by hunger, all the while
Laughs in the teeth of Death.

POET.

He sings because he needs must sing,
As birds do in the May,
Not caring who'll be listening,
Nor who may turn away.

FROM EASTERN SOURCES.

I.

No wonder Sajib wrote such verses, when
He had the bill of nightingale for pen;
Or that his lyrics were divine
Whose only ink was tears and wine.

II.

A poor dwarf's figure, looming through the dense
Mists of the mountain, seemed a shape immense;
On seeing which, a giant, in dismay,
Took to his heels and ran away.

III.

In youth my hair was black as night,
My life as white as driven snow:
As white as snow my hair is now,
And that is black which once was white.

MASKS.

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise,
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
'Tis ten to one you find the girl in tears.

THE PARCÆ.

In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped:
One unwinds life; one ever weaves the shroud;
One waits to cut the thread.

T. B. Aldrich.

MODERN DWELLINGS: THEIR CONSTRUCTION, DECORATION, AND FURNITURE.

By H. HUDSON HOLLY.



DESIGN FOR FRIEZE FROM "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."

II.—COLOR DECORATION.

IN all good architecture, from the earliest ages, color has been recognized as an important accessory. In the stupendous monuments of Egypt and Assyria, the graceful remains of Pompeii, and the more elaborate buildings of Athens and Rome, color was universally employed; and never do we strip the desecrating coats of Puritan whitewash from the walls of a venerable church without finding traces of the admirable mural painting which once so greatly enhanced its beauty. Even among nations that we have been accustomed to consider as almost barbarous—the Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, and particularly the Arab—we find the most exquisite designs and choice of color.

The sister arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting go hand in hand; and unless they are combined, a monumental structure can hardly be called complete. Just as a steel engraving can give us but a partial idea of a fine painting, all the warm tone and harmonious depth of blending hues being wanting, so the building is but a mere architectural outline, however good the masonry and rich the detail, unless the soul of the painter has animated its sombre masses through the *spirituelle* and enlivening influence of color.

It has been said that the author of the outside of a house should also design the interior. I would go a step farther, and claim that, in order to secure harmony, the same mind that conceived the original structure should guide the arrangement of all its details, even to the extent of color decoration, furniture, carpets, etc. This, however, is seldom the case. It is true that in building our dwellings the assistance of an architect is called in, but when the work of the carpenter and plasterer is finished, his services frequently are no longer required, and an *artist*, in the shape of an upholsterer, of entirely different feeling, is employed to complete the work, which may be done in utter contrast with the original spirit of the design. The details, perhaps intended to be emphasized by certain distinction of color, become subdued by being treated in a subordinate manner. A high wall, intended to be broken up with frieze and dado, appears in disproportion, in consequence of being continuously colored; and if one style of architecture is intended in the construction, an entirely different idea may be carried out in the decoration. I have in mind a very beautiful church which has been deplorably marred in this manner. The style is of the late Gothic, vigorously and spiritedly rendered, and the stained glass is some of the finest of this school. After it was finished, it remained one or two years with its interior walls uncolored, when the trustees, in order to be in fashion, concluded to have their walls decorated, and a committee of solid men, and, as it frequently happens, uneducated, were appointed for the business, and they did it in a thoroughly business-like way. They argued that as color was not architecture, why then go to the architect? Their object was to decorate the walls in color, so it was natural to conclude that the color decorator was the one whose services were required. Now one of them knew such an artist, an Italian of some renown, who had recently embellished a bank, of which our solid man was a director. The contract consequently was awarded to him. He arranged Corinthian columns around the walls, with painted mouldings, which were considered masterpieces of chiaro-oscuro. The ceiling was paneled in the Italian style, and as there was no chancel in the church, it was considered necessary to design one in perspective; he therefore wondrously constructed in color a receding niche, worthy the scene-painter of our provincial theatre—and the committee thought it was beautiful! How can we wonder, then, that in the face of faults like these, many sensible people object to color altogether, and prefer their walls plain white?

Now the only way to overcome the errors of these so-called decorators is by the education of the people themselves. England prior to the International Exhibition of

1851 was almost in a state of barbarism as to the industrial arts. Seeing then and there how inferior her works appeared in comparison with those of her contemporaries, she began seriously to reflect upon the cause, and concluded that it must be the fault of the English system of education. From this conviction resulted the determination to afford all classes the opportunity for improvement in design, by establishing schools of art and educating the rising generation. The consequences have been so apparent that England at the present time stands equal to, if not in advance of, her rivals. Now, unpopular as may be the reflection, can we be considered as in any way in advance of what England was in 1851? If not, it is certainly high time that we, recognizing our deficiencies, should arouse from our lethargy and take up this subject in a serious manner. Such a school as the South Kensington Museum is needed in this country.

Color decoration in particular offers a broad field for the crude attempts of the tyro, and the unmeaning forms and less harmonious tints, instead of gratifying, are likely to become an outrage to good taste. Now, in order to overcome this, one of the first principles which it would be desirable for us to establish is the theory of complementary colors. Although we do not propose to make this a technical paper, perhaps a few remarks upon the subject would not come amiss. We know almost instinctively that blue will not harmonize with green, and that red will, but the theory upon which this contrast is based is but vaguely understood. We remember learning in our natural philosophy that white is the reflection of all colors, that is, that all the primary colors combined produce it. It is the general impression that there are seven primary colors, viz., those seen in the rainbow, whereas in reality there are but three—blue, red, and yellow.

Green, orange, and purple are secondary colors, produced by the admixture of the primaries. Thus blue and yellow make green; red and yellow produce orange; and blue and red, purple.

The mixture of these again produces what are called tertiary colors—citrine, russet, and olive: orange and green forming citrine; purple and orange, russet; and green and purple, olive.

A knowledge, also, of the quantities in which these colors harmonize is requisite, the whole system being to combine them in the proportions which produce white, which in the primaries are five of red, three of yellow, and eight of blue; in the secondaries, thirteen of purple, eleven of green, and eight of orange; and in the tertiaries, twenty-four of olive, twenty-one of russet, and nineteen of citrine.

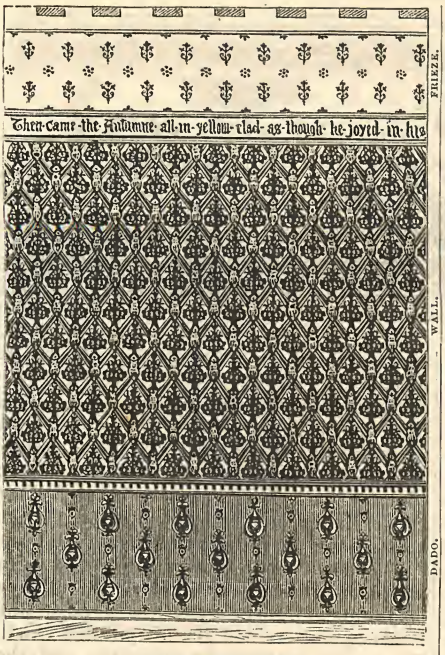
A primary color—say, red—juxtaposed to the secondary green, which is its complementary (being composed of the two remaining primary colors, blue and yellow), arranged in the above proportions, produces the harmony required. It is also a fact that in looking at any color, its complementary is reflected. Thus green reflects red, and when placed in juxtaposition with it, makes the green greener and the red more intense, whereby richness of effect is produced; and to complete the formula, blue and orange, also yellow and purple, are harmonious, for in each case all the colors producing white when mixed in the right proportions are present.

We would here state that when several primary colors are placed together, the contrast is apt to become too violent, producing, we might say, something of a swimming sensation. If these, however, are separated by small members or lines of white, this dazzling effect may be obviated.

By certain combinations, colors may have an enlivening or depressing effect. For example, blue is a cold, quieting color, while red is warm and exciting, and they can be made to affect the mind in any manner desired. Again, prominence or subordination may be given by their employment. For instance, blue produces the effect of distance, and if placed upon the ceiling, causes it to appear higher, or if in a recess, will deepen it; yellow, on the contrary, appears to advance toward the eye, and if used upon the ceiling, will seem to lower it, or if upon a projecting moulding, will exaggerate its prominence; while red is the only color that remains stationary.* It is as painful to the eye to see hues inharmoniously disposed as are discordant sound to the musical ear.

A frequent method of decorating our rooms is by the employment of wall-papers. These possess the advantage of being cheap, easily hung, and highly finishing in their effect—certainly great recommendations, if only some taste be exercised in their selection. As I have said before, the architect is seldom consulted in these matters, and people generally use their own judgment, or that of their upholsterer, whose main object is to hit upon something pretty or "stylish," as if this were the ultimatum of art, quite regardless of the peculiarities or needs of the apartment. One may choose a light-tinted paper for a dark room, or a small pattern for a small one, but farther than this no rules whatever are likely to be observed in the selection; the height, size, lighting, furniture, and purposes of the apartment, instead of being carefully studied, are left very much to accident.

* This subject of complementary colors, under the title of "The Law of Chromatic Contrast," was somewhat elaborately treated and illustrated with diagrams in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1874.



WALL DECORATION.

For a room in which convivial conversation, wines, and viands are enjoyed, the colors should never be bright, but of a neutral or complementary tint. In reception-rooms or parlors the eye should be gratified, the senses of the palate not being brought into competition, and hence floral designs and gay colors—something of an enlivening nature—would be appropriate.

The late Owen Jones remarks that the flatness of the walls of an apartment should be left undisturbed, and the decoration as little obtrusive as possible. But in how few instances is this rule observed! Instead of the flat diaper in imitation of stencil design, an attempt is made to show figures in relief, with shades and shadows, with bad taste and still worse effect. These vulgarisms are happily passing away, yet the public taste is far from being cultivated in these matters; and paper, instead of forming a mere background to sculpture, pictures, and articles of *virtu*, is apt to assert itself far beyond its due importance.

A wall surface can not be beautiful unless the forms upon it be of good design, as well as the colors applied harmonious; yet, even in good houses, we find walls rendered offensive rather than pleasing by the decorations they bear, and which would often be more effective if treated simply in plain tint.

It is not our province here to give especial rules for the designing of wall-paper, yet one or two suggestions on this subject may not be inappropriate. A favorite treatment of wall surface, either in paper or painting, is that of natural foliage, and here it becomes important to study the principles upon which nature works. The walls being perpendicular, it is necessary that the plant should be viewed from the side, and have an upward direction, as in Fig. 1. This, however, in a carpet pattern would not apply, as on a floor surface it would not be in character to represent the flower vertically. Fig. 1 is one of Mr. Dresser's designs, showing the guelder-rose as seen from the side, appropriate as a wall diaper. Fig. 2 is the same spray as seen from above, or, to use the same form of expression, when seen as a floor pattern.



FIG. 1.—GUELDER-ROSE FOR WALL DIAPER.

It has been said that dark walls are best



FIG. 2.—GUELDER-ROSE FOR FLOOR PATTERN.



FIG. 3.—HUNTING SCENE FOR FRIEZE.

to set off furniture and costume, but light backgrounds for pictures. It is in order to accomplish both these results in the same apartment that the dado, or lower three feet of the wall, should be dark, the picture surface between this and the cornice neutral, while the gold and brilliant colors be reserved for the cornice and ceiling. This produces a gradation of color which it would be well always to observe; that is, that the dark or sombre tints be at the floor, and the positive and brilliant colors at the ceiling, while the central or wall tints remain neutral.

A dark color, also, when applied to a skirting or dado, gives the effect of strength, which idea it is always desirable to suggest in members bearing superincumbent weight. Brown, rich maroon, dull bronze-green, or even black, may be used here to advantage.

A skirting or margin having in any way the effect of a frame should be emphasized by a stronger color, including cornices and trimmings of doors and windows. These trimmings, or architraves, as they are called, should invariably be of a more pronounced color than that of the wall, but not as dark as the surbase, unless black be introduced, in which case one or two narrow lines of bright color or gold may often be added with good effect. When black is used, it would be well to have a portion of it polished, the remainder flat, thus producing a contrast between a bright and dead surface.

Doors should invariably be treated darker than the walls, something in tone between them and the trimmings. Thus if a wall is citrine, the door may be low-toned Antwerp blue, or dark bronze-green; but in either case a line of red, being complementary to both, should be run around the trimmings.

The usual mode of treating sashes is in white, or at least some light color, but they may obtrude themselves less against fine landscape or stained glass if painted black. Then with architraves the same, and the jambs bronze-green or olive, a very cozy effect is produced. In this case we would advise the stop beads being of Indian red—a very beautiful color, formed by the admixture of vermilion and ultramarine blue; then if amber instead of white shades are used, no curtains will seem necessary. If the walls are of cream-color, with maroon and black surbase, the effect will lend a completeness eminently satisfactory.

The dado of a room need not be plain; on the contrary, it may be embellished to any extent. It may simply have a rich border, or be covered with geometric or floriated designs. If the dado and ceiling be ornamented and the cornice colored, the walls can well be plain, or they may be covered with a simple "powdering," known as the "all-over" pattern, of a subdued character.



FIG. 4.—GARDEN SCENE FOR FRIEZE.

A wall may be tinted with a distemper color, or oil "flatted." The flattening, which is simply removing the gloss by means of stippling, is a great improvement, as shiny walls, like varnished furniture, are objectionable. Oil-color, on account of its durability, seems preferable, and has the advantage of being susceptible to cleansing without damage; though, so far as delicacy of tint is concerned, water-colors are more beautiful. A good effect may be attained by the introduction of a gold background, and placing on it a small black fig-

ure or running pattern. In such cases more gold than black should be visible. On this ground, pictures in ebony and gilt frames appear to great advantage.

Ceilings are especially adapted for ornamentation, for the reason that their entire surface may be seen at once. If we wish to limit the decoration of our room, let us expend our efforts here, as the walls and floor can be relieved by pictures and furniture. We would recommend the avoidance of structural members, and especially that *chef-d'œuvre* of plaster art, the centre piece, with its impossible flowers and feeble ornaments, and substitute some flat design in color, making it the principal feature of the ceiling, reaching, if you choose, to within a few inches of the border: I say border, as the cornice, unless broad, is much benefited by being extended with a margin of color. Now these borders on the ceiling are like the dado on the wall, and have the effect of breaking up their broad surfaces. The same rule applies to floors. By surrounding them with a margin of darker color a similar advantage is attained.

Friezes may be treated as elaborately as desired; they may be powdered, or, if divided into panels, richly colored either in flat or in relief. If this system is adopted, subjects appropriate to the apartment should be chosen. If, for instance, the frieze of a dining-room is paneled, fruits and game would be in keeping; if continuously treated, some convivial assemblage, or perhaps a hunting scene, would be proper. In a parlor, flowers would appear well in panels, or some mythological scene, such as the Muses, if unpaneled. In a library, portraits of authors would do, or, if continuous, scenes from some historical or poetical work. A library by Messrs. Cox and Son has the following lines from Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" carried along the under side of the frieze:

"And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

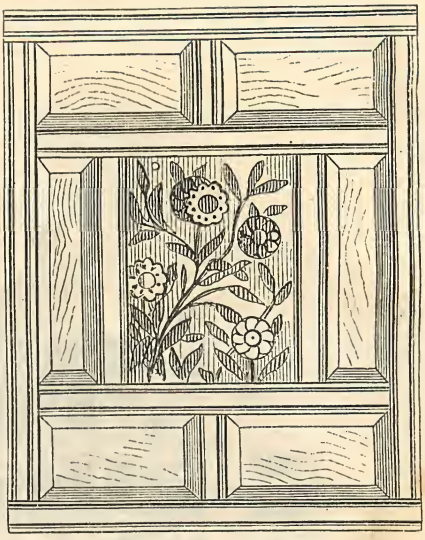


FIG. 6.—QUEEN ANNE PANEL.

"Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two"—

each line filling a section, which is illustrated, and the whole forming a pictorial text, reaching entirely around the room.

Fig. 3 represents a hunting scene intended for a dining-room frieze, by Mr. Rossiter, and is one of his many happy attempts in wall design.

There is a style of quaint decoration, suitable for panels and stained glass, being something of the Albert Dürer school, of which we give two illustrations. The garden scene (Fig. 4) is by the celebrated J. Moyr Smith, the well-known artist of many of Marcus Ward's publications; and the harbor scene (Fig. 5), showing ships and fortress, is by Mr. B. J. Talbert. Both are striking illustrations of this style.

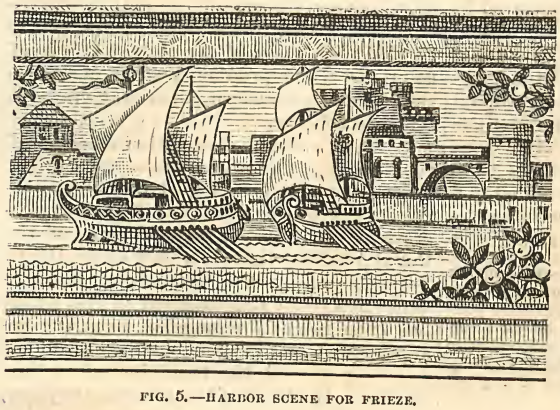


FIG. 5.—HARBOR SCENE FOR FRIEZE.

A great deal of feeling as well as effect may be shown by what is known as legendary decoration, that is, working up texts and proverbs along our walls. Friezes offer a special opportunity for this. Sentences may also be placed over doorways in such a manner as not only to express a sentiment, but denote the purpose of the apartment; as, for example, "Welcome," over a reception-room; "Hospitality," over a living-room. Some very appropriate devices for fire-places have been employed with significance and



DESIGN NO. 7.—THE COUNTRY MANSION.

effect, such as, "Well befall hearth and hall." This would not be inappropriate for our country mansion described further on in this chapter. Norman Shaw has over his grand fire-place at Cragside the following: "East or west, hame's best." I have recently fitted up two dining-rooms in which this style of decoration is worked into the stained glass. Among others, I selected the following mottoes: "Hunger is the best sauce," "Welcome is the best cheer," "Eat at pleasure, drink by measure."

Upon the walls of dwelling-houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a system of wood paneling was introduced with very genuine results. The mouldings seldom projected beyond the surface, but were cut in the solid wood, and the projection confined to the panel itself, as illustrated in the diagram on page 53 (Fig. 6).* The stiles were frequently moulded by sunken grooves upon their surface. These, however, seldom returned, but were continued to the end of the member. The ceilings were occasionally treated in a similar manner, but more frequently the rafters were left exposed, the edges being moulded and embellished with color. After the introduction of plastered walls, this paneling was simply applied as a wainscot, being from one-third to one-half their height. Another system also much in vogue was hanging the walls with tapestry. Haddon Hall, one of the finest baronial mansions of that period, was treated in this manner, a peculiarity being the absence of wood-work around the openings, so that when the doors were closed, they, being covered with the same material, did not produce a break in the pattern.

Another favorite custom of the Queen Anne period, before paper-hanging was invented, was to cover the walls above the wainscot with stamped leather. This system of decoration was productive of some of the best results, the ground being frequently of silver or gold, upon the surface of which scroll-work of the period was introduced in relief. This was frequently treated with some of the richest effects of color, the whole producing an exquisite result which our modern paper-stainers have failed to achieve.

Perhaps a slight description of some of the late English works, as developed by the Queen Anne revival, might serve to illustrate a few of the principles of modern decoration. In this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy there is a view of Mr. Henry Taylor's dining-room, taken from his residence in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, which has been recently remodeled from the design of Mr. J. W. Brydon. The whole of the paneling around the room, including bay-windows, the front of the sunken fire-place,

* This is intended as a panel over a fire-place similar to that shown in the parlor view. The centre ornament may be either carved in wood or modeled in plaster, or even stenciled upon its surface. Should a mirror be placed below this, it would be in keeping to have the edges of the glass beveled like the panels. This might also serve as the upper half of a Queen Anne door.

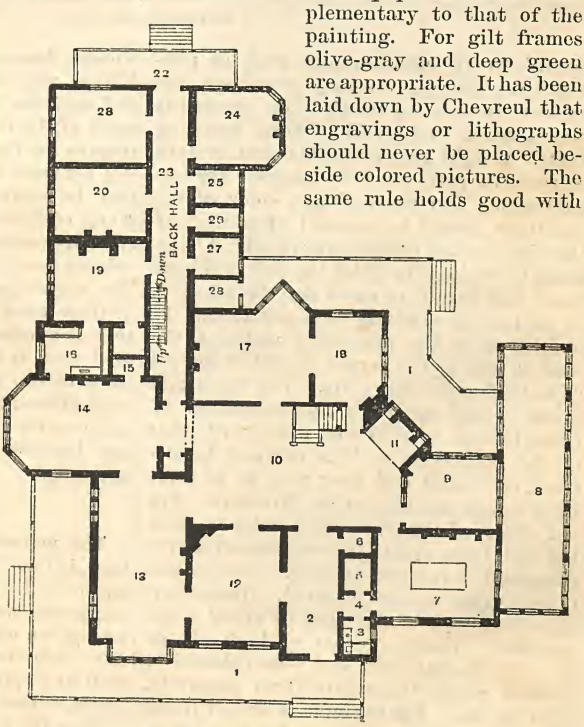
etc., is of oak, stained dark, and wax polished, while the walls above the paneling are covered with stamped leather. The oak furniture, also, in the room, a quaint bookcase in one corner, and a table for the bay-window are especially worthy of notice. The style throughout is an adaptation of old English work, which seems to lend itself very easily to modern requirements. In this style, also, is the picturesque gate lodge recently completed, which is built of red brick and half-timbered work, presenting a carefully designed gable window toward Avenue Road.

Another of Mr. Brydon's designs at the Academy is the hall and staircase of a house at Salna, the residence of Thorston Nordenfelt, Esq., one of the commissioners for Sweden, which is also a good study of seventeenth century work, adapted to the requirements of a modern country residence, and is another indication of the revival of this art as applied to household taste. The staircase and paneling of the hall are executed in pine, stained dark or rich brown color, and waxed. The chimney-piece is of American walnut; the coping around the hearth, which takes the place of the fender, and the jambs are of fossil marble, the fireplace having the sides and hearth of tile. The floor of the hall is of oak, stained dark, with parquetry border, and the whole of the internal fittings, furniture, and decoration has been most carefully worked out from drawings by the architect.

Another Academy drawing illustrates a dining-room designed by Mr. B. J. Talbert, showing a screen in which stained glass panels are introduced, the principal framing of which is of oak with ebony mouldings. The effect of this I have considered so pleasing that I have adopted it as the motive of a dining-room illustrated in this chapter. The oak, instead of being stained in the usual way, is treated by fumigation, so as to get a dark brown color from the wood itself, and this is not merely on the surface, but penetrated. The dado is of waxed pine; the walls are of neutral green color, with a small stenciled diaper of yellow and red separated by gold lines. Above this the frieze has alternate black and gold grounded panels, with fish, fowl, fruit, etc., painted.

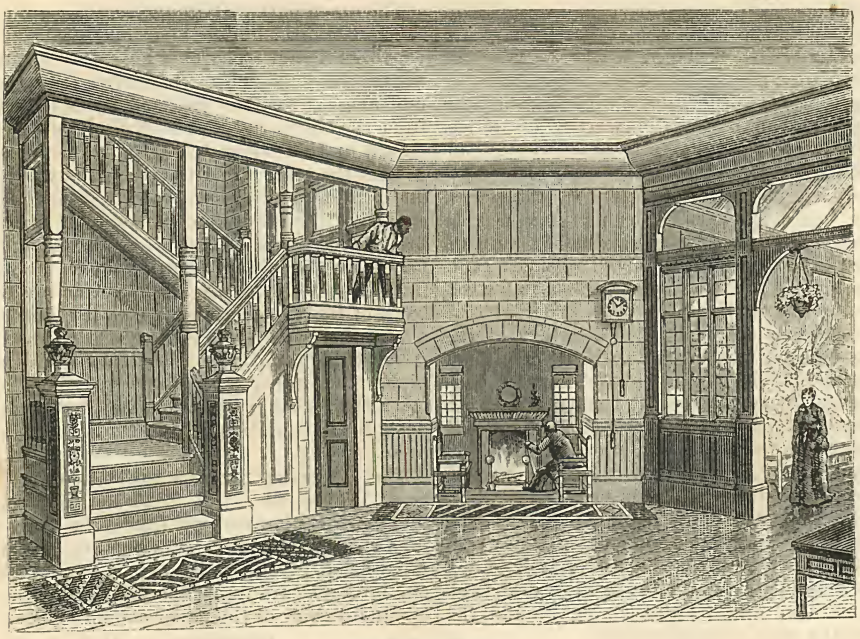
The green parlor at Donne Lodge, by Mr. J. Moyr Smith, before mentioned, is well worth noticing. The chimney-piece is in unpolished oak, with illustrated tiles of buff and brown; the subjects are selected from the industrial and historical sets designed by this celebrated artist. The tiles nearest the grate are of Dutch manufacture, and have a floral decoration of a dark blue ground. The subjects of the stained glass in this room are of Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic art, the actual painting on the glass being done by Mr. Smith himself. The woodwork of the windows, doors, etc., is painted a bluish-green. The dado is of rich dark color, chiefly composed of carmine and brown pink. The upper part of the wall is of a color that partakes of a citrine-green and drab, the pattern being a lighter tint of the same.

The following remarks are taken from some of the leading English authorities. "Wherever pictures are hung, the hangings should be of one or two tones of the same color. Another important rule is, if one large picture forms the decoration, the dominant color of the paper should be complementary to that of the painting. For gilt frames olive-gray and deep green are appropriate. It has been laid down by Chevreul that engravings or lithographs should never be placed beside colored pictures. The same rule holds good with



GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 7.

1. Veranda.—2. Entrance Lobby.—3. Lavatory.—4. Passage.—5. Hat Closet.—6. Lift.—7. Billiard-Room, 16×22.—8. Conservatory, 12×48.—9. Tea-Room, 13×16.—10. Hall, 22×40.—11. Hall Fire-Place, 7×9.—12. Reception-Room, 17×21.—13. Parlor, 17×34.—14. Dining-Room, 17×28.—15. China Closet.—16. Butler's Pantry.—17. Library, 16×22.—18. Office, 13×16.—19. Kitchen, 15×17.—20. Laundry, 13×17.—21. Servants' Hall, 14×17.—22. Servants' Porch.—23. Back Hall.—24. Housekeeper's Room, 14×16.—25. Store-Room.—26. Boots.—27. Scullery.—28. Gun-Room.



STAIRCASE AND HALL.

regard to all monochromes, such as photographs, though we may often see the mixture in drawing-rooms whose occupants would scorn to be told of their want of taste. A light gray or neutral tint or dark maroon is, perhaps, best adapted for engravings. The predominant color of the furniture should be studied after that of the pictures and other works of art. A 'harmony of analogy' in which the colors of both walls and furniture enter may be adopted, or at least a contrast between them. If mahogany is the prevailing material, the wall as well as the carpet should be devoid of reddish or orange tints. The walls and floors should agree by approximation of color, though of different tones, with that of the furniture; or, if a contrast be desired, the walls and floor may be of some color complementary to the furniture. For old china, if the prevailing color is blue, the wall tints should be complementary (or composed of red and yellow). Citrine and orange grays are best adapted. Greens partake too much of the color to afford a due contrast. Where objects of high art do not intrude, our walls and rooms should be studied solely to architectural propriety, lighting, etc. For example, a suit of rooms communicating by folding-doors or openings should harmonize as much as possible. Thus the dining and billiard rooms may, in many houses, if *en suite*, be treated in the same manner. They may have the walls painted or stuccoed of a gray-drab or chocolate hue, or they may be paneled throughout. For wood-paneled walls, parquetry or wooden floors are more agreeable than tiles. Woven wall-hangings and stuffs for seats and curtains need equal care in the assortment of the colors. The wood-work of the room or the furniture should present a pleasing contrast with the stuffs, so that each may be enhanced. Thus violet and blue stuffs contrast best with yellow or orange colored woods; and green stuffs with red-colored woods, like rose-wood and mahogany. The same applies to grays in which either of these hues predominates. But depth of tone is another consideration. A deep-colored stuff is contrasted best with a wood-color of the same depth. If the tones are very different, the same color for both stuff and wood is desirable, or a harmony of analogy becomes best. The same with wood paneling."

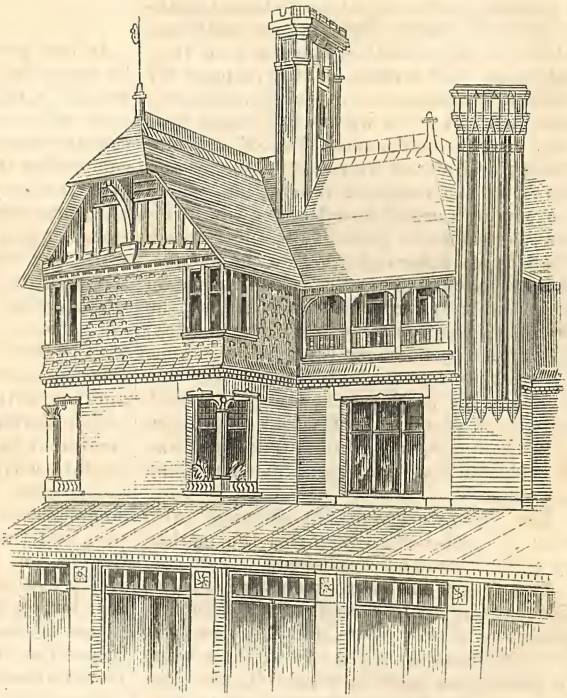
DESIGN NO. 7.

The mansion, as compared with the cottage, is like the full-grown man to the child, not only in respect of size, but of general comprehensiveness and refinement. In the former we expect to find all that can minister both to convenience and comfort, as well as express the artistic and hospitable tastes of the cultivated family.

Here the spacious porch seems to give, as we enter, assurance of welcome, while the broad veranda, with its hundred feet of walk, and connected with the various rooms along its path by windows reaching to the floor, serves as a fitting medium between the beauties of nature without and the charms of art within. At the right of the entrance

lobby is a commodious dressing-room with hat closet. Farther on is a lift or hand elevator running from basement to attic, used for domestic purposes, and, being near the front entrance, can be utilized for transporting trunks and other luggage. It might be well if divided into two stories, the upper for the accommodation of old people and invalids. This is one of the modern improvements which have become regarded as almost indispensable in first-class houses. On the left is a reception-room, and beyond this the parlor, which, including the bay-window, is thirty-five feet long.

In the rear of the parlor is the dining-room. This contains china closet and butler's pantry communicating with the kitchen. Beyond and opening into the back hall (which is entirely cut off from the main house) are the laundry, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, store-room, scullery, boot and gun rooms. The library and office are separated either by curtains or folding-doors.



VIGNETTE, SHOWING GABLE OVER BILLIARD-ROOM.

The principal feature of this house is the grand or staircase hall, from which all the living-rooms are accessible, as the entrance vestibule communicates directly with the reception-room. The main hall is so retired that it may be used for family gatherings. Its great attraction is the generous old fireplace, ten feet wide and seven deep, forming a spacious alcove, in which settles may be placed, accommodating a party of six or eight persons. Here we realize the poetical idea of the chimney-corner, around which so many tender memories of early days are centred. There in our childhood our first Bible lessons were impressed vividly upon our minds from the texts and more remarkable events illustrated upon the old Dutch tiles around its margin. There we listened to endless ghost stories, which made "each particular hair to stand on end," while we drew imaginary portraits of the goblins in the burning embers; and the legend of Santa Claus seemed not improbable while we peered up that great chimney. It is pleasant, too, to recall the holiday games played without check in the hall, while the yule-log burned merrily upon the fire-dogs.*

Another striking feature is the grand staircase running up to a low landing where there is a stained glass window sufficiently large to light the halls of both stories.

The tea-room, conservatory, and billiard-room complete the arrangement of this floor.

The second and third stories together contain twenty bedrooms, liberally supplied with closets, bath and dressing rooms. The attic is a full story, and has a loft over the entire floor.

The external walls are of hard burned brick, and should be laid in either red or black mortar, as white pointing is apt to produce a raw and inharmonious effect. The angles and openings should be trimmed with Philadelphia or pressed brick; the string courses of vitrified moulded brick. Black or colored brick, and even illuminated tiles, may be worked in with pleasing results. If thought desirable, tile-hanging might be introduced on the third or attic story, which would serve in a measure to relieve the height of the wall. As a good contrast, the main and veranda roofs might be of green slate without pattern; and if the wood-work could be of pitch-pine, oiled, it would also harmonize; while the ceilings of the veranda, porch, and balcony might be of ultramarine blue, picked out in either buff or red. On the kitchen chimney panel I have designed a sun-dial. This was quite common on old buildings, and is both useful and ornamental.

A favorite custom in Gothic architecture

* On this subject of fire-places I shall speak more at length in another chapter.

is placing a series of windows near together, divided simply by lines or mullions, which is objectionable, inasmuch as they cut up the wall surface, leaving no place for furniture; in bedrooms especially, where we require broad piers, with windows on each side, for the accommodation of dressing tables; and unless we resort to the system shown in the chamber illustration, where the windows are elevated above the furniture, considerable difficulty is experienced. There is a similar objection on the outside, as here, by cutting up the broad surface on which we rely for dignity and repose, the design seems attenuated and frittered away. This difficulty, however, is happily overcome by a very picturesque feature peculiar to this style, known as the corner mullion, which consists in placing the division immediately in the angle, and arranging the windows on each side instead of grouping them along the walls.

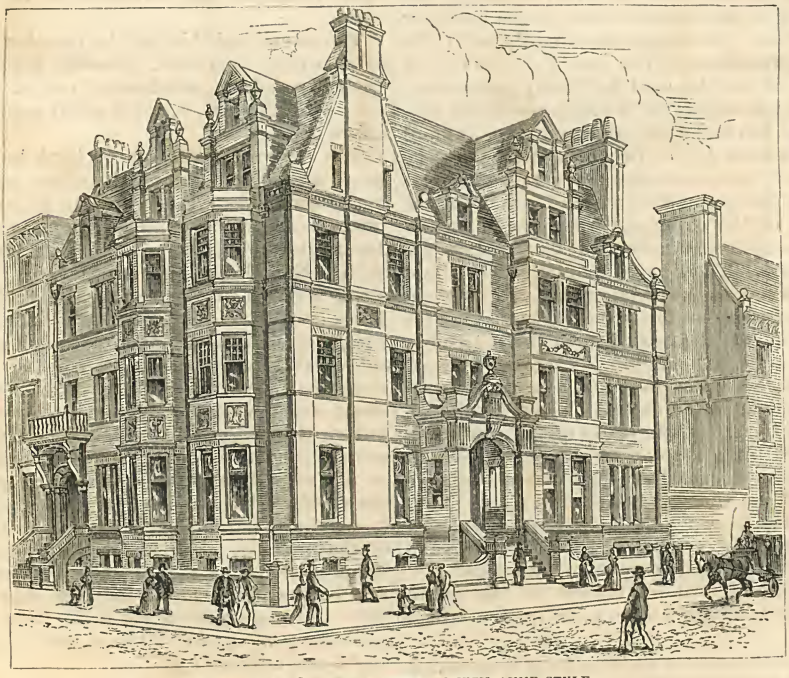
The vignette (page 57) showing gable over billiard-room illustrates the method by which this is accomplished.

Frequently in living-rooms where two sides of the room are taken up with fireplace and sliding doors, and the other two have windows, from the fact of these being in the centre there is absolutely no place for piano, book-case, sideboard, or, in fact, any large piece of furniture; but by this system of placing the windows in the angles the entire surface of the external walls becomes available.

DESIGN NO. 8.

In city houses, where we are elbowed in by lots of 25 by 100, and have to make the best of it, the requirements are necessarily very different from those of a cottage or country mansion, where the broad acres comprising the estate afford the dimensions of a five-story house all on one floor. We have previously attempted to illustrate the Queen Anne style as applied to country work, and now offer a design showing its adaptability to city architecture, in which Philadelphia brick and Ohio stone trimmings form the constructive color of the walls. This building is five stories above the basement, and might be permitted still another without marring its proportions, which shows how admirably adapted this treatment is to buildings requiring great height—a virtue that the Gothic style does not possess. As a twenty-five-foot lot is insufficient for a building of this class, it is proposed that the owner should purchase five feet of the adjoining lot, making his thirty feet in width, and leaving a twenty-foot lot, on which might be built a smaller house in the same style, rendering by this means the avenue or bay-window front the more imposing.

Ascending the entrance porch, which is some sixteen feet wide, we enter a hallway of the same width, terminating with the grand staircase. On the left of this hall is a drawing-room running entirely across

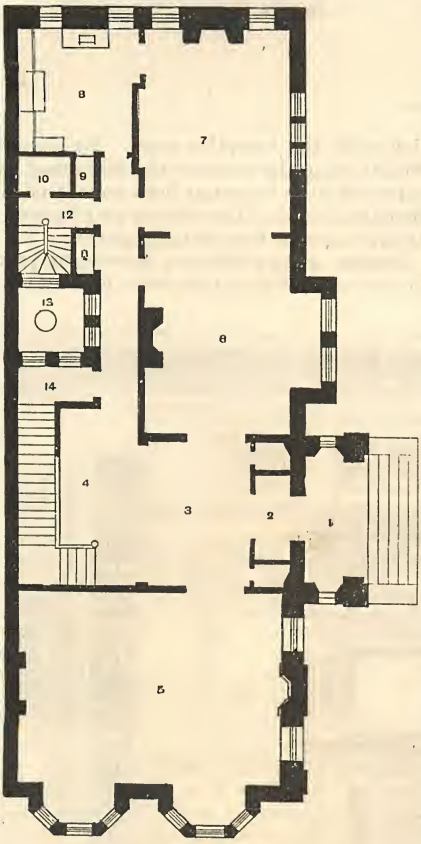


DESIGN NO. 8.—CITY MANSION, QUEEN ANNE STYLE.

the house. This is twenty feet wide, independent of the two bay-windows. This room, the interior of which we have illustrated, has its wood-work of hard maple, stained black to represent ebony, its lines being picked out in gold. The chimney-piece is paneled the height of the frieze, and is embellished with a bracketed canopy, over which is a shelf for old china. The cove under this is covered with stamped leather, and a low beveled mirror occupies the space between it and the mantel. Between the bay-windows is shown a cabinet, in the same style as the mantel, for containing *bric-à-brac*.

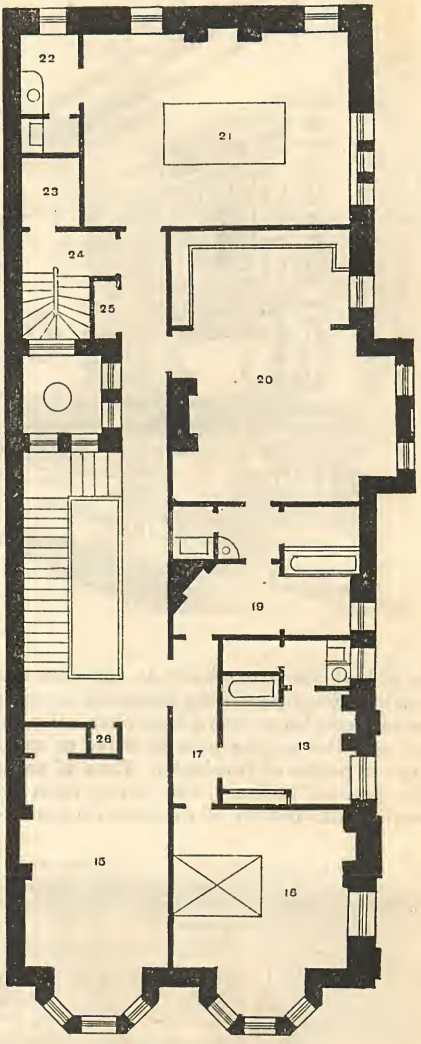
In these interior views, in order the more fully to display their architectural proportions, I have omitted showing most of the furniture, which I propose describing in a future article.

Opposite the parlor is a reception-room, 18 by 20, including bay-window. This connects with the dining-room, 16 by 20, including a niche for sideboard. It is proposed not to separate these rooms by sliding doors, but in their place I have shown a narrow screen standing out from the walls, which may serve as a frame for curtains. These always seem to add an air of coziness to an apartment. Sliding doors, on the contrary, look stiff, and give the room a barren appearance, and, like an awkward person's hands, are always in the way. I would prefer abolishing all doors where security does not require them, and substituting curtains in their place. In like manner, rooms divided by screens, about two-thirds of the



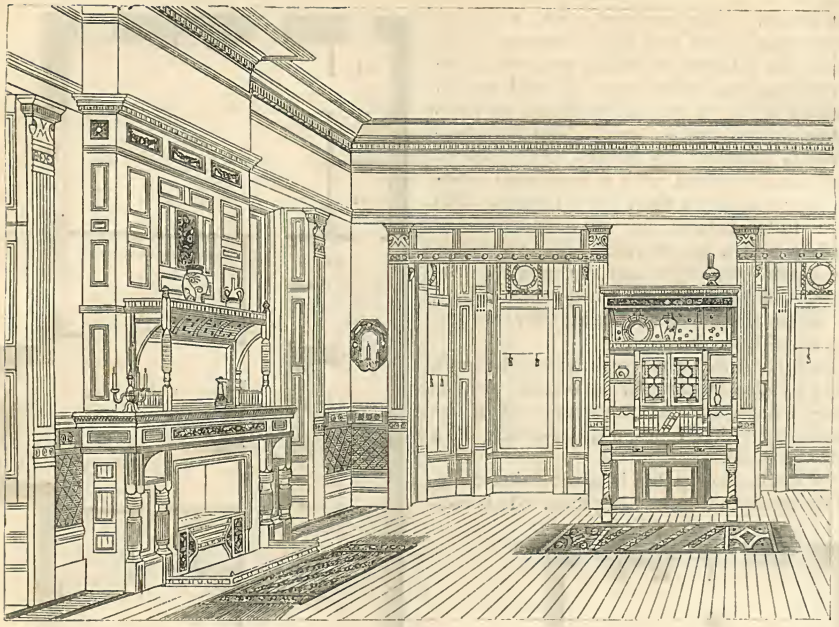
GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 8.

1. Main Entrance.—2. Vestibule.—3. Main Hall.—4. Staircase.—5. Parlor.—6. Reception-Room.—7. Dining-Room.—8. Butler's Pantry, with Store-Room over.—9. Dumb-Waiter.—10. Broom Closet.—11. Lift.—12. Private Staircase.—13. Sky-Light and Ventilating Shaft.—14. Lavatory.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

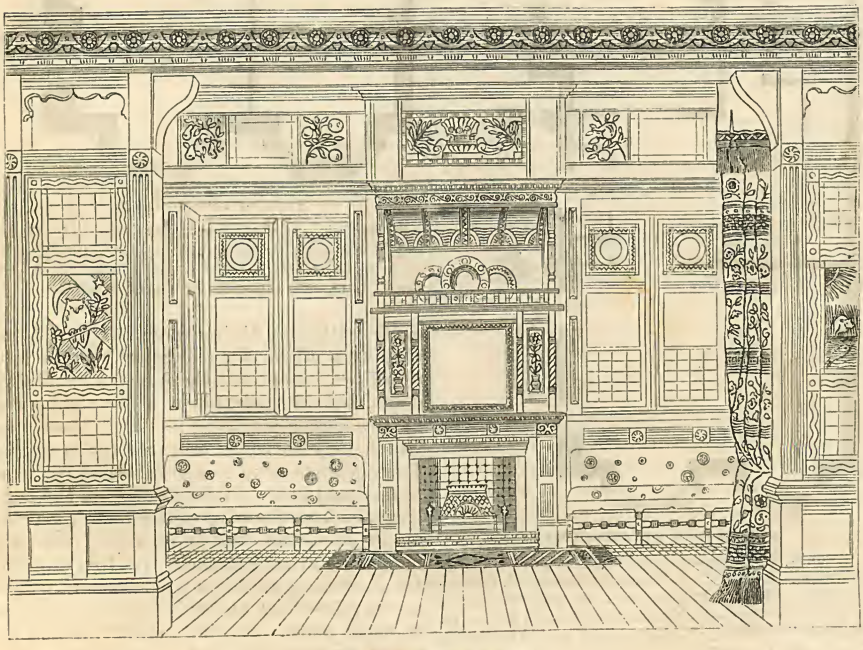
15. Boudoir.—16. Bedroom.—17. Passage.—18. Dressing-Room.—19. Dressing-Room.—20. Library.—21. Billiard-Room.—22. Lavatory.—23. Linen Closet.—24. Back Stairs.—25. Lift.—26. Broom Closet.



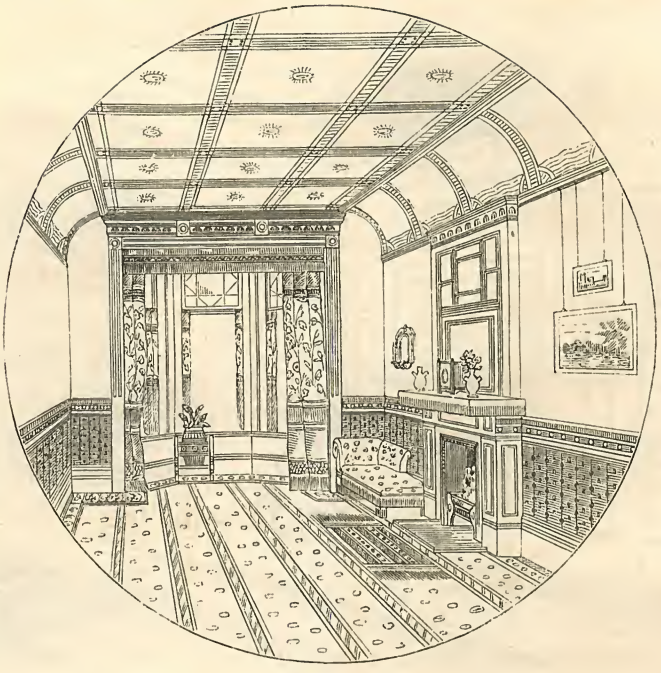
PARLOR.

height of the room, have an immense advantage over partitions, inasmuch as each room seems larger, has a freer circulation of air, and the screens may be made so as to appear pieces of furniture. Then if, as in the present instance, the dining-room be small, it can readily be thrown into connection with the reception-room. By simply withdrawing the curtains the table may be extended so as to occupy both rooms; or, if thought desirable, the screens may be portable, so as to be removed altogether.

Stained glass performs a prominent part in the decoration of this room, for, as there



INTERIOR OF DINING-ROOM.



BOUDOIR.

is no particular view from the dining-room windows, the middle section alone is left clear, and by introducing stained glass into the panels of the screen, the whole presents a light and brilliant effect.

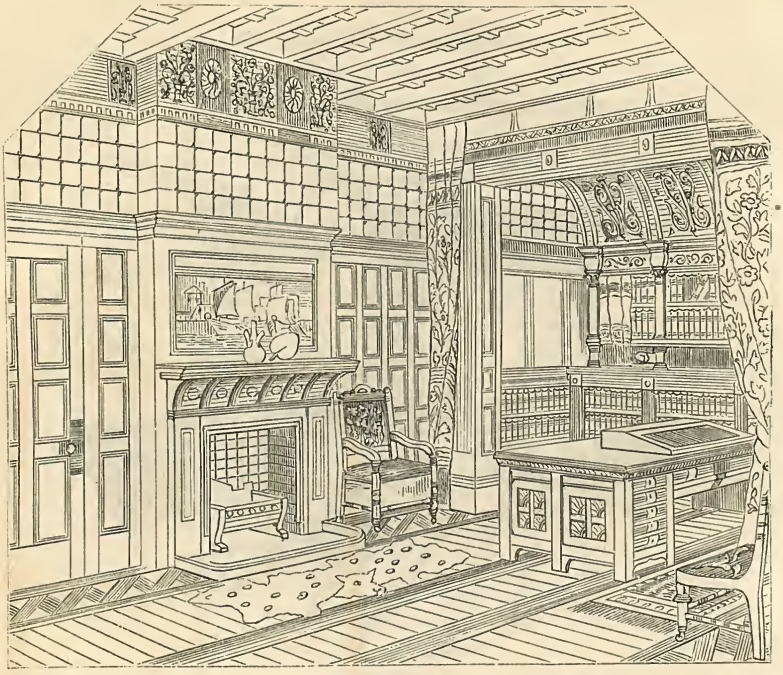
As we ascend the grand staircase, we find the second story devoted exclusively to the lady and gentleman of the house. The boudoir is situated on the avenue front. This being a lady's apartment, is fitted up in light woods, and the colors selected are of cheerful and transparent tints. One of its peculiarities is the cove on each side of the ceiling, without returning across the ends. This has something the effect of a canopy over the walls, apparently lowering their height, and giving an air of snugness to the apartment.

Adjoining this there is a private passage connecting with the bed and two dressing rooms, for the gentleman and his wife respectively. Both are well lighted, and are accommodated with closets, bath and toilet rooms; and in order to carry out the healthy and certainly comfortable idea of sleeping in a cool room and dressing in a warm one, I have shown a small fire-place in each.

Beyond, and connecting with the gentleman's dressing-room, is the library. This is a cozy little apartment, containing a bay-window and an alcove for books, separated from the main room by a transom, beneath which curtains may be hung, shutting off the alcove entirely when the proprietor, supposed to be somewhat of a literary man, desires seclusion. This has an open timber ceiling and parquetry floor, covered here and there with rugs. The wall is paneled to the height of the door with old English wainscot, and the mantel and fire-place are of Sienna marble, with opening and hearth of illuminated tile. The library has also the use of the toilet adjacent to the dressing room, and adjoins the billiard-room in the rear.

On the floor above there are two bedrooms, each containing a bay-window. They have large closets, and are convenient to the bath-room. The remainder of this story is devoted to the children. The nurseries for day and night are separated by dressing-rooms, and the nurse's room communicates with the children's sleeping apartment.

The story above has a bath-room and seven chambers, all well lighted. The servants' apartments are in the attic, which is accessible by private stairs, the main stairs not extending to this floor. Here, again, we have the advantage of utterly excluding the servants from the family portion of the house, by simply locking one door on each floor. Owing to the extreme height of the ceiling on the first story, it may not be necessary to carry up the butler's pantry all the way, as over this an *entresol* may be constructed serving the purpose of a general store-room, and can be approached by a landing from the private staircase. The housekeeper, whose chief duties lie upon the lower part of the establishment, the better



LIBRARY.

to superintend, has her apartments on the basement floor. Her accommodations are not stinted, but are worthy the dignity of a lady necessarily possessed of refinement and intelligence in order properly to fill her position of responsibility and trust. Her little parlor, which is on the avenue front, and has both fire-place and bay-window, communicates directly with a small bedroom, closed off during the day with folding-doors. This opens into a spacious pantry, amply supplied with closets for hanging on one side, and dresser with drawers on the other. Passing through this, we come to her bath-room.

At the right of the housekeeper's apartments is the laundry, with stationary tubs and a steam drying-room. The servants' hall is roomy; the kitchen contains a large pantry and well-lighted scullery. In this design also there is a lift which runs from cellar to attic.

The main hall is lighted from the roof, and a spacious well on each story serves to convey the light to the first floor. In addition to this, it will be observed that there is a sky-light and shaft between the main and private stairs, open from roof to cellar. Besides the benefit of light, it also procures good ventilation.

HEATING AND VENTILATION.

My remarks in last month's number on the subject of ventilation were intended for a more moderate class of houses; but in buildings of this character, which are erected with that niceness of workmanship that not a seam or crevice is supposed to be open for the admission of fresh air, a more elaborate system of heating and ventilation is required. A fire-place in a small room does its part, but one is not sufficient for an apartment the size of our present parlor; in this, therefore, I have placed two. It would also seem necessary to have especial provision made for the halls and staircase, as otherwise the air from them must be drawn through the living-rooms. The shaft in this instance serves the purpose. There is much difficulty experienced in this matter of ventilation. The foul gases which are produced in a measure from the exhalations of our lungs, in the shape of carbonic acid gas, being heavier than the air, sink to the floor, and to induce them to rise through the ventilating flue has been the trouble under which our engineers have labored. Many complicated contrivances have been devised for this purpose. The introduction of some system of heating this flue, by which the air is rarefied, has proved the most simple means of accomplishing this. Now, in order to do it economically as well as effectually, I propose putting an iron flue through the centre of this shaft, which may serve the purpose of a smoke flue for the furnace, radiating enough heat in the shaft to cause a strong upward draught sufficient to draw off these gases, to facilitate which it would

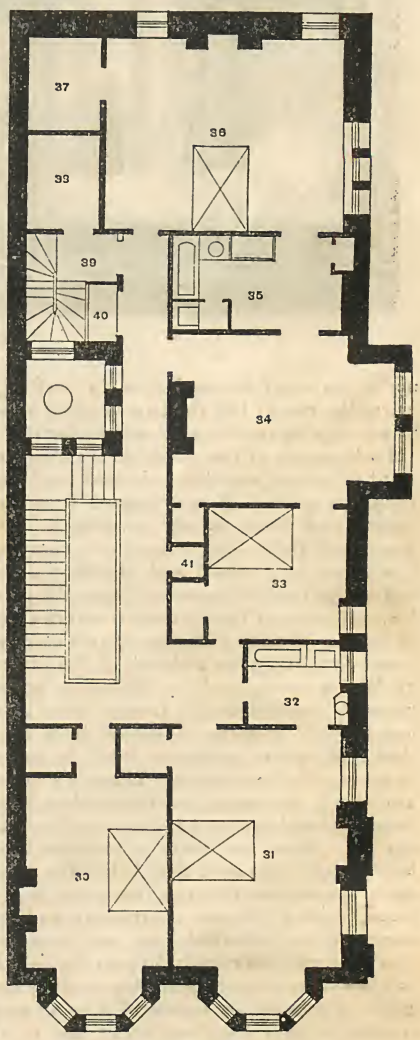
be well to place the ventilating opening at the floor. In this shaft, too, the plumbing pipes of the house should be placed, where any offensive odors would be carried off, and where, in case of any leak, no damage would be done, and where they would be accessible in case of repairs.

It is generally considered that direct radiation in a living apartment is undesirable, as it simply warms the air, and, producing no circulation, consumes the oxygen without renewing this vital property; hence the drum, the gas stove, and even steam heating pipes are objectionable unless some auxiliary system of ventilation be employed.

It appears that the systems of heating and ventilating depend so much upon each other for their mutual success that it seems reasonable that they should come under one head and be treated in connection; for as it is evident that the flues are useless to carry off the foul air of the house unless fresh air be introduced to take its place, so, too, it is obvious that a current of cold air being admitted directly upon our backs is in no way agreeable. It should, therefore, be warmed before entering the apartment.

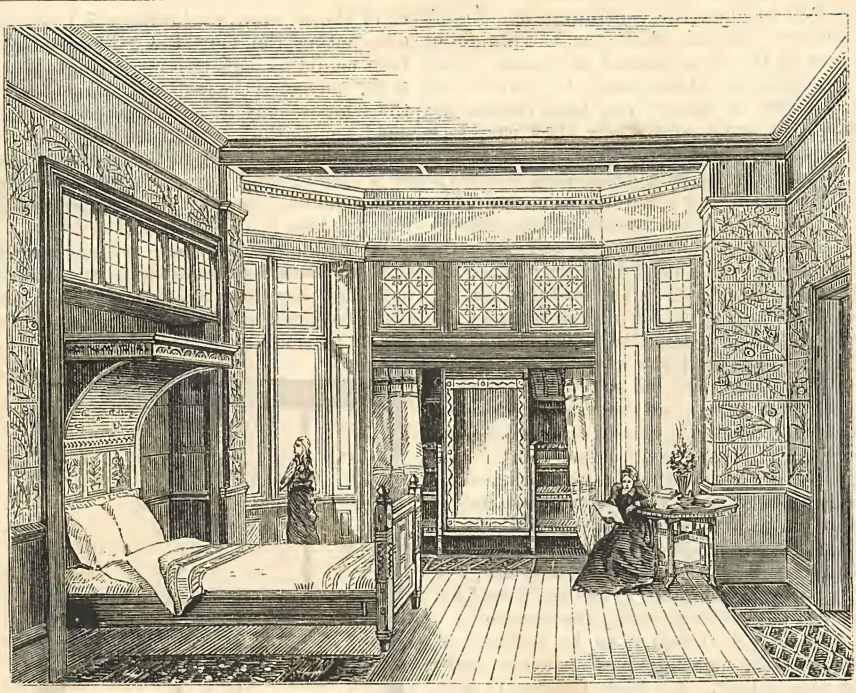
And now it remains to be determined which of the many devices for accomplishing this is best. We have frequently seen two pipes placed under the sash for the admission of the outer air, furnished with dampers by which to regulate the supply. This is a clever means of introducing fresh air into the room, and, when accompanied by proper exhaust flues, performs its work effectually. Yet this does not overcome the unpleasantness before mentioned of cold air being introduced directly into the room, and although the inventor has ingeniously contrived a quarter turn in the pipe in order to prevent its blowing immediately upon the occupants, by carrying the air upward, it does not fulfill its mission, as the cold air, being heavier than the warm, naturally seeks a downward channel the moment they come in contact. I wrote to the patentee some time ago, bringing this fact to his notice, and suggested that if the air could be conveyed into the room slightly warmed, as from the register of a hot-water furnace, I believed his system would be perfect. He stated, in reply, that this would involve a complication beyond the scope of his invention, and gave the matter no further attention. The method of accomplishing this, however, is very simple. Let the steam radiator be placed directly under the window, then the air entering in passing over it becomes warm, and rises naturally of itself. This system accomplishes in the most satisfactory manner the desired result. In the matter of the ventilator, which we were describing, we would say that it is unnecessary to adopt these awkward-looking pipes, filling up, as they do, some eight or ten inches of the window, excluding the light, and obstructing the view. A simple quarter-turn moulding, say, two inches high, placed at the bottom of the sash, to the top of which the window may be raised, secures equally good ventilation, with these objectionable features avoided. Here the sash itself acts as a damper, and any carpenter can fit up this moulding, on which, owing to its simplicity, there is no patent right.

We would not have our readers imagine that we consider it advisable to abandon open fires, for these are necessary to accelerate the draught of the chimney flue, upon which we mainly depend for ventilation;



PLAN OF THIRD STORY.

30. Bedroom.—31. Bedroom.—32. Bath-Room.—33. Nurse's Bedroom.—34. Day Nursery.—35. Bath-Room.—36. Night Nursery.—37. Nursery Closet.—38. Woolen Closet.—39. Private Stairs.—40. Lift.—41. Broom Closet.



BEDROOM.

nor is an open fire sufficient to perfectly warm the room; but the two together seem to accomplish results most satisfactorily.

Perhaps one of the worst effects from the want of proper ventilation is that resulting from the escape of sewer gases from the drains and sinks of our dwellings. The danger of these foul emanations, carrying the germs of typhoid and diphtheria, can not be too forcibly impressed upon the public; and since of late numerous severe cases of disease directly traceable to this miasma —not forgetting the sickness of the Prince of Wales, occasioned by defective sewer pipes at Lownesborough Lodge—have been prominently brought to notice, it is time that some active measures should be taken to prevent their entrance. Traps in a measure check the escape of these odors from cess-pools and sewers, but these are likely to dry up. Often, too, there is pressure from below, and it has been found that the gases force themselves through the water in the traps, passing into our apartments, and are consequently absorbed into our systems. The only way effectually to prevent this is to have a vent in the soil pipe to allow the gases to pass off, by means of a small pipe conducted into the ventilating flue, or, if such is not at hand, into the smoke flue of the chimney. The leader pipes, when not connected with a cistern, would do for this purpose. They can either be joined to the soil pipe, in which case they would be thoroughly cleansed by a flow of rain, or, if connected with cess-pool or sewer, they may act as direct ventilators from these. It is important, however, that their termination be not directly under an attic window, through which the odors might enter the house.

An excellent method of ventilating rooms in which there is no fire-place is by means of a tin flue extending nearly to the floor and running out above the roof, terminating with sufficient bend to avoid leakage. If within the pipe a light be kept continually burning, it will so rarefy the air as to insure a constant draught. There may be arranged in front of this light a glass, through which the room may be lighted. It very often happens, especially in city houses, that the bath-rooms, water-closets, and butler's pantries must be in a part of the house where no daylight can be obtained; this is a ready means of supplying that deficiency. Frequently, too, particularly in houses built upon the flat system, where every inch of room must be economized, small bedrooms are necessarily situated in the same position. Here this system could be adopted with especial advantage. These may be made ornamental by having a framework containing transparencies in relief or color before the light, obviating the unsightly appearance which they ordinarily present.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

LOVE-MAKING AND FLIRTATION.

GARTH and Elinor, meanwhile, on emerging from their respective brown-studies and looking about them, had found themselves virtually alone together. Garth raised himself on one elbow, stared at Elinor until she was forced to return his glance, and then threw himself to his feet and walked toward her with a superfine set grin on his face, the cynical grotesqueness of which would have made her laugh had she not been both irritated and secretly startled. What did he want with her? She could not doubt that she must be as disagreeable to him as he to her; and the last thing she would have anticipated was a malice-prepense conversation between them. It is true that she did not despise him quite so much as before Golightley's explanation: and the discovery that she had wronged him on one score, perhaps mitigated her sternness on another. On the other hand, she might have reflected that previous to his artistic self-degradation the charge against him of indolent dependence had not disturbed her in the least. Probably all she did think of at this moment was that his approach was unwelcome, and that she would be rid of him as soon as circumstances would admit.

"We must not appear singular, Miss Golightley," began Garth, bowing with punctilious politeness. "We aren't asleep, so we must take a stroll. I'll help you down—jump!"

"I don't care to walk, thank you," said Elinor; but she had already "jumped" at his bidding, and now, in spite of her disclaimer, kept beside him as he sauntered toward the brook on the right. She meant to turn back after a few steps; but it did not appear necessary, or even very easy, directly to withstand a man of this kind.

"Since we're in different walks of art," he resumed, "I may safely praise your proficiency. Such genius certainly should be published. There was an under-current in that tune you played which might have sold at a high price."

"I don't look forward to playing in public," replied Elinor, coloring high with indignation at what seemed to her, fresh from a dream, a most ungenerous and injurious speech.

"No? Well, selfishness is pleasant when you can afford it. But where's your vanity? Think of enrapturing thousands of people! Art, you know, has three recommendations: it can minister to your private, selfish enjoyment, and it can get you money, and flattery. But I should soon be tired of painting pictures merely for my own amusement. I need admiration and good pay to keep me going."

"I have no right to suppose you are not in earnest in what you say, Mr. Urmson; but I must say it seems to me strange that Art should reveal so much of her beauty to —one holding your opinions. And it's hard to understand, too, how any one who can see so much of her divinity should find it possible to speak of her as a drudge and a convenience."

"I suppose this is meant for praise concealed under a thin veil of reproof. Between your praise and my uncle's money, I ought to be very happy. Do you recollect our profound conversation in the studio a few days ago? I've been afraid you misunderstood something I said then. I fully agreed with your criticism on the picture, but of course the alteration suggested was out of the question. My uncle had already offered a large price for the picture as it stood. Highly as I honor art, Miss Golightley, a check for a thousand pounds is worth all the ideal scruples in the world."

"You are really very frank. But how have I deserved this confidence?"

"No confidence at all; only it's pleasant to feel you are understood. There's a sort of inverted analogy between your case and mine, thanks to one and the same individual—that is, if I may construe your remark about not playing in public as hinting at your betrothal to my beloved uncle. I congratulate you. His affection for you, you see, has freed you from the necessity of doing that to which his affection for me compels me."

"There could never possibly be any likeness or sympathy between you and me, Mr. Urmson. Excuse me, I must turn back now."

"No; you can do more good here than any where," returned Garth, his sardonic expression darkening into something less unnatural but more lowering. "Come, come, Miss Golightley, you'll have to put up with me sooner or later; and there's something I wish to find in these woods. Besides, you were an old friend of mine long before you knew of my existence. After that first meeting in the Green Vaults I followed you—inadvertently, of course—all over Europe. At last, to break the spell, I took your portrait.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

That answered for a time; but here we are again, you see."

"It is easier to take such a liberty than to resent it, Sir; but—"

Garth laughed. "Liberty? A cat may look at a king; and, to be honest, I put your face on canvas only to free my memory of it. A liberty! Why do you wear a face? If there be a liberty, it is on your part."

"I am glad you can speak to a lady in this way," said Elinor, with her iciest haughtiness; "I may have been mistaken in thinking well of your pictures; but after this I can never be mistaken in you."

"Say more like that!" exclaimed Garth, grinning with a kind of savage delight. "I like to hear you say what I am. Consistent, am I not? a charlatan in art and a charlatan in character! I told you you could do more good here than any where."

"I must consider myself as well as you, Mr. Urmson," said she, stopping short in her walk, and turning her face aside.

"Yes; but don't go back—don't!" he repeated, in a tone of such strange entreaty as made Elinor's heart beat quicker in spite of her best resolution. Half involuntarily she moved on. "Think what a dramatic situation!" he went on, with a certain dark impetuosity of utterance. "You detest me for what I am, and I hate you for what I'm not, and we are saying what we think! Appreciate your privileges, Miss Golightley: you might search the world for charlatans, and not find another like me."

"Let me go!" said Elinor, speaking low lest her voice should tremble.

"Do you know why?" he continued, not heeding her. "Because I was meant for a gentleman. I'm no common man. My mother was a most pure and sweet woman; and there's no nobler, gentler, braver man than my father. You understand that?" he demanded, suddenly, frowning at her with glowing eyes.

Elinor drew her breath and said, "Yes," meeting his look steadily.

"Yes. Well, they're in me, both of them," he said, motioning toward himself with his chin. "And against that, I've made myself what I am. You mustn't forget, either, that I'm an only son, and the last of the Urmsons; and that all the honor of the race, and all the life-long hopes and prayers of my father—*he* has devoted his whole life to me—end in me."

It seemed to Elinor that the last three words were as if he had struck so many blows on her heart. She drooped inwardly, and kept her body erect only by a conscious physical effort. She no longer thought of turning back, however, though to go forward was now even more painful than irksome.

"Hear more, since you're so condescending," resumed her companion, after a short silence. "You must excuse my egotism, but I have reason to be proud of myself. To realize my merit, you should have heard what my father said to me when he sent me to college, and once before when I was a boy, and you should have known the fine resolutions I made after my mother's death. I tell you I'm no common man. Then you should know in what a religious, reverential way I have talked and thought about art. You needn't trouble yourself to disparage the good in my pictures. There is good in them, and power in me, but that I choose to be a charlatan, to paint pictures as great as any in the world. Excuse my laughing; but when I remember the doubts and anxieties I used to suffer as to my genius— But I recognize my genius now, and I've no doubt I can make myself rich by it. It was only while I thought of consecrating it to lofty ideal ends that I had any misgivings about it. Such a blessed peace and security as I enjoy now, Miss Golightley!"

"Oh, what are you throwing away!" muttered Elinor. "It weighs me down."

"Not that tone, after my pains to be explicit. With all my complaisance—no sentimental sympathy, if you please. Show me how bitter you can be."

"You could not be so bitter if you were what you would have me believe. Think of the girl who is to be your wife, Mr. Urmson."

"I care only to talk of myself, Miss Golightley. I haven't talked so much in ten years as I have talked to you. I'm dumb enough to people who love me, but detestation loosens my tongue. You bring the worst in me to the surface, and so put me at my ease; but my admirers misunderstand me, and torture me by probing after imaginary good. Our relation can be of great mutual benefit. Love is sugar, but hate is salt. Haven't I made out my case yet? Think again of a man knowing the good that I know, and having such reasons to be honorable as I have, who nevertheless gives it all up for a paltry thousand pounds! I admire your gravity: in your place, I should laugh till I cried."

"Mr. Urmson," began Elinor, hurriedly, "I am alone in the world, with no father or mother, or brothers or sisters. Seems to me it would be safer to die than to believe what you ask me to. Your uncle wishes to marry me, and I think him a good and noble man; but he could not help the harm this would do me. But if you are so base, how can you wish to marry a girl without money like Margaret? There is a contradiction somewhere—an impossibility. I used to think my life had been sad in some ways, but how am I to endure this?"

"Take care! there's danger of my hating you in a different way—a worse way."

"Nothing is worse than this," she said, with a slight shudder.

"Come, let us be wise, and make the best of our position," said Garth, smiling. "I like recognition for my sins even better than for my virtues; and you happen to be the only person qualified to give me full measure. I've taken special pains to bring my moral state clearly before you, and you have naturally less charity and tenderness than any woman I know of. Let me feel secure of your constant and thorough detestation—if you would be so kind. Put all your available contempt and venom into every word you say to me, and then I shall have a real pleasure in meeting you. In the natural course of things, we must often meet; but I tell you fairly, if you try any other method with me, you'll be sorry for it. I won't put up with any gentleness or relenting from you, Miss Golightley. If you falter, you may stir up seven devils in the place of one."

The latter sentences came in a growl, with latent fierceness underlying it; but any thing like a threat kindled Elinor's courage.

"You ask me to become a devil myself!" she exclaimed, vibrating with excitement. "What have I done that gives you the right to speak to me so?"

"You would not like to hear. You have played on your violin there, for one thing, and I've heard your voice in singing. Why did you stay to talk with me in the studio? What have you done with the violet I gave you down by the lake? it was not meant for you. Oh!" cried Garth, with an impetuous gesture of his arms, "don't refuse my request on any plea of conscience! Keep your conscience for something else. For I solemnly assure you, whatever might appear, you would be doing an angel's work, not a devil's."

Elinor made no reply. All this time they were pressing onward through the woven forest, hurriedly, as though driven by some swift necessity; he mechanically putting aside the branches for her to pass, and aiding her to protect her violin from a chance blow or scratch. After this silence between them had continued for a few moments, he looked at her, and saw tears running down her face. She herself hardly seemed conscious of them, so intense was her painful preoccupation.

He continued to fix his eyes upon her, until she felt them, and their glances met. Almost immediately he spoke, in a quiet, indifferent tone,

"We must not get lost, Miss Golightley. Keep to the right. I think the lane is not far off. There are some strange things in these woods; but I have not found what I came out for, and I beg your pardon for bringing you. Selfish people like myself are always getting into such scrapes. I beg your pardon for leading you so far out of your way."

"I'm not used to the woods," returned Elinor, who had hastily wiped her eyes. "I like some sort of path; this seems a wilderness."

"It is a wilderness; even the paths don't go far; the longest only lead from one wilderness to another. However, the lane is not far off. Hark!"

They stopped and listened, each with a sensation oddly compounded of chagrin and relief. In a moment it came again—the sound of voices, a man's and a woman's, easily recognizable, though the speakers were still too distant to be descried between the trees.

"This is the end," muttered Garth, with the mingled smile and frown that sometimes appeared on his darksome visage. "We're in the world again, Miss Golightley. Doesn't it seem to you, now that civilization is within hail, that we've been making a great ado about nothing? My dear uncle, I guess, would poke fun at us without mercy. After all, how can we do better than to adopt the world's views? Kindly oblige me by looking upon me as an upright, sensible young gentleman, with too just a perception of what is due to himself and to those connected with him to throw away fortune for what really is, when you come to examine it rationally, the most purely fanciful crotchet imaginary. Recollect, too, that even if circumstances force me to go a little beyond my conscience in one instance, I can, and no doubt will, pay back debt and interest on the very next opportunity. You wouldn't give a man up for one trumpery little genial venial fault? I beg to take back all my morbid and ill-tempered self-abuse. I'm a very nice person."

"I'm not sorry we took this walk, Mr. Urmson," said Elinor, glancing at him with a timid humility in the expression of her eyes and mouth, which lent them a new charm. "We seem to have come to nothing; but I don't think I shall ever feel so—so much in the right again. How should I judge? how can you, even?"

"Oh, let it go!" growled Garth, with a gritting of his teeth. "What are judgments to me? I've insulted you with a lot of weak rubbish, and you fitly punish me by taking it kindly. But I'm in such a perverted fix, Miss Elinor, that the kindest kindness helps me less than none at all. I'll hail those two people."

"Please wait a moment!" said she, hurriedly, coming in front of him as he was on the point of raising a halloo. "Just let me say that I know you will do right, whatever happens." As she spoke, flushing and paling almost at the same instant, she held out her hand as a pledge of her sincerity.

As Garth faced her, she fancied that from his short, massive figure, his shaggy head and dark brows, his glowing eyes and grim

mouth, suddenly came forth an influence of tenderness and manly sweetness so powerful that it affected her almost as a physical touch. He also made a motion to take her hand in his own; but ere he had done so, the gentle impression vanished as abruptly as it had come; he thrust his hand doggedly into his coat pocket, and turned aside.

"Be offended or not, as you choose," he said, gruffly; "I can't touch your hand, nor justify your expectation: it's as foolish as it is well meant!" With this, and without again looking at Elinor, he hollowed one hand beside his mouth and gave a whoop which instantly put an end to all confidential disclosures on the part either of himself and Elinor, or Uncle Golightley and Madge. In another minute all the four friends and lovers were standing together in the lane.

"It's fortunate that our respective moral and social reputations are without spot or blemish," remarked Uncle Golightley, with a humorous glance and smile; "otherwise this might be an awkward meeting for all of us—eh, Garth? Ha! ha!"

They walked onward in a group at first, as if shy of pairing off again; but soon a sort of neutral division was effected, Garth and his uncle going in advance, while Elinor and Madge followed on behind. Golightley alone, however, seemed to be in the vein to talk. He was in a most affable humor, and did his best to make the others as pleasant as himself.

"I say, old fellow," he cried, banteringly addressing his nephew, but talking over his shoulder for the benefit of the ladies, "I'm afraid you're a gallant gay Lothario! You must look after him, Miss Margaret. If I were in your place, I wouldn't be letting my young man receive mysterious epistles in the morning, and go off on secret expeditions with young ladies in the afternoon, without instituting a pretty strict inquiry. Eh?"

"Why, then, I think you must be his confederate, Uncle Golightley," retorted Madge, cleverly; "for it was you who carried me off, and left him free to do what he liked. But I sha'n't be anxious about him so long as he chooses you for a companion," she added, with affectionate diplomacy, to Elinor.

After proceeding a little further, the party came to a fork of the path, marked by a clear woodland spring, which bubbled up at the base of a large rock-maple, and so slipped sparkling and tinkling away into the heart of the golden forest. The source was set in a margin of large rounded stones and pebbles; but the bottom of the little basin was strewn with soft white sand, which the ebullition of the crystal water caused to curl and gyrate in curious palpitations. The maple had already lost most of its foliage, the earth round about was strewn with it, and two or three leaves swam like great drops of blood on the surface of the spring.

"By George!" exclaimed Uncle Golightley, as he caught sight of this refreshing spectacle, "I didn't know till now how devilish tired and thirsty I am! Let's play we're four little children, and all lie down on our stomachs and have a good drink. Come!"

They sat down on the smooth stones, and every one of them owned to being more weary than they had supposed. Elinor took off her hat to arrange the veil, which had got torn from its fastenings during her passage through the wood. While hunting for a pin, she laid the veil on a stone by her side; and being a light, gossamer thing, the southwesterly breeze caught it, and wafted it upward. Garth saw it go, and sprang for it, but was too late. It floated and swung through the air, now sinking, now rising, and at length, just as it seemed on the point of starting on a long flight northward, it was caught and held by a forked twig on the tiptop of the very maple at whose base the party were seated.

"Now's our chance to prove who's the best climber, Garth," exclaimed Uncle Golightley, intrepidly rising to his feet and advancing upon the tree.

Garth laughed, threw off his coat, and measured the maple with his eye. "Give me the first chance," said he; "if I fail, your success will be the brighter."

"Please don't either of you go up," said Elinor. "No one needs a veil in the Indian summer; it is more trouble than use."

"Oh yes, do let him go!" Madge exclaimed, clapping her hands; "I want you to see how beautifully he climbs."

Uncle Golightley retired, laughing, while Garth clasped the trunk with his arms and knees, and prepared to swarm upward. In so doing he found himself face to face with a rude inscription, or perhaps it was a natural irregularity in the surface of the bark; at all events, it bore a distorted resemblance to four letters, M. D., G. U., the last two inscribed below the first two, and all four surrounded by a circular incision. In a moment he both recognized the inscription and the occasion on which it had been made. It was on that day, ten or a dozen years ago—the day of his first picnic, when he had paused here to drink and to muse over his untold love, and to dream of a temple built on this spot to Love and Peace. Yet here, a few hours later on that same day, he had half murdered Sam Kineo, and hence had fled with the terror of blood-guiltiness upon him. It was a spot, therefore, where the evil omens overpowered the good. Even these letters, straight and shapely as they had once been, had now grown into distorted ugliness and malproportion.

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"Dear me, Garth, are you never going to

move?" exclaimed Madge, impatient for the exhibition to begin.

"All right!" he responded; and forthwith began the ascent in earnest.

"Oh, you careless boy!" cried the young lady, the next moment; "look, if he hasn't thrown his coat right into the water!"

The careless boy was by this time too far on his way to remedy the mishap, nor was it necessary he should do so, for Madge herself had snatched up the garment, and after giving it a good shake, threw it cloak-like over her own pretty shoulders. The whole action was very graceful and feminine. In many girls, lacking the requisite ingenuous artlessness, it might have seemed in slightly doubtful taste to put on a lover's coat; but there was such an unaffected, child-like spontaneity about Madge as transformed the slight impropriety into a refined and charming, because innocent and impulsive, act of affection.

All eyes were now fixed upon the climber, who made his way uninterruptedly to the lower branches, from which point his progress was too easy a matter to excite much interest. As ill luck would have it, however, at the very moment when he was balancing among the topmost boughs and reaching upward for the veil, an eddy of the breeze lifted it lightly from the forked twig and bore it once more aloft, amidst a general wail from the on-lookers. This time it did not linger aimlessly about, but set off at a steady, business-like rate, and in less than a minute was hopelessly out of sight. Garth retraced his steps, and swinging from the lower branch, dropped to the ground.

"Your efforts were well meant, but of no avail," said incorrigible Uncle Golightley.

"If you hadn't waited so long just at the beginning," observed Madge, "you'd have caught it before the wind did. You're not so light as a zephyr, poor boy!" she added, with a half-mischievous, wholly admiring glance at his sturdy shoulders. "Come, let me help you on with your coat. It didn't get very wet, after all; only the sleeve a little."

The party now resumed their walk, and about a quarter of an hour later arrived at the picnic ground. They must have been absent much longer than they had supposed, for the picnic, so far as the meat and drink part of it was concerned, was over. Nor were they destined even to partake of the broken remnants; for poor Mrs. Tenterden, shortly before their arrival, had been seized with a bilious attack, consequent in part upon her exertions in the dance, and partly from having eaten a little too much *omelette aux fines herbes*, exquisitely prepared by Mrs. Danver, and was now reclining in the shadow of Hiawatha's throne, surrounded by a sympathetic throng, while the gigantic parson tenderly supported her head and fanned her with his hat. Meantime her groans and sighs were distressingly audible, and several of the less experienced of the spectators had already made up their minds that she was about to breathe her last.

"Oh, Elinor, child, where have you been?" gasped the good lady, as the girl hastened up. "I thought you were lost. Ah! I declare I believe I'm going to die! I declare I think you mightn't have left me all alone here. Oh dear! I never was so sick in my life! You must get me back home somehow. I won't die out here in the woods, you mark my words."

"Can we have one of the wagons to go back in?" asked Elinor of Garth. "I'm very sorry," she added, looking around at the group, "but we can't stay, I'm afraid. There's no danger, you know, but she is so seldom ill that any thing makes her think she will die."

The wagon was soon ready, and Mrs. Tenterden was lifted into it and made as comfortable as possible on a couch of shawls and wraps. Elinor, Madge, and Golightley got aboard with her, while Garth drove as before, the minister and Mrs. Danver remaining behind to see that the rest of the picnickers got into no mischief. It was now late in the afternoon, the dry golden haze which had more or less pervaded the landscape all day began imperceptibly to increase, and the sun sank earthward slowly like a great red fire balloon or Chinese lantern. There was little or no conversation among the party, all efforts in that direction being resented by Mrs. Tenterden as a heartless disregard of the solemn fact of her approaching dissolution, and she accordingly bemoaned herself, with very slight interruption, during the whole journey.

At last, after driving for what the invalid declared to be hundreds of miles, the Danvers' cottage was reached, and she was safely disembarked. Garth and Golightley gave her each an arm into the house, and afterward lingered a while on the steps with Madge, Golightley delivering himself of his parting pleasantries, while Garth stood by silent, with his hands in his coat pockets, and a rather unamiable smile on his face. But all at once his expression changed; he felt in all his pockets one after another, and finally demanded, in a disturbed tone, whether either Golightley or Madge had seen him drop a letter.

"How now? the *billet-doux* lost?" cried the former. "Ah, my dear boy, see the imprudence of carrying such treasures to picnics and forest walks! By George! it serves him right, Miss Margaret; and I shouldn't blame you if you'd picked his pocket of it."

"It was a letter of importance," growled Garth, impatiently, still searching his pockets. "Have you seen it, Madge?"

"I was trying to think," said she, with

her finger on her lip, and her dark eyes fixed apprehensively on his face. "Oh, my dear Garth, don't be angry! I'm afraid I do know where it might possibly be; at least—"

"You have seen it? Where?"

"Dear me! you know, when you threw down your coat, I picked it up and shook it to get the water off; and I'm afraid, dear, it must have got shaken out of the pocket. Which pocket was it in?"

"In this side pocket. That was up by the spring. I shall find it there. I'll go back at once, if you'll take the horses round, uncle."

"I'm sure I hope you will find it, dear; but I'm afraid— Oh, Garth, had it an envelope?"

"Yes—no; I left the envelope at home."

"Well, I believe I saw something I thought must be a leaf, but I guess now it must have been the letter, floating off down the little rivulet from the spring. I was so excited in your climbing the tree that I only just glanced at it, and then forgot all about it. You don't think that could have been it, dear, do you?"

"I'm afraid it was; and it may be in the brook, or even in the lake, by this time. Well, I must look for it. Luckily there's a moon. Tell father not to sit up for me, Uncle Golightley. Good-by."

He walked away, but in a few moments heard a swift rustling step behind him, and there was Madge, rosy and panting.

"Say you'll forgive me, dear Garth—and kiss me, won't you? I'm so sorry! Good-by, dear. I do hope you'll find it."

He kissed her, and left her standing in the twilight road, rosy, sparkling, and lovely. "There never was such a woman!" he said to himself: "and am not I the luckiest and happiest of men?"

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Nineteenth Paper.]

MEDICAL AND SANITARY PROGRESS.

WHAT has been done in these United States of America since the declaration of their independence in the way of medical and sanitary progress? To answer this question fully it would be necessary to write the history of American medicine, for which at least a volume would be required. In undertaking to review the past centennial period, with reference to this question, within the limits of a few pages, I must be content with a large outline and certain representative facts.

Evidence of progress is to be sought for in educational institutions. At the close of the colonial government there were two American medical colleges, one in Philadelphia, the other in New York; the former established in 1765, and the latter in 1768. The operations of both were suspended during the Revolutionary war. Up to that time they had conferred medical degrees upon less than fifty candidates. The great majority of the physicians and surgeons in the colonies had obtained what education they possessed in commencing practice by having served for a period of from three to seven years as apprentices to medical practitioners, the duties of apprenticeship embracing certain menial offices as well as study and the compounding of medicines. A favored few were able to resort to the celebrated schools of London, Edinburgh, and Leyden. At the close of the war the two American colleges resumed operations, and three others came into existence before the end of the eighteenth century, namely, the medical department of Harvard University, of Dartmouth College, and of Rutgers College, of New Jersey. The number of graduates from all these institutions at the beginning of the nineteenth century had not much exceeded two hundred. During the first half of the present century medical colleges were multiplied nearly at the rate of a new college annually, distributed among the different States, and many of them established in small villages. This multiplication and distribution met the requirements of medical education at that time, in view of the rapid settlement of distant parts of our vast country, stage-coaches being the only public mode of traveling by land, and the great majority of students and practitioners in medicine having limited pecuniary resources. After the extension of railway communications and the development of the material resources of newly settled States and Territories, the increase in the number of colleges was less, and for the most part it has been confined to metropolitan or large towns, many of those in villages having been discontinued. At the present time about seven thousand medical students attend annually the various colleges, and the annual number of graduates exceeds two thousand.* During the last quarter of a century there has been progressive improvement in collegiate and extra-collegiate instruction by means of extension of the terms of lectures, subdivisions of the different departments, the institution of special courses, combining more and more illustrations with didactic teaching, the systematic regulation

* Vide *Toner's Annals of Medical Progress* for these and other statistics. For the dates of the establishment of different schools and other details, vide *History of Medical Education*, etc., by N. S. Davis, M.D.

of study with recitations, and private lectures or demonstrations in various branches. Without presumption, it may be claimed in behalf of the leading American medical schools that especially, although not exclusively, as regards practical instruction, they compare favorably with the long-distinguished schools in Great Britain, France, and Germany.

In connection with this sketch of educational institutions it is but just to the medical profession of this country to present certain facts. To this profession belongs chiefly whatever credit may pertain to the rise and progress of these institutions now and in the past. Our State Legislatures incorporate medical colleges, and generally charters are obtained without difficulty. Legislative aid in the way of money is the exception, not the rule, albeit it is very evident that well-educated physicians and surgeons are literally of *vital* importance to the public weal. As a rule, with some notable exceptions, the pecuniary means for the establishment of a medical school are not largely furnished either by municipal appropriations or private contributions from other than members of the medical profession. After having been established, the revenue of the colleges is derived commonly from the fees of students: few colleges have any endowment. A certain measure of success in a medical school, as regards the size of its classes, is therefore essential to its continuance, and its prosperity depends on the number of students attracted to it. The primary organization and the management in all respects, including the appointment of professors, are usually, either directly or indirectly, under the control of the faculties of the schools. These facts involve some objections which are plausible, and in a measure veritable, namely, a medical college can not, without risk of its prosperity, require a higher grade of preliminary education or of the qualifications for a degree than those institutions with which it is in immediate competition, and professional positions are exposed to insecurity from the action of colleagues. On the other hand, there are advantages which more than outweigh these objections. An active, honorable competition enforces the best exertions, the selection of the ablest teachers, and the largest available facilities for instruction.

Another fact, in justice to the profession, should be presented, namely, there are practically no legal restrictions on the practice of medicine in most of the States of the Union. Not only are licenses to practice easily obtained, but rarely, if ever, are legal penalties, if they exist, enforced for practicing without a diploma or a license. The desire for instruction is therefore the leading motive impelling medical students to resort to medical schools. Moreover, the classes, especially in metropolitan medical schools, consist in part of licentiates or graduates who have been for a greater or less period engaged in practice. Again, in the schools which are considered as offering the largest advantages the classes preponderate greatly in numbers over those in other schools. At the present time more than a thousand students and practitioners are in attendance at the schools in the city of New York during the winter, and the winter classes in Philadelphia are not much smaller. A considerable proportion of the members of the classes in these two cities is from distant parts of our country, the fees are considerably higher than in provincial schools, and the expenses incident to city life and long journeys are not small. Herein is exemplified the strength of the impelling motive, namely, the desire for instruction; and these facts certainly denote a spirit of progress among those who are already, and those who are about to become, members of the medical profession.

We are to look for evidence of progress in the number and character of associations for the promotion and diffusion of medical knowledge. Prior to the Revolutionary war there was but one State medical society. This was formed in New Jersey in 1766, but not regularly incorporated until 1790. Shortly before the war closed, the Massachusetts Medical Society was incorporated. After the national independence was achieved, associations were speedily organized in several of the States. At the beginning of the present century they existed in Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Connecticut, and Maryland. Following these were local associations in different counties and large towns. At the present time probably every State in the Union has its society, and there are few situations so remote or isolated as not to be embraced within the area of some local association. In 1846 a convention of representatives of medical societies, hospitals, and colleges throughout the United States was held in the city of New York, and the result was the establishment, in 1847, of the American Medical Association, which, excepting during the late war of the rebellion, has ever since held annual meetings in different parts of the Union. Quite recently (1872) an association has been formed for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge relating to the prevention of disease. This, entitled the Public Health Association, gives promise of much usefulness. National societies within late years have been formed for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge relating to special departments of medicine—for example, insanity, and diseases of the eye and ear—and local societies of this character exist in most of the larger cities. All of the

numerous associations originated with medical men, and have been kept up by their efforts. Many publish Transactions at stated intervals. The American Medical Association has published twenty-five large volumes, and the New York State Medical Society nearly or quite as many. Collectively, the Transactions of the societies in various States constitute not an inconsiderable portion of our periodical medical literature. The associations are all voluntary; membership is not rendered obligatory by legal requirement, but in many, if not in most, parts of the country it is considered essential to an unequivocal professional status to become a member of some regularly organized association. This arises from the fact that in certain associations are vested, by general agreement, the right to take cognizance of violations of medical ethics by any of their members, and to reprimand, suspend, or expel for unprofessional conduct. Passing by further details, it may be said of our medical associations that in number and character they denote a general and active co-operation of the practitioners of medicine for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge, to which may be added the maintenance and elevation of the honor and usefulness of the profession. The associations thus furnish evidence, while they are also important means, of medical sanitary progress.

The literature of a particular province of science and art, for a given period, offers a good criterion of the progress made during that period. This statement is as applicable to medicine as to any department of knowledge. Comparing the present with the past, in this aspect, as in other points of contrast, due consideration is to be given to the difference in population, which at the time independence was declared was not much over 3,000,000, while at the present time it is estimated to be about 40,000,000.*

During the colonial government there was not entire absence of an American medical literature. Davis gives a list of twenty-eight publications, most of which were works of small or moderate size, but several of them possessing much merit on the score of originality and ability. There was no American medical periodical during this period, the first being the *Medical Repository*, the publication of which was commenced in the city of New York in 1797. This was a quarterly of about 150 pages, ably conducted, and its publication ceased with the twenty-third volume. In 1804 the publication of two medical journals was commenced in Philadelphia. The subsequent multiplication of medical periodicals and their publication in different parts of the Union constitute striking evidence of progress. At the present time there are between thirty and forty medical journals published in the United States, not including the Transactions of societies, hospital reports, and other publications properly belonging to periodical literature. The history of medical journalism in this country during the last half century would show many changes, but it is noteworthy that a quarterly journal, *The American Journal of Medical Sciences*, established in 1827, succeeding the Philadelphia *Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*, established in 1820, still lives, the arrangement of contents never having been changed, the present publisher the successor of the house which from the first issued this, as also the preceding work, and conducted now by the same able editor as over forty years ago. The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, with divers changes, has been in existence for about the same length of time.

The bibliography of the first quarter of the present century embraces not a few able works, among which the voluminous writings of Rush are prominent. The standard works and text-books, however, were chiefly of foreign authorship. During the second quarter the number of works by American authors had largely increased, the list embracing acceptable text-books in anatomy, physiology, surgery, midwifery, the practice of medicine, and the *materia medica*. Then, as now, the absence of any international copyright restrictions favored the republication of works by British in preference to those by native authors, the former having the advantage of a success already acquired, and the reprint requiring no royalty. Here is an obstacle in the way of the development and progress of a national literature which, in justice to American authors, should be borne in mind. Notwithstanding this obstacle, and a prevailing sentiment that exotics transplanted from the older countries, as a matter of course, are superior to native productions, the increase of original books has been progressive during the last twenty-five years. At this moment the majority of the works recognized by medical schools and the profession as text-books in the different departments of medical education are by American authors, and there are few topics within the range of the science and art of medicine which are not creditably represented in our own literature. At the same time, foreign books and periodical publications now, as heretofore, have a large circulation in this country. Our native productions do not displace exotics, but both flourish together, competing with a fair rivalry.

Medical progress, as evidenced in the literature of medicine, is more especially marked in works of a practical character. This is owing to the fact that the vast majority of those who pursue medical studies in this

* Toner, op. cit.

country have chiefly in view the duties and responsibilities of the practitioner. The prosecution of researches of a purely scientific character, having no immediate practical bearing, is comparatively rare. It is easy to explain the lack of progress in this direction, as shown by comparison with other countries. The rapid increase of our population and its extension over new territory have involved a large demand for practitioners, a large proportion of whom are, to a greater or less extent, isolated as regards much intercourse with each other, and therefore obliged to depend greatly on their own resources in medical and surgical practice. Hence a predominant desire for knowledge which is plainly and directly practical. Another and more potential reason is the absence of inducements or even encouragement for purely scientific researches beyond their intrinsic attractions. Our collegiate institutions, from want of endowment, are unable to make adequate provisions for investigations which have no appreciable relations to practical teaching; the policy of our State governments, already referred to, is to leave the cultivation of all the departments of medicine in the hands of the medical profession, without offering incitements or rewards, and the spirit of emulation is not what it would be were there a larger number in the field of original scientific investigations. These are the reasons for the fact that the medical literature of this country up to the present time, as compared with that of other countries, is deficient in what may be distinguished as scientific in contrast with practical medicine. A list of American publications relating to medicine and sanitary science during the last hundred years would show a steadily increasing progress in this direction, and such a list would include not an inconsiderable number of works of a purely scientific character. The reader who may desire information concerning the medical bibliography of our country is referred to a late publication, entitled *History of American Medical Literature from* 1776 *to the Present Time*, by Professor S. D. Gross, of Philadelphia.

Within the past few years subjects relating to sanitary knowledge have entered into our literature more largely than heretofore. The publications by Health Boards have been of much interest and value. These subjects have also occupied a considerable share of medical journals and the Transactions of medical associations, and at the present time there is at least one journal devoted specially to this department of knowledge. It is fair to acknowledge that the recent activity in this direction is in a great measure due to the labors prosecuted under governmental co-operation and support in Great Britain and other countries. The attention now given to what has been called "preventive medicine" may be especially referred to as evidence of progress. To promote public health by removing or lessening the causes of disease, to forestall epidemics and endemics or arrest their course, are objects of medical science higher in importance than therapeutics. The truth of this statement is recognized by the philosophic and philanthropic physician; and there is ground for the belief that already the study of sanitary science has led to the saving of much life. Were it consistent with the limits of this article, I might cite the facts in the history of epidemic cholera in the city of New York in 1866 and 1867 as proof that by prompt and efficient preventive measures this disease may be effectually "stamped out."* Sanitary science and medical science are to a great extent convertible terms, as implied in the name, preventive medicine. The prevention of diseases is the practical result of our knowledge of their character and causes. Our knowledge of the causes of diseases, more especially of the special causes which give rise to epidemics and endemics, is confessedly defective; thus far in the history of medical and sanitary progress we have been obliged to content ourselves with the investigation of their laws without being able to determine with positiveness their essential nature and mode of production. Conceding this, it is, perhaps, not an extravagant assertion to say that, with our present knowledge and experience, by means of the skillful employment of disinfecting agents, together with other sanitary measures, the prevalence of certain diseases—epidemic cholera and yellow fever—is within the power of scientific control. In this direction of progress there is reason to hope that much will be accomplished by continued investigations. For carrying on these investigations and enforcing sanitary measures the co-operation of the public and legal powers is essential; hence the importance of awakening public interest on the subject, and diffusing as far as practicable popular information.

In this connection may be mentioned improvement in quarantine regulations. The problem in the department of sanitary science relating to quarantine is to provide to the utmost extent for the public health, with the least interference with personal freedom and the interests of commerce. A review of the history of quarantine laws would show how great has been the progress toward the solution of this problem, as a result of the increase of knowledge of the causes of disease and of preventive measures. From the necessity of resisting a

* Vide reports of the Metropolitan Board of Health, New York, for these years.

temptation to enter into details, I must be content with the general statement that the quarantine regulations of our large commercial cities at the present time exemplify the progress made within late years in this most important matter.*

Medical and sanitary progress, as evidenced by important discoveries or improvements, next claims attention. Of course those originating in this country are more especially characteristic of American progress, yet the ready adoption of discoveries and improvements which have originated in other countries is significant of a progressive spirit.

The greatest event in the medical history of the last centennial period, the whole world included, was the announcement of the discovery of vaccination. Jenner announced his discovery in a paper "printed for the author" in 1798. He had desired that the paper should appear under the auspices of the Royal Society of London, but it was declined by that learned body on the ground that its publication would damage the reputation which the author had already acquired by some observations on the cuckoo! If we recognize as a criterion of the importance of a discovery the saving of human life, that of Jenner far transcends any other in the history of the world. A medical writer in 1849 represents the number of lives saved as follows: "In England alone the absolute mortality from small-pox is less by 20,000 a year than it was half a century ago. If a similar rate of reduction in the number of deaths from small-pox holds good, as we have every reason to believe is the case, in the other kingdoms of Europe, then, out of the 220,000,000 of people that inhabit this quarter of the globe, 400,000 or 500,000 fewer now die of small-pox than, with a similar population, would have died from this malady fifty years ago. .....During the long European wars connected with and following the French Revolution it has been calculated that five or six millions of human lives were lost. In Europe vaccination has already preserved from death a greater number of human beings than were sacrificed during the course of these wars. The lancet of Jenner has saved far more human lives than the sword of Napoleon destroyed."†

The introduction of vaccination met with virulent opposition in England. It was scouted by many as entailing on man diseases of inferior animals, as likely to cause a physical and mental deterioration of the human race, and as an impious attempt at interference with the ordinances of Providence, so that many years elapsed before the importance of the discovery was practically recognized in the country so much honored by the nativity of the discoverer. We have a right to take credit for the promptness with which vaccination was adopted in this country, and for its being popularized with comparatively small opposition. In 1799 Professor Benjamin Waterhouse, in Boston, having obtained the virus from Jenner, vaccinated four of his own children. In 1801 Dr. Valentine Seaman procured virus from the arm of a patient who had been vaccinated by Dr. Waterhouse, and performed the first vaccination in the city of New York; and in 1802 an institution was established in New York for the purpose of vaccinating the poor gratuitously and keeping up a supply of the virus. Not going into further details, may not the introduction of vaccination in this country be cited as indicating at that day a spirit of medical and sanitary progress?

Numerous examples of the ready adoption in this country of discoveries and improvements of lesser magnitude than the discovery of vaccination might be cited in illustration of a spirit of progress. I will mention but two of these, namely, the discovery of auscultation, and the employment of the thermometer in the study of diseases. Laennec's discovery of auscultation was an event of great importance in the history of medicine. By means of the physical signs determined by listening to sounds within the chest, the different affections of the lungs and heart are now readily distinguished from each other, and our knowledge of the symptoms and laws of these affections has been brought to great perfection. The great work by Laennec on auscultation was published in Paris in 1819. It was translated into English by Dr. Forbes, of London, in 1821. The importance of this new method of examination was not at once appreciated either in France or other countries in Europe. It met with indifference, skepticism, and ridicule. At that time crossing the Atlantic for medical improvement was a great undertaking. Nevertheless, not a few of the young medical men of this country resorted to Paris, London, and Edinburgh with that purpose. The stethoscope of Laennec, through their agency, was speedily in use on this side of the Atlantic. The writer can testify that, as far back as 1832, the facts of auscultation entered largely into medical teaching. At this time an important physical sign had been discovered by a most promising American physician, who died as he was just entering upon an active professional life.* In 1836 a prize was offered for competitive

* The reader interested in this matter is referred to a paper entitled *Quarantine: General Principles affecting its Organization*, by S. Oakley Vanderpoel, M.D., Health Officer of the port of New York, etc., 1875.

† Sir James Simpson on anæsthesia, etc., 1849.

* James Jackson, Jun., of Boston.

dissertations on this together with other methods of exploration, the successful competitor being Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose early labors in medicine were of a character to occasion in the minds of those devoted to this department of knowledge a feeling of regret that his talents have been diverted to the pursuits of literature, in which he has achieved such great distinction.

The employment of the thermometer in practical medicine is of recent date. Although advocated and to some extent exemplified by previous medical observers, it is chiefly owing to the labors of Wunderlich, in Germany, that this instrument is now in common use in the practice of medicine. Simple as seems the proposition to determine the heat of the body in diseases by exact measurement, in place of the fallacious evidence afforded by the sensations of the patient or the physician's touch, its importance has only been appreciated within the last ten or fifteen years. Wunderlich's labors have established certain thermometric laws in disease which are now considered as of great value in estimating danger and in discriminating diseases from each other. The promptness with which medical thermometry was adopted in this country, and the very general use of the thermometer, may be mentioned as evidence of a spirit of progress.*

Passing now to discoveries and improvements originated in this country, I must restrict myself to certain of those which are prominent, overlooking much that it would be culpable to omit in a history of American medicine. Adopting a chronological arrangement, the formidable surgical operation known as ovariotomy is the first in the series.

This operation was performed for the first time by Ephraim M'Dowell, of Danville, Kentucky, in 1809. After having performed it in two other instances, he reported very briefly the three cases in the *Eclectic Repertory and Analytical Review*, in 1816. The operation was successful in each of the three cases. He subsequently performed it ten times, making the whole number of cases thirteen, of which eight, at least, were successful. Although never before performed, the possibility and propriety of the operation had been advocated, especially by John Bell, a distinguished teacher of anatomy and surgery in Edinburgh. M'Dowell was a private pupil of Bell in 1793 and 1794, and it is probable that the determination was then formed to undertake the operation whenever the opportunity offered.

M'Dowell's report of cases was received with incredulity, and the operation was not repeated by any other surgeon until the year 1821, when it was performed by Nathan Smith, Professor of Surgery in Yale College. It was performed by the latter surgeon without the knowledge of M'Dowell's previous operations. For more than twenty years it was practically almost ignored in this country, and during the next twenty years it encountered much opposition from members of the medical profession. Within the last fifteen years this opposition has in a great measure ceased, and the number of operations has progressively increased, so that in 1871 the number of reported cases amounted to 739, an analysis of 660 of the cases giving a success of sixty-eight per cent.*

M'Dowell's report of his first three cases was published in Great Britain in 1824. Here too it was received with incredulity. The editor of the most influential of the English medical journals at that time, the *Medical and Chirurgical Review*, applied the quotation, *Credat Judæus, non ego.* Subsequently he used this language: "In despite of all that has been written respecting this cruel operation, we entirely disbelieve that it has ever been performed with success, nor do we think it ever will." Having quoted this extract, another should be added, taken from the same journal of the following year (1826): "A back settlement of America—Kentucky—has beaten the mother country, nay, Europe itself, with all the boasted surgeons thereof, in the fearful and formidable operation of gastrotomy with extraction of diseased ovaries. In the second volume of this series we adverted to the cases of Dr. M'Dowell, of Kentucky, published by Mr. Lizars, of Edinburgh, and expressed ourselves as skeptical respecting their authenticity. Dr. Coates, however, has now given us much more cause for wonder at the success of Dr. M'Dowell; for it appears that out of five cases operated on in Kentucky by Dr. M'Dowell, four recovered after the operation, and only one died. There were circumstances in the narratives of the first three cases that caused misgivings in our minds, for which uncharitableness we ask pardon of God and Dr. M'Dowell of Danville." The first cases in Scotland proving unsuccessful, the operation was not repeated for twenty years. In England it was first successfully performed in 1836. Here, as in America, under considerable violent opposition, operations within the last twenty years have multiplied rapidly, so that in 1863, 377 cases had been reported, sixty per cent. of which had been successful. In 1870 the number of operations performed in England had increased to 1000 or 1100, more than 300 having been performed by one surgeon. In France ovariotomy was first per-

* The remarks in relation to the thermometer are equally applicable to two still more recent improvements in the means of investigating the phenomena of disease, namely, the ophthalmoscope and the laryngoscope.

* Peaslee on ovarian tumors, 1872.

formed in 1844, and was successful. The operation was here denounced by distinguished surgeons. In 1870 there had been reports of 190 operations, all but seven after 1862, the percentage of success being less than in England and America. In Germany in 1870 there had been 180 operations, with a percentage of only forty-one per cent. of recoveries.*

I have cited the foregoing historical facts in order that the non-medical reader may to some extent appreciate the importance of this operation. That it has saved many lives can not be doubted; and if in some instances life might not have been destroyed by the disease, the successful performance of the operation has relieved patients from a distressing burden and deformity. Its origination, therefore, is one of the prominent events illustrative of American medical progress. When the large size of the ovarian tumors is considered, together with the nature of the operation—opening the abdomen by a long incision, and exposing the contained viscera—one can not but admire the boldness, self-confidence, and philanthropy which led to this great surgical achievement.

Other important surgical operations were performed in this country for the first time not long after the operations of M'Dowell. Early in the past centennial period the great John Hunter introduced a new operation for the cure of popliteal aneurism. Previously the operation had been opening the aneurismal sac, removal of the fibrinous or bloody clots contained within it, and tying the artery above and below it—an operation attended with not a little risk of life from loss of blood and subsequent dangers, rendering it often unsuccessful. The Hunterian operation, as it was termed, consisted in tying the femoral artery at a distance from the tumor, leaving the latter to diminish or disappear from the gradual absorption of its contents. An account of this great improvement in surgery was first published in 1787.

Hunter's operation opened up a new field in practical surgery, namely, the ligation of arteries of a still larger size, not only in cases of aneurism, but to arrest hemorrhages, and for the relief or cure of certain local affections. Successive operations in this new field are among the most striking of the events denoting progress during the next thirty years. American surgeons took a prominent part in these operations. Abernethy tied the external iliac artery, in the groin, for aneurism in 1802. Stevens in Santa Cruz and Atkinson in England had tied the internal iliac artery, the former with and the latter without success, when the operation was successfully performed by S. Pomeroy White, of Hudson, New York, in 1827. In the same year Valentine Mott successfully tied the common iliac artery in a case of aneurism. This artery had been tied but once previously, and in that instance the operator was an American surgeon, Gibson, then of Maryland, afterward of Philadelphia. In the latter case the operation was to arrest hemorrhage after a wound in the abdomen. The carotid artery on one side was first tied by Sir Astley Cooper in 1808. At that time probably no surgeon would have ventured to tie the common carotid artery on both sides. This was done in 1829, by Mussey, an American surgeon, twelve days intervening between the two operations. The disease was aneurism by anastomosis; the aneurismal tumor was afterward removed, and the patient recovered.

Tying the subclavian artery above the collar-bone had been attempted by Sir Astley Cooper, and the operation abandoned, in 1809. Subsequently the operation had been performed in Great Britain four times, but in each case without success, when it was for the first time successfully performed by Wright Post, of New York, in 1817. In 1818 Valentine Mott performed the difficult and bold operation of tying the innominate artery. This operation, in the language of his biographer, Professor Gross, "gave him a world-wide reputation, and placed him in the very foremost rank of the illustrious surgeons of his day." To appreciate the operation, some knowledge of anatomy and physiology is requisite. Suffice it to say that the innominate artery, situated in "fearful proximity to the heart," is the vessel which distributes the blood to the right side of the head and the right upper extremity. Cutting off suddenly with a ligature the flow of blood through this vessel, the reliance for the circulation of blood in the parts just mentioned is upon the communications between its branches and those of other arteries. Appreciating the sense of responsibility which the surgeon must have felt in venturing on such an operation for the first time, we can sympathize in the intense anxiety as thus described by his biographer: "Doubtful whether so large a quantity of blood could suddenly be intercepted so near the heart without very serious effects upon the brain, he drew the cord very gradually, with his eyes intently fixed upon the patient's countenance, determined to withdraw it instantly if any alarming symptoms should arise. His feelings had been wrought to the highest pitch, and we may therefore easily imagine the relief he experienced when he perceived, to use his own language, 'no change of feature or agitation of body.'" The operation was not successful, the patient dying from secondary hemorrhage twenty-two days after its per-

* For further details vide Peaslee, op. cit.

formance; the fact, however, that so large a vessel may be tied with impunity was demonstrated. The operation was afterward repeatedly performed, without success, owing to the occurrence of hemorrhage. It was reserved for an American surgeon at length to perform it with complete success. In 1864 this artery was tied by A. W. Smyth, of New Orleans. Repeated hemorrhages having taken place, as in the other cases, Smyth, fifty-four days after the operation, tied another of the arteries carrying blood to the brain—the vertebral artery—and by this second operation the loss of blood was controlled. The patient recovered.

I have referred to the tying of large arteries with some detail, because these successive operations represent important discoveries and improvements. It has been seen that with these operations the surgeons of this country were in no small measure identified. I do not refer to other great surgical operations performed by Mott and others, showing knowledge, skill, and boldness in the operations. It would be an injustice to distinguished members of the profession to omit doing this were I writing a history of American medicine; but the object of this sketch, it is to be borne in mind, is not to do honor to the individuals by whose attainments and labors the profession has been honored, but to cite representative facts as illustrative of progress.

The next important event belonging in this series pertains to physiology, namely, the remarkable observations of Beaumont in relation to digestion. A Canadian boatman, named Alexis San Martin, from an accidental discharge of a musket loaded with buckshot, was wounded in the abdomen, and recovered with a permanent opening into the stomach. He was under the care of Beaumont, a surgeon of the United States army, who at once recognized the opportunity of making important observations and experiments, the opening enabling him to withdraw the contents of the stomach at will without any injury to the patient. Prior to this time it had been ascertained that the processes of digestion in the stomach were dependent on the presence of a secreted liquid—the gastric juice. This liquid, however, had never been obtained in so large quantity and in such a state of purity as was now practicable. Beaumont, securing the co-operation of the patient, and keeping him daily under observation from the year 1825 to 1832, studied with great patience and ability the character of this liquid when withdrawn from the stomach, and the successive changes taking place in the aliment during digestion. The effects of the gastric juice upon different kinds of nutriment out of the body were carefully observed; the relative digestibility of the various articles of food within the stomach was accurately determined, and the effects of disturbing extrinsic influences were noted. Beaumont published an account of his experiments and observations in 1834. This event was one of great importance in the progress of physiology. The facts contained in his publication at this day are to be found in the physiological text-books of all countries. Within late years experimental physiologists have been accustomed to produce, in inferior animals, especially in the dog, an artificial communication with the interior of the stomach such as was occasioned by accident in the case of the Canadian boatman, in order to obtain the gastric juice, and to demonstrate its effect upon food both within and without the organ. It is obvious, however, that the results of these experiments and observations could not be considered as representing, in all regards, facts pertaining to digestion in man, and hence, as furnishing a standard for comparison, those made by Beaumont are invaluable.

I come now to the crowning event in the history of American medical and sanitary progress during the last centennial period. If it be admitted that every thing pertaining to the physical universe and to living beings is in conformity with an infinitely intelligent and wise government, diseases exist for certain purposes, and the means of preventing, controlling, and ameliorating them acquired by human knowledge are not left to chance. The history of medical and sanitary progress in the past shows that epochs characterized by great discoveries do not occur in rapid succession. Jenner's discovery at the end of the last century constituted a great epoch. The discovery of the useful application of anæsthetics may be considered as constituting the second great epoch within the last centennial period. Had it been announced a century ago that ere long surgical operations were to be divested of suffering, that the law of distress in child-birth imposed upon woman in the primeval curse was to be abrogated, and that pain need no longer be an element in many diseases, would not such an announcement have seemed as marvelous, to say the least, as that, by means of steam, the Atlantic Ocean might be traversed in less than ten days, the American continent in a still less number of days, and that, through the agency of the electrical current, a communication could be sent around the globe in the space of a few minutes?

The successful application of anæsthesia by the inhalation of ether, or etherization in surgery, was first demonstrated in Boston, in 1846. The first application in operative midwifery was also made in Boston, in 1847. Chloroform, which was speedily to a considerable extent substituted for sulphuric ether as the anæsthetic agent, was intro-

duced by Simpson, of Edinburgh, shortly after the discovery of etherization. It is needless to dilate on the inestimable boon which anæsthesia, in its various useful applications, has conferred on mankind. The annihilation of pain was so obviously such a great blessing that almost the only questions ever raised in opposition have related to the impossibility of absolute security against the occasional loss of life from the anæsthetic agent. Of the two anæsthetic agents, ether and chloroform, the latter has been generally employed in Europe, and also to a considerable extent in this country. A combination of the two agents is sometimes employed. The danger to life is undoubtedly greater from chloroform than from ether, but the administration of the latter is more difficult, and the inhalation is often disagreeable: these are the reasons for the preference given so largely to the former. The danger from ether is almost *nil*, and that from chloroform is exceedingly small. Thus, at Guy's Hospital, London, chloroform had been used in more than 12,000 cases before any serious accident occurred, and in the Crimean war it was administered more than 25,000 times without a single death.*

It is difficult to appreciate blessings without taking as a stand-point a period when they were not enjoyed. Events with which we become familiar cease after a time to excite wonder or admiration; and when the mind becomes accustomed to extraordinary acquisitions, they seem to have come as a matter of course. If we go back to the time when severe, tedious surgical operations were performed without anæsthesia, recalling the prolonged agony of the sufferer, the strongest endurance tasked to the utmost, the patient sometimes requiring to be forcibly restrained by powerful assistants, or confined by straps to the operating table, one can form an adequate estimate of the precious discovery of a prompt, efficient, and safe method of annihilating pain. Contrast with the picture just presented the severest of operations at the present day, the patient falling easily and quickly into a quiet sleep, and awakening to find, to his astonishment, that all is over! This contrast might be extended to cases of severe, protracted confinements, and also to certain diseases characterized by intense suffering. But the advantages of anæsthesia are not limited to the relief of suffering. The annihilation of pain often contributes to recovery; for the shock and exhaustion caused by pain may do much toward an unfavorable termination after surgical operations, or in cases of confinement and disease, and may even be the immediate cause of death. Anæsthesia thus has been the means of the saving of human life. Moreover, it has had this effect in another mode. Patients heretofore sometimes preferred death to the terrible trial of painful operations which now have no terrors. There is still another application in which anæsthesia is of incalculable benefit. It enables the surgeon or physician to make careful and thorough examinations after injuries, and to explore by appropriate means internal parts, the requisite manipulations heretofore causing so much suffering that they were thereby impracticable or hazardous.

It would be pleasant to connect the discovery of the useful applications of anæsthesia with the name of a discoverer holding a position as a benefactor of mankind like that of Jenner. While we claim for our country the honor of the discovery, the circumstances connected with it are not in all respects agreeable or creditable. The merit of the discovery seems due to the late Horace Wells, a practicing dentist in Hartford, Connecticut. He first made the application to himself, inhaling the nitrous oxide gas, and having a tooth extracted while insensible from this anæsthetic. Afterward he employed this agent for the same purpose in several instances. He attempted to bring the matter before the profession by a public demonstration at the medical college in Boston, but his experiments not proving successful on that occasion, he met with ridicule instead of encouragement. Driven to despondency and insanity, he subsequently committed suicide. His successful applications of the nitrous oxide gas were made in 1844. Morton, a dentist in Boston, who had been a pupil of Wells, subsequently made experiments upon himself and others, using as the anæsthetic agent sulphuric ether. In the selection of this agent and in the manner of using it he was guided by C. T. Jackson, a distinguished chemist in Boston. It was by Morton's solicitation that John C. Warren was induced to perform, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, an operation for the removal of a tumor of the neck on a patient rendered insensible by the inhalation of ether. The anæsthesia in this instance was not complete, but the suffering from the operation was evidently diminished. On the following day an operation was performed by George Hayward on a patient etherized by Morton and rendered entirely insensible. This was the first completely successful application to a surgical operation, exclusive of the previous experiments for the extraction of teeth. From that date the employment of anæsthesia rapidly extended. To Morton is due the credit of accomplishing the practical application of anæsthesia to surgical operations, but he probably derived the idea from his preceptor, Wells. Jackson suggested ether in place of the nitrous oxide gas, and aided

* Gross's *System of Surgery*.

Morton by his chemical knowledge. Unhappily Morton and Jackson were led to declare the anæsthetic agent a compound which they kept a secret, calling it *letheon*, and obtaining a patent for it as a joint discovery. Such a procedure is in violation of medical ethics, and was in no wise creditable. Afterward each claimed to be the discoverer. These circumstances, together with the conflicting statements and acrimonious discussions which followed, are painful to think of in connection with a discovery which has rendered such great service to mankind.

In referring to the extraction of teeth in connection with anæsthesia, I have not considered this in the light of a surgical operation, but inasmuch as most persons have had more or less practical acquaintance with it, to describe the painfulness of the process were superfluous. It is worthy of note that the inhalation of the nitrous oxide gas, the anæsthetic agent with which Wells experimented, is now largely used to render painless the extraction of teeth. The anæsthesia induced thereby is not sufficiently lasting for most surgical operations, but it answers for this purpose; and thus far, having been administered many thousand times, it has not been followed by any serious consequences. In this regard the dentist's chair is now deprived of all its terrors: after a moment of pleasant dreams, its occupants awaken to find the offending members gone.

Passing from the foregoing brief account of the more notable of the discoveries and improvements exemplifying medical and sanitary progress, I must be satisfied with a cursory notice of some of those of lesser importance, belonging, for the most part, to the history of the last forty years. I desire to premise distinctly that I by no means undertake to include in the following list all, or even the greater part, of the minor contributions which have been made during this period to the science and art of medicine—using the term medicine here, as hitherto, in its comprehensive sense, which embraces every thing relating directly or indirectly to surgery and obstetrics, as well as to the study of the human organism in health and in disease. My object is simply, as already noted, to cite illustrations of the co-operation of our country in medical progress, and the facts cited are those which suggest themselves in my own retrospection.

The substitution of simple manual efforts for pulleys and other mechanical appliances in the reduction of dislocations of the hip joint is an American improvement. It had been taught by Nathan Smitt and practiced by Physic, but for its complete exposition and popularization the profession is indebted to the late W. W. Reid, of Rochester, New York. By means of the improvement, quoting the words of an eminent surgeon, "the reduction of this dislocation is no longer, as it once was, the dread of the surgeon and the terror of the patient." Reid published his experiments and observations in 1851.

In 1848 Gurdon Buck reported a series of cases in which the rare and fatal affection known as œdema of the glottis had been successfully treated by scarifications of the glottis and epiglottis. This affection in some instances destroys life very suddenly, and the only resource is in prompt surgical interference. Buck's simple operation was a substitute for opening the larynx, or laryngotomy. The operation was original with him, although it was afterward ascertained that it had been performed by Lisfranc, of Paris, but without having attracted attention.

In 1850 H. I. Bowditch resorted to puncture with a small-sized instrument and the employment of suction for the purpose of withdrawing morbid liquids from the chest. He subsequently employed this method in cases of pleurisy in a very large number of cases, and also applied it to the removal of purulent liquid in other situations. The method has been since employed by others in this country and in Europe with great success. Latterly, under the name of aspiration, it has become popularized, and it is one of the most important of the improvements in practical medicine within the last quarter of a century.

In 1846 Horace Green published a work on diseases of the air passages, in which he asserted that it was practicable to introduce an instrument through the mouth into the larynx, and in this way to make topical applications in the treatment of diseases here seated. The assertion was at first received with much incredulity and distrust, the feasibility of the operation being by many denied. On this point, however, at the present time few, if any, are skeptical.

In 1848 Jonathan Knight, of New Haven, Connecticut, reported the first successful case in which recovery from aneurism was effected by means of digital compression—a method of treatment which has since been resorted to successfully in a considerable number of cases.

Of American surgeons now living or recently deceased a considerable number have rendered valuable service by either originating or modifying operations, and by contributions to surgical literature. In this list are Gross, who most appropriately heads it, and whose voluminous writings are held in the highest estimation not only in this country but abroad; Hamilton, whose treatise on fractures and dislocations is recognized as a standard work in all countries; Sayre, whose original operations on diseases of joints and ingenious improvements in orthopædic surgery have secured for him transatlantic honors; Brainard, John C.

Warren, his son, J. Mason Warren, George Hayward, Henry I. Bigelow, James R. Wood, Van Buren, Parker, Markoe, Eve, Moore, and many others whose names would not be omitted in a full history of the progress of American surgery. To all justice will doubtless be done in papers to be presented at the Centennial International Medical Congress to be held in Philadelphia in September next.

Important improvements in certain operations for the treatment of the accidents incident to confinement and the diseases of women have been contributed within the last quarter of a century by J. Marion Sims, James P. White, T. G. Thomas, Emmet, Peaslee, Barker, and others whose names are identified with the literature of this department of medicine. To notice these contributions more specifically would in this article be out of place.

The foregoing improvements relate to practical surgery, and, for obvious reasons, they are more easily characterized than those relating to the remedial or other measures of treatment in cases of disease. An improvement pertaining to the physical diagnosis of the diseases of the chest may be mentioned, namely, the binaural stethoscope invented by Canmann in 1854. The advantages of this acoustic instrument in the practice of auscultation are such that, unless it be superseded by further improvements, it must take the place of the various stethoscopes devised since the time of Laennec.

Let it not be inferred, from the omission to specify original views and improvements relating to the treatment of diseases, that progress in the latter within late years has been less marked than in surgery. The writings and oral teachings of such men as James Jackson, John Ware, Bowditch, and Shattuck, of Boston; George B. Wood, Dickson, Stillé, J. R. Mitchell, Da Costa, and La Roche, of Philadelphia; Davis and Alien, of Chicago; Elisha Bartlett, Swett, and Alonzo Clark, of New York; and Daniel Drake, of Ohio, have rendered the science and art of medicine in this country steadily progressive. In this connection reference should be made to a discourse, published in 1835, "on self-limited diseases," by Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, which led physicians in this country to recognize more fully than before the important fact that many diseases tend intrinsically to recovery, and to appreciate the importance of the study of the natural history of diseases.

Important contributions to the *materia medica* have not been wanting. As long ago as 1807 the remedy known as ergot was brought to the notice of the profession by Dr. Stearns, and named by him *pulvis parturiens*, a term expressive of its peculiar operation in cases of confinement. Its potency in the application denoted by this term has since been every where recognized, and of late it has been found to have a much wider range of usefulness, being now regarded by many as possessing much efficiency in arresting hemorrhages in different situations. The veratrum viride was employed as a medicine by Tully, Osgood, and other physicians in New England as far back as 1835; but it was brought forward more recently (1850) as a remedy of great power in producing a sedative operation on the heart, by Norwood, of South Carolina. The lobelia, or Indian tobacco, is also an American remedy, introduced to the notice of the profession by the Rev. Dr. Cutter, of Massachusetts, for the relief of asthma, and afterward much used as a palliative in that disease both here and abroad. The use of the anthelmintic remedy, chenopodium or worm-seed, originated in Virginia in the early part of the present century. The anæsthetic agent, chloroform, so extensively used since its employment by Simpson in 1848, was discovered by Guthrie, of Sackett's Harbor, New York, at about the same time that it was also discovered by Soubeiran, at Paris, in 1831.

The medical history of our country within the last quarter of a century is not altogether barren in contributions to anatomy and physiology, albeit the tendency to studies having a direct and obvious practical bearing is predominant. The researches of Isaacs in relation to the structure of the kidneys were characterized by great minuteness, completeness, and accuracy. They have been so considered and adopted in Europe as well as in America. Brown-Séquard, although not a native of this country, is of American paternity, his father having been born in Philadelphia. Moreover, a considerable part of his anatomical, physiological, and pathological labors have been prosecuted and the results originally published here. He has contributed largely toward our knowledge of the structure, functions, and morbid conditions of the nervous system; also important facts relating to other organs and functions of the body. Bennett Dowler, of New Orleans, had made valuable contributions to our knowledge of the temperature of the body in anticipation of recent researches in that direction, and he has also made interesting contributions to the study of the nervous system. John C. Dalton has published original and valuable observations relating to the nervous system, digestion, the functions of glands, and other physiological subjects. To him is due the credit of the introduction of vivisections into physiological teaching, which important mode of illustration is probably practiced in certain of our medical schools more largely than in those of Europe. S. Weir Mitchell has developed important facts in relation to the nervous system. Austin Flint, Jun., has contributed new views re-

specting circulation and respiration, together with experimental researches relating to a new function of the liver. The latter received honorable mention by the French Academy of Sciences, with a recompense of 1500 francs. Brown-Séquard, Dalton, and Flint junior have contributed largely to physiological literature.

It remains to consider briefly medical and sanitary progress as exemplified by mutations in the practice of medicine. It is a curious fact that, according to a wide-spread popular belief, physicians of the present day hold strictly to doctrines handed down by Hippocrates, Galen, and others of the early fathers in medicine. These ancient doctrines, it is by many supposed, have with the medical profession somewhat of the force exerted by theological dogmas on their adherents. The practice of medicine is thought to embrace a binding creed, from which physicians are expected not to swerve under the penalty of being repudiated by their brethren. Hence it is common to speak of a medical man as belonging to the "old school." I say this is a curious fact, for quite the reverse is the truth. The past history of medicine shows a series of mutations in its principles and practice. It is far more open to attack on the score of successive changes than of fixedness. The illegitimate systems which from time to time have sprung up are distinguished by being based on particular dogmas. Their followers are truly sectarians. There is no other standard for medical orthodoxy than the opinions held by the reputable physicians and inculcated in the accredited works. As regards individual opinions and modes of practice, so long as they are not maintained in a sectarian spirit nor adopted for unworthy ends, there are no restrictions in the way of professional fellowship. The views of a physician, theoretical or practical, may be never so eccentric or absurd without interference with his fraternal relations, provided he conforms to the established principles of medical ethics, and does not place himself in an attitude of antagonism toward the honor and dignity of the profession.

A comparison of the early and latter part of the last centennial period furnishes many striking points of contrast. Of course it can not be expected in this paper to go into details; I must confine myself to leading characteristics. A very marked contrast relates to the use of certain potential measures of treatment, such as blood-letting, cathartics, emetics, blisters, or other methods of counter-irritation, the use of mercurial remedies, etc. Comparatively these are but little employed at the present time. This therapeutical change is by no means proof that these measures are not useful. Their usefulness has heretofore undoubtedly in many instances been overestimated, and it is not improbable that further progress in medical experience will show that they are now underestimated. One reason for their being used with more circumspection and reserve is, the ends for which they were employed, owing to improvements in *materia medica* and pharmacy, are now accomplished by remedies which involve less repugnance on the part of the patient, and which are less liable to do harm if injudiciously employed. In this point of view, therefore, the change denotes progress in knowledge. Perhaps nowhere more than in this country is the practice of medicine characterized by the change just adverted to.

Potential drugs of all kinds are less used now than heretofore. This is due in a measure to a better knowledge than formerly of their operation, acquired by accumulated clinical experience and experiments on the lower animals. But it is in a great measure attributable to the results of the study within late years of the natural history of diseases. This term embraces the laws regulating the termination, the duration, the phenomena, and the complications of diseases, irrespective of the operation of active measures of treatment. The importance of this study has been for the past half century more appreciated than formerly. As opportunities have offered, it has been prosecuted with much zeal and patience. Physicians in this country have taken not an insignificant part in the prosecution of this study. The results have shown that many diseases are self-limited in duration, and pursue a favorable course without active medicinal interference, and, as a consequence, there is a greater reserve now than heretofore in the use of potential drugs. And in proportion to this reserve a greater importance has been attached to what may be distinguished as sanitary measures of treatment, such as ventilation, regulation of temperature, etc. It is undoubtedly true that many diseases are more successfully managed on account of these changes. In the dietetic management of the sick there has been great improvement. The recognition of the importance of supporting the powers of life by an adequate alimentation, together with the judicious use of alcoholic stimulants, is one of the striking characteristics of progress in the practice of medicine during the last half century. In all these mutations indicative of progress, it may be claimed, in behalf of the medical profession of this country, that they have not been backward in conforming to them nor in promoting them. The American medical mind may be said to be eminently cosmopolitan and eclectic. With perhaps some undue readiness in accepting opinions emanating from abroad, the prevailing disposition is to seek every where for new developments of knowledge, especially in the practical departments of med-

icine. In this country, as elsewhere, one point of contrast between the present and the past is the diminished power of individual authority in medical doctrines. At this day, much less than in former times, is the phrase, *Jurare in verba magistri*, applicable to the medical profession.

In the preparation of remedies there is a notable contrast between the earlier and later portions of the last centennial period. The improvements in pharmacy have been very great. Concentrated forms of medicine have largely supplanted infusions or decoctions and bulky medicinal substances. The discovery of the alkaloid quinia was in 1820. Previously malarial fevers were treated with the powdered cinchona bark, the quantity requisite for a cure being so large that, on this account, the treatment was very often unsuccessful. Let it be considered that pounds of the bark are represented by a few grains of the alkaloid. Quinia was speedily after its discovery in use in America, where malarial fevers were a great obstacle in the way of the settlement of our vast national domain. As early as 1841 it had been employed in doses which had not been ventured upon in Europe, but which since that time have been found essential to secure its full remedial power, not only in malarial fevers, but in other diseases. The experience in our country did much toward developing knowledge respecting the curative power of this great antiperiodic remedy.

In the manufacture and employment of other isolated medicinal principles from vegetable remedies, and of extracts, the pharmaceutists and physicians in this country have not been far behind those of Europe. To appreciate the progress in this regard, from the stand-point of the patient, one must be able to recall the time when the nauseousness of physic could not fail to tempt many to throw it to the dogs. Thanks to pharmaceutical improvements, doses of medicine are now rarely disagreeable, and not unfrequently they are even rendered palatable.

Passing from this brief reference to mutations in practice to the character of the medical profession, as represented by the average of the professional attainments, together with the intellectual and moral qualifications of its members, it is needless to say that the progress has been marked. In these respects the medical profession in the United States to-day will compare favorably with the profession in any part of the world. This may be asserted without presumption. It would be easy to cite the testimony to that effect of competent observers from abroad who have been among us. Nowhere in civilized countries do medical men hold a higher social position than here. Nowhere, as a class, do they exert a stronger influence upon other members of society. In our democratic form of government no body of men are more influential. Were the physicians of any of the States in the Union to combine together to form a political party, their power would be irresistible. With such a combination, the election of officers and law-makers would be under their control. Fortunately, or unfortunately, this is not likely to happen, for, as a rule, physicians are not inclined to take an active part in politics. By those who might deprecate a political party composed of doctors it will doubtless be said, such a union is rendered impossible by their proverbial tendency to disagree. The disagreement of doctors has long been a proverb. They are considered fair game for jests in this regard. Were the charge made in earnest, it would be out of place in this article to undertake to refute it. Of the three professions, the imputation, even in jest, would hardly come with a good grace from the clergy. Our legal friends are sometimes fond of comparing, in this point of view, the medical profession with their own. If any of these should honor this article by a perusal, I am sure they will not take offense if I introduce an anecdote which, as I hope, will not be considered frivolous or out of taste in treating of so sober a subject as medical and sanitary progress. The anecdote was told by an eminent member of the bar in Connecticut, who was a party in the colloquy, and who related it, by-the-way, as evidence that a talent for humor which formerly was possessed by not a few physicians had nearly become extinct, the profession in this respect having retrograded rather than advanced. This distinguished lawyer, meeting one day an old physician of the humoristical school, in order to elicit a witty rejoinder attacked him on the score of the disagreement of doctors, referring, in contrast, to the habitual agreement of lawyers, no matter how violently they opposed each other in their professional antagonism. He asked his friend the doctor to explain this contrast. "Oh," said the doctor, "Milton has given the explanation of the difference between us in this respect in the following quotation:

> "'Devils with devils damn'd firm concord hold;
> Men only disagree.'"

The proper scope of this article takes in only the past; but anticipations naturally follow retrospections. After a review of the progress made during the last hundred years, one can hardly forbear to ask, what will have taken place at the end of the next centennial period? A few thoughts suggested by this question may be permitted in concluding the article. It is quite certain that medical and sanitary progress will continue. This is a fair inference from the continued progress hitherto up to this time.

It is also a logical conclusion, from the facts in the past history of medicine, that future progress in this direction will be by slow advances. As it has been heretofore, so it will be hereafter: great discoveries or improvements will not follow in rapid succession. The great event in the seventeenth century was the discovery of the circulation of the blood, in the eighteenth century the discovery of vaccination, and in the present century the discovery of anæsthesia. Events like these are not to be expected to recur at much shorter intervals. What is to be the next great event? It would, of course, be absurd to attempt to answer this inquiry. Sometimes, however, preliminary circumstances, as we can see afterward, have pointed distinctly to the direction in which a great discovery was to be looked for. If I were to indulge a prophetic fancy, it would lead me to predict that, ere long, the nature of what are called the special or specific causes of disease will be demonstrated. By special causes I mean those which produce certain diseases, such as the continued, the periodical, and the eruptive fevers. That these and some other diseases have each its own special cause, never occurring without the action of its own cause, and the latter producing only that particular disease, is rationally almost certain. We are acquainted with many of the conditions under which these causes are developed, and we know many of the laws of their operation; but their nature has not been ascertained. It is easy to imagine that were these causes fully known, a great impetus would be given to the progress of medicine. The discovery of the nature of one special cause would probably lead, by analogy, to a similar knowledge of the other causes. It may reasonably be supposed that the knowledge of their essential nature would lead to the means of destroying them, or of neutralizing their morbific operation, and in this way the most destructive to human life of the acute diseases would be prevented or arrested. Many circumstances combine to render it probable that these special causes are either vegetable or animal organisms. On these circumstances are based the "germ theory" of disease. It is, indeed, claimed by some that the causation of certain diseases by specific organisms of microscopical minuteness has been demonstrated; by the majority of medical thinkers, however, the demonstrative evidence is not considered as complete. It is an interesting fact that a quarter of a century ago the cryptogamic origin of many diseases was advocated with cogent evidence and argument by a distinguished medical teacher in this country—the late J. R. Mitchell.

Judging from the past, the future progress of medicine will involve improvements of and additions to the means of investigating the body in health and disease. Within the present century the different organs were resolved into their component tissues by differences mainly in sensible properties. In this way Bichat created the department of general anatomy, that is, the description of the elementary tissues into which the organs are resolvable. Next came the application of analytical chemistry to the study of the solids and fluids, by means of which the department of general anatomy was extended. Then followed the employment of the microscope, giving rise to a new province in anatomy and pathology, namely, histology. Meanwhile the investigation of the heart and lungs by means of the conduction of sounds engaged attention, and auscultation became a branch of medicine. Still later the exploration of the interior of the eye and of the air passages by means of optical instruments has given rise to ophthalmoscopy and laryngoscopy. To these might be added numerous improved methods of examining internal parts by manual instruments.

The improved and added means of investigation which are in the future can not be foreseen, but it may be hoped that thereby, before the lapse of another hundred years, will be gained an insight into the molecular processes involved in nutrition, secretion, and excretion. At present our knowledge of these processes is limited to the conditions under which they take place, with certain of their laws and their effects. In proportion as they are more fully understood, the processes involved in inflammation, the various morbid alterations of structure, and the disorders of glandular organs may be expected to be better comprehended, contributing, moreover, to the progress of therapeutics as well as of pathology, and changing materially the principles and practice of medicine.

If, as regards new remedies and improvements in pharmacy, progress continue as it has taken place in the past, the present may very imperfectly represent the future treatment of diseases. It is but a little over half a century since the great antiperiodic remedy, quinia, was discovered. It is not improbable that before the end of another half century a remedy, or remedies, may be discovered which will arrest other fevers or acute inflammatory affections as quinia arrests malarial diseases. If such an event take place, how great will be the change in practical medicine! New modes of introducing remedies into the system may be ascertained more effective than the recently employed method of injecting medicated solutions beneath the skin.

The extent to which abnormal conditions of the mind are dependent on morbid states of the body is hardly yet fully recognized, though it has been the subject of much

thought. Mental disorders falling short of insanity have hitherto entered too little into pathological study. The time may come when, with a better knowledge of the mutual relations of the mental and vital functions, disorders of the former, now in a great measure left for "the patient to minister to himself," will be prevented or successfully treated, and the development of insanity thereby often forestalled. With future progress in this direction, it may be that not a little of the abnormities and enormities which the law considers and punishes as crimes will be recognized as more properly belonging to pathology, claiming the judicious management of the physician rather than judicial treatment.

Finally, the spirit of imaginary foresight which has led to the few foregoing thoughts suggests the question, how will the coming physician differ from the physician of to-day? The question gives rise to a train of speculation which it would be pleasant enough on the part of the writer to pursue; but this I must forego. Suffice it to say that the coming physician will not be regarded even as much as now in the light of a mere prescriber of drugs. I would by no means be thought to underrate the importance of this function. Diseases will always claim medicinal treatment, and doubtless medicines will be prescribed a hundred years hence with more efficacy than in the present stage of medical progress. But the coming physician will be regarded in a higher point of view, as one on whose judgment people will be content to rely in the interdiction as well as in the prescribing of drugs. It will be more and more considered that one of the most important of his professional functions is to determine, by skilled interrogation of the different organs of the body, their freedom from disease, as well as, on the other hand, to detect accurately and early deviations from health. He will himself appreciate more and more the fact that prophylaxis—the prevention of disease—is a higher and more useful branch of medicine than therapeutics. The prevention of crime and the proper treatment of criminals will be recognized as embraced within the scope of medical knowledge and practice. His offices as a hygienic adviser in matters pertaining to mind and body will become equal, if not superior, to his duties as a therapeutist; and the future enlightened lawgiver, with "others in authority," will co-operate in devising and carrying out measures for medical education, the promotion of medical knowledge, and those having reference to public health.

AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.
NEW YORK.

"THE POET."

THE mute gods sent him hither;
But had he been untrue,
Or was he banished thither
Before his beauty grew,
Afeared their own should wither,
Only the mute gods knew.

Earth sent her June to meet him;
And what could Earth do more?
The daisies sprang to greet him
Upon her threshold floor,
And the star-shine did entreat him
When Day had given o'er.

She set her fountains springing
To lull him from desire;
Sea winds and waltzes ringing,
The Lorelei with her lyre,
And the sea winds and the singing
Forbade him to aspire.

But the whitest, sweetest daisies
Grow in remembered bowers,
And in the moonlight mazes
He dreamed of hills and towers,
Seen dimly through these hazes,
Of bolder reach than ours.

Pleasure bent low to woo him,
In beauty unconfined;
Fame, looking backward, threw him
Her smile of bitter kind;
And Power did stoop to sue him
With eyes that loose or bind.

But what were Power or Pleasure
To him whose memory heard
The throbbings of a measure
By which the gods are stirred—
Whose longing left no leisure
For Fame's supremest word?

Our Life was but a dreaming
That bound his eager eyes;
And all Earth's glorious seeming,
Her waves and tender skies,
Veiled sadly, to his deeming,
Some more divine surprise,

Till one unhoped-for dawning
Love caught the veil away.
Above the grand mouth's scorning
She set her smile for aye,
And the evening and the morning
Shut in a perfect day.

The meaning of the roses,
And the harmony of rain,
Which but to Love uncloses,
Grew sudden sweet and plain.
No god, he said, deposes
Whom Love hath crowned again.

But the mute gods, all unfrowning,
Loosed down through worlds ajar
A jewel for the crowning
Immortals call a star;
'Tis Pain in mortal owning—
And the mute gods smile afar.

LORD MACAULAY AND HIS FRIENDS.*



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

WHEN that great Luminary of Learning, the English Lexiphanes, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was making a tour in the Hebrides with his parasite, the impertinent and incomparable Boswell, he encountered the grandfather and granduncle of Lord Macaulay. He had contemplated this tour for five or six years, and in his conversations with Boswell about it had mentioned this granduncle, the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, who had written a *History of St. Kilda*, and who, he said, had set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker. Three or four years later he said the history was well written, except some foppery about liberty and slavery, and praised him for his magnanimity. They started on their tour in the summer of 1773, this elderly Ursa Major and his keeper, a complacent youth of thirty-three, and moving by easy stages, came at last, on the 27th of August, to Nairn, where Boswell expected to meet Mr. Macaulay, who was the minister of Calder. He was not there, for a good clerical reason, but he requested the gentlemen to call at the manse. "We'll go," said the great Cham; and they went. He was thanked, was the historian of St. Kilda, for his book. "It was a very pretty piece of topography." He did not seem much to mind the compliment, Bozzy informs us, naïvely, and adds that, judging from his conversation, Dr. Johnson was persuaded that he did not write the book at all. He, the laird of Auchinleck, had always had a suspicion that it was the work of the learned Dr. John Macpherson, of Skye, who, of course, could do a pretty piece of topography. Dr. Macaulay was exceedingly hospitable, and they agreed to stay all night with him. After dinner they went to Calder Castle, which was called Cawdor Castle, and was the seat of the once prosperous gentleman, the Thane of Cawdor. Dr. Macaulay spoke rather slightingly of the lower English clergy, whereat the great moralist frowned, and made a stupid remark. The cloud passed over, but gathered again in the evening, when the minister of Calder began a rhapsody against creeds and confessions; whereupon the great Defender of the Faith as established exclaimed, with his usual urbanity of intellect, moderation of opinion, and suavity of manners, "Sir, you are a bigot to laxness." While the bigot was good-naturedly studying out on a map the route they should take, his liberal-minded critic went into the library, and of course criticised it. When the evening prayer was in order, his obsequious toady hinted to their host that perhaps his scrupulosity might not like to hear a Presbyterian prayer. The obliging host offered to omit it. He was allowed to repeat it, however; his greatness had no objection. His condescension delighted Bozzy, for he remembered that his highness had refused to sanction by his presence a Presbyterian assembly by hearing Dr. Robertson preach. "I will hear him," he exclaimed, in a burst of generosity, thinking, no doubt, of Zaccheus—"I will hear him if he will get up into a tree and preach." He made some amends for his rudeness, however, by giving Dr. Macaulay's son, a smart lad of eleven, a copy of Sallust which he had brought in his pocket from Edinburgh. *Valete, puer.*

Two months later, lacking two days, our travelers reached Inverary, where the Rev. John Macaulay, the grandfather of Lord Macaulay, came to the inn to meet them. They proceeded together to the castle, where they were introduced to the duke and duchess and other gentle people, and where they dined, and one, at least, did some talking. Dr. Macaulay passed the evening with the travelers at their inn, and was put down because he could not understand how people could be earnest in their good professions whose practice was not suitable to them.

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, Member of Parliament for Hawick District of Burghs. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles without having good practice?" The hard-headed old Scotchman breakfasted with them next morning, nothing hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction. He was a man of good sense, you see, and had a just admiration of Dr. Johnson. He had a high reputation as a preacher, and was remarkable for his fluency. Twice married, he had by his second wife the patriarchal number of twelve children, one of whom, young Master Zachary, was a boy of five when the great tourist of the Hebrides was bullying his father at the inn of Inverary. This branch of the Macaulays removed during the next year to Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, where Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, received his education, and whence he was sent, a lad of sixteen, to a Scotch house of business in Jamaica. He commenced as book-keeper, and soon rose to be sole manager. It would require a skillful pencil to delineate this painstaking, phlegmatic young Scotchman, who was now brought into the closest possible contact with negro slavery. If he had thought about it before, he was not prepossessed against it. His old father saw nothing to condemn in an institution recognized in Scripture. That burning and shining light, John Newton, could reconcile the business of a slave-trader with the duties of a Christian, and his disciples, who were all abolitionists, were scandalized by him to the end of his days. Zachary Macaulay was slow in thinking, but he was honest and earnest, and before long he found himself shocked at the sight of a population who were deliberately kept in ignorance and heathenism. His heart was wounded at the cruelties practiced around him. He did what he could to render the bitter cup of servitude as palatable as possible, but finally becoming tired of trying to find a compromise between right and wrong, he refused great offers from the people with whom he was connected, and throwing up his position at the age of twenty-four, he returned to his native country. What to do next? for his father was dead, and the family were in moderate circumstances. While he was in Jamaica, his brother Anlay, who was a minister of the Established Church, and was settled in England, made a tour to Scotland in company with Mr. Thomas Babington, the owner of Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire. The travelers paid a visit to the old manse at Cardross, where Mr. Babington fell in love with one of the daughters of the house, Miss Jean Macaulay, and married her. Jean was interested in the fortunes of her brother Zachary, as was also her husband, who now stepped forward and assisted him as only a man of position could. Zachary Macaulay was not alone in his detestation of slavery, for before his departure for Jamaica the freedom of all whose feet touched the soil of England had been vindicated before the courts at Westminster, and not a few negroes had become their own masters in consequence of that memorable decision. What to do with the expatriated freedmen was growing a serious question to their patrons, and a scheme was matured for their colonization. Sierra Leone was selected as a proper place for a colony. A company was organized with a charter, and a board which included the names of Granville Sharpe and Wilberforce. A large capital was subscribed, and the chair was accepted by Mr. Henry Thornton, banker and member of Parliament. Mr. Thornton heard the story of Zachary from Mr. Babington, with whom he was intimate, and the board by his advice appointed the young man Second Member of the Council of Sierra Leone. He sailed thither, and soon after his arrival succeeded to the position and duties of Governor. The story of Governor Macaulay's administration at Sierra Leone is curious reading, if we only had time to read it. The colony was hated by merchants whose trade the company had spoiled, and by slave-dealers with whom it interfered; it was hated by the native tribes, who could no longer obtain all the rum and gunpowder they wanted by selling their neighbors at the nearest barracoon; and it was not loved by the freed negroes, who possessed no language but an acquired jargon, and no hankering for civilization. Things went smoothly as long as the provisions which had been brought in the ship lasted, but when commons ran short, and real work began, they were in a state of chronic mutiny. Zachary Macaulay was the man for the crisis. Patient and persevering, his courage was equal to any trial. Incapable of fear and fatigue, he stood as a centre of order and authority amidst the seething chaos of inexperience and insubordination. He was in the counting-house, the law court, the school, even the pulpit. He was his own secretary, his own paymaster, his own envoy. The colony was beginning to prosper, when, one Sunday morning in September, 1794, eight French sail appeared off the coast. The squadron moved near the quay, and swept the streets for two hours with grape and bullets. The invaders landed, and the captain of an American slaver led a party of *sans-culottes* to Governor Macaulay's house. The confusion that followed may be imagined. The town was completely gutted. They remained at Freetown about a month, and set sail again, with fever-stricken crews. There was nothing to tempt them to return. The houses had been carefully burned to the ground, and the live stock killed. Liberal assistance from home and a hard year's work set the colony on its feet once more,

and enabled its Governor to return to England and recruit his health, which had broken down under an attack of low fever.

When Dr. Johnson published his *Journey to the Hebrides*, there was residing in London a lady of thirty, whom Zachary Macaulay was now to meet, and who was to help him to a wife. She was the youngest but one of five sisters who kept a ladies' boarding-school at Bristol when Chatterton was a blue-coat boy at Colston's Hospitals—a scholarly young person, who had written a pretty pastoral drama, and made creditable translations from the Spanish, Italian, and Latin poets. In her first letter from London she mentions the great success of the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and says she has not yet been able to pay her *devoirs* to dear Dr. Johnson, though Miss Reynolds has offered to accompany her. She also mentions the new comedy of young Sheridan, *The Rivals*, which was very unfavorably received the first night, chiefly on account of the bad acting of Lee as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. She thought the author ought to be treated with great indulgence: he was only three-and-twenty, and his genius was likely to be his principal inheritance. "I love him for the sake of his amiable and ingenious mother." A night or two later she went to Drury Lane, where she saw and thought well of *The Maid of the Oaks*, the writer of which, General Burgoyne, was soon to seek and lose laurels in the revolting colonies. Garrick embellished the play, but was not well enough to act or see company—how mortifying! Garrick, Sheridan, Dr. Johnson—these are famous names to figure in a single letter. If we run through the correspondence of this young lady, to which this letter is merely the prologue, we are among the notabilities of the period. She receives the most encouraging compliments from a large party of literary persons assembled at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Miss Reynolds repeats by heart a little poem of hers, with which the great Johnson is much pleased. Dr. Percy visits her and her sisters (Percy's collection—now you know him), a sprightly modern instead of a rusty antique; and when he leaves, Miss Reynolds orders a coach, and the young ladies are driven to Dr. Johnson's very own house: yes, Abyssinia's Johnson, Dictionary Johnson, *Rambler's*, *Idler's*, and *Irene's* Johnson! Can we picture to ourselves the palpitation of those hearts as they approach the mansion? They are introduced to Mrs. Williams, the blind poetess, who is Dr. Johnson's housekeeper. The great man is not in his little parlor; so the genius of the party seats herself in his chair, hoping to catch a ray of his genius. When he hears of it, he laughs heartily, and tells her it is a chair in which he never sat. This reminds him that when he and Boswell were making their memorable tour, they



DR. JOHNSON IN HIS HEBRIDEAN COSTUME.

stopped a night at the spot where they imagined the Weird Sisters met Macbeth, and were so excited that they could not rest. In the morning they were mortified to learn that they were deceived, and were in quite another part of the country. (This was in the inn at Fores, the night before Johnson met Dr. Kenneth Macaulay, and charged him with being a lax bigot.) When the visit of the ladies ended, the eminent tourist called for his hat, as it rained, and attended them down a very long alley to the coach, and not Rasselas, one of them wrote, could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*.

The social and literary success of this much-corresponding lady was marvelous. She moved in the most famous circles of the time, and was received as an equal by the highest. Ursa Major treated her with such distinguished consideration that it is curious to compare his portrait as drawn by her with his portrait as drawn by Boswell. They take tea together at Sir Joshua's, and try to see who can "pepper the highest." She wrote a poem about "Sir Eldred of the Bower," and it kindled a flame

in his cold bosom. He praised the elegant turn of the dedication, and said the compliment was without precedent. Mrs. Montagu declared that she did not think it prudent to leave these lovers by themselves, lest there should be a Scotch elopement. He read "Sir Eldred" to her and her sister, and also another poem about a "Bleeding Rock," made some alterations in the first, and did her the honor to write a whole stanza for it. They called each other pet names —"child," "little fool," "love," "dearest," and the like. His heart grew expansive toward the sisters. "I love you both," cried the *inamorato*. "I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God forever bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses." Once he was angry with her because she flippantly alluded to *Tom Jones*. She sat corrected and grateful, and expressed her abhorrence of *Joseph Andrews*. He reproved her for reading Pascal, but relented enough to say, "Child, I am heartily glad that you read pious books, by whomsoever they may be written." (The child, by-the-way, had seen thirty-six summers.) He was her *cicerone* to Oxford, where he showed her Pembroke College. "This was my room," he said; "this Shenstone's." He pointed out the rooms of other Pembrokean poets. "We were a nest of singing birds." They went into the commons-room, where they spied a fine large print portrait of the singing bird (a youth of seventy-three), under which was a complimentary motto—

"And is not Johnson ours, himself a host?"

She smiled, for the line was from her engaging poem, "Sympathy." Later in their acquaintance, in the last year of his life, she wrote another poem, and he told her that there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it. He died enfeebled by disease, but resigned and pious, and Bozzy announced his intention of publishing anecdotes about him—not his life, he said, but his pyramid. "I besought his tenderness for our virtuous and most revered friend," she wrote, "and begged he would mitigate some of his asperities. He said, roughly, he would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat to please any body." Bozzy published his pyramid, and Burke remarked to her, in allusion to the innumerable lives, anecdotes, remains, and what not that followed, "How many maggots have crawled out of this great man!"

This well-liked woman of letters had another friend, who was devotedly attached to her from her first coming up to London. Something that she had written about a part she had seen him perform interested him, and he called upon her. She pleased him amazingly, as she did his wife, who immediately contracted a great friendship for her. He read her "Sir Eldred" so superlatively that she cried like a child. She wrote a tragedy, and he wrote a prologue and epilogue for it. "He thinks of nothing, talks of nothing, writes of nothing, but *Percy*." *Percy* was produced at Covent Garden, and was a brilliant success. "Whatever he touches he turns into gold," Kitty Clive wrote. Her author's nights amounted to about six hundred pounds, which he laid out for her on the best security. No man of his time was more famous than he, and no one was treated with less respect by Johnson, whose pupil he had been, and who was jealous of his greatness. Our tragic poetess had no sincerer friend, and she repaid his friendship by her hearty admiration of all that was good and generous and beautiful in his genius. Her pages, so widely read once, have not had the immortality of Boswell's, or we should all know this gentleman as she knew him. When he died, and eclipsed the gayety of nations, she rose from a bed of sickness, at the desire of his widow, and hastened to her side. "I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next." Such a friend to Mrs. Hannah More was the great Garrick.

Another good friend was the ingenious Mr. Horace Walpole, whom she visited, and who paid her the prettiest compliments. She wrote a poem, "Bas Bleu," which was considered the finest thing in the world. Handed round in manuscript, the treasure reached the elegant master of Strawberry Hill. He thanked her a thousand times for the privilege of reading her charming and very genteel poem, and promised it should not go out of his hands. Its reputation reached the ears of his bucolic Majesty, George the Third, and she made a copy for him. Was there any body in London that was worth knowing that Hannah More did not know? The list of her friends is like a page in a directory. Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Soame Jenyns, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Burney, Mrs. Thrale, and no end of famous bishops, deans, and other cleric people. She grew serious under the influence of these reverend big-wigs; had her "Thoughts about the Manners of the Great," and her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." These solid subjects and a poem on "Slavery" endeared her to the evangelical and emancipatory circles, and when Zachary Macaulay returned from Sierra Leone, his friends, Wilberforce, Thornton, and the rest, sent him down to Cowslip Green to be introduced to the great and good Hannah More. Visiting Mrs. More at the time was Miss Selina Mills, who had been a pupil of the Misses More at Bristol. She was the daughter of a bookseller of that city, who had built there a small street that was called "Mills Place," and who was a

member of the Society of Friends. Miss Selina was pretty and attractive, and Mr. Zachary fell in love with her, and obtained her affection in return. He encountered the opposition of her relatives, who were set upon her making another and a better match, and of Mrs. Patty More, who wished her never to marry at all, but to domesticate herself as a younger sister in the household at Cowslip Green. They were growing elderly, those virginal cowslips, and felt, perhaps, the need of a fresher flower among them. Mrs. Hannah had known what love was, having had a little affair of her own some twenty or thirty years before (she was now fifty), and she advocated Mr. Macaulay's cause with firmness and good feeling. By her help he carried his point in so far that an engagement was made and recognized by the friends of Miss Mills, who, however, would not allow her to accompany him to Africa, to which he returned early in 1796, she spending much of her time with his sister, Mrs. Babington, in Leicestershire. We shall not follow Governor Macaulay through his second administration at Sierra Leone, further than to say that it was of a piece with the first—annoying and discouraging. He remained until the colony had begun to thrive and the company almost begun to pay, and then, in 1799, gave up his appointment. He returned to England, and at Bristol, on the 26th of August of that year, Miss Selina Mills was made Mrs. Zachary Macaulay. They took a small house in Lambeth for a twelvemonth, and Mrs. Macaulay, becoming as ladies wish to be who love their lords, was invited by her sister-in-law to Rothley Temple; and there, in a room paneled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the old mansion, with oak almost black from age, looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden—there Lord Macaulay was born. It was on the 25th of October, 1800, a historic day—the day that Chaucer died, four hundred years before, and the day that Hogarth died, the day of St. Crispin (as he liked to say), and the anniversary of Agincourt.



HANNAH MORE.

> "Oh, when shall English men
> With such acts fill a pen,
> Or England breed again
> Such a King Harry?"

His father was as pleased as a father could be, but his cup of happiness had a dash of bitter in it the next day, when his horse ran away and threw him; both arms were broken, and he spent in a sick-room the remainder of the only holiday he ever took during his married life. The boy thrived, and on the 26th of November was baptized, in a private chapel which formed part of the house, by the names of Thomas Babington, his uncle Aulay, of whom we have heard, and Mr. and Mrs. Babington acting as his sponsors.

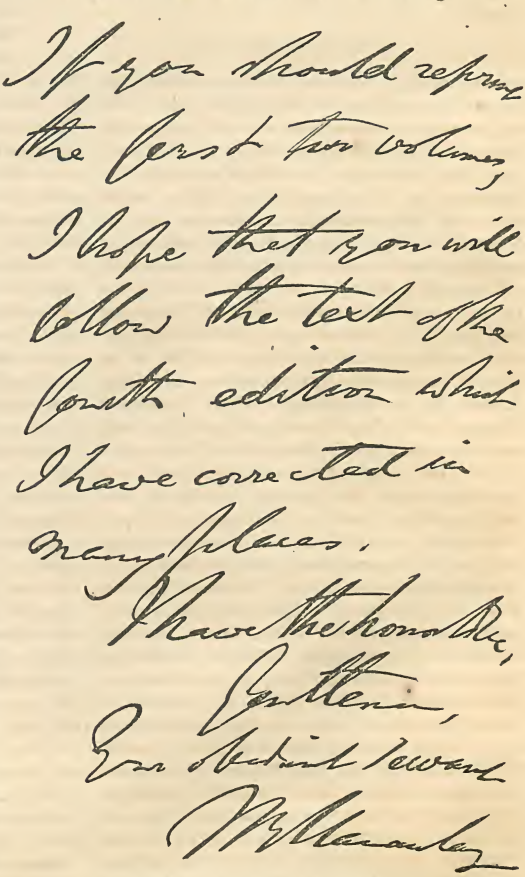
The Sierra Leone Company had an office in a house in Birchin Lane, and to this house the Macaulays removed the following winter. The only place where the child could be taken for exercise and air was Drapers' Garden, which was within a hundred yards of the Stock Exchange. To this dismal yard, which contained as much gravel as grass, the fond mother used to convey her nurse and the little boy through the crowds that toward noon swarmed along Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, and thither she would return to escort them back to Birchin Lane. And thither, in after-years, Lord Macaulay used to resort, so strong was the power of association upon his mind. Baby as he was when he quitted it, he retained some impressions of his earliest home. He remembered standing up at the nursery window by his father's side and looking at a cloud of smoke pouring out of a tall chimney; he asked if that was hell. From Birchin Lane the family removed to a house on High Street, Clapham—a roomy, comfortable dwelling, with a little garden in the front and rear. Here the boy passed a quiet and happy childhood. From the time he was three years old he read incessantly, lying for the

most part on a rug before the fire, with his book on the floor, and a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand. He is remembered by the then parlor-maid as sitting in his nankeen frock, perched on the table by her as she was cleaning the plate, and expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but was fond of walking and talking, telling his mother or the nurse interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language above his years. He remembered the very words of the book he was last engaged in, and he talked, as the maid said, "quite printed words." Mrs. Hannah More called at Mr. Macaulay's one day, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight boy, about four years old, with a profusion of light hair, who came to the door and received her. He told her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in, he would bring her a glass of old spirits. He startled the good old mistress of Barley Wood, who never aspired above cowslip wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits, he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this time his father took him on a visit to Lady Waldegrave, at Strawberry Hill, proud to exhibit to his old friend the fair bright boy, dressed in a green coat, with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trowsers. After he had spent some time among the wonders of the Orford Collection, catalogue in hand, a servant, who was waiting upon the company, spilled some hot coffee on his legs. The hostess was all compassion, and when she asked him, after a while, how he was feeling, he answered, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." When the merest child, he was sent as a day scholar to a Yorkshire school-master, and his mother explained to him that he must learn to study without the solace of bread-and-butter. "Yes, mamma," he said, "industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter." He crept like snail, unwillingly to school, and every afternoon entreated to be excused from returning after dinner. "No, Tom; if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go."

Master Macaulay was the most precocious little boy of whom we have any account in English literature. There is extant a letter from his mother dated in his eighth year, and narrating his literary doings. He had written a compendium of universal history from the creation down; he had written three cantos of "The Battle of Cheviot," a metrical romance; and two cantos of a heroic poem, entitled, "Olaus the Great; or, the Conquest of Mona;" and he had composed she knew not how many hymns. Good Mrs. Hannah More, who was a judge of that staple, pronounced these hymns to be "quite extraordinary for such a baby." He was a constant visitor at Barley Wood, where he was encouraged, and not spoiled. All the Misses More made a companion of him and relished his conversation. Mrs. Hannah, who was in her sixties, superintended his studies, his pleasures, and his health. She kept him with her for weeks, listening to him as he read prose by the ell and declaimed poetry by the yard. She discussed and compared with him his favorite heroes, ancient, modern, and fictitious; coaxed him into the garden walks under the pretense of a lecture on botany; and sent him from his books to run about the grounds, or into the kitchen to play cooking. She gave him Bible lessons, which always ended with theological arguments. When the conversation turned on her more dramatic days, she could tell him of the great English Roscius, who was her dear friend; of that singular coxcomb, James Boswell, who died about twelve years before; of the great Dr. Johnson ("who bullied your grandfather so, Tom, at Inverary, as you read last week in Boswell—the doctor was a good Christian, but he was rather rough at times, more's the pity"); of Sir Joshua, Miss Burney, Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi, who is seventy, if she is a day, Miss Patty declares. She could tell him of old Lord Bathurst, who had known Pope and Swift and the wits of Queen Anne's time. When he was six, she wrote him: "Though you are a little boy now, you will one day, if it please God, be a man; but long before you are a man, I hope you will be a scholar. I therefore wish you to purchase such books as will be useful to you *then*, and that you employ this very small sum in laying a little tiny corner-stone for your future library." A year or two afterward she thanks him for two letters, which were neatly written and free from blots, and says he is entitled to another book. He is to go to Hatchard's and choose it. As epics were nearly exhausted, what did he say to a little good prose?—Johnson's *Hebrides*, or Walton's *Lives*, unless he would like a neat edition of Cowper's poems, or "Paradise Lost," for his own eating. She wanted him to become a complete Frenchman, that she might give him Racine, the only dramatic poet in any modern language that is perfectly pure and good. (Had she forgotten the author of *Percy* and *The Search after Happiness?*) She thought well of an ode which he sent, and was much obliged to him for a dedication. Happy young poet! kindly old patron!

The circumstances of the Macaulay family were improving. Its head had received for some time a salary of £500 a year as the secretary of the Sierra Leone Company, and had entered into a partnership with a nephew. The firm of Macaulay and Babington did a large business as African merchants, and had need to, for before Lord Macaulay was thirteen, he had three brothers and five sisters. They were a prolific

set, those Macaulays. John, the grandfather, had twelve children, and Aulay, the great-grandfather, fourteen. When Master Thomas reached the age of twelve, he had outgrown the school-masters of Clapham, and his father thought of removing to London, in order to place him as a day scholar at Westminster. He ultimately fixed upon Little Shelford, a village near Cambridge. Its master, the Rev. Mr. Preston, was an ex-fellow of Trinity, and his scholars were penetrated with Cambridge ambitions and ways of thought, and frequent visitors brought the freshest Cambridge gossip to the table where master and pupils dined in common. Master Thomas was treated with great kindness by the famous Dean Milman, the president of Queen's College, who wrote to his father after one of these visits: "Your lad is a fine fellow. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men." The letters that Lord Macaulay wrote to his parents during his school days are curious reading now. He is doing Xenophon every day, and the Odyssey twice a week with young Wilberforce. He is also doing Latin verses. He is writing themes, and belongs to a debating society. He has been to Dean Milman's on a pony, has slept there, and is invited to come again. He is reading Plutarch's *Lives*, and in French Fénelon's *Dialogues of the Dead*. He wishes to come home before the holidays, he writes to his mother, and, if he can gain papa's leave, would select his birthday as the time he would wish to spend with his family. "I think I see you sitting by papa, just after his dinner, reading my letter, and turning to him with an inquisitive glance at the end of the paragraph. I think, too, that I see his expressive shake of the head at it. Oh, may I be mistaken!" When he had been a year at Shelford the school was removed to Aspenden Hall, in Hertfordshire, where he spent four most industrious years. He read widely, unceasingly, and more than rapidly. He had an unerring memory, and the capacity of taking in a page at a glance. What caught his fancy as a child he remembered without getting it by heart. He accompanied his father one afternoon on a call, and found on a table "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." While the elders were talking, he read it, and on his return repeated as many cantos as his mother had the patience to listen to. One day at Cambridge, while waiting in a coffee-room for a post-chaise, he picked up a newspaper, and to pass the time, cast his eyes over two poems in the Poet's Corner. He never gave them a thought, but could repeat them forty years afterward without missing or changing a word. He used to say that if every copy of "Paradise Lost" and *Pilgrim's Progress* were destroyed, he would undertake to reproduce them from recollection. He always read books faster than others skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as others turned the leaves. "He seemed to read through the skin." The boy's letters, which at first were pretty and natural, soon began to smack of the library. Before he is fifteen he writes to his good mother that he has read Boccaccio's "Decameron," a tale of one hundred cantos, and that he prefers the writer thereof to Chaucer. Jane will find some translations from Boccaccio in Dryden. He has read *Gil Blas* and "Thalaba;" also the *History of James I.*, and a great deal of Gibbon. He concluded by sending his love to papa, Selina, Jane, John ("but he is not there"), Henry, Fanny, Hannah, Margaret, and Charles. *Valete.* His brothers and sisters worshiped him. His sweetness of temper and unfailing flow of



FAC-SIMILE OF MACAULAY'S HANDWRITING.

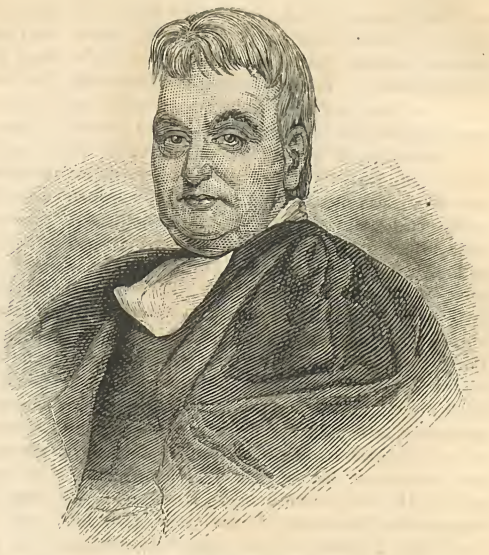


WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

spirits made his presence so delightful that his wishes and tastes were their law. His notion of happiness was to have them working round him while he read a novel aloud, and then to walk with all of them on the Common, or, if it rained, to have a noisy game of hide-and-seek. When he was at home on his holidays, there were no lessons; nothing but fun and merriment for the whole six weeks. He read *Sir Charles Grandison* to them, and such solid works as Clarendon and Burnet. Poetry and novels were forbidden during the daytime, save when he was at home, and stigmatized as "drinking drams in the morning." Papa Macaulay disapproved of novels, except, perhaps, such excellent ones as *Cœlebs* (which had netted £2000 for his good friend, Mrs. More, in a twelvemonth); but he was indulgent, nevertheless, and lived to see himself the head of a family in which novels were more read and better remembered than in any other household in England. Thomas had his joke on this point. He wrote an anonymous communication to his father, who was editor of the *Christian Observer*, defending fiction, and praising Fielding and Smollett. This communication, which the incautious editor published, raised a storm among its evangelical readers, one of whom informed the public that he had burned the obnoxious number, and should take the magazine no more. Clearly the article was a hit—it hit papa. Such was Thomas Babington Macaulay at Clapham, that queer serious neighborhood which Thackeray has painted for us, and from which Master Thomas Newcome ran away.

In October, 1818, Lord Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, with the eldest son of his father's friend, Mr. Thornton. Among his contemporaries were Derwent Coleridge, a son of Coleridge the poet, and Henry Nelson Coleridge, his cousin, both of whom were born in the same year as Macaulay. These young men were an honor to the name they bore, sound scholars, first-rate Grecians, thoughtful, earnest minds, who in after-years were to edit the writings and care for the fame of their great relative. Henry Nelson, who was a scholar of King's, had given indications of great ability by winning two of Sir William Brown's medals, one for the Greek ode, and one for the Latin ode. Other contemporaries were the erratic William Sydney Walker; Charles Austin, of great legal fame; John Moultrie, the poet, who, in his "Dream of Life," has sketched the portraits of his fellow-students; and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, who was the youngest of all. The name of Praed is an interesting one to us, in that his mother's family was a branch of the stout trunk that came over to Massachusetts in the person of John Winthrop; and it is pleasant to remember that he was famous here as a poet thirty years before his poems were collected in England. His father, who was a sergeant-at-law, was a man of cultivation and refinement, and he detected the brilliant promise of his little son. He criticised his boyish writings, especially his verses, with an unsparing hand, greatly to the advantage of the juvenile poet, who, in acquiring accuracy, acquired at the same time distinctness of thought and felicity of expression. After the loss of his mother his education was attended to by an elder sister, until his eighth year, when he was sent to Langley Broom School, where he remained four years. A delicate lad, his vacations were spent at home in rest and recreation and mental culture. He preferred in-door amusements and employments to vigorous sports, and, like Macaulay, delighted in reading to his sisters. Plutarch and Shakspeare were his favorite authors. He was a good chess-player, and he wrote little dramas, which were noticeable for their drollery. Before he was twelve he was sent to Eton, where his father had been, a pale, slight scholar, of a studious and retiring disposition. His progress was so rapid that in little more than a year he was "sent up for good," as the saying is, for a copy of Latin verses. He had a ready pen, and wrote with equal ease in prose and verse. The Eton

boys printed a selection from the pages of two school periodicals, and the reputation it gained stimulated Praed to start another, *Apis Matina*, which was very cleverly conducted. One day in September, 1820, two young gentlemen presented themselves at the cottage of Mr. Charles Knight, printer and publisher. One of them, a pale young person, was Mr. Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Would Mr. Knight print an Eton miscellany for them? He would, if the expenses were met; and he did. The first number of *The Etonian* appeared on the 1st of November. *The Etonian* was edited by Praed and his friend Walter Blunt. Its staff of contributors were Henry Nelson Coleridge, John Moultrie, Sydney Walker, and others of less note, who afterward rose to distinction. Praed wrote under the signature of Peregrine Courtenay, and astonished Mr. Knight by the unbounded fertility of his mind and the readiness of his pen. His handwriting was perfect. "No printer could mistake a word or a letter." Such, in brief, was Winthrop Mackworth Praed when, in his twentieth year, he entered Trinity College, bringing with him a higher reputation than any young man since the days of Canning. "We were a nest of singing birds," said Dr. Johnson at Oxford, speaking for himself and Shenstone; but not such singing birds, revered moralist, as were now nestling at Cambridge. The room in which Macaulay lived in the Old Court of Trinity is still shown, and the flagged pathway along which, as a Bachelor of Arts, he walked, morning after morning, through the long vacation, book in hand, reading as eagerly and rapidly as ever. Here is his portrait by his friend Moultrie:



SYDNEY SMITH.

> "Grave, sedate,
> And (if the looks may indicate the age)
> Our senior some few years: no keener wit,
> No intellect more subtle, none more bold,
> Was found in all our host."

Day and night together were too short for him. As long as a door was open or a light burning in any of the courts, he was always in the mood for conversation and companionship. They used—those gay young roisterers—to sup on milk punch and cold turkey; they drained floods of tea to keep themselves awake, and sat over the fire till the bell rang for morning chapel. In the summer vacations they poured out into the moonlight, and rambled mile after mile in the country, the noise of their talk mingling with the twittering of the birds in the hedges.

There was a debating club there called the Cambridge Union, and Macaulay and Praed were its foremost orators. They were frequently opposed to each other, and recollections of one contest between them have come down to us. Macaulay took it into his head that he believed that George the Third, then lately deceased, was a model king. Who kept England tranquil, prosperous, and secure, when Europe was desolated with war? The Good Old King. Why was it that when neighboring capitals were perishing in flames, our own was illuminated only for triumphs? You may find the cause in the same three words—the Good Old King. Whereupon Praed replied: "A good man! If he had been a plain country gentleman, with no wider opportunities for mischief, he would at least have bullied his footman and cheated his steward." They said sharp things, but they were taken in good humor. The unfortunate Sydney Walker, who was always in trouble, had a great admiration for feminine beauty, and once when a gifted and beautiful woman appeared at a ball in Cambridge he peered in her face and clapped his hands with delight. "It was the joy of the savage," Macaulay said, "when he first sees a tenpenny nail." These ambitious young wits and orators thirsted for distinction, and two of them obtained it by taking the Chancellor's medals for prize poems, Macaulay in 1819 and 1821, and Praed in 1823 and 1824. Macaulay's poems were called "Pompeii" and "Evening;" Praed's, "Australasia" and "Athens." Praed's effusions may be found in the collected edition of his poems, but in order to find Macaulay's heroics one must go outside of his works to the volume entitled *Cambridge Prize Poems*, where he will see the name of E. G. L. Bulwer following Praed the next year with fourteen pages of verse

on "Sculpture;" and five years later the name of Alfred Tennyson, also of Trinity, prefixed to nine pages of blank verse about "Timbuctoo." Young Arthur Hallam took a shy for this prize with the friend who has immortalized his memory, and missed it badly. Macaulay detested the manufacture of Greek and Latin verses in cold blood as an exercise. His hexameters and iambics were never up to the mark, and his translations were charged with being ungracefully bald and inornate. He could and did take a prize for Latin declamation, however, and he established his classical reputation by winning a Craven University scholarship. To think of Macaulay at this time is to associate him with Praed, who was now a Brown's medalist for the Greek ode and for epigrams, and with Mr. Charles Knight, who at the suggestion of Praed came to Cambridge one December day to talk over a new magazine. He was introduced to Derwent Coleridge and to Macaulay; and what with breakfasts and luncheons and cheerful evening wine parties, the inspiration of the famous milk punch of Trinity and of King's, the general plan of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* was settled. Mr. Knight was the editor, and his contributors were Praed, who was Peregrine Courtenay, as in *The Etonian*, with an *alter ego* named Vyvyan Joyeuse; Derwent Coleridge, who was Davenant Cecil; Moultrie, who was Gerard Montgomery; Sydney Walker, who was Edward Haselfoot; Nelson Coleridge, who was Joseph Haller; and Macaulay, who was Tristram Merton. Praed wrote the opening article, "Castle Vernon," in which he introduced a pen portrait of his illustrious friend: "There came up a short manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power or of great good humor, or of both, you do not regret its absence." Mr. Knight is enthusiastic in his autobiography over Lord Macaulay's contributions to his magazine. He had three papers in the first number, only one of which, "Fragments of a Roman Tale," has been reprinted. One of these papers, on "West Indian Slavery," was written to please his father, and seemed likely to interest the Clapham set in the magazine. The elder Macaulay was cranky about his son's literature, and letters passed between them. Tristram Merton had written love verses. What did it mean? "I have a strong curiosity to know who Rosamond is," wrote Praed; and added, "Tristram, I hope Rosamond and your fair girl of France will not pull caps." Finding that his father was pained, Macaulay wrote a letter to Mr. Knight, in which he stated that his father entertained to their utmost evangelical opinions, and that some of the articles in the magazine gave him great uneasiness. "I need not say that I do not in the slightest degree partake of his scruples." Gratitude, duty, and prudence compelled him to respect prejudices that he did not share, and he must desist writing for the present. The second number of the magazine was so dull and decorous, so much on the moral level of the *Christian Observer*, that Papa Macaulay withdrew his objections, and his son took up his pen. Mr. Knight opened his next letter from Macaulay with no common pleasure. It contained two manuscripts, which scarcely filled two sheets of paper, but they were as precious as fine gold. They were the noble poems "Moncontour" and "The Battle of Ivry." Besides these songs of the Huguenots, the third number of the magazine was enriched from the same hand with "Scenes from Athenian Revels," and a paper on Dante.



FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Of all his early writings, Lord Macaulay preferred the "Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the great Civil War." On the 1st of October, twenty-five days before the completion of his twenty-fourth year, he wrote to his father, from Cambridge: "I was elected fellow this morning, and hope to leave Cambridge on Tuesday for Rothley Temple. The examiners speak highly of the manner in which I acquitted myself, and I have reason to believe that I stood first of the candidates." He added that until he became a Master of Arts the following July his pecuniary emolument would not be great, but for

seven years from that time it would make him almost an independent man. Lord Macaulay valued highly his college honors and privileges, and diligently impressed upon a nephew, years after, that if he minded his syntax he might eventually hope to reach a position which would give him three hundred pounds a year, a stable for his horse, six dozen of audit ale every Christmas, a loaf and two pats of butter every morning, and a good dinner for nothing, with as many almonds and raisins as he could eat at dessert.

Macaulay was called to the bar in 1826, and joined the Northern Circuit at Leeds. When the company were retiring for the night on his first appearance at mess, he picked out the largest candle. An old King's Counsel, seeing a book under his arm, remonstrated with him on the danger of reading in bed. "I always read in bed at home," he answered, with immense rapidity of utterance, "and if I am not afraid of committing parricide and matricide and fratricide, I can hardly be expected to pay any special regard to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds." He did not seriously look upon the law as a profession, and could never be persuaded to return to his chambers in the evening, as was the custom then. After a year or two he gave up the pretense of reading law, and spent more hours under the gallery of the House of Commons than in all the courts of law. Throughout his life, said one who knew him best, he never really applied himself to any pursuit that was against the grain. About three months before leaving college he had taken part in a meeting of the Antislavery Society, with the Duke of Gloucester in the chair, and made a speech that was greeted with a whirlwind of cheers, the eloquence of which, the *Edinburgh Review* declared, was so signal for rare and matured excellence that the most practiced orator might well admire how it should have come from one who then for the first time addressed a public assembly. His father sat by and heard him. When it came the turn of Wilberforce to speak, he said that his old friend Macaulay would no doubt bear willingly with all the base falsehoods, all the vile calumnies, all the detestable artifices, that had been aimed against him to render him the martyr and victim of their cause, for the gratification of hearing one so dear to him plead such a cause in such a manner. He was right; but keen as was his pleasure, Zachary Macaulay took it in his own sad way. From the first moment to the last he never moved a muscle, but sat with his eyes fixed on a piece of paper on which he seemed to be writing with a pencil. When referring that evening to what had passed, he remarked to his son that it was ungraceful in so young a man to speak with folded arms in the presence of royalty, meaning the Duke of Gloucester, "Silly Billy." Macaulay had heard too much in his youth to entertain enthusiastic anticipations of the future of the African race. He might have said then, as he wrote thirty-four years later: "I hate slavery from the bottom of my soul; and yet I am made sick by the cant and silly mock reasons of the Abolitionists. The nigger driver and the negrophile are two odious things to me."



SAMUEL ROGERS.

When Macaulay first went to college, his father believed himself worth a hundred thousand pounds, and stating his intention of making him an eldest son, he told him that by distinguishing himself at the university, he should shape his career as he would. In his eighteenth year the family removed to London, and set up an establishment in Cadogan Place, suited to their improved circumstances. The prosperity of the house of Macaulay and Babington was short-lived; for what with the senior member's devoting his whole heart and five-sixths of his time to pursuits unconnected with the business, and the junior's being no business man, indications of disaster appeared within a year, and young Macaulay was glad to make a hundred guineas by taking pupils. The house in Cadogan Place was given up the year before he left college, and the family settled in Great Ormond Street, which runs east and west through the region bounded by Gray's Inn Road, the Foundling Hospital, and the British Museum. When the young fellow of Trinity left Cambridge he

went to Rothley Temple, whence, six days after his election, he addressed a note to his father, in which, after referring to *Knight's Quarterly*, he intimated that when he saw him in London, he would mention to him a piece of secret history which would show him how important his connection with that work might become. A greater editor than Charles Knight had his eye on one of his writers. "Can you lay your hands on some clever young man who will write for us?" he inquired of a friend in London about three months after Macaulay's letter to his father. "The original supporters of the work are getting old, and are either too busy or too stupid, and here the young men are mostly for the Tories." So wrote Francis Jeffrey *in re* the *Edinburgh Review*. The clever young



TOM MOORE.

man was found; hands were laid upon him; and a few months after he wrote for it a paper on Milton. His name was Macaulay, and, like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. His lordship's publisher, Murray, declared it would be worth the copyright of *Childe Harold* to have him on the staff of the *Quarterly*. The family breakfast table in Bloomsbury Square was covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every quarter of London, and his father groaned in spirit over the conviction that the law would be less to him than ever. Macaulay heard with pride that the great preacher, Robert Hall, of whom he was an admirer, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by the aid of grammar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify the parallel between Milton and Dante. But what pleased him most, and it was the only commendation of his literary talent that he was ever heard to repeat even in the innermost domestic circle, was the sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his manuscript —"The more I think the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." Crabb Robinson gives us a glimpse of Lord Macaulay in 1826: "A dinner party. I had a most interesting companion in young Macaulay, one of the most promising of the rising generation I have seen for a long time. He has a good face: not the delicate features of a man of genius and sensibility, but the strong lines and well-knit limbs of a man sturdy in body and mind. Very eloquent and cheerful, overflowing with words, and not poor in thought. Liberal in opinion, but no radical. He seems a correct as well as a full man. He showed a minute knowledge of subjects not introduced by himself." Before many years were over, Lord Macaulay was famous enough to draw upon himself the hostility of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was bespattered with such epithets as "stuff and nonsense," "malignant trash," "impertinent puppy," and similar choice expressions of esteem on the part of the gentleman who filled the chair of moral philosophy at Edinburgh, Professor John Wilson. "He's but a lad, James," said North to the Shepherd. "Evidently," replied the Shepherd, who was the mouth-piece of Wilson (the voice was Jacob's, but the hand was Esau's), "and a clever lad he'll remain, depend upon that, to the end of his days." To his family, his mother, and his loving brothers and sisters, Lord Macaulay was more than the great magazinist, the brilliant talker; he was the affectionate son, the dear brother, the kindest, cheeriest friend and companion. There was some pretense of work in the morning, but in the afternoon he took his sisters a long walk, traversing every portion of the city, Islington, Clerkenwell, the parks, pouring out anecdotes about every street and square and court and alley. They would reach home just in time for dinner, and after dinner he would walk up and down the drawing-room, chatting with them till tea-time. Then noisy mirth and wretched puns, so many a minute, so many an hour. They sang, having no voices, he least of all, but the old nursery songs were set to music and chanted. Papa, sitting at his own table, would look up and push back his spectacles, and wonder how they could waste

their time so. After tea, the book they were reading was produced. Macaulay seldom read himself, but walked about, listening and commenting and drinking water. Sunday was a trying day to him. Papa read them all a long sermon in the afternoon, and, after evening service, read at prayer-time to the servants. Sunday walking for walking's sake was not allowed, and going to a distant church was discouraged. This rule was not applied to Macaulay, for while he went to church with his sisters in the morning, he went whithersoever he would in the afternoon, generally walking out of town alone or with a friend. Breakfast was the pleasantest part of the day to the elder Macaulay, for his spirits were then at their best, and he delighted in discussing the newspaper with his son long after the meal was finished. He loved him in his way, and told his wife when he went to live in chambers that the change had taken the sunlight out of his day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART I.

IT was a very ugly bush indeed; that is, so far as any thing in nature can be really ugly. It was lopsided—having on the one hand a stunted stump or two, while on the other a huge heavy branch swept down to the gravel-walk. It had a crooked gnarled trunk or stem, hollow enough to entice any weak-minded bird to build a nest there—only it was so near to the ground, and also to the garden gate. Besides, the owners of the garden, evidently of practical mind, had made use of it to place between a fork in its branches a sort of letter-box—not the government regulation one, for twenty years ago this had not been thought of, but a rough receptacle, where, the house being a good way off, letters might be deposited, instead of, as hitherto, in a hole in the trunk—near the foot of the tree, and under shelter of its mass of evergreen leaves.

This letter-box, made by the boys of the family at the instigation and with the assistance of their tutor, had proved so attractive to some exceedingly incautious sparrow that during the intervals of the post she had begun a nest there, which was found by the boys. Exceedingly wild boys they were, and a great trouble to their old grandmother, with whom they were staying the summer, and their young governess—"Misfortune," as they called her, her real name being Miss Williams—Fortune Williams. The nickname was a little too near the truth, as a keener observer than mischievous boys would have read in her quiet, sometimes sad, face; and it had been stopped rather severely by the tutor of the elder boys, a young man whom the grandmother had been forced to get, to "keep them in order." He was a Mr. Robert Roy, once a student, now a teacher of the "humanities," from the neighboring town—I beg its pardon—city; and a lovely old city it is!—of St. Andrews. Thence he was in the habit of coming to them three and often four days in the week, teaching of mornings and walking of afternoons. They had expected him this afternoon, but their grandmother had carried them off on some pleasure excursion; and being a lady of inexact habits—one, too, to whom tutors were tutors and nothing more—she had merely said to Miss Williams, as the carriage drove away, "When Mr. Roy comes, tell him he is not wanted till to-morrow."

And so Miss Williams had waited at the gate, not wishing him to have the additional trouble of walking up to the house, for she knew every minute of his time was precious. The poor and the hard-working can understand and sympathize with one another. Only a tutor, and only a governess: Mrs. Dalziel drove away and never thought of them again. They were mere machines—servants to whom she paid their wages, and so that they did sufficient service to deserve these wages, she never interfered with them, nor, indeed, wasted a moment's consideration upon them or their concerns.

Consequently they were in the somewhat rare and peculiar position of a young man and young woman (perhaps Mrs. Dalziel would have taken exception to the words "young lady and young gentleman") thrown together day after day, week after week—nay, it had now become month after month—to all intents and purposes quite alone, except for the children. They taught together, there being but one school-room; walked out together, for the two younger boys refused to be separated from their elder brothers; and, in short, spent two-thirds of their existence together, without let or hinderance, comment or observation, from any mortal soul.

I do not wish to make any mystery in

this story. A young woman of twenty-five and a young man of thirty, both perfectly alone in the world—orphans, without brother or sister—having to earn their own bread, and earn it hardly, and being placed in circumstances where they had every opportunity of intimate friendship, sympathy, whatever you like to call it: who could doubt what would happen? The more so, as there was no one to suggest that it might happen; no one to watch them or warn them, or waken them with worldly-minded hints; or else to rise up, after the fashion of so many wise parents and guardians and well-intentioned friends, and indignantly shut the stable door *after* the steed is stolen.

No. That something which was so sure to happen had happened; you might have seen it in their eyes, have heard it in the very tone of their voices, though they still talked in a very commonplace way, and still called each other "Miss Williams" and "Mr. Roy." In fact, their whole demeanor to one another was characterized by the grave and even formal decorum which was natural to very reserved people, just trembling on the verge of that discovery which will unlock the heart of each to the other, and annihilate reserve forever between the two whom Heaven has designed and meant to become one; a completed existence. If by any mischance this does not come about, each may lead a very creditable and not unhappy life; but it will be a locked-up life, one to which no third person is ever likely to find the key.

Whether such natures are to be envied or pitied is more than I can say; but at least they are more to be respected than the people who wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at, and very often are all the prouder the more they are pecked at, and the more elegantly they bleed; which was not likely to be the case with either of these young folks, young as they were.

They were young, and youth is always interesting and even comely; but beyond that there was nothing remarkable about either. He was Scotch; she English, or rather Welsh. She had the clear blue Welsh eye, the funny *retroussé* Welsh nose; but with the prettiest little mouth underneath it—firm, close, and sweet; full of sensitiveness, but a sensitiveness that was controlled and guided by that best possession to either man or woman, a good strong will. No one could doubt that the young governess had, what was a very useful thing to a governess, "a will of her own;" but not a domineering or obnoxious will, which indeed is seldom will at all, but merely obstinacy.

For the rest, Miss Williams was a little woman, or gave the impression of being so, from her slight figure and delicate hands and feet. I doubt if any one would have called her pretty, until he or she had learned to love her. For there are two distinct kinds of love, one in which the eye instructs the heart, and the other in which the heart informs and guides the eye. There have been men who, seeing an unknown beautiful face, have felt sure it implied the most beautiful soul in the world, pursued it, worshiped it, wooed and won it, found the fancy true, and loved the woman forever. Other men there are who would simply say, "I don't know if such a one is handsome or not; I only know she is herself—and mine." Both loves are good; nay, it is difficult to say which is best. But the latter would be the most likely to any one who became attached to Fortune Williams.

Also, perhaps, to Robert Roy, though no one expects good looks in his sex; indeed, they are mostly rather objectionable. Women do not usually care for a very handsome man; and men are prone to set him down as conceited. No one could lay either charge to Mr. Roy. He was only an honest-looking Scotchman, tall and strong and manly. Not "red," in spite of his name, but dark-skinned and dark-haired; in no way resembling his great namesake, Rob Roy Macgregor, as the boys sometimes called him behind his back—never to his face. Gentle as the young man was, there was something about him which effectually prevented any one's taking the smallest liberty with him. Though he had been a teacher of boys ever since he was seventeen—and I have heard one of the fraternity confess that it is almost impossible to be a school-master for ten years without becoming a tyrant—still it was a pleasant and sweet-tempered face. Very far from a weak face, though: when Mr. Roy said a thing must be done, every one of his boys knew it *must* be done, and there was no use saying any more about it.

He had unquestionably that rare gift, the power of authority; though this did not necessarily imply self-control; for some people can rule every body except themselves. But Robert Roy's clear, calm, rather sad eye, and a certain patient expression about the mouth, implied that he too had had enough of the hard training of life to be able to govern himself. And that is more difficult to a man than to a woman.

> "All thy passions, matched with mine,
> Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

A truth which even Fortune's tender heart did not fully take in, deep as was her sympathy for him; for his toilsome, lonely life, lived more in shadow than in sunshine, and with every temptation to the selfishness which is so apt to follow self-dependence, and the bitterness that to a proud spirit so often makes the sting of poverty. Yet he was neither selfish nor bitter; only a little reserved, silent, and—except with children—rather grave.

She stood watching him now, for she could see him a long way off across the level Links, and noticed that he stopped more than once to look at the golf-players. He was a capital golfer himself, but had never any time to play. Between his own studies and the teaching by which he earned the money to prosecute them, every hour was filled up. So he turned his back on the pleasant pastime, which seems to have such an extraordinary fascination for those who pursue it, and came on to his daily work, with that resolute deliberate step, bent on going direct to his point and turning aside for nothing.

Fortune knew it well by this time; had learned to distinguish it from all others in the world. There are some footsteps which, by a pardonable poetical license, we say "we should hear in our graves," and though this girl did not think of that, for death looked far off, and she was scarcely a poetical person, still, many a morning, when, sitting at her school-room window, she heard Mr. Roy coming steadily down the gravel-walk, she was conscious of—something which people can not feel twice in a lifetime.

And now, when he approached with that kind smile of his, which brightened into double pleasure when he saw who was waiting for him, she was aware of a wild heart-beat, a sense of exceeding joy, and then of relief and rest. He was "comfortable" to her. She could express it in no other way. At sight of his face and at sound of his voice all worldly cares and troubles, of which she had a good many, seemed to fall off. To be with him was like having an arm to lean on, a light to walk by; and she had walked alone so long.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Williams."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Roy."

They said no more than that, but the stupidest person in the world might have seen that they were glad to meet, glad to be together. Though neither they nor any one else could have explained the mysterious fact, the foundation of all love stories in books or in life—and which the present author owns, after having written many books and seen a great deal of life, is to her also as great a mystery as ever—Why do certain people like to be together? What is the inexplicable attraction which makes them seek one another, suit one another, put up with one another's weaknesses, condone one another's faults (when neither are too great to lessen love), and to the last day of life find a charm in one another's society which extends to no other human being? Happy love or lost love, a full world or an empty world, life with joy or life without it—that is all the difference. Which some people think very small, and that it does not matter; and perhaps it does not—to many people. But it does to some, and I incline to put among that category Miss Williams and Mr. Roy.

They stood by the laurel bush, having just shaken hands rather more hastily than they usually did; but the absence of the children, and the very unusual fact of their being quite alone, gave to both a certain shyness, and she had drawn her hand away, saying, with a slight blush:

"Mrs. Dalziel desired me to meet you and tell you that you might have a holiday to-day. She has taken the boys with her to Elie. I dare say you will not be sorry to gain an hour or two for yourself; though I am sorry you should have the trouble of the walk for nothing."

"For nothing?"—with the least shadow of a smile, not of annoyance, certainly.

"Indeed, I would have let you know if I could, but she decided at the very last minute; and if I had proposed that a messenger should have been sent to stop you, I am afraid—it would not have answered."

"Of course not;" and they interchanged an amused look—these fellow-victims to the well-known ways of the household—which, however, neither grumbled at; it was merely an outside thing, this treatment of both as mere tutor and governess. After all (as he sometimes said, when some special rudeness—not to himself, but to her—vexed him), they were tutor and governess; but they were something else besides; something which, the instant their chains were lifted off, made them feel free and young and strong, and comforted them with a comfort unspeakable.

"She bade me apologize. No, I am afraid, if I tell the absolute truth, she did *not* bid me, but I do apologize."

"What for, Miss Williams?"

"For your having been brought out all this way just to go back again."

"I do not mind it, I assure you."

"And as for the lost lesson—"

"The boys will not mourn over it, I dare say. In fact, their term with me is so soon coming to an end that it does not signify much. They told me they are going back to England to school next week. Do you go back too?"

"Not just yet—not till next Christmas. Mrs. Dalziel talks of wintering in London; but she is so vague in her plans that I am never sure from one week to another what she will do."

"And what are your plans? *You* always know what you intend to do."

"Yes, I think so," answered Miss Williams, smiling. "One of the few things I remember of my mother was hearing her say of me, that 'her little girl was a little girl who always knew her own mind.' I think I do. I may not be always able to carry it out, but I think I know it."

"Of course," said Mr. Roy, absently and

somewhat vaguely, as he stood beside the laurel bush, pulling one of its shiny leaves to pieces, and looking right ahead, across the sunshiny Links, the long shore of yellow sands, where the mermaids might well delight to come and "take hands"—to the smooth, dazzling, far-away sea. No sea is more beautiful than that at St. Andrews.

Its sleepy glitter seemed to have lulled Robert Roy into a sudden meditation, from which no word of his companion came to rouse him. In truth, she, never given much to talking, simply stood, as she often did, silently beside him, quite satisfied with the mere comfort of his presence.

I am afraid this Fortune Williams will be considered a very weak-minded young woman. She was not a bit of a coquette, she had not the slightest wish to flirt with any man. Nor was she a proud beauty desirous to subjugate the other sex, and drag them triumphantly at her chariot wheels. She did not see the credit, or the use, or the pleasure of any such proceeding. She was a self-contained, self-dependent woman. Thoroughly a woman; not indifferent at all to womanhood's best blessing; still, she could live without it if necessary, as she could have lived without any thing which it had pleased God to deny her. She was not a creature likely to die for love, or do wrong for love, which some people think the only test of love's strength, instead of being its utmost weakness; but that she was capable of love, for all her composure and quietness, capable of it, and ready for it, in its intensest, most passionate, and most enduring form, the God who made her knew, if no one else did.

Her time would come; indeed, had come already. She had too much self-respect to let him guess it, but I am afraid she was very fond of—or, if that is a foolish phrase, deeply attached to—Robert Roy. He had been so good to her, at once strong and tender, chivalrous, respectful, and kind; and she had no father, no brother, no other man at all to judge him by, except the accidental men whom she had met in society, creatures on two legs who wore coats and trowsers, who had been civil to her, as she to them, but who had never interested her in the smallest degree, perhaps because she knew so little of them. But no; it would have been just the same had she known them a thousand years. She was not "a man's woman," that is, one of those women who feel interested in any thing in the shape of a man, and make men interested in them accordingly, for the root of much masculine affection is pure vanity. That celebrated Scotch song,

> "Come deaf, or come blind, or come cripple,
> O come, ony ane o' them a'!
> Far better be married to something,
> Than no to be married ava,"

was a rhyme that would never have touched the stony heart of Fortune Williams. And yet, let me own it once more, she was very, very fond of Robert Roy. He had never spoken to her one word of love, actual love, no more than he spoke now, as they stood side by side, looking with the same eyes upon the same scene. I say the same eyes, for they were exceedingly alike in their tastes. There was no need ever to go into long explanations about this or that; a glance sufficed, or a word, to show each what the other enjoyed; and both had the quiet conviction that they were enjoying it together. Now as that sweet, still, sunshiny view met their mutual gaze, they fell into no poetical raptures, but just stood and looked, taking it all in with exceeding pleasure, as they had done many and many a time, but never, it seemed, so perfectly as now.

"What a lovely afternoon!" she said at last.

"Yes. It is a pity to waste it. Have you any thing special to do? What did you mean to employ yourself with, now your birds are flown?"

"Oh, I can always find something to do."

"But need you find it? We both work so hard. If we could only now and then have a little bit of pleasure!"

He put it so simply, yet almost with a sigh. This poor girl's heart responded to it suddenly, wildly. She was only twenty-five, yet sometimes she felt quite old, or rather as if she had never been young. The constant teaching, teaching of rough boys, too—for she had had the whole four till Mr. Roy took the two elder off her hands—the necessity of grinding hard out of school hours to keep herself up in Latin, Euclid, and other branches which do not usually form part of a feminine education, only having a great natural love of work, she had taught herself—all these things combined to make her life a dull life, a hard life, till Robert Roy came into it. And sometimes even now the desperate craving to enjoy—not only to endure, but to enjoy—to take a little of the natural pleasures of her age—came to the poor governess very sorely, especially on days such as this, when all the outward world looked so gay, so idle, and she worked so hard.

So did Robert Roy. Life was not easier to him than to herself; she knew that; and when he said, half joking, as if he wanted to feel his way, "Let us imitate our boys, and take a half holiday," she only laughed, but did not refuse.

How could she refuse? There were the long smooth sands on either side the Eden, stretching away into indefinite distance, with not a human being upon them to break their loneliness, or, if there was, he or she looked a mere dot, not human at all. Even if these two had been afraid of being seen

walking together—which they hardly were, being too unimportant for any one to care whether they were friends or lovers, or what not—there was nobody to see them, except in the character of two black dots on the yellow sands.

"It is low water; suppose we go and look for sea-anemones. One of my pupils wants some, and I promised to try and find one the first spare hour I had."

"But we shall not find anemones on the sands."

"Shells, then, you practical woman! We'll gather shells. It will be all the same to that poor invalid boy—and to me," added he, with that involuntary sigh which she had noticed more than once, and which had begun to strike on her ears not quite painfully. Sighs, when we are young, mean differently to what they do in after-years. "I don't care very much where I go, or what I do; I only want—well, to be happy for an hour, if Providence will let me."

"Why should not Providence let you?" said Fortune, gently. "Few people deserve it more."

"You are kind to think so; but you are always kind to every body."

By this time they had left their position by the laurel bush, and were walking along side by side, according as he had suggested. This silent, instinctive acquiescence in what he wished done—it had happened once or twice before, startling her a little at herself; for, as I have said, Miss Williams was not at all the kind of person to do every thing that every body asked her, without considering whether it was right or wrong. She could obey, but it would depend entirely upon whom she had to obey, which, indeed, makes the sole difference between loving disciples and slavish fools.

It was a lovely day, one of those serene autumn days peculiar to Scotland—I was going to say to St. Andrews; and any one who knows the ancient city will know exactly how it looks in the still, strongly spiritualized light of such an afternoon, with the ruins, the castle, cathedral, and St. Regulus's tower standing out sharply against the intensely blue sky, and on the other side—on both sides—the yellow sweep of sand curving away into distance, and melting into the sunshiny sea.

Many a time, in their prescribed walks with their young tribe, Miss Williams and Mr. Roy had taken this stroll across the Links and round by the sands to the mouth of the Eden, leaving behind them a long and sinuous track of many footsteps, little and large; but now there were only two lines—"foot-prints on the sands of Time," as he jestingly called them, turning round and pointing to the marks of the dainty feet that walked so steadily and straightly beside his own.

"They seem made to go together, those two tracks," said he.

Why did he say it? Was he the kind of man to talk thus without meaning it? If so, alas! she was not exactly the woman to be thus talked to. Nothing fell on her lightly. Perhaps it was her misfortune, perhaps even her fault, but so it was.

Robert Roy did not "make love;" not at all. Possibly he never could have done it in the ordinary way. Sweet things, polite things, were very difficult to him either to do or to say. Even the tenderness that was in him came out as if by accident; but, oh! how infinitely tender he could be! Enough to make any one who loved him die easily, quietly, contentedly, if only just holding his hand.

There is an incident in Dickens's touching *Tale of Two Cities*, where a young man going innocent to the guillotine, and riding on the death-cart with a young girl whom he had never before seen, is able to sustain and comfort her, even to the last awful moment, by the look of his face and the clasp of his hand. That man, I have often thought, must have been something not unlike Robert Roy.

Such men are rare, but they do exist; and it was Fortune's lot, or she believed it was, to have found one. That was enough. She went along the shining sands in a dream of perfect content, perfect happiness, thinking—and was it strange or wrong that she should so think?—that if it were God's will she should thus walk through life, the thorniest path would seem smooth, the hardest road easy. She had no fear of life, if lived beside him; or of death—love is stronger than death; at least this sort of love, of which only strong natures are capable, and out of which are made, not the lyrics, perhaps, but the epics, the psalms, or the tragedies of our mortal existence.

I have explained thus much about these two friends—lovers that may be, or might have been—because they never would have done it themselves. Neither was given to much speaking. Indeed, I fear their conversation this day, if recorded, would have been of the most feeble kind—brief, fragmentary, mere comments on the things about them, or abstract remarks not particularly clever or brilliant. They were neither of them what you would call brilliant people; yet they were happy, and the hours flew by like a few minutes, until they found themselves back again beside the laurel bush at the gate, when Mr. Roy suddenly said:

"Do not go in yet. I mean, need you go in? It is scarcely past sunset; the boys will not be home for an hour yet; they don't want you, and I—I want you so. In your English sense," he added, with a laugh, referring to one of their many arguments, scholastic or otherwise, wherein she had insisted

that to want meant, *Anglicè*, to wish or to crave, whereas in Scotland it was always used like the French *manquer*, to miss or to need.

"Shall we begin that fight over again?" asked she, smiling; for every thing, even fighting, seemed pleasant to-day.

"No, I have no wish to fight; I want to consult you seriously on a purely personal matter, if you would not mind taking that trouble."

Fortune looked sorry. That was one of the bad things in him (the best men alive have their bad things), the pride which apes humility, the self-distrust which often wounds another so keenly. Her answer was given with a grave and simple sincerity that ought to have been reproach enough.

"Mr. Roy, I would not mind any amount of trouble if I could be of use to you; you know that."

"Forgive me! Yes, I do know it. I believe in you and your goodness to the very bottom of my heart."

She tried to say, "Thank you," but her lips refused to utter a word. It was so difficult to go on talking like ordinary friends, when she knew, and he must know she knew, that one word more would make them—not friends at all—something infinitely better, closer, dearer; but that word was his to speak, not hers. There are women who will "help a man on"—propose to him, marry him indeed—while he is under the pleasing delusion that he does it all himself; but Fortune Williams was not one of these. She remained silent and passive, waiting for the next thing he should say. It came: something the shock of which she never forgot as long as she lived; and he said it with his eyes on her face, so that, if it killed her, she must keep quiet and composed, as she did.

"You know the boys' lessons end next week. The week after I go—that is, I have almost decided to go—to India."

"To India!"

"Yes. For which, no doubt, you think me very changeable, having said so often that I meant to keep to a scholar's life, and be a professor one day, perhaps, if by any means I could get salt to my porridge. Well, now I am not satisfied with salt to my porridge; I wish to get rich."

She did not say, "Why?" She thought she had not looked it; but he answered: "Never mind why. I do wish it, and I will be rich yet, if I can. Are you very much surprised?"

Surprised she certainly was; but she answered, honestly, "Indeed, you are the last person I should suspect of being worldly-minded."

"Thank you; that is kind. No, just; merely just. One ought to have faith in people; it does one good. I am afraid my own deficiency is want of faith. It takes so much to make me believe for a moment that any one cares for me."

How hard it was to be silent—harder still to speak! But she did speak.

"I can understand that; I have often felt the same. It is the natural consequence of a very lonely life. If you and I had had fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, we might have been different."

"Perhaps so. But about India. For a long time—that is, for many weeks—I have been casting about in my mind how to change my way of life, to look out for something that would help me to earn money, and quickly, but there seemed no chance whatever. Until suddenly one has opened."

And then he explained how the father of one of his pupils, grateful for certain benefits, which Mr. Roy did not specify, and noticing certain business qualities in him—"which I suppose I have, though I didn't know it," added he, with a smile—had offered him a situation in a merchant's office at Calcutta: a position of great trust and responsibility, for three years certain, with the option of then giving it up or continuing it.

"And continuing means making a fortune. Even three years means making something, with my 'stingy' habits. Only I must go at once. Nor is there any time left me for my decision; it must be yes or no. Which shall it be?"

The sudden appeal—made, too, as if he thought it was nothing—that terrible yes or no, which to her made all the difference of living or only half living, of feeling the sun in or out of the world. What could she answer? Trembling violently, she yet answered, in a steady voice, "You must decide for yourself. A woman can not understand a man."

"Nor a man a woman, thoroughly. There is only one thing which helps both to comprehend one another."

One thing! she knew what it was. Surely so did he. But that strange distrustfulness of which he had spoken, or the hesitation which the strongest and bravest men have at times, came between.

> "Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> Oh, the little less, and what worlds away!"

If, instead of looking vaguely out upon the sea, he had looked into this poor girl's face; if, instead of keeping silence, he had only spoken one word! But he neither looked nor spoke, and the moment passed by. And there are moments which people would sometimes give a whole lifetime to recall and use differently; but in vain.

"My engagement is only for three years," he resumed; "and then, if alive, I mean to come back. Dead or alive, I was going to say, but you would not care to see my

ghost, I presume? I beg your pardon: I ought not to make a joke of such serious things."

"No, you ought not."

She felt herself almost speechless, that in another minute she might burst into sobs. He saw it—at least he saw a very little of it, and misinterpreted the rest.

"I have tired you. Take my arm. You will soon be at home now." Then, after a pause, "You will not be displeased at any thing I have said? We part friends? No, we do not part; I shall see you every day for a week, and be able to tell you all particulars of my journey, if you care to hear."

"Thank you, yes—I do care."

They stood together, arm in arm. The dews were falling; a sweet, soft, lilac haze had begun to creep over the sea—the solemn, far-away sea that he was so soon to cross. Involuntarily she clung to his arm. So near, yet so apart! Why must it be? She could have borne his going away, if it was for his good, if he wished it; and something whispered to her that this sudden desire to get rich was not for himself alone. But, oh! if he would only speak! One word—one little word! After that, any thing might come—the separation of life, the bitterness of death. To the two hearts that had once opened each to each, in the full recognition of mutual love, there could never more be any real parting.

But that one word he did not say. He only took the little hand that lay on his arm, pressed it, and held it—years after, the feeling of that clasp was as fresh on her fingers as yesterday—then, hearing the foot of some accidental passer-by, he let it go, and did not take it again.

Just at this moment the sound of distant carriage wheels was heard.

"That must be Mrs. Dalziel and the boys."

"Then I had better go. Good-by."

The day-dream was over. It had all come back again—the forlorn, dreary, hard-working world.

"Good-by, Mr. Roy." And they shook hands.

"One word," he said, hastily. "I shall write to you—you will allow me?—and I shall see you several times, a good many times, before I go?"

"I hope so."

"Then, for the present, good-by. That means," he added, earnestly, "'God be with you!' And I know He always will."

In another minute Fortune found herself standing beside the laurel bush, alone, listening to the sound of Mr. Roy's footsteps down the road—listening, listening, as if, with the exceeding tension, her brain would burst.

The carriage came, passed; it was not Mrs. Dalziel's, after all. She thought he might discover this, and come back again; so she waited a little—five minutes, ten—beside the laurel bush. But he did not come. No footstep, no voice; nothing but the faint, far-away sound of the long waves washing in upon the sands.

It was not the brain that felt like to burst now, but the heart. She clasped her hands above her head. It did not matter; there was no creature to see or hear that appeal—was it to man or God?—that wild, broken sob, so contrary to her usual self-controlled and self-contained nature. And then she leaned her forehead against the gate, just where Robert Roy had accidentally laid his hand in opening it, and wept bitterly.

LOVE'S SERVICE.

WHO has not a touch of the porcelain mania? It is a fashionable epidemic, hard for the female mind to resist. We may not be extensive collectors, with our sideboards covered with Henri II. plates, Dresden-ware, antique Venice glass, and Palissy platters filled with reptilian forms, needing only to be filled with water to simulate the floor of an aquarium. We may not even be connoisseurs in the secret marks of Sèvres-ware. But we are all lovers of pretty tea things, and have been ever since we displayed our first set of dolls' dishes on grandmother's footstool. Each one of us has a tea-cup that our granduncle, the sea-captain, brought from China, a plate which was one of a set that a French officer gave to a remote ancestress during the Revolution, a silver-riveted punch-bowl used at grandfather's ordination, or a majolica monkey so ludicrous that to possess it we were beguiled into denying ourselves new neck-ties for a month.

While in Ecouen, near Paris, a friend who knew something of this fancy of mine said to me, "If you wish to see some curiosities in porcelain, some really rare bits of old faience, do not fail, before you go, to visit the Mère Boulette." The giving of nicknames is a common habit among the Ecouen peasantry, and I felt sure that *Boulette* (meaning little ball) must be one, and asked why it had been given. "Because she is small and round," replied my friend; and on seeing her, I recognized its appropriateness.

"Does she sell *bric-à-brac*?" I next asked.

"No," was the reply; "but her house is a museum in its way. She allows the artists to paint there whenever they wish, and many of the charming interiors of the Ecouen school were arranged there. Often has she lighted a fire in one of her unoccupied chambers, that admiring artists might paint the faded rose-colored hangings of the old-fashioned bed; or the curious fire-place, with the sphinx-head andirons half buried in the ashes, as though sunken in drifts of desert sand; or the ugly Virgin of the Renais-

sance, with the blessed palm branch nodding above her. But perhaps the greatest curiosity of all is her buffet. I will not describe it, but leave you to explore its treasures for yourself."

My friend was wrong. The greatest curiosity in Mère Boulette's house was the Mère Boulette—a fat old lady, with spotless cap of delicate old lace (perhaps her grandmother's work), and gay fringed silken kerchief spread over her ample bosom, humor and benignity rippling in every wrinkle about her laughing mouth, which never lost its smile even when the ever-ready tears were coursing down the channels they had made in the crow's-feet about her eyes. And yet the buffet was a wonder. A china barber's basin was fastened to the wall above it, while rare old plates, decorated with grotesque design of flower and bird, some, of the period of Louis XV., bearing the celebrated device of the *Moulin Javelle*, were screwed to the wall on either side. On the upper shelf of the buffet were two vases, with apoplectic middles and long slender necks, and decorated with chimera-like peacocks. Between these were ranged a dozen tea-cups of Chinese manufacture; each represented children playing some game appropriate to a different month of the year. There were children flying kites upon one; on others, children playing marbles, spinning tops, skipping ropes, at play with battledoor and shuttlecock, together with a number of games unknown to us and impossible to be imagined from the fantastic attitudes of the goblin-like little figures. The next shelf was devoted to a salad set. Its centre piece was a bowl in the milky white and blue pottery of Lille; on one side stood a *huilier* of the time of Louis XV.—two graceful little porcelain pitchers for oil and vinegar inclosed in a porcelain caster; on the other side was the cover only of a very quaint mustard pot. The last shelf was devoted to gaudily painted Auvergne pottery.

Seeing how much interested I was in her collection, the old lady unlocked a chest, and after opening many wrappings, handed me a cup of exquisitely delicate porcelain. Around the rim ran a wreath of thistles in silver and light green, and beneath five snails were being ridden by Cupids as upon a race-course. Roguish little Pucks they were, who urged forward their strange steeds with all the science and enthusiasm of jockeys. The last snail seemed balky, and besides the sprite bestriding it, three others were tugging at its bridle and pushing it forward with their rosy shoulders.

"What lovely workmanship!" I exclaimed. "How did you get such an exquisite bit of Sèvres?"

Mère Boulette smiled with mild pride. "My son Émile was a china decorator at Sèvres, and he designed that. It is only a specimen of an entire set which he was preparing for an English lady. Her daughter was betrothed to a milord, to whom she was to be married in five years. My son did her a service when she was visiting Sèvres, and she gave him an order for a dinner set. He was to make the designs upon paper, show them to her, and then put them upon the porcelain. The order was given in 1868. It was my son's idea that the time must pass very slowly to the young betrothed, and so he represented the years by snails, with Love trying to make them move faster. Don't you see, the last snail has a wedding ring for a collar, and they are whipping him with orange blossoms and sprays of myrtle."

"Did all the pieces have this design?" I asked.

"Oh no; each was different. On the soup tureen the Cupids were training a great turtle; on the fish platters they were mermaids and mermen riding on salmon and dolphins; on other dishes they flew about among beautiful birds hid under strawberry vines, or swung in spider-web hammocks from sprays of wild blackberry; they dug in mines, like the mountain gnomes of the Germans, and pried and lifted carrots with comical machinery, as though they were great bars and ingots of yellow gold. Some of the covers were shaped like cabbages, and they peeped from under every curling leaf; they gathered the vintage and trod the grapes. Last of all, on the dessert service was represented the marriage of the queen of the flower fairies, each piece a separate flower with a Love in it, some with torches, and others playing on instruments of music, while the central stand represented the ceremony itself. A scarlet cardinal-flower was saying the mass, and in the highest part of the dish, which imitated a church tower, a chorus of Loves were tugging at the stamens of a chime of fuchsias, like boys merrily pulling the ropes of wedding bells.

"Each piece differed from the others, but there was a Love in every one. Émile told me that he drew as many as seven hundred babies for it, and that what first suggested the idea to him was my Chinese set with the funny children at play. He began collecting when he was a very little boy. Then he had shelves made of bits of board laid upon bricks in the court-yard, and he would lay on them every broken bit of glass or porcelain that he found, provided that it had a spot of color upon it. One day, when he was roaming in the wood back of the castle, he found in a ravine a pile of *débris* which had been thrown there when the castle was restored (it was sacked and badly defaced, you know, during the Revolution). From this heap he dug a number of broken tiles, which pleased him exceedingly, though I thought nothing of them. The artists had begun to come to Ecouen, and sometimes he

would pose for them, being always greatly interested in what they did. 'Mother,' he would say, 'I believe I could paint too if I only had the colors;' but I hadn't the money to throw away like that. One day a buyer up of old, broken, useless things, that they called a connoisseur, came out from Paris. Some one sent him to see my china. I showed him all I had, but would not sell any of it. Then Émile brought in his tiles, and he looked at them, examining them carefully with an eyeglass, and inquiring particularly where they were found. 'You will give them to me, will you not?' said he. 'You see they are broken and quite worthless.' 'If they are worthless, why do you want them?' I asked. At that he laughed, and offered me so high a price that I was astonished. But before I could accept it, Émile spoke up. 'The tiles are mine,' said he, 'and I will not accept so little for them; but if you will bring me a set of oil paints and brushes and panels, you may have them.' I was surprised, for Émile was only twelve years old, and very diffident. But in a few days the man brought the paints, and carried away the tiles. We heard afterward that he had made a very good bargain, for they were covered with decorations by an artist named Palissy. But Émile was satisfied. He covered his half dozen panels with pictures of flowers, which I showed to one of the artists. He said they showed remarkable talent, and offered to take him as an apprentice. He staid with the artist eight years, and then found a situation as china decorator at Sèvres."

This was all that Mère Boulette told me at that time; but this visit did not end our acquaintance, and gradually all of Émile's history became known to me. To do it justice, it should be given in the old lady's words; but as she was frequently diffuse, and branched off from the main narrative into others quite as lengthy, I will give you only the subject-matter, at the risk of losing entirely the original charm.

Émile worked with a will, and supported himself comfortably. At last the order from the English lady was given him; he was to have five years in which to prepare his designs and put them upon the porcelain, and then a sum of money which seemed to him immense was to be at his disposal.

Émile wanted money, not for himself, but for Félicie. Félicie was his servant, and he had promised her that when he could support a wife he would marry her; and Félicie, in her white cap and apron, moved about his modest apartments at Sèvres, facing the park of St. Cloud, scoured the *casseroles*, and made the *pot au feu*, bringing him his morning coffee and dusting the furniture of his little studio without ever breaking a precious bit of porcelain or so much as disarranging a drawing, quite content with the rosy promise, and to be for the present only M. Émile's *bonne*, for there is no drudgery in Love's Service. When the order came, and there was a prospect of realization of their hopes, Émile was by far the more enthusiastic of the two. It was quite good enough as it was for Félicie. They went to the *fête* of St. Cloud together to celebrate the good news. They passed through the park, where Félicie filled her hands with great starry daisies, and the larks poured their hearts out in song above them, past the beautiful cascade which leaped down its grand staircase, on to the château. When they came back to the *fête* grounds, the merriment was at its height. A hundred booths were gay with attractions; *tapissières*, omnibuses, *fiacres*, were constantly arriving and leaving with gayly dressed Parisiennes. The races were over, and now the mountebank had a crowd about his tent, and *Guignol's* theatre had a full house, if that can be called a house where all stood in the open air to see the performance. The lion tamer was recounting his ridiculous story of how, wealthy, *blasé*, and weary of life, he had determined to commit suicide, but being an eccentric, he had bought a number of Libyan lions remarkable for their ferocity, and, determined to be torn in pieces by them, had entered their cage unarmed, *thus!* When, wonder of wonders! the old lion crouched at his feet, trembling with fear, the lioness licked his hand in a transport of affection, and the whelps danced the *cancan* about him in a delirium of joy. A little apart was an open-air concert, and here Émile and Félicie sat for a long time enjoying the really fine music. Their last glimpse of the *fête* grounds, as they strolled back, showed them the illuminations in the colored glasses, and the commencement of the fire-works. They stopped at the inn of the "Tête Noire" to eat a dainty Parisian dinner. Here was the only unpleasant touch in the happy picture. They were met at the door by Sophie, the *blanchisseuse*, leaving with a soldier from Mont Valérien; and Sophie, remembering how Félicie had never before attended any of their merry-makings with a gentleman, said, mockingly, "Un colosse de vertu—O la la!" Émile gave her a look which he meant to be withering and conclusive; but Sophie only giggled sillily, and passed on, repeating her expression.

"No fear that any one will ever give you such a name," said the pretty inn waitress, as she came forward with pleasant alacrity to wait upon "monsieur et madame."

They spent the evening in the garden of the Versailles Palace. It was too dark to visit the gallery of paintings, and they had seen them once before. Émile remembered now, as they passed the palace, how Félicie had drawn his attention to the fact that the most decorated man in the gallery, the man

whose waistcoat was only a green sky for constellation after constellation of jeweled stars, was not a prince, but a painter, Horace Vernet. "Who knows but your honors are nearer than you think?" she had said, and the words came back to him on this occasion as a prophecy fulfilled. It was a day *des grandes eaux*. "The Queen of the Frogs" was showering the thirsty stone turtles, and in another fountain mischievous little Cupids were blowing water at each other through carved bellows, and the startled attitude of the statues of the horses in the Rocher of Apollo, that seemed to have been led to one of the pools to drink, was explained by the splashing and leaping water about them. Over the very spot in their way to the Trianon where the famous historical tragi-comedy of the "Diamond Necklace" was acted, they next went to the last spectacle of the day. The grand fountain of all, the "Triumph of Neptune," spouted its many columns into the night air; all around Bengal-lights were burning, and their various colors, crimson, blue, and yellow, were reflected in the jets of water with all the changing brilliancy of prisms.

The next day Émile began designs for the dinner service. For a year he kept his situation at the Sèvres manufactory, only working on his drawings at night. Sundays and *fête* days he went to the Louvre to copy cherub faces. He had already studied the dishes displayed at the Museum of Ceramic Art at Sèvres and at Cluny Palace, but he reviewed them again, anxious that each set in his entire service should be of pure style, and yet the whole sufficiently varied and novel. As the work grew upon him, he found it so engrossing as to demand his whole time; and all Paris, with her galleries of art and parks filled with infants, could not furnish him child faces enough for his seven hundred Loves. All at once a passionate desire to see the works of Raphael and Correggio consumed him. As the migratory instinct which late in autumn breaks out in the breasts of swallows, conquering every other, even the love of offspring, so that they often leave their nestlings to perish from cold and hunger, the same mighty yearning drew Émile's heart toward Italy. Who, with artistic or poetic feeling, has not experienced this irresistible longing? At this time Émile could have said with Robert Browning:

> "Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it—Italy."

Émile had no money with which to make this trip, but he bethought him of his mother, who, as is quite common among the peasants, though working constantly in the fields, and denying herself the comforts—almost the necessities—of life, had yet laid aside a small sum for her old age. He told her his wish, and promised to return this sum to her doubled as soon as he should receive his payment for the dinner set from the English lady. Émile was in earnest in his enthusiasm, and his mother, with true maternal pride, was only too ready to accede to his request. He waited only to see Félicie well placed as a *bonne* in a wealthy family, then, with his box of colors thrown across his shoulders, and his entire wardrobe in a small hand valise, he started for Italy. The greater part of the year he spent in Parma, studying the frescoes of Correggio, but his shorter visits at Rome and Naples were well improved. After his return, his work progressed rapidly. In six months his designs were nearly drawn. He worked with redoubled interest now that "he was nearing the goal of his heart's desire."

He called his work a Service of Love; surely it was such in a double sense. Not alone to the future owners of the service did the years move snail-like: two other hearts were waiting for 1873 to bring love's fruition. When Émile returned from Italy in the summer of 1870, war had been declared; but he was fortunate, and never drew an unlucky number in the draft. Sophie, whose motto was, "J'aime les militaires," had successively bidden adieux to three departing lovers—a *cuirassier*, a soldier of the Line, and a sergeant in the National Guard. Regiment after regiment of conscripts and of volunteers was organized and marched away to the sound of the bugle or fife; still he worked steadily on in his little studio, but with an uneasy conscience, for he was patriotic, and could not help being touched when Félicie sang "Mourir pour la Patrie," or the "Marseillaise," or, more inspiring still, when her vibrant voice rang out Béranger's

> *"Quoi! ces monuments chéris,*
> *Histoire*
> *De notre gloire,*
> *S'écrouleraient en débris?*
> *Quoi! les Prussiens à Paris!*
> *Gai! gai! seront nos rangs;*
> *Espérance*
> *De la France!"*

At length he was drafted; and reproaching himself for his selfishness in not resigning all earlier, and saying, if Art could lend Henri Regnault to France, she would not miss his poor labor, he locked his precious portfolios in one of the closets in the wall, so common in French houses, and giving the key to Félicie, he carefully papered over the door and placed his buffet of curiosities in front of it. Then he marched away, Félicie laughingly saying she would stay and keep guard over his drawings at whatever price, even if the Prussians did come. Little thought had she at that moment their coming was a possibility. Scarcely had he left before on all sides they closed around the doomed city. Sèvres had felt secure under the protecting wing of Versailles, but a

sortie was planned from Paris to this point, and Émile, who was one of the party, saw the woods of Meudon bristling with the lances of the Uhlans, and all the roads and fields swarming with the enemy hastening toward Versailles. In sight of his studio window, the baffled party returned to Paris. This was the 18th of September, and on the next day began the siege. How anxiously Émile scanned the refugees from the environs as they threaded the streets in their carts, drawn sometimes by oxen, and containing all they could bring of their worldly possessions. It was a long time before the white cap of a *bonne* would not give him a heart-throb, causing his head to turn and his steps to dally until he had seen her face. Still he felt Félicie must be safe somewhere, and his anxious thoughts were more for his drawings than for her. True, when off duty he was frequently found in *Parc Monceaux*, that head-quarters of *bonnes* and babies; if he loitered near one of the nurses, it was with sketch-book in hand, and gaze riveted not upon her face, but that of her charge—he had found another baby face for one of his seven hundred Loves.

By the time that Émile had filled two sketch-books the siege was raised, and he was free to revisit his old beautiful palace of St. Cloud, in ruins: whole streets converted into long lines of *débris*, ghastly walls standing here and there riddled with shots. The manufactory of Sèvres had suffered with the rest; its director, the father of Henri Regnault, came back to find his studio destroyed; and this disaster, added to the death of his talented son (a loss which the whole artistic world shares as well), formed a weight of misfortune too great for him to bear, and his reason was lost beneath it. Other men of genius had suffered too. Alexandre Flan, the author of the joyous vaudevilles which the Parisians love so dearly, on learning the loss of his library of theatrical works, which he had spent his life in collecting, said nothing, but, leaving the premises, took a room at an inn near by. When, the next morning, they went to call him, he was found dead in his bed. He had not committed suicide. Death came naturally, for his laughter-loving heart was broken.

Émile hurried to his street. It could hardly be called so now, for only a narrow footpath ran among and over heaps of ashes and ruins. A solitary house stood where the long row had been: it was the house in which was his studio. Without stopping to inquire why it alone had been spared, he sprang up the staircase and dashed into the room. The buffet stood in its place, but every atom of china was gone. He pulled it aside. The closet in which he had left his designs was broken open and empty. It was too late to do the work over again, and he had squandered to no purpose the money to which his mother looked for support in her old age. He did not kill himself upon the spot, or go insane; at least, if insanity it was that seized him when he dashed his newly filled pocket sketch-book into the rifled closet, and went back to Paris to identify himself with the Communists, it was not permanent insanity, for on becoming better informed in regard to their perilous aims and enterprises, he left the insurgents, only to be taken prisoner by the government.

During his confinement he had ample time for reflection on the madness of his conduct. Félicie's innocent waiting face came up before him, and he vowed, if his life was spared (even as all his hope of success had been for her), to accept the burden of toil without ambition for her sake: it was only Love's Service.

Liberty came at last. After miles of red tape had been unrolled, it was proved that he had voluntarily deserted the Communist cause, and he was set free. But where was Félicie? He remembered her laughing promise to keep guard in his studio, whatever happened. Again he turned toward the little town of Sèvres. It was the spring of 1873, the year which he had looked forward to with such high anticipation. He thought of it as he climbed the stairway, and he wondered if Félicie thought of it too, and whether she would be there to meet him. There seemed to be no one in the chamber, which was strangely disordered and dirty. A woman's dress hanging against the wall proved it was occupied, and a *sole au gratin* on the little table proved that breakfast was ready, and she would be there soon. As he took this in, a slight noise startled him, and, seated in his old easy-chair, he saw a moon-faced baby, with eyes wistful and blue as those of the Himmel's Kindchen in Baudry's *Allegorical Germany* in the Grand Opera-house. Instinctively his hand sought his breast pocket for his sketch-book; but a woman entered the room before he had time to miss it.

"Is this your child?" he asked. "She has eyes like German forget-me-nots."

"They've as good a right to their color as the flowers," said the woman, tartly, "and a better right to the name. No danger that we will forget the blue eyes of the Prussians. Though this child is well enough, its mother is the *demoiselle* who staid here all the time the town was in their hands. One of the *sous-officiers* married her, and his comrades laughed at him well for it. He went away with his regiment, but he promised to come again for her."

What had Émile done, that God should visit him with a blow like that? Was it for this he had come back? This was what passed through his mind; then a horrible

suffocation seized him, all the room whirled giddily around, and he fell fainting to the floor. His first thought on returning to consciousness was to drag himself away before Félicie came back. Opening his eyes, he saw the bold but not unkindly gaze of Sophie, the *blanchisseuse*, fixed upon him.

"Where is Félicie?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the girl. "She ran away, the little coward, the very evening that your regiment left. She need not have been so afraid of the Prussians; they were only men, after all. I suppose, now you've come, I shall have to beg my way to Germany, for there is no other roof that will shelter me. I moved my things in here as soon as Félicie left the apartment vacant. There! you look better now. Don't talk; rest a bit. I'll get you something to eat presently; but first I must attend to my baby."

Then it was her child, and the great joy that Félicie was not its mother filled his heart so full of gratitude that his eyes brimmed with pitying tears for this poor girl whose husband might never return to her. He rose unsteadily. "You are welcome to stay here if you like," he said. "There will be a year longer before my lease is out; but there will be no work for me at the manufactory for a long time, and I shall not come back." He paused in the doorway. "If you see Félicie, tell her I have gone to my mother's. I have gone through a great deal, and I am not strong. I am going home to be nursed back to health. And then, please God," he added to himself, "I will search the whole world over but I will find her."

He found her sooner than he hoped, for she came out of his mother's door to meet him. "I was in Paris all the time of the siege," she said. "I found your mother, but we could not find you. Afterward we came here, and we have been waiting for you ever since." Later, when they sat down to their thanksgiving dinner, Émile was surprised to see his curiosities in china upon the table, even to the Louis XV. *huilier* and the cover of the Henri II. mustard pot. "I brought them with me," said Félicie; "and please forgive me, I was so frightened that I could not find the key to the cupboard in the wall. I split it open with the axe to get out the portfolios."

"They are on the bed in the spare room," added Mère Boulette, "wrapped in the pink curtains to keep them from the dust."

Émile felt no happier for this information. The fact was that, sitting there and holding Félicie's hand, his heart was so full of happiness that it could hold no more. He appreciated it more fully afterward, when, on carrying his designs to his patroness in England, she was so pleased and surprised by their beauty as to accept the drawings as they were in lieu of the finished service, and at the price at first agreed upon.

When Mère Boulette told me this, I asked, "Did Love's Service end in paper?"

"Oh no," she replied; "both Émile and Félicie serve each other as faithfully since their marriage as before their papers were made out at the *mairie*. They live at St. Cloud, and I see them frequently."

"But I mean the dinner service, Mère Boulette."

"Oh, that was made at Dresden. The war helped the Germans in this as in every thing."

THE STEAMER.

Majestic on the wave
The ocean empress rides;
For her the sea, her willing slave,
Rolls forth his crested tides.
Dashed from her breast she heaves
The quelled and trampled foam;
Her glorious track behind she leaves:
Speed her, ye waters, home!

Ah, gently, cruel main,
The freighted treasures bear!
Voices thou hast like summer rain,
Or virgin's murmured prayer.
From out thy cave, O sea,
Breathe them in music's sound,
Toned to their heart's true harmony,
The glad, the homeward-bound.

Joy! joy! the glooming mist
She cleaves with landward bow;
Coyly the billows, lightly kissed,
Leap from her arrowy prow.
Joy beams in woman's eye,
And laughs in childhood's mirth;
And manly hearts give fond reply
For thee, O mother earth!

Sovereign o'er vanquished fear,
The lord of pride and power,
Man in his glorious strength is here,
This is his triumph's hour.
Hush! hush! what shock of dread
Distorts his blanching brow?
Stern as the bolt of death it sped:
O man, what art thou now?

Thou saidst "a king" thou wast
On ocean's stormy throne;
Now he is strong and fierce and vast,
Thou powerless and alone.
Lo! with resistless grasp,
This wide, relentless sea
Folds like a toy in icy clasp
Thy shattered bark and thee!

God rules upon the deep;
There He alone is King;
The wild, wild waves that o'er them sweep,
Perpetual dirges sing.
Woe! woe! a thousand homes
Their coming wait in vain,
And far and wide above them glooms
The desert of the main.

George Lunt.

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DANIEL DERONDA.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "MIDDLEMARCH," "SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE," ETC.

BOOK IV.—GWENDOLEN GETS HER CHOICE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Il est plus aisé de connaître l'homme en général que de connaître un homme en particulier."—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

AN hour after Grandcourt had left, the important news of Gwendolen's engagement was known at the Rectory, and Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne, with Anna, spent the evening at Offendene.

"My dear, let me congratulate you on having created a strong attachment," said the Rector. "You look serious, and I don't wonder at it: a life-long union is a solemn thing. But from the way Mr. Grandcourt has acted and spoken, I think we may already see some good arising out of our adversity. It has given you an opportunity of observing your future husband's delicate liberality."

Mr. Gascoigne referred to Grandcourt's mode of implying that he would provide for Mrs. Davilow—a part of the love-making which Gwendolen had remembered to cite to her mother with perfect accuracy.

"But I have no doubt that Mr. Grandcourt would have behaved quite as handsomely if you had not gone away to Germany, Gwendolen, and had been engaged to him, as you no doubt might have been, more than a month ago," said Mrs. Gascoigne, feeling that she had to discharge a duty on this occasion. "But now there is no longer room for caprice; indeed, I trust you have no inclination to any. A woman has a great debt of gratitude to a man who perseveres in making her such an offer. But no doubt you feel properly."

"I am not at all sure that I do, aunt," said Gwendolen, with saucy gravity. "I don't know every thing it is proper to feel on being engaged."

The Rector patted her shoulder and smiled as at a bit of innocent naughtiness, and his wife took his behavior as an indication that she was not to be displeased. As for Anna, she kissed Gwendolen, and said, "I do hope you will be happy," but then sank into the background and tried to keep the tears back too. In the late days she had been imagining a little romance about Rex—how if he still longed for Gwendolen, her heart might be softened by trouble into love, so that they could by-and-by be married. And the romance had turned to a prayer that she, Anna, might be able to rejoice like a good sister, and only think of being useful in working for Gwendolen, as long as Rex was not rich. But now she wanted grace to rejoice in something else. Miss Merry and the four girls, Alice with the high shoulders, Bertha and Fanny the whisperers, and Isabel the listener, were all present on this family occasion, when every thing seemed appropriately turning to the honor and glory of Gwendolen, and real life was as interesting as "Sir Charles Grandison." The evening passed chiefly in decisive remarks from the Rector, in answer to conjectures from the two elder ladies. According to him, the case was not one in which he could think it his duty to mention settlements: every thing must, and doubtless would safely, be left to Mr. Grandcourt.

"I should like to know exactly what sort of places Ryelands and Gadsmere are," said Mrs. Davilow.

"Gadsmere, I believe, is a secondary place," said Mr. Gascoigne; "but Ryelands I know to be one of our finest seats. The park is extensive, and the woods of a very valuable order. The house was built by Inigo Jones, and the ceilings are painted in the Italian style. The estate is said to be worth twelve thousand a year, and there are two livings, one a rectory, in the gift of the Grandcourts. There may be some burdens on the land. Still, Mr. Grandcourt was an only child."

"It would be most remarkable," said Mrs. Gascoigne, "if he were to become Lord Stannery in addition to every thing else. Only think: there is the Grandcourt estate, the Mallinger estate, *and* the baronetcy, *and* the peerage"—she was marking off the items on her fingers, and paused on the fourth while she added, "but they say there will be no land coming to him with the peerage." It seemed a pity there was nothing for the fifth finger.

"The peerage," said the Rector, judiciously, "must be regarded as a remote chance. There are two cousins between the present peer and Mr. Grandcourt. It is certainly a serious reflection how death and other causes do sometimes concentrate inheritances on one man. But an excess of that kind is to be deprecated. To be Sir Mallinger Grandcourt Mallinger—I suppose that will be his style—with the corresponding properties, is a valuable talent enough for any man to have committed to him. Let us hope it will be well used."

"And what a position for the wife, Gwendolen!" said Mrs. Gascoigne; "a great responsibility indeed. But you must lose no time in writing to Mrs. Mompert, Henry. It is a good thing that you have an engagement of marriage to offer as an excuse, else she might feel offended. She is rather a high woman."

"I am rid of that horror," thought Gwendolen, to whom the name of Mompert had become a sort of Mumbo-jumbo. She was very silent through the evening, and that night could hardly sleep at all in her little white bed. It was a rarity in her strong youth to be wakeful; and perhaps a still greater rarity for her to be careful that her mother should not know of her restlessness. But her state of mind was altogether new: she, who had been used to feel sure of herself and ready to manage others, had just taken a decisive step which she had beforehand thought that she would not take—nay, perhaps, was bound not to take.

She could not go backward now; she liked a great deal of what lay before her; and there was nothing for her to like if she went back. But her resolution was dogged by the shadow of that previous resolve which had at first come as the undoubting movement of her whole being. While she lay on her pillow with wide-open eyes, "looking on darkness which the blind do see," she was appalled by the idea that she was going to do what she had once started away from with repugnance. It was new to her that a question of right or wrong in her conduct should rouse her terror; she had known no compunction that atoning caresses and presents could not lay to rest. But here had come a moment when something like a new consciousness was awaked. She seemed on the edge of adopting deliberately, as a notion for all the rest of her life, what she had rashly said in her bitterness, when her discovery had driven her away to Leubronn—that it did not signify what she did; she had only to amuse herself as best she could. That lawlessness, that casting away of all care for justification, suddenly frightened her: it came to her with the shadowy array of possible calamity behind it—calamity which had ceased to be a mere name for her; and all the infiltrated influences of disregarded religious teaching, as well as the deeper impressions of something awful and inexorable enveloping her, seemed to concentrate themselves in the vague conception of avenging power. The brilliant position she had longed for, the imagined freedom she would create for herself in marriage, the deliverance from the dull insignificance of her girlhood—all were immediately before her; and yet they had come to her hunger like food with the taint of sacrilege upon it, which she must snatch with terror. In the darkness and loneliness of her little bed, her more resistant self could not act against the first onslaught of dread after her irrevocable decision. That unhappy-faced woman and her children—Grandcourt and his relations with her—kept repeating themselves in her imagination like the clinging memory of a disgrace, and gradually obliterated all other thought, leaving only the consciousness that she had taken those scenes into her life. Her long wakefulness seemed a delirium; a faint, faint light penetrated beside the window-curtain; the chillness increased. She could bear it no longer, and cried, "Mamma!"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, immediately, in a wakeful voice.

"Let me come to you."

She soon went to sleep on her mother's shoulder, and slept on till late, when, dreaming of a lit-up ball-room, she opened her eyes on her mother who was standing by the bedside with a small packet in her hand.

"I am sorry to wake you, darling, but I thought it better to give you this at once. The groom has brought Criterion; he has come on another horse, and says he is to stay here."

Gwendolen sat up in bed and opened the packet. It was a delicate little enameled casket, and inside was a splendid diamond ring, with a letter which contained a folded bit of colored paper and these words:

"Pray wear this ring when I come at twelve, in sign of our betrothal. I inclose a check drawn in the name of Mr. Gascoigne, for immediate expenses. Of course Mrs. Davilow will remain at Offendene, at least for some time. I hope, when I come, you will have granted me an early day, when you may begin to command me at a shorter distance. Yours devotedly,

"H. M. Grandcourt."

The check was for five hundred pounds, and Gwendolen turned it toward her mother, with the letter.

"How very kind and delicate!" said Mrs. Davilow, with much feeling. "But I really should like better not to be dependent on a son-in-law. I and the girls could get along very well."

"Mamma, if you say that again, I will not marry him," said Gwendolen, angrily.

"My dear child, I trust you are not going to marry only for my sake," said Mrs. Davilow, deprecatingly.

Gwendolen tossed her head on the pillow away from her mother, and let the ring lie. She was irritated at this attempt to take away a motive. Perhaps the deeper cause of her irritation was the consciousness that she was not going to marry solely for her mamma's sake—that she was drawn toward the marriage in ways against which stronger reasons than her mother's renunciation were yet not strong enough to hinder her. She had waked up to the signs that she was irrevocably engaged, and all the ugly visions, the alarms, the arguments, of the night must be met by daylight, in which probably they would show themselves weak.

"What I long for is your happiness, dear," continued Mrs. Davilow, pleadingly. "I will not say any thing to vex you. Will you not put on the ring?"

For a few moments Gwendolen did not answer, but her thoughts were active. At last she raised herself with a determination to do as she would do if she had started on horseback, and go on with spirit, whatever ideas might be running in her head.

"I thought the lover always put on the betrothal ring himself," she said, laughingly, slipping the ring on her finger, and looking at it with a charming movement of her head. "I know why he has sent it," she added, nodding at her mamma.

"Why?"

"He would rather make me put it on than ask me to let him do it. Aha! he is very proud. But so am I. We shall match each other. I should hate a man who went down on his knees, and came fawning on me. He really is not disgusting."

"That is very moderate praise, Gwen."

"No, it is not, for a man," said Gwendolen, gayly. "But now I must get up and dress. Will you come and do my hair, mamma dear," she went on, drawing down her mamma's face to caress it with her own cheeks, "and not be so naughty any more as to talk of living in poverty? You must bear to be made comfortable, even if you don't like it. And Mr. Grandcourt behaves perfectly, now does he not?"

"Certainly he does," said Mrs. Davilow, encouraged, and persuaded that, after all, Gwendolen was fond of her betrothed. She herself thought him a man whose attentions were likely to tell on a girl's feeling. Suitors must often be judged as words are, by the standing and the figure they make in polite society: it is difficult to know

much else of them. And all the mother's anxiety turned, not on Grandcourt's character, but on Gwendolen's mood in accepting him.

The mood was necessarily passing through a new phase this morning. Even in the hour of making her toilet she had drawn on all the knowledge she had for grounds to justify her marriage. And what she most dwelt on was the determination that when she was Grandcourt's wife she would urge him to the most liberal conduct toward Mrs. Glasher's children.

"Of what use would it be to her that I should not marry him? He could have married her if he had liked; but he did *not* like. Perhaps she is to blame for that. There must be a great deal about her that I know nothing of. And he must have been good to her in many ways, else she would not have wanted to marry him."

But that last argument at once began to appear doubtful. Mrs. Glasher naturally wished to exclude other children who would stand between Grandcourt and her own; and Gwendolen's comprehension of this feeling prompted another way of reconciling claims.

"Perhaps we shall have no children. I hope we shall not. And he might leave the estate to the pretty little boy. My uncle said that Mr. Grandcourt could do as he liked with the estates. Only when Sir Hugo Mallinger dies there will be enough for two."

This made Mrs. Glasher appear quite unreasonable in demanding that her boy should be sole heir; and the double property was a security that Grandcourt's marriage would do her no wrong, when the wife was Gwendolen Harleth with all her proud resolution not to be fairly accused. This maiden had been accustomed to think herself blameless: other persons only were faulty.

It was striking, that in the hold which this argument of her doing no wrong to Mrs. Glasher had taken on her mind, her repugnance to the idea of Grandcourt's past had sunk into a subordinate feeling. The terror she had felt in the night-watches at overstepping the border of wickedness by doing what she had at first felt to be wrong, had dulled any emotions about his conduct. She was thinking of him, whatever he might be, as a man over whom she was going to have indefinite power; and her loving him having never been a question with her, any agreeableness he had was so much gain. Poor Gwendolen had no awe of unmanageable forces in the state of matrimony, but regarded it as altogether a matter of management, in which she would know how to act. In relation to Grandcourt's past she encouraged new doubts whether he were likely to have differed much from other men; and she devised little schemes for learning what was expected of men in general.

But whatever else might be true in the world, her hair was dressed suitably for riding, and she went down in her riding-habit to avoid delay before getting on horseback. She wanted to have her blood stirred once more with the intoxication of youth, and to recover the daring with which she had been used to think of her course in life. Already a load was lifted off her; for in daylight and activity it was less oppressive to have doubts about her choice than to feel that she had no choice but to endure insignificance and servitude.

"Go back and make yourself look like a duchess, mamma," she said, turning suddenly as she was going down stairs. "Put your point-lace over your head. I must have you look like a duchess. You must not take things humbly."

When Grandcourt raised her left hand gently and looked at the ring, she said, gravely, "It was very good of you to think of every thing and send me that packet."

"You will tell me if there is any thing I forget?" he said, keeping the hand softly within his own. "I will do any thing you wish."

"But I am very unreasonable in my wishes," said Gwendolen, smiling.

"Yes, I expect that. Women always are."

"Then I will not be unreasonable," said Gwendolen, taking away her hand, and tossing her head saucily. "I will not be told that I am what women always are."

"I did not say that," said Grandcourt, looking at her with his usual gravity. "You are what no other woman is."

"And what is that, pray?" said Gwendolen, moving to a distance with a little air of menace.

Grandcourt made his pause before he answered. "You are the woman I love."

"Oh, what nice speeches!" said Gwendolen, laughing. The sense of that love which he must once have given to another woman under strange circumstances was getting familiar.

"Give me a nice speech in return. Say when we are to be married."

"Not yet. Not till we have had a gallop over the downs. I am so thirsty for that, I can think of nothing else. I wish the hunting had begun. Sunday the twentieth, twenty-seventh, Monday, Tuesday." Gwendolen was counting on her fingers with the prettiest nod while she looked at Grandcourt, and at last swept one palm over the other while she said, triumphantly, "It will begin in ten days!"

"Let us be married in ten days, then," said Grandcourt, "and we shall not be bored about the stables."

"What do women always say in answer to that?" said Gwendolen, mischievously.

"They agree to it," said the lover, rather off his guard.

"Then I will not," said Gwendolen, taking up her gauntlets and putting them on, while she kept her eyes on him with gathering fun in them.

The scene was pleasant on both sides. A cruder lover would have lost the view of her pretty ways and attitudes, and spoiled all by stupid attempts at caresses, utterly destructive of drama. Grandcourt preferred the drama; and Gwendolen, left at ease, found her spirits rising continually as she played at reigning. Perhaps if Klesmer had seen more of her in this unconscious kind of acting, instead of when she was trying to be theatrical, he might have rated her chance higher.

When they had had a glorious gallop, however, she was in a state of exhilaration that disposed her to think well of hastening the marriage which would make her life all of a piece with this splendid kind of enjoyment. She would not debate any more about an act to which she had committed herself; and she consented to fix the wedding on that day three weeks, notwithstanding the difficulty of fulfilling the customary laws of the *trousseau*.

Lush, of course, was made aware of the engagement by abundant signs, without being formally told. But he expected some communication as a

consequence of it, and after a few days he became rather impatient under Grandcourt's silence, feeling sure that the change would affect his personal prospects, and wishing to know exactly how. His tactics no longer included any opposition—which he did not love for its own sake. He might easily cause Grandcourt a great deal of annoyance, but it would be to his own injury, and to create annoyance was not a motive with him. Miss Gwendolen he would certainly not have been sorry to frustrate a little, but—after all there was no knowing what would come. It was nothing new that Grandcourt should show a perverse willfulness; yet in his freak about this girl he struck Lush rather newly as something like a man who was *fey*—led on by an ominous fatality; and that one born to his fortune should make a worse business of his life than was necessary, seemed really pitiable. Having protested against the marriage, Lush had a second-sight for its evil consequences. Grandcourt had been taking the pains to write letters and give orders himself instead of employing Lush; and appeared to be ignoring his usefulness, even choosing, against the habit of years, to breakfast alone in his dressing-room. But a *tête-à-tête* was not to be avoided in a house empty of guests; and Lush hastened to use an opportunity of saying—it was one day after dinner, for there were difficulties in Grandcourt's dining at Offendene—

"And when is the marriage to take place?"

Grandcourt, who drank little wine, had left the table and was lounging, while he smoked, in an easy-chair near the hearth, where a fire of oak boughs was gaping to its glowing depths, and edging them with a delicate tint of ashes delightful to behold. The chair of red-brown velvet brocade was a becoming background for his pale-tinted well-cut features and exquisite long hands: omitting the cigar, you might have imagined him a portrait by Moroni, who would have rendered wonderfully the impenetrable gaze and air of distinction; and a portrait by that great master would have been quite as lively a companion as Grandcourt was disposed to be. But he answered without unusual delay.

"On the tenth."

"I suppose you intend to remain here."

"We shall go to Ryelands for a little while; but we shall return here for the sake of the hunting."

After this word there was the languid inarticulate sound frequent with Grandcourt when he meant to continue speaking, and Lush waited for something more. Nothing came, and he was going to put another question, when the inarticulate sound began again and introduced the mildly uttered suggestion,

"You had better make some new arrangement for yourself."

"What! I am to cut and run?" said Lush, prepared to be good-tempered on the occasion.

"Something of that kind."

"The bride objects to me. I hope she will make up to you for the want of my services."

"I can't help your being so damnably disagreeable to women," said Grandcourt, in soothing apology.

"To one woman, if you please."

"It makes no difference, since she is the one in question."

"I suppose I am not to be turned adrift after fifteen years without some provision."

"You must have saved something out of me."

"Deuced little. I have often saved something for you."

"You can have three hundred a year. But you must live in town and be ready to look after things for me when I want you. I shall be rather hard up."

"If you are not going to be at Ryelands this winter, I might run down there and let you know how Swinton goes on."

"If you like. I don't care a toss where you are, so that you keep out of sight."

"Much obliged," said Lush, able to take the affair more easily than he had expected. He was supported by the secret belief that he should by-and-by be wanted as much as ever.

"Perhaps you will not object to packing up as soon as possible," said Grandcourt. "The Torringtons are coming, and Miss Harleth will be riding over here."

"With all my heart. Can't I be of use in going to Gadsmere?"

"No. I am going myself."

"About your being rather hard up. Have you thought of that plan—"

"Just leave me alone, will you?" said Grandcourt, in his lowest audible tone, tossing his cigar into the fire, and rising to walk away.

He spent the evening in the solitude of the smaller drawing-room, where, with various new publications on the table, of the kind a gentleman may like to have at hand without touching, he employed himself (as a philosopher might have done) in sitting meditatively on a sofa and abstaining from literature—political, comic, cynical, or romantic. In this way hours may pass surprisingly soon, without the arduous invisible chase of philosophy; not from love of thought, but from hatred of effort—from a state of the inward world, something like premature age, where the need for action lapses into a mere image of what has been, is, and may or might be; where impulse is born and dies in a phantasmal world, pausing in rejection even of a shadowy fulfillment. That is a condition which often comes with whitening hair; and sometimes, too, an intense obstinacy and tenacity of rule, like the main trunk of an exorbitant egoism, conspicuous in proportion as the varied susceptibilities of younger years are stripped away.

But Grandcourt's hair, though he had not much of it, was of a fine sunny blonde, and his moods were not entirely to be explained as ebbing energy. We mortals have a strange spiritual chemistry going on within us, so that a lazy stagnation or even a cottony milkiness may be preparing one knows not what biting or explosive material. The navvy waking from sleep, and without malice heaving a stone to crush the life out of his still sleeping comrade, is understood to lack the trained motive which makes a character fairly calculable in its actions; but by a roundabout course even a gentleman may make of himself a chancy personage, raising an uncertainty as to what he may do next, which sadly spoils companionship.

Grandcourt's thoughts this evening were like the circlets one sees in a dark pool continually dying out and continually started again by some impulse from below the surface. The deeper central impulse came from the image of Gwendolen; but the thoughts it stirred would be imperfectly illustrated by a reference to the amatory

poets of all ages. It was characteristic that he got none of his satisfaction from the belief that Gwendolen was in love with him, and that love had overcome the jealous resentment which had made her run away from him. On the contrary, he believed that this girl was rather exceptional in the fact that, in spite of his assiduous attention to her, she was not in love with him; and it seemed to him very likely that if it had not been for the sudden poverty which had come over her family, she would not have accepted him. From the very first there had been an exasperating fascination in the tricksiness with which she had —not met his advances, but—wheeled away from them. She had been brought to accept him in spite of every thing—brought to kneel down like a horse under training for the arena, though she might have an objection to it all the while. On the whole, Grandcourt got more pleasure out of this notion than he could have done out of winning a girl of whom he was sure that she had a strong inclination for him personally. And yet this pleasure in mastering reluctance flourished along with the habitual persuasion that no woman whom he favored could be quite indifferent to his personal influence; and it seemed to him not unlikely that by-and-by Gwendolen might be more enamored of him than he of her. In any case, she would have to submit; and he enjoyed thinking of her as his future wife, whose pride and spirit were suited to command every one but himself. He had no taste for a woman who was all tenderness to him, full of petitioning solicitude and willing obedience. He meant to be master of a woman who would have liked to master him, and who perhaps would have been capable of mastering another man.

Lush, having failed in his attempted reminder to Grandcourt, thought it well to communicate with Sir Hugo, in whom, as a man having perhaps interest enough to command the bestowal of some place where the work was light, gentlemanly, and not ill paid, he was anxious to cultivate a sense of friendly obligation, not feeling at all secure against the future need of such a place. He wrote the following letter, and addressed it to Park Lane, whither he knew the family had returned from Leubronn:

"My dear Sir Hugo,—Since we came home the marriage has been absolutely decided on, and is to take place in less than three weeks. It is so far the worse for him that her mother has lately lost all her fortune, and he will have to find supplies. Grandcourt, I know, is feeling the want of cash; and unless some other plan is resorted to, he will be raising money in a foolish way. I am going to leave Diplow immediately, and I shall not be able to start the topic. What I should advise is that Mr. Deronda, who I know has your confidence, should propose to come and pay a short visit here, according to invitation (there are going to be other people in the house), and that you should put him fully in possession of your wishes and the possible extent of your offer. Then, that he should introduce the subject to Grandcourt so as not to imply that you suspect any particular want of money on his part, but only that there is a strong wish on yours. What I have formerly said to him has been in the way of a conjecture that you might be willing to give a good sum for his chance of Diplow; but if Mr. Deronda came armed with a definite offer, that would take another sort of hold. Ten to one he will not close for some time to come; but the proposal will have got a stronger lodgment in his mind; and though at present he has a great notion of the hunting here, I see a likelihood, under the circumstances, that he will get a distaste for the neighborhood, and there will be the notion of the money sticking by him without being urged. I would bet on your ultimate success. As I am not to be exiled to Siberia, but am to be within call, it is possible that, by-and-by, I may be of more service to you. But at present I can think of no medium so good as Mr. Deronda. Nothing puts Grandcourt in worse humor than having the lawyers thrust their paper under his nose uninvited.

"Trusting that your visit to Leubronn has put you in excellent condition for the winter, I remain, my dear Sir Hugo, yours very faithfully,

"Thomas Cranmer Lush."

Sir Hugo, having received this letter at breakfast, handed it to Deronda, who, though he had chambers in town, was somehow hardly ever in them, Sir Hugo not being contented without him. The chatty Baronet would have liked a young companion even if there had been no peculiar reasons for attachment between them: one with a fine harmonious unspoiled face fitted to keep up a cheerful view of posterity and inheritance generally, notwithstanding particular disappointments; and his affection for Deronda was not diminished by the deep-lying though not obtrusive difference in their notions and tastes. Perhaps it was all the stronger; acting as the same sort of difference does between a man and a woman in giving a piquancy to the attachment which subsists in spite of it. Sir Hugo did not think unapprovingly of himself; but he looked at men and society from a liberal-menagerie point of view, and he had a certain pride in Deronda's differing from him, which, if it had found voice, might have said, "You see this fine young fellow—not such as you see every day, is he?—he belongs to me in a sort of way; I brought him up from a child; but you would not ticket him off easily, he has notions of his own, and he's as far as the poles asunder from what I was at his age." This state of feeling was kept up by the mental balance in Deronda, who was moved by an affectionateness such as we are apt to call feminine, disposing him to yield in ordinary details, while he had a certain inflexibility of judgment, an independence of opinion, held to be rightfully masculine.

When he had read the letter, he returned it without speaking, inwardly wincing under Lush's mode of attributing a neutral usefulness to him in the family affairs.

"What do you say, Dan? It would be pleasant enough for you. You have not seen the place for a good many years now, and you might have a famous run with the harriers if you went down next week," said Sir Hugo.

"I should not go on that account," said Deronda, buttering his bread attentively. He had an objection to this transparent kind of persuasiveness, which all intelligent animals are seen to treat with indifference. If he went to Diplow, he should be doing something disagreeable to oblige Sir Hugo.

"I think Lush's notion is a good one. And it would be a pity to lose the occasion."

"That is a different matter—if you think my going of importance to your object," said Deronda, still with that aloofness of manner which implied some suppression. He knew that the Baronet had set his heart on the affair.

"Why, you will see the fair gambler, the Leubronn Diana, I shouldn't wonder," said Sir Hugo, gayly. "We shall have to invite her to the Abbey, when they are married, Louisa," he added, turning to Lady Mallinger, as if she too had read the letter.

"I can not conceive whom you mean," said Lady Mallinger, who, in fact, had not been listening, her mind having been taken up with her first sips of coffee, the objectionable cuff of her sleeve, and the necessity of carrying Theresa to the dentist—innocent and partly laudable preoccupations, as the gentle lady's usually were. Should her appearance be inquired after, let it be said that she had reddish-blonde hair (the hair of the period), a small Roman nose, rather prominent blue eyes and delicate eyelids, with a figure which her thinner friends called fat, her hands showing curves and dimples like a magnified baby's.

"I mean that Grandcourt is going to marry the girl you saw at Leubronn—don't you remember her?—the Miss Harleth who used to play at roulette."

"Dear me! Is that a good match for him?"

"That depends on the sort of goodness he wants," said Sir Hugo, smiling. "However, she and her friends have nothing, and she will bring him expenses. It's a good match for my purposes, because if I am willing to fork out a sum of money, he may be willing to give up his chance of Diplow, so that we shall have it out and out, and when I die, you will have the consolation of going to the place you would like to go to—wherever I may go."

"I wish you would not talk of dying in that light way, dear."

"It's rather a heavy way, Lou, for I shall have to pay a heavy sum—forty thousand at least."

"But why are we to invite them to the Abbey?" said Lady Mallinger. "I do *not* like women who gamble, like Lady Cragstone."

"Oh, you will not mind her for a week. Besides, she is not like Lady Cragstone because she gambled a little, any more than I am like a broker because I'm a Whig. I want to keep Grandcourt in good humor, and to let him see plenty of this place, that he may think the less of Diplow. I don't know yet whether I shall get him to meet me in this matter. And if Dan were to go over on a visit there, he might hold out the bait to him. It would be doing me a great service." This was meant for Deronda.

"Daniel is not fond of Mr. Grandcourt, I think, is he?" said Lady Mallinger, looking at Deronda inquiringly.

"There is no avoiding every body one doesn't happen to be fond of," said Deronda. "I will go to Diplow—I don't know that I have any thing better to do—since Sir Hugo wishes it."

"That's a trump!" said Sir Hugo, well pleased. "And if you don't find it very pleasant, it's so much experience. Nothing used to come amiss to me when I was young. You must see men and manners."

"Yes; but I have seen that man, and something of his manners too," said Deronda.

"Not nice manners, I think," said Lady Mallinger.

"Well, you see they succeed with your sex," said Sir Hugo, provokingly. "And he was an uncommonly good-looking fellow when he was two or three and twenty—like his father. He doesn't take after his father in marrying the heiress, though. If he had got Miss Arrowpoint and my land too, confound him, he would have had a fine principality."

Deronda, in anticipating the projected visit, felt less disinclination than when consenting to it. The drama of that girl's marriage did interest him: what he had heard through Lush of her having run away from the suit of the man she was now going to take as a husband, had thrown a new sort of light on her gambling; and it was probably the transition from that fevered worldliness into poverty which had urged her acceptance where she must in some way have felt repulsion. All this implied a nature liable to difficulty and struggle—elements of life which had a predominant attraction for his sympathy, due perhaps to his early pain in dwelling on the conjectured story of his own existence. Persons attracted him, as Hans Meyrick had done, in proportion to the possibility of his defending them, rescuing them, telling upon their lives with some sort of redeeming influence; and he had to resist an inclination, easily accounted for, to withdraw coldly from the fortunate. But in the movement which had led him to redeem Gwendolen's necklace for her, and which was at work in him still, there was something beyond his habitual compassionate fervor—something due to the fascination of her womanhood. He was very open to that sort of charm, and mingled it with the consciously Utopian pictures of his own future; yet any one able to trace the folds of his character might have conceived that he would be more likely than many less passionate men to love a woman without telling her of it. Sprinkle food before a delicate-cared bird: there is nothing he would more willingly take, yet he keeps aloof, because of his sensibility to checks which to you are imperceptible. And one man differs from another, as we all differ from the Bosjesman, in a sensibility to checks, that come from variety of needs, spiritual or other. It seemed to foreshadow that capability of reticence in Deronda that his imagination was much occupied with two women, to neither of whom would he have held it possible that he should ever make love. Hans Meyrick had laughed at him for having something of the knight-errant in his disposition; and he would have found his proof if he had known what was just now going on in Deronda's mind about Mirah and Gwendolen.

He wrote without delay to announce the visit to Diplow, and received in reply a polite assurance that his coming would give great pleasure. That was not altogether untrue. Grandcourt thought it probable that the visit was prompted by Sir Hugo's desire to court him for a purpose which he did not make up his mind to resist; and it was not a disagreeable idea to him that this fine fellow, whom he believed to be his cousin under the rose, would witness, perhaps with some jealousy, Henleigh Mallinger Grandcourt play the commanding part of betrothed lover to a splendid girl whom the cousin had already looked at with admiration.

Grandcourt himself was not jealous of any thing unless it threatened his mastery—which he did not think himself likely to lose.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice,
him or her I shall follow,
As the water follows the moon, silently,
with fluid steps any where around the globe."
—WALT WHITMAN.

"Now my cousins are at Diplow," said Grandcourt, "will you go there?—to-morrow? The carriage shall come for Mrs. Davilow. You can tell me what you would like done in the rooms. Things must be put in decent order while we are away at Ryelands. And to-morrow is the only day."

He was sitting sideways on a sofa in the drawing-room at Offendene, one hand and elbow resting on the back, and the other hand thrust between his crossed knees—in the attitude of a man who is much interested in watching the person next to him. Gwendolen, who had always disliked needle-work, had taken to it with apparent zeal since her engagement, and now held a piece of white embroidery which on examination would have shown many false stitches. During the last eight or nine days their hours had been chiefly spent on horseback, but some margin had always been left for this more difficult sort of companionship, which, however, Gwendolen had not found disagreeable. She was very well satisfied with Grandcourt. His answers to her lively questions about what he had seen and done in his life bore drawling very well. From the first she had noticed that he knew what to say; and she was constantly feeling not only that he had nothing of the fool in his composition, but that by some subtle means he communicated to her the impression that all the folly lay with other people, who did what he did not care to do. A man who seems to have been able to command the best has a sovereign power of depreciation. Then Grandcourt's behavior as a lover had hardly at all passed the limit of an amorous homage which was inobtrusive as a wafted odor of roses, and spent all its effect in a gratified vanity. One day, indeed, he had kissed, not her cheek, but her neck a little below her ear; and Gwendolen, taken by surprise, had started up with a marked agitation which made him rise too and say, "I beg your pardon—did I annoy you?" "Oh, it was nothing," said Gwendolen, rather afraid of herself, "only I can not bear—to be kissed under my ear." She sat down again with a little playful laugh, but all the while she felt her heart beating with a vague fear: she was no longer at liberty to flout *him* as she had flouted poor Rex. Her agitation seemed not uncomplimentary, and he had been contented not to transgress again.

To-day a slight rain hindered riding; but to compensate, a package had come from London, and Mrs. Davilow had just left the room after bringing in for admiration the beautiful things (of Grandcourt's ordering) which lay scattered about on the tables. Gwendolen was just then enjoying the scenery of her life. She let her hands fall on her lap, and said, with a pretty air of perversity,

"Why is to-morrow the only day?"

"Because the next day is the first with the hounds," said Grandcourt.

"And after that?"

"After that I must go away for a couple of days—it's a bore—but I shall go one day and come back the next." Grandcourt noticed a change in her face, and releasing his hand from under his knees, he laid it on hers, and said, "You object to my going away?"

"It is no use objecting," said Gwendolen, coldly. She was resisting to the utmost her temptation to tell him that she suspected to whom he was going—and the temptation to make a clean breast, speaking without restraint.

"Yes, it is," said Grandcourt, infolding her hand. "I will put off going. And I will travel at night, so as only to be away one day." He thought that he knew the reason of what he inwardly called this bit of temper, and she was particularly fascinating to him at this moment.

"Then don't put off going, but travel at night," said Gwendolen, feeling that she could command him, and finding in this peremptoriness a small outlet for her irritation.

"Then you will go to Diplow to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, if you wish it," said Gwendolen, in a high tone of careless assent. Her concentration in other feelings had really hindered her from taking notice that her hand was being held.

"How you treat us poor devils of men," said Grandcourt, lowering his tone. "We are always getting the worst of it."

"*Are* you?" said Gwendolen, in a tone of inquiry, looking at him more naïvely than usual. She longed to believe this commonplace badinage as the serious truth about her lover: in that case, she too was justified. If she knew every thing, Mrs. Glasher would appear more blamable than Grandcourt. "*Are* you always getting the worst?"

"Yes. Are you as kind to me as I am to you?" said Grandcourt, looking into her eyes with his narrow gaze.

Gwendolen felt herself stricken. She was conscious of having received so much, that her sense of command was checked, and sank away in the perception that, look round her as she might, she could not turn back: it was as if she had consented to mount a chariot where another held the reins; and it was not in her nature to leap out in the eyes of the world. She had not consented in ignorance, and all she could say now would be a confession that she had not been ignorant. Her right to explanation was gone. All she had to do now was to adjust herself so that the spikes of that unwilling penance which conscience imposed should not gall her. With a sort of mental shiver, she resolutely changed her mental attitude. There had been a little pause, during which she had not turned away her eyes; and with a sudden break into a smile, she said,

"If I were as kind to you as you are to me, that would spoil your generosity: it would no longer be as great as it could be—and it is that now."

"Then I am not to ask for one kiss?" said Grandcourt, contented to pay a large price for this new kind of love-making, which introduced marriage by the finest contrast.

"Not one!" said Gwendolen, getting saucy, and nodding at him defiantly.

He lifted her little left hand to his lips, and

then released it respectfully. Clearly it was faint praise to say of him that he was not disgusting: he was almost charming; and she felt at this moment that it was not likely she could ever have loved another man better than this one. His reticence gave her some inexplicable, delightful consciousness.

"Apropos," she said, taking up her work again, "is there any one besides Captain and Mrs. Torrington at Diplow?—or do you leave them *tête-à-tête?* I suppose he converses in cigars, and she answers with her chignon."

"She has a sister with her," said Grandcourt, with his shadow of a smile, "and there are two men besides—one of them you know, I believe."

"Ah, then I have a poor opinion of him," said Gwendolen, shaking her head.

"You saw him at Leubronn—young Deronda—a young fellow with the Mallingers."

Gwendolen felt as if her heart were making a sudden gambol, and her fingers, which tried to keep a firm hold on her work, got cold.

"I never spoke to him," she said, dreading any discernible change in herself. "Is he not disagreeable?"

"No, not particularly," said Grandcourt, in his most languid way. "He thinks a little too much of himself. I supposed he had been introduced to you."

"No. Some one told me his name the evening before I came away. That was all. What is he?"

"A sort of ward of Sir Hugo Mallinger's. Nothing of any consequence."

"Oh, poor creature! How very unpleasant for him!" said Gwendolen, speaking from the lip, and not meaning any sarcasm. "I wonder if it has left off raining?" she added, rising and going to look out of the window.

Happily it did not rain the next day, and Gwendolen rode to Diplow on Criterion, as she had done on that former day when she returned with her mother in the carriage. She always felt the more daring for being in her riding dress, besides having the agreeable belief that she looked as well as possible in it—a sustaining consciousness in any meeting which seems formidable. Her anger toward Deronda had changed into a superstitious dread—due, perhaps, to the coercion he had exercised over her thought—lest that first interference of his in her life might foreshadow some future influence. It is of such stuff that superstitions are commonly made: an intense feeling about ourselves which makes the evening-star shine at us with a threat, and the blessing of a beggar encourage us. And superstitions carry consequences which often verify their hope or their foreboding.

The time before luncheon was taken up for Gwendolen by going over the rooms with Mrs. Torrington and Mrs. Davilow; and she thought it likely that if she saw Deronda, there would hardly be need for more than a bow between them. She meant to notice him as little as possible.

And, after all, she found herself under an inward compulsion too strong for her pride. From the first moment of their being in the room together, she seemed to herself to be doing nothing but notice him: every thing else was automatic performance of a habitual part.

When he took his place at lunch, Grandcourt had said, "Deronda, Miss Harleth tells me you were not introduced to her at Leubronn."

"Miss Harleth hardly remembers me, I imagine," said Deronda, looking at her quite simply, as they bowed. "She was intensely occupied when I saw her."

Now did he suppose that she had not suspected him of being the person who redeemed her necklace?

"On the contrary. I remember you very well," said Gwendolen, feeling rather nervous, but governing herself, and looking at him in return with new examination. "You did not approve of my playing at roulette."

"How did you come to that conclusion?" said Deronda, gravely.

"Oh, you cast an evil-eye on my play," said Gwendolen, with a turn of her head and a smile. "I began to lose as soon as you came to look on. I had always been winning till then."

"Roulette in such a kennel as Leubronn is a horrid bore," said Grandcourt.

"*I* found it a bore when I began to lose," said Gwendolen. Her face was turned toward Grandcourt as she smiled and spoke, but she gave a sidelong glance at Deronda, and saw his eyes fixed on her with a look so gravely penetrating that it had a keener edge for her than his ironical smile at her losses—a keener edge than Klesmer's judgment. She wheeled her neck round as if she wanted to listen to what was being said by the rest, while she was only thinking of Deronda. His face had that disturbing kind of form and expression which threatens to affect opinion—as if one's standard were somehow wrong. (Who has not seen men with faces of this corrective power till they frustrated it by speech or action?) His voice, heard now for the first time, was to Grandcourt's toneless drawl, which had been in her ears every day, as the deep notes of a violoncello to the broken discourse of poultry and other lazy gentry in the afternoon sunshine. Grandcourt, she inwardly conjectured, was perhaps right in saying that Deronda thought too much of himself—a favorite way of explaining a superiority that humiliates. However, the talk turned on the rinderpest and Jamaica, and no more was said about roulette. Grandcourt held that the Jamaican negro was a beastly sort of baptist Caliban; Deronda said he had always felt a little with Caliban, who naturally had his own point of view, and could sing a good song; Mrs. Davilow observed that her father had an estate in Barbadoes, but that she herself had never been in the West Indies; Mrs. Torrington was sure she should never sleep in her bed if she lived among blacks; her husband corrected her by saying that the blacks would be manageable enough if it were not for the half-breeds; and Deronda remarked that the whites had to thank themselves for the half-breeds.

While this polite pea-shooting was going on, Gwendolen trifled with her jelly, and looked at every speaker in turn, that she might feel at ease in looking at Deronda.

"I wonder what he thinks of me really? He must have felt interested in me, else he would not have sent me my necklace. I wonder what he thinks of my marriage? What notions has he to make him so grave about things? Why is he come to Diplow?"

These questions ran in her mind as the voice of an uneasy longing to be judged by Deronda with unmixed admiration—a longing which had

had its seed in her first resentment at his critical glance. Why did she care so much about the opinion of this man who was "nothing of any consequence?" She had no time to find the reason—she was too much engaged in caring. In the drawing-room, when something had called Grandcourt away, she went quite unpremeditatedly up to Deronda, who was standing at a table apart, turning over some prints, and said to him,

"Shall you hunt to-morrow, Mr. Deronda?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You don't object to hunting, then?"

"I find excuses for it. It is a sin I am inclined to—when I can't get boating or cricketing."

"Do you object to my hunting?" said Gwendolen, with a saucy movement of the chin.

"I have no right to object to any thing you choose to do."

"You thought you had a right to object to my gambling," persisted Gwendolen.

"I was sorry for it. I am not aware that I told you of my objection," said Deronda, with his usual directness of gaze—a large-eyed gravity, innocent of any intention. His eyes had a peculiarity which has drawn many men into trouble: they were of a dark yet mild intensity, which seemed to express a special interest in every one on whom he fixed them, and might easily help to bring on him those claims which ardently sympathetic people are often creating in the minds of those who need help. In mendicant fashion, we make the goodness of others a reason for exorbitant demands on them. That sort of effect was penetrating Gwendolen.

"You hindered me from gambling again," she answered. But she had no sooner spoken than she blushed over face and neck; and Deronda blushed too, conscious that in the little affair of the necklace he had taken a questionable freedom.

It was impossible to speak further; and she turned away to a window, feeling that she had stupidly said what she had not meant to say, and yet being rather happy that she had plunged into this mutual understanding. Deronda also did not dislike it. Gwendolen seemed more decidedly attractive than before; and certainly there had been changes going on within her since that time at Leubronn: the struggle of mind attending a conscious error had wakened something like a new soul, which had better, but also worse, possibilities than her former poise of crude self-confidence: among the forces she had come to dread was something within her that troubled satisfaction.

That evening Mrs. Davilow said, "Was it really so, or only a joke of yours, about Mr. Deronda's spoiling your play, Gwen?"

Her curiosity had been excited, and she could venture to ask a question that did not concern Mr. Grandcourt.

"Oh, it merely happened that he was looking on when I began to lose," said Gwendolen, carelessly. "I noticed him."

"I don't wonder at that: he is a striking young man. He puts me in mind of Italian paintings. One would guess, without being told, that there was foreign blood in his veins."

"Is there?" said Gwendolen.

"Mrs. Torrington says so. I asked particularly who he was, and she told me that his mother was some foreigner of high rank."

"His mother?" said Gwendolen, rather sharply. "Then who was his father?"

"Well—every one says he is the son of Sir Hugo Mallinger, who brought him up; though he passes for a ward. She says, if Sir Hugo Mallinger could have done as he liked with his estates, he would have left them to this Mr. Deronda, since he has no legitimate son."

Gwendolen was silent; but her mother observed so marked an effect in her face that she was angry with herself for having repeated Mrs. Torrington's gossip. It seemed, on reflection, unsuited to the ear of her daughter, for whom Mrs. Davilow disliked what is called knowledge of the world; and indeed she wished that she herself had not had any of it thrust upon her.

An image which had immediately arisen in Gwendolen's mind was that of the unknown mother—no doubt a dark-eyed woman—probably sad. Hardly any face could be less like Deronda's than that represented as Sir Hugo's in a crayon portrait at Diplow. A dark-eyed beautiful woman, no longer young, had become "stuff o' the conscience" to Gwendolen.

That night, when she had got into her little bed, and only a dim light was burning, she said,

"Mamma, have men generally children before they are married?"

"No, dear, no," said Mrs. Davilow. "Why do you ask such a question?" (But she began to think that she saw the why.)

"If it were so, I ought to know," said Gwendolen, with some indignation.

"You are thinking of what I said about Mr. Deronda and Sir Hugo Mallinger. That is a very unusual case, dear."

"Does Lady Mallinger know?"

"She knows enough to satisfy her. That is quite clear, because Mr. Deronda has lived with them."

"And people think no worse of him?"

"Well, of course he is under some disadvantage: it is not as if he were Lady Mallinger's son. He does not inherit the property, and he is not of any consequence in the world. But people are not obliged to know any thing about his birth. You see, he is very well received."

"I wonder whether he knows about it, and whether he is angry with his father?"

"My dear child, why should you think of that?"

"Why?" said Gwendolen, impetuously, sitting up in her bed. "Haven't children reason to be angry with their parents? How can they help their parents marrying or not marrying?"

But a consciousness rushed upon her, which made her fall back again on her pillow. It was not only what she would have felt months before—that she might seem to be reproaching her mother for that second marriage of hers; what she chiefly felt now was that she had been led on to a condemnation which seemed to make her own marriage a forbidden thing.

There was no further talk, and till sleep came over her, Gwendolen lay struggling with the reasons against that marriage—reasons which pressed upon her newly now that they were unexpectedly mirrored in the story of a man whose slight relations with her had, by some hidden affinity, bitten themselves into the most permanent layers of feeling. It was characteristic that, with all her debating, she was never troubled by the ques-

tion whether the indefensibleness of her marriage did not include the fact that she had accepted Grandcourt solely as the man whom it was convenient for her to marry, not in the least as one to whom she would be binding herself in duty. Gwendolen's ideas were pitiably crude; but many grand difficulties of life are apt to force themselves on us in our crudity. And to judge wisely I suppose we must know how things appear to the unwise, that kind of appearance making the larger part of the world's history.

In the morning there was a double excitement for her. She was going to hunt, from which scruples about propriety had threatened to hinder her, until it was found that Mrs. Torrington was horsewoman enough to accompany her—going to hunt for the first time since her escapade with Rex; and she was going again to see Deronda, in whom, since last night, her interest had so gathered that she expected, as people do about revealed celebrities, to see something in his appearance which she had missed before. What was he going to be? What sort of life had he before him—he being nothing of any consequence? And with only a little difference in events he might have been as important as Grandcourt, nay—her imagination inevitably went in that direction—might have held the very estates which Grandcourt was to have. But now Deronda would probably some day see her mistress of the Abbey at Topping, see her bearing the title which would have been his own wife's. These obvious, futile thoughts of what might have been, made a new epoch for Gwendolen. She, whose unquestioning habit it had been to take the best that came to her for less than her own claim, had now to see the position which tempted her in a new light, as a hard, unfair exclusion of others. What she had now heard about Deronda seemed to her imagination to throw him into one group with Mrs. Glasher and her children, before whom she felt herself in an attitude of apology—she who had hitherto been surrounded by a group that in her opinion had need be apologetic to her. Perhaps Deronda himself was thinking of these things. Could he know of Mrs. Glasher? If he knew that she knew, he would despise her; but he could have no such knowledge. Would he, without that, despise her for marrying Grandcourt? His possible judgment of her actions was telling on her as importunately as Klesmer's judgment of her powers; but she found larger room for resistance to a disapproval of her marriage, because it is easier to make our conduct seem justifiable to ourselves than to make our ability strike others. "How can I help it?" is not our favorite apology for incompetence. But Gwendolen felt some strength in saying,

"How can I help what other people have done? Things would not come right if I were to turn round now and declare that I would not marry Mr. Grandcourt." And such turning round was out of the question. The horses in the chariot she had mounted were going at full speed.

This mood of youthful, elated desperation had a tidal recurrence. She could dare any thing that lay before her sooner than she could choose to go backward into humiliation; and it was even soothing to think that there would now be as much ill-doing in the one as in the other. But the immediate delightful fact was the hunt, where she would see Deronda, and where he would see her; for always lurking ready to obtrude before other thoughts about him was the impression that he was very much interested in her. But to-day she was resolved not to repeat her folly of yesterday, as if she were anxious to say any thing to him. Indeed, the hunt would be too absorbing.

And so it was for a long while. Deronda was there, and within her sight very often; but this only added to the stimulus of a pleasure which Gwendolen had only once before tasted, and which seemed likely always to give a delight independent of any crosses, except such as took away the chance of riding. No accident happened to throw them together; the run took them within convenient reach of home, and in the agreeable sombreness of the gray November afternoon, with a long stratum of yellow light in the west, Gwendolen was returning with the company from Diplow, who were attending her on the way to Offendene. Now that the sense of glorious excitement was over and gone, she was getting irritably disappointed that she had had no opportunity of speaking to Deronda, whom she would not see again, since he was to go away in a couple of days. What was she going to say? That was not quite certain. She wanted to speak to him. Grandcourt was by her side; Mrs. Torrington, her husband, and another gentleman in advance; and Deronda's horse she could hear behind. The wish to speak to him and have him speaking to her was becoming imperious; and there was no chance of it, unless she simply asserted her will and defied every thing. Where the order of things could give way to Miss Gwendolen, it must be made to do so. They had lately emerged from a wood of pines and beeches, where the twilight stillness had a repressing effect, which increased her impatience. The horse-hoofs again heard behind at some little distance were a growing irritation. She reined in her horse and looked behind her; Grandcourt, after a few paces, also paused; but she, waving her whip and nodding sideways with playful imperiousness, said, "Go on. I want to speak to Mr. Deronda."

Grandcourt hesitated; but that he would have done after any proposition. It was an awkward situation for him. No gentleman, before marriage, could give the emphasis of refusal to a command delivered in this playful way. He rode on slowly, and she waited till Deronda came up. He looked at her with tacit inquiry, and she said at once, letting her horse go alongside of his,

"Mr. Deronda, you must enlighten my ignorance. I want to know why you thought it wrong for me to gamble. Is it because I am a woman?"

"Not altogether; but I regretted it the more because you were a woman," said Deronda, with an irrepressible smile. Apparently it must be understood between them now that it was he who sent the necklace. "I think it would be better for men not to gamble. It is a besotting kind of taste, likely to turn into a disease. And, besides, there is something revolting to me in raking a heap of money together, and internally chuckling over it, when others are feeling the loss of it. I should even call it base, if it were more than an exceptional lapse. There are enough inevitable turns of fortune which force us to see that our gain is another's loss: that is one of the ugly

aspects of life. One would like to reduce it as much as one could, not get amusement out of exaggerating it." Deronda's voice had gathered some indignation while he was speaking.

"But you do admit that we can't help things," said Gwendolen, with a drop in her tone. The answer had not been any thing like what she had expected. "I mean that things are so in spite of us; we can't always help it that our gain is another's loss."

"Clearly. Because of that, we should help it where we can."

Gwendolen, biting her lip inside, paused a moment, and then forcing herself to speak with an air of playfulness again, said,

"But why should you regret it more because I am a woman?"

"Perhaps because we need that you should be better than we are."

"But suppose *we* need that men should be better than we are," said Gwendolen, with a little air of "check!"

"That is rather a difficulty," said Deronda, smiling. "I suppose I should have said, we each of us think it would be better for the other to be good."

"You see, I needed you to be better than I was —and you thought so," said Gwendolen, nodding and laughing, while she put her horse forward and joined Grandcourt, who made no observation.

"Don't you want to know what I had to say to Mr. Deronda?" said Gwendolen, whose own pride required her to account for her conduct.

"A—no," said Grandcourt, coldly.

"Now that is the first impolite word you have spoken—that you don't wish to hear what I had to say," said Gwendolen, playing at a pout.

"I wish to hear what you say to me—not to other men," said Grandcourt.

"Then you wish to hear this. I wanted to make him tell me why he objected to my gambling, and he gave me a little sermon."

"Yes—but excuse me the sermon." If Gwendolen imagined that Grandcourt cared about her speaking to Deronda, he wished her to understand that she was mistaken. But he was not fond of being told to ride on. She saw he was piqued, but did not mind. She had accomplished her object of speaking again to Deronda before he raised his hat and turned with the rest toward Diplow, while her lover attended her to Offendene, where he was to bid farewell before a whole day's absence on the unspecified journey. Grandcourt had spoken truth in calling the journey a bore: he was going by train to Gadsmere.

CHAPTER XXX.

No penitence and no confessional:
No priest ordains it, yet they're forced to sit
Amid deep ashes of their vanished years.

IMAGINE a rambling, patchy house, the best part built of gray stone, and red tiled, a round tower jutting at one of the corners, the mellow darkness of its conical roof surmounted by a weather-cock, making an agreeable object either amidst the gleams and greenth of summer or the low-hanging clouds and snowy branches of winter: the grounds shady with spreading trees: a great cedar flourishing on one side, backward some Scotch firs on a broken bank where the roots hung naked, and beyond a rookery: on the other side a pool overhung with bushes, where the water-fowl fluttered and screamed: all around a vast meadow, which might be called a park, bordered by an old plantation and guarded by stone lodges which looked like little prisons. Outside the gate the country, once entirely rural and lovely, now black with coal mines, was chiefly peopled by men and brethren with candles stuck in their hats, and with a diabolic complexion which laid them peculiarly open to suspicion in the eyes of the children at Gadsmere—Mrs. Glasher's four beautiful children, who had dwelt there for about three years. Now, in November, when the flower beds were empty, the trees leafless, and the pool blackly shivering, one might have said that the place was sombrely in keeping with the black roads and black mounds which seemed to put the district in mourning—except when the children were playing on the gravel with the dogs for their companions. But Mrs. Glasher under her present circumstances liked Gadsmere as well as she would have liked any other abode. The complete seclusion of the place, which the unattractiveness of the country secured, was exactly to her taste. When she drove her two ponies with a wagonette full of children, there were no gentry in carriages to be met, only men of business in gigs; at church there were no eyes she cared to avoid, for the curate's wife and the curate himself were either ignorant of any thing to her disadvantage, or ignored it: to them she was simply a widow lady, the tenant of Gadsmere; and the name of Grandcourt was of little interest in that district compared with the names of Fletcher and Gawcome, the lessees of the collieries.

It was full ten years since the elopement of an Irish officer's beautiful wife with young Grandcourt, and a consequent duel where the bullets wounded the air only, had made some little noise. Most of those who remembered the affair now wondered what had become of that Mrs. Glasher whose beauty and brilliancy had made her rather conspicuous to them in foreign places, where she was known to be living with young Grandcourt.

That he should have disentangled himself from that connection seemed only natural and desirable. As to her, it was thought that a woman who was understood to have forsaken her child along with her husband had probably sunk lower. Grandcourt had of course got weary of her. He was much given to the pursuit of women; but a man in his position would by this time desire to make a suitable marriage with the fair young daughter of a noble house. No one talked of Mrs. Glasher now, any more than they talked of the victim in a trial for manslaughter ten years before: she was a lost vessel after whom nobody would send out an expedition of search; but Grandcourt was seen in harbor with his colors flying, registered as sea-worthy as ever.

Yet in fact Grandcourt had never disentangled himself from Mrs. Glasher. His passion for her had been the strongest and most lasting he had ever known; and though it was now as dead as the music of a cracked flute, it had left a certain dull dispossedness, which on the death of her husband three years before had prompted in him a vacillating notion of marrying her, in accordance with the understanding often expressed between them during the days of his first ardor. At that early time Grandcourt would willingly have paid

for the freedom to be won by a divorce; but the husband would not oblige him, not wanting to be married again himself, and not wishing to have his domestic habits printed in evidence.

The altered poise which the years had brought in Mrs. Glasher was just the reverse. At first she was comparatively careless about the possibility of marriage. It was enough that she had escaped from a disagreeable husband and found a sort of bliss with a lover who had completely fascinated her—young, handsome, amorous, and living in the best style, with equipage and conversation *en suite*, of the kind to be expected in young men of fortune who have seen every thing. She was an impassioned, vivacious woman, fond of adoration, exasperated by five years of marital rudeness; and the sense of release was so strong upon her that it stilled anxiety for more than she actually enjoyed. An equivocal position was of no importance to her then; she had no envy for the honors of a dull, disregarded wife: the one spot which spoiled her vision of her new pleasant world was the sense that she had left her three-year-old boy, who died two years afterward, and whose first tones saying "mamma" retained a difference from those of the children that came after. But now the years had brought many changes besides those in the contour of her cheek and throat; and that Grandcourt should marry her had become her dominant desire. The equivocal position which she had not minded about for herself was now telling upon her through her children, whom she loved with a devotion charged with the added passion of atonement. She had no repentance except in this direction. If Grandcourt married her, the children would be none the worse off for what had passed: they would see their mother in a dignified position, and they would be at no disadvantage with the world: her son would be made his father's heir. It was the yearning for this result which gave the supreme importance to Grandcourt's feeling for her; her love for him had long resolved itself into anxiety that he should give her the unique, permanent claim of a wife, and she expected no other happiness in marriage than the satisfaction of her maternal love and pride—including her pride for herself in the presence of her children. For the sake of that result she was prepared even with a tragic firmness to endure any thing quietly in marriage; and she had had acuteness enough to cherish Grandcourt's flickering purpose negatively, by not molesting him with passionate appeals and with scene-making. In her, as in every one else who wanted any thing of him, his incalculable turns, and his tendency to harden under beseeching, had created a reasonable dread—a slow discovery, of which no presentiment had been given in the bearing of a youthful lover with a fine line of face and the softest manners. But reticence had necessarily cost something to this impassioned woman, and she was the bitterer for it. There is no quailing—even that forced on the helpless and injured—which has not an ugly obverse: the withheld sting was gathering venom. She was absolutely dependent on Grandcourt; for though he had been always liberal in expenses for her, he had kept every thing voluntary on his part; and with the goal of marriage before her she would ask for nothing less. He had said that he would never settle any thing except by will; and when she was thinking of alternatives for the future, it often occurred to her that, even if she did not become Grandcourt's wife, he might never have a son who would have a legitimate claim on him, and the end might be that her son would be made heir to the best part of his estates. No son at that early age could promise to have more of his father's *physique*. But her becoming Grandcourt's wife was so far from being an extravagant notion of possibility that even Lush had entertained it, and had said that he would as soon bet on it as on any other likelihood with regard to his familiar companion. Lush, indeed, on inferring that Grandcourt had a preconception of using his residence at Diplow in order to win Miss Arrowpoint, had thought it well to fan that project, taking it as a tacit renunciation of the marriage with Mrs. Glasher, which had long been a mark for the hovering and wheeling of Grandcourt's caprice. But both prospects had been negatived by Gwendolen's appearance on the scene; and it was natural enough for Mrs. Glasher to enter with eagerness into Lush's plan of hindering that new danger by setting up a barrier in the mind of the girl who was being sought as a bride. She entered into it with an eagerness which had passion in it as well as purpose, some of the stored-up venom delivering itself in that way.

After that, she had heard from Lush of Gwendolen's departure, and the probability that all danger from her was got rid of; but there had been no letter to tell her that the danger had returned and had become a certainty. She had since then written to Grandcourt, as she did habitually, and he had been longer than usual in answering. She was inferring that he might intend coming to Gadsmere at the time when he was actually on the way; and she was not without hope—what construction of another's mind is not strong wishing equal to?—that a certain sickening from that frustrated courtship might dispose him to slip the more easily into the old track of intention.

Grandcourt had two grave purposes in coming to Gadsmere: to convey the news of his approaching marriage in person, in order to make this first difficulty final; and to get from Lydia his mother's diamonds, which long ago he had confided to her and wished her to wear. Her person suited diamonds, and made them look as if they were worth some of the money given for them. These particular diamonds were not mountains of light—they were mere peas and haricots for the ears, neck, and hair; but they were worth some thousands, and Grandcourt necessarily wished to have them for his wife. Formerly when he had asked Lydia to put them into his keeping again, simply on the ground that they would be safer and ought to be deposited at the bank, she had quietly but absolutely refused, declaring that they were quite safe; and at last had said, "If you ever marry another woman, I will give them up to her: are you going to marry another woman?" At that time Grandcourt had no motive which urged him to persist, and he had this grace in him, that the disposition to exercise power either by cowing or disappointing others or exciting in them a rage which they dare not express—a disposition which was active in him as other propensities became languid—had always been in abeyance before Lydia. A severe interpreter might say that the mere facts of their relation to each other, the melancholy position of this woman who depended on his will, made a standing banquet for his de-

light in dominating. But there was something else than this in his forbearance toward her: there was the surviving though metamorphosed effect of the power she had had over him; and it was this effect, the fitful dull lapse toward solicitations that once had the zest now missing from life, which had again and again inclined him to espouse a familiar past rather than rouse himself to the expectation of novelty. But now novelty had taken hold of him and urged him to make the most of it.

Mrs. Glasher was seated in the pleasant room where she habitually passed her mornings with her children round her. It had a square projecting window, and looked on broad gravel and grass, sloping toward a little brook that entered the pool. The top of a low black cabinet, the old oak table, the chairs in tawny leather, were littered with the children's toys, books, and garden garments, at which a maternal lady in pastel looked down from the walls with smiling indulgence. The children were all there. The three girls, seated round their mother near the window, were miniature portraits of her—dark-eyed, delicate-featured brunettes, with a rich bloom on their cheeks, their little nostrils and eyebrows singularly finished, as if they were tiny women, the eldest being barely nine. The boy was seated on the carpet at some distance, bending his blonde head over the animals from a Noah's ark, admonishing them separately in a voice of threatening command, and occasionally licking the spotted ones to see if the colors would hold. Josephine, the eldest, was having her French lesson, and the others, with their dolls on their laps, sat demurely enough for images of the Madonna. Mrs. Glasher's toilet had been made very carefully—each day now she said to herself that Grandcourt might come in. Her head, which, spite of emaciation, had an ineffaceable beauty in the fine profile, crisp curves of hair, and clearly marked eyebrows, rose impressively above her bronze-colored silk and velvet, and the gold necklace which Grandcourt had first clasped round her neck years ago. Not that she had any pleasure in her toilet; her chief thought of herself seen in the glass was, "How changed!" but such good in life as remained to her she would keep. If her chief wish were fulfilled, she could imagine herself getting the comeliness of a matron fit for the highest rank. The little faces beside her, almost exact reductions of her own, seemed to tell of the blooming curves which had once been where now was sunken pallor. But the children kissed the pale cheeks, and never found them deficient. That love was now the one end of her life.

Suddenly Mrs. Glasher turned away her head from Josephine's book, and listened. "Hush, dear! I think some one is coming."

Henleigh, the boy, jumped up and said, "Mamma, is it the miller with my donkey?"

He got no answer, and going up to his mamma's knee, repeated his question in an insistent tone. But the door opened, and the servant announced Mr. Grandcourt. Mrs. Glasher rose in some agitation. Henleigh frowned at him in disgust at his not being the miller, and the three little girls lifted up their dark eyes to him timidly. They had none of them any particular liking for this friend of mamma's—in fact, when he had taken Mrs. Glasher's hand and then turned to put his other hand on Henleigh's head, that energetic scion began to beat the friend's arm away with his fists. The little girls submitted bashfully to be patted under the chin and kissed, but on the whole it seemed better to send them into the garden, where they were presently dancing and chatting with the dogs on the gravel.

"How far are you come?" said Mrs. Glasher, as Grandcourt put away his hat and overcoat.

"From Diplow," he answered, slowly, seating himself opposite her, and looking at her with an unnoting gaze which she noted.

"You are tired, then."

"No, I rested at the Junction—a hideous hole. These railway journeys are always a confounded bore. But I had coffee and smoked."

Grandcourt drew out his handkerchief, rubbed his face, and in returning the handkerchief to his pocket looked at his crossed knee and blameless boot, as if any stranger were opposite to him, instead of a woman quivering with a suspense which every word and look of his was to incline toward hope or dread. But he was really occupied with their interview and what it was likely to include. Imagine the difference in rate of emotion between this woman whom the years had worn to a more conscious dependence and sharper eagerness, and this man whom they were dulling into a more and more neutral obstinacy.

"I expected to see you—it was so long since I had heard from you. I suppose the weeks seem longer at Gadsmere than they do at Diplow," said Mrs. Glasher. She had a quick, incisive way of speaking that seemed to go with her features, as the tone and *timbre* of a violin go with its form.

"Yes," drawled Grandcourt. "But you found the money paid into the bank."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Glasher, curtly, tingling with impatience. Always before—at least she fancied so—Grandcourt had taken more notice of her and the children than he did to-day.

"Yes," he resumed, playing with his whisker, and at first not looking at her, "the time has gone on at rather a rattling pace with me; generally it is slow enough. But there has been a good deal happening, as you know"—here he turned his eyes upon her.

"What do I know?" said she, sharply.

He left a pause before he said, without change of manner, "That I was thinking of marrying. You saw Miss Harleth?"

"*She* told you that?"

The pale cheeks looked even paler, perhaps from the fierce brightness in the eyes above them.

"No. Lush told me," was the slow answer. It was as if the thumb-screw and the iron boot were being placed by creeping hands within sight of the expectant victim.

"Good God! say at once that you are going to marry her," she burst out, passionately, her knee shaking and her hands tightly clasped.

"Of course this kind of thing must happen some time or other, Lydia," said he, really, now the thumb-screw was on, not wishing to make the pain worse.

"You didn't always see the necessity."

"Perhaps not. I see it now."

In those few under-toned words of Grandcourt's she felt as absolute a resistance as if her thin fingers had been pushing at a fast-shut iron door. She knew her helplessness, and shrank from testing it by any appeal—shrank from crying in a

dead ear and clinging to dead knees, only to see the immovable face and feel the rigid limbs. She did not weep nor speak: she was too hard pressed by the sudden certainty which had as much of chill sickness in it as of thought and emotion. The defeated clutch of struggling hope gave her in these first moments a horrible sensation. At last she rose with a spasmodic effort, and, unconscious of every thing but her wretchedness, pressed her forehead against the hard cold glass of the window. The children, playing on the gravel, took this as a sign that she wanted them, and running forward stood in front of her with their sweet faces upturned expectantly. This roused her: she shook her head at them, waved them off, and overcome with this painful exertion, sank back in the nearest chair.

Grandcourt had risen too. He was doubly annoyed—at the scene itself, and at the sense that no imperiousness of his could save him from it; but the task had to be gone through, and there was the administrative necessity of arranging things so that there should be as little annoyance as possible in future. He was leaning against the corner of the fire-place. She looked up at him and said, bitterly,

"All this is of no consequence to you. I and the children are importunate creatures. You wish to get away again and be with Miss Harleth."

"Don't make the affair more disagreeable than it need be, Lydia. It is of no use to harp on things that can't be altered. Of course it's deucedly disagreeable to me to see you making yourself miserable. I've taken this journey to tell you what you must make up your mind to—you and the children will be provided for as usual—and there's an end of it."

Silence. She dared not answer. This woman with the intense eager look had had the iron of the mother's anguish in her soul, and it had made her sometimes capable of a repression harder than shrieking and struggle. But underneath the silence there was an outlash of hatred and vindictiveness: she wished that the marriage might make two others wretched, besides herself. Presently he went on:

"It will be better for you. You may go on living here. But I think of by-and-by settling a good sum on you and the children, and you can live where you like. There will be nothing for you to complain of then. Whatever happens, you will feel secure. Nothing could be done beforehand. Every thing has gone on in a hurry."

Grandcourt ceased his slow delivery of sentences. He did not expect her to thank him, but he considered that she might reasonably be contented, if it were possible for Lydia to be contented. She showed no change, and after a minute he said,

"You have never had any reason to fear that I should be illiberal. I don't care a curse about the money."

"If you did care about it, I suppose you would not give it us," said Lydia. The sarcasm was irrepressible.

"That's a devilishly unfair thing to say," Grandcourt replied, in a lower tone; "and I advise you not to say that sort of thing again."

"Should you punish me by leaving the children in beggary?" In spite of herself, the one outlet of venom had brought the other.

"There is no question about leaving the children in beggary," said Grandcourt, still in his low voice. "I advise you not to say things that you will repent of."

"I am used to repenting," said she, bitterly. "Perhaps *you* will repent. You have already repented of loving me."

"All this will only make it uncommonly difficult for us to meet again. What friend have you besides me?"

"Quite true."

The words came like a low moan. At the same moment there flashed through her the wish that after promising himself a better happiness than that he had had with her, he might feel a misery and loneliness which would drive him back to her to find some memory of a time when he was young, glad, and hopeful. But no! he would go scathless; it was she who had to suffer.

With this the scorching words were ended. Grandcourt had meant to stay till evening; he wished to curtail his visit, but there was no suitable train earlier than the one he had arranged to go by, and he had still to speak to Lydia on the second object of his visit, which, like a second surgical operation, seemed to require an interval. The hours had to go by; there was eating to be done; the children came in again—all this mechanism of life had to be gone through with the dreary sense of restraint which is often felt in domestic quarrels of a commoner kind. To Lydia it was some slight relief for her stifled fury to have the children present: she felt a savage glory in their loveliness, as if it would taunt Grandcourt with his indifference to her and them—a secret darting of venom which was strongly imaginative. He acquitted himself with all the advantage of a man whose grace of bearing has long been moulded on an experience of boredom—nursed the little Antonia, who sat with her hands crossed and eyes upturned to his bald head, which struck her as worthy of observation—and propitiated Henleigh by promising him a beautiful saddle and bridle. It was only the two eldest girls who had known him as a continual presence; and the intervening years had overlaid their infantine memories with a bashfulness which Grandcourt's bearing was not likely to dissipate. He and Lydia occasionally, in the presence of the servants, made a conventional remark; otherwise they never spoke; and the stagnant thought in Grandcourt's mind all the while was of his own infatuation in having given her those diamonds, which obliged him to incur the nuisance of speaking about them. He had an ingrained care for what he held to belong to his caste, and about property he liked to be lordly; also he had a consciousness of indignity to himself in having to ask for any thing in the world. But however he might assert his independence of Mrs. Glasher's past, he had made a past for himself which was a stronger yoke than any he could impose. He must ask for the diamonds which he had promised to Gwendolen.

At last they were alone again, with the candles above them, face to face with each other. Grandcourt looked at his watch, and then said, in an apparently indifferent drawl, "There is one thing I had to mention, Lydia. My diamonds—you have them."

"Yes, I have them," she answered, promptly, rising, and standing with her arms thrust down and her fingers threaded, while Grandcourt sat

still. She had expected the topic, and made her resolve about it. But she meant to carry out her resolve, if possible, without exasperating him. During the hours of silence she had longed to recall the words which had only widened the breach between them.

"They are in this house, I suppose?"

"No; not in this house."

"I thought you said you kept them by you."

"When I said so it was true. They are in the bank at Dudley."

"Get them away, will you? I must make an arrangement for your delivering them to some one."

"Make no arrangement. They shall be delivered to the person you intended them for. *I* will make the arrangement."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I have always told you that I would give them up to your wife. I shall keep my word. She is not your wife yet."

"This is foolery," said Grandcourt, with undertoned disgust. It was too irritating that his indulgence of Lydia had given her a sort of mastery over him in spite of her dependent condition.

She did not speak. He also rose now, but stood leaning against the mantel-piece with his side face toward her.

"The diamonds must be delivered to me before my marriage," he began again.

"What is your wedding-day?"

"The tenth. There is no time to be lost."

"And where do you go after the marriage?"

He did not reply except by looking more sullen. Presently he said, "You must appoint a day before then, to get them from the bank and meet me—or somebody else I will commission: it's a great nuisance. Mention a day."

"No; I shall not do that. They shall be delivered to her safely. I shall keep my word."

"Do you mean to say," said Grandcourt, just audibly, turning to face her, "that you will not do as I tell you?"

"Yes, I mean that," was the answer that leaped out, while her eyes flashed close to him. The poor creature was immediately conscious that if her words had any effect on her own lot, the effect must be mischievous, and might nullify all the remaining advantage of her long patience. But the word had been spoken.

He was in a position the most irritating to him. He could not shake her nor touch her hostilely; and if he could, the process would not bring the diamonds. He shrank from the only sort of threat that would frighten her—if she believed it. And, in general, there was nothing he hated more than to be forced into any thing like violence even in words: his will must impose itself without trouble. After looking at her for a moment he turned his side face toward her again, leaning as before, and said,

"Infernal idiots that women are!"

"Why will you not tell me where you are going after the marriage? I could be at the wedding if I liked, and learn in that way," said Lydia, not shrinking from the one suicidal form of threat within her power.

"Of course, if you like, you can play the madwoman," said Grandcourt, with *sotto voce* scorn. "It is not to be supposed that you will wait to think what good will come of it—or what you owe to me."

He was in a state of disgust and imbitterment quite new in the history of their relation to each other. It was undeniable that this woman whose life he had allowed to send such deep suckers into his had a terrible power of annoyance in her; and the rash hurry of his proceedings had left her opportunities open. His pride saw very ugly possibilities threatening it, and he stood for several minutes in silence reviewing the situation—considering how he could act upon her. Unlike himself, she was of a direct nature, with certain simple strongly colored tendencies, and there was one often-experienced effect which he thought he could count upon now. As Sir Hugo had said of him, Grandcourt knew how to play his cards upon occasion.

He did not speak again, but looked at his watch, rang the bell, and ordered the vehicle to be brought round immediately. Then he removed farther from her, walked as if in expectation of a summons, and remained silent without turning his eyes upon her.

She was suffering the horrible conflict of self-reproach and tenacity. She saw beforehand Grandcourt leaving her without even looking at her again—herself left behind in lonely uncertainty—hearing nothing from him—not knowing whether she had done her children harm—feeling that she had perhaps made him hate her: all the wretchedness of a creature who had defeated her own motives. And yet she could not bear to give up a purpose which was a sweet morsel to her vindictiveness. If she had not been a mother, she would willingly have sacrificed herself to her revenge—to what she felt to be the justice of hindering another from getting happiness by willingly giving her over to misery. The two dominant passions were at struggle. She must satisfy them both.

"Don't let us part in anger, Henleigh," she began, without changing her place or attitude: "it is a very little thing I ask. If I were refusing to give any thing up that you call yours, it would be different: that would be a reason for treating me as if you hated me. But I ask such a little thing. If you will tell me where you are going on the wedding-day, I will take care that the diamonds shall be delivered to her without scandal. Without scandal," she repeated, entreatingly.

"Such preposterous whims make a woman odious," said Grandcourt, not giving way in look or movement. "What is the use of talking to mad people?"

"Yes, I am foolish: loneliness has made me foolish: indulge me." Sobs rose as she spoke. "If you will indulge me in this one folly, I will be very meek—I will never trouble you." She burst into hysterical crying, and said again, almost with a scream, "I will be very meek after that."

There was a strange mixture of acting and reality in this passion. She kept hold of her purpose as a child might tighten its hand over a small stolen thing, crying and denying all the while. Even Grandcourt was wrought upon by surprise: this capricious wish, this childish violence, was as unlike Lydia's bearing as it was incongruous with her person. Both had always had a stamp of dignity on them. Yet she seemed more manageable in this state than in her former attitude of defiance. He came close up to her again, and said, in his low imperious tone, "Be quiet, and hear what I tell you. I will never for-

give you if you present yourself again and make a scene."

She pressed her handkerchief against her face, and when she could speak firmly, said, in the muffled voice that follows sobbing, "I will not—if you will let me have my way—I promise you not to thrust myself forward again. I have never broken my word to you: how many have you broken to me? When you gave me the diamonds to wear, you were not thinking of having another wife. And I now give them up—I don't reproach you—I only ask you to let me give them up in my own way. Have I not borne it well? Every thing is to be taken away from me, and when I ask for a straw, a chip, you deny it me." She had spoken rapidly, but after a little pause she said, more slowly, her voice freed from its muffled tone, "I will not bear to have it denied me."

Grandcourt had a baffling sense that he had to deal with something like madness; he could only govern by giving way. The servant came to say the fly was ready. When the door was shut again, Grandcourt said, sullenly, "We are going to Ryelands, then."

"They shall be delivered to her there," said Lydia, with decision.

"Very well, I am going." He felt no inclination even to take her hand: she had annoyed him too sorely. But now that she had gained her point, she was prepared to humble herself that she might propitiate him.

"Forgive me; I will never vex you again," she said, with beseeching looks. Her inward voice said, distinctly, "It is only I who have to forgive." Yet she was obliged to ask forgiveness.

"You had better keep that promise. You have made me feel uncommonly ill with your folly," said Grandcourt, apparently choosing this statement as the strongest possible use of language.

"Poor thing!" said Lydia, with a faint smile. Was he aware of the minor fact that he had made her feel ill this morning?

But with the quick transition natural to her, she was now ready to coax him if he would let her, that they might part in some degree reconciled. She ventured to lay her hand on his shoulder, and he did not move away from her: she had so far succeeded in alarming him that he was not sorry for these proofs of returned subjection.

"Light a cigar," she said, soothingly, taking the case from his breast pocket and opening it.

Amidst such caressing signs of mutual fear they parted. The effect that clung and gnawed within Grandcourt was a sense of imperfect mastery.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores."
—SHAKSPEARE.

On the day when Gwendolen Harleth was married and became Mrs. Grandcourt, the morning was clear and bright, and while the sun was low a slight frost crisped the leaves. The bridal party was worth seeing, and half Pennicote turned out to see it, lining the pathway up to the church. An old friend of the Rector's performed the marriage ceremony, the Rector himself acting as father, to the great advantage of the procession. Only two faces, it was remarked, showed signs of sadness—Mrs. Davilow's and Anna's. The mother's delicate eyelids were pink, as if she had been crying half the night; and no one was surprised that, splendid as the match was, she should feel the parting from a daughter who was the flower of her children and of her own life. It was less understood why Anna should be troubled, when she was being so well set off by the bride-maid's dress. Every one else seemed to reflect the brilliancy of the occasion—the bride most of all. Of her it was agreed that as to figure and carriage she was worthy to be a "lady o' title;" as to face, perhaps it might be thought that a title required something more rosy; but the bridegroom himself not being fresh-colored—being, indeed, as the miller's wife observed, very much of her own husband's complexion—the match was the more complete. Anyhow, he must be very fond of her; and it was to be hoped that he would never cast it up to her that she had been going out to service as a governess, and her mother to live at Sawyer's Cottage—vicissitudes which had been much spoken of in the village. The miller's daughter of fourteen could not believe that high gentry behaved badly to their wives, but her mother instructed her: "Oh, child, men's men: gentle or simple, they're much of a muchness. I've heard my mother say Squire Pelton used to take his dogs and a long whip into his wife's room, and flog 'em there to frighten her; and my mother was lady's-maid there at the very time."

"That's unlucky talk for a wedding, Mrs. Girdle," said the tailor. "A quarrel may end wi' the whip, but it begins wi' the tongue, and it's the women have got the most o' that."

"The Lord gave it 'em to use, I suppose," said Mrs. Girdle; "*He* never meant you to have it all your own way."

"By what I can make out from the gentleman as attends to the grooming at Offendene," said the tailor, "this Mr. Grandcourt has wonderful little tongue. Every thing must be done dummy-like without his ordering."

"Then he's the more whip, I doubt," said Mrs. Girdle. "*She's* got tongue enough, I warrant her. See, there they come out together!"

"What wonderful long corners she's got to her eyes!" said the tailor. "She makes you feel comical when she looks at you."

Gwendolen, in fact, never showed more elasticity in her bearing, more lustre in her long brown glance: she had the brilliancy of strong excitement, which will sometimes come even from pain. It was not pain, however, that she was feeling: she had wrought herself up to much the same condition as that in which she stood at the gambling table when Deronda was looking at her, and she began to lose. There was enjoyment in it: whatever uneasiness a growing conscience had created was disregarded as an ailment might have been amidst the gratification of that ambitious vanity and desire for luxury within her which it would take a great deal of slow poisoning to kill. This morning she could not have said truly that she repented her acceptance of Grandcourt, or that any fears in hazy perspective could hinder the glowing effects of the immediate scene in which she was the central object. That she was doing something wrong—that a punishment might be hanging over her—that the woman to whom she had given a promise and broken it was thinking of her in bitterness and misery with a

just reproach—that Deronda, with his way of looking into things, very likely despised her for marrying Grandcourt, as he had despised her for gambling—above all, that the cord which united her with this lover, and which she had hitherto held by the hand, was now being flung over her neck: all this yeasty mingling of dimly understood facts with vague but deep impressions, and with images half real, half fantastic, had been disturbing her during the weeks of her engagement. Was that agitating experience nullified this morning? No; it was surmounted and thrust down with a sort of exulting defiance as she felt herself standing at the game of life with many eyes upon her, daring every thing to win much—or if to lose, still with *éclat* and a sense of importance. But this morning a losing destiny for herself did not press upon her as a fear: she thought that she was entering on a fuller power of managing circumstance—with all the official strength of marriage, which some women made so poor a use of. That intoxication of youthful egoism out of which she had been shaken by trouble, humiliation, and a new sense of culpability, had returned upon her under the newly fed strength of the old fumes. She did not in the least present the ideal of the tearful, tremulous bride. Poor Gwendolen, whom some had judged much too forward and instructed in the world's ways!—with her erect head and elastic footstep she was walking amidst illusions; and yet, too, there was an under-consciousness in her that she was a little intoxicated.

"Thank God you bear it so well, my darling!" said Mrs. Davilow, when she had helped Gwendolen to doff her bridal white and put on her traveling dress. All the trembling had been done by the poor mother, and her agitation urged Gwendolen doubly to take the morning as if it were a triumph.

"Why, you might have said that if I had been going to Mrs. Mompert's, you dear, sad, incorrigible mamma!" said Gwendolen, just putting her hands to her mother's cheeks with laughing tenderness—then retreating a little and spreading out her arms as if to exhibit herself. "Here am I—Mrs. Grandcourt! what else would you have me, but what I am sure to be? You know you were ready to die with vexation when you thought that I would not be Mrs. Grandcourt."

"Hush, hush, my child, for Heaven's sake!" said Mrs. Davilow, almost in a whisper. "How can I help feeling it when I am parting from you? But I can bear any thing gladly if you are happy."

"Not gladly, mamma, no!" said Gwendolen, shaking her head, with a bright smile. "Willingly you would bear it, but always sorrowfully. Sorrowing is your sauce; you can take nothing without it." Then, clasping her mother's shoulders and raining kisses first on one cheek and then on the other between her words, she said, gayly, "And you shall sorrow over my having every thing at my beck—and enjoying every thing gloriously—splendid houses—and horses—and diamonds, I shall have diamonds—and going to court—and being Lady Certainly—and Lady Perhaps—and grand here—and tantivy there—and always loving you better than any body else in the world."

"My sweet child!—But I shall not be jealous if you love your husband better; and he will expect to be first."

Gwendolen thrust out her lips and chin with a pretty grimace, saying, "Rather a ridiculous expectation. However, I don't mean to treat him ill, unless he deserves it."

Then the two fell into a clinging embrace, and Gwendolen could not hinder a rising sob when she said, "I wish you were going with me, mamma."

But the slight dew on her long eyelashes only made her the more charming when she gave her hand to Grandcourt to be led to the carriage.

The Rector looked in on her to give a final "Good-by; God bless you; we shall see you again before long," and then returned to Mrs. Davilow, saying, half cheerfully, half solemnly,

"Let us be thankful, Fanny. She is in a position well suited to her, and beyond what I should have dared to hope for. And few women can have been chosen more entirely for their own sake. You should feel yourself a happy mother."

There was a railway journey of some fifty miles before the new husband and wife reached the station near Ryelands. The sky had veiled itself since the morning, and it was hardly more than twilight when they entered the park gates, but still Gwendolen, looking out of the carriage window as they drove rapidly along, could see the grand outlines and the nearer beauties of the scene—the long winding drive bordered with evergreens backed by huge gray stems; then the opening of wide grassy spaces and undulations studded with dark clumps; till at last came a wide level where the white house could be seen, with a hanging wood for a background, and the rising and sinking balustrade of a terrace in front.

Gwendolen had been at her liveliest during the journey, chatting incessantly, ignoring any change in their mutual position since yesterday; and Grandcourt had been rather ecstatically quiescent, while she turned his gentle seizure of her hand into a grasp of his hand by both hers, with an increased vivacity, as of a kitten that will not sit quiet to be petted. She was really getting somewhat febrile in her excitement; and now in this drive through the park her usual susceptibility to changes of light and scenery helped to make her heart palpitate newly. Was it at the novelty simply, or the almost incredible fulfillment about to be given to her girlish dreams of being "somebody"—walking through her own furlong of corridors and under her own ceilings of an out-of-sight loftiness, where her own painted Spring was shedding painted flowers, and her own foreshortened Zephyrs were blowing their trumpets over her; while her own servants, lackeys in clothing, but men in bulk and shape, were as naught in her presence, and revered the propriety of her insolence to them:—being in short the heroine of an admired play without the pains of art? Was it alone the closeness of this fulfillment which made her heart flutter? or was it some dim forecast, the insistent penetration of suppressed experience, mixing the expectation of a triumph with the dread of a crisis? Hers was one of the natures in which exultation inevitably carries an infusion of dread ready to curdle and declare itself.

She fell silent in spite of herself as they approached the gates, and when her husband said, "Here we are at home!" and for the first time kissed her on the lips, she hardly knew of it:

it was no more than the passive acceptance of a greeting in the midst of an absorbing show. Was not all her hurrying life of the last three months a show, in which her consciousness was a wondering spectator? After the half-willful excitement of the day, a numbness had come over her personality.

But there was a brilliant light in the hall—warmth, matting, carpets, full-length portraits, Olympian statues, assiduous servants. Not many servants, however: only a few from Diplow in addition to those constantly in charge of the house; and Gwendolen's new maid, who had come with her, was taken under guidance by the housekeeper. Gwendolen felt herself being led by Grandcourt along a subtly scented corridor, then into an anteroom, where she saw an open doorway sending out a rich glow of light and color.

"These are our dens," said Grandcourt. "You will like to be quiet here till dinner. We shall dine early."

He pressed her hand to his lips and moved away, more in love than he had ever expected to be.

Gwendolen, yielding up her hat and mantle, threw herself into a chair by the glowing hearth, and saw herself repeated in glass panels with all her faint green satin surroundings. The housekeeper had passed into this boudoir from the adjoining dressing-room, and seemed disposed to linger, Gwendolen thought, in order to look at the new mistress of Ryelands, who, however, being impatient for solitude, said to her, "Will you tell Hudson when she has put out my dress to leave every thing? I shall not want her again, unless I ring."

The housekeeper, coming forward, said, "Here is a packet, madam, which I was ordered to give into nobody's hands but yours, when you were alone. The person who brought it said it was a present particularly ordered by Mr. Grandcourt; but he was not to know of its arrival till he saw you wear it. Excuse me, madam: I felt it right to obey orders."

Gwendolen took the packet, and let it lie on her lap till she heard the doors close. It came into her mind that the packet might contain the diamonds which Grandcourt had spoken of as being deposited somewhere, and to be given to her on her marriage. In this moment of confused feeling and creeping luxurious languor she was glad of this diversion—glad of such an event as having her own diamonds to try on.

Within all the sealed paper coverings was a box, but within the box there *was* a jewel-case; and now she felt no doubt that she had the diamonds. But on opening the case, in the same instant that she saw their gleam she saw a letter lying above them. She knew the handwriting of the address. It was as if an adder had lain on them. Her heart gave a leap which seemed to have spent all her strength; and as she opened the bit of thin paper, it shook with the trembling of her hands. But it was legible as print, and thrust its words upon her.

"These diamonds, which were once given with ardent love to Lydia Glasher, she passes on to you. You have broken your word to her, that you might possess what was hers. Perhaps you think of being happy, as she once was, and of having beautiful children such as hers, who will thrust hers aside. God is too just for that. The man you have married has a withered heart. His best young love was mine; you could not take that from me when you took the rest. It is dead; but I am the grave in which your chance of happiness is buried as well as mine. You had your warning. You have chosen to injure me and my children. He had meant to marry me. He would have married me at last, if you had not broken your word. You will have your punishment. I desire it with all my soul.

"Will you give him this letter to set him against me and ruin us more—me and my children? Shall you like to stand before your husband with these diamonds on you, and these words of mine in his thoughts and yours? Will he think you have any right to complain when he has made you miserable? You took him with your eyes open. The willing wrong you have done me will be your curse."

It seemed at first as if Gwendolen's eyes were spell-bound in reading the horrible words of the letter over and over again as a doom of penance; but suddenly a new spasm of terror made her lean forward and stretch out the paper toward the fire, lest accusation and proof at once should meet all eyes. It flew like a feather from her trembling fingers and was caught up in the great draught of flame. In her movement the casket fell on the floor and the diamonds rolled out. She took no notice, but fell back in her chair again helpless. She could not see the reflections of herself then: they were like so many women petrified white; but coming near herself, you might have seen the tremor in her lips and hands. She sat so for a long while, knowing little more than that she was feeling ill, and that those written words kept repeating themselves in her.

Truly here were poisoned gems, and the poison had entered into this poor young creature.

After that long while, there was a tap at the door, and Grandcourt entered, dressed for dinner. The sight of him brought a new nervous shock, and Gwendolen screamed again and again with hysterical violence. He had expected to see her dressed and smiling, ready to be led down. He saw her pallid, shrieking, as it seemed with terror, the jewels scattered around her on the floor. Was it a fit of madness?

In some form or other the Furies had crossed his threshold.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In all ages it hath been a favorite text that a potent love hath the nature of an isolated fatality, whereto the mind's opinions and wonted resolves are altogether alien; as, for example, Daphnis his frenzy, wherein it had little availed him to have been convinced of Heraclitus his doctrine; or the philtre-bred passion of Tristan, who, though he had been as deep as Duns Scotus, would have had his reasoning marred by that cup too much; or Romeo in his sudden taking for Juliet, wherein any objections he might have held against Ptolemy had made little difference to his discourse under the balcony. Yet all love is not such, even though potent; nay, this passion hath as large scope as any for allying itself with every operation of the soul: so that it shall acknowledge an effect from the imagined light of unproven firmaments, and have its scale set to the grander orbits of what hath been and shall be.

Deronda, on his return to town, could assure Sir Hugo of his having lodged in Grandcourt's mind a distinct understanding that he could get

fifty thousand pounds by giving up a prospect which was probably distant, and not absolutely certain; but he had no further sign of Grandcourt's disposition in the matter than that he was evidently inclined to keep up friendly communications.

"And what did you think of the future bride on a nearer survey?" said Sir Hugo.

"I thought better of her than I did at Leubronn. Roulette was not a good setting for her; it brought out something of the demon. At Diplow she seemed much more womanly and attractive—less hard and self-possessed. I thought her mouth and eyes had quite a different expression."

"Don't flirt with her too much, Dan," said Sir Hugo, meaning to be agreeably playful. "If you make Grandcourt savage when they come to the Abbey at Christmas, it will interfere with my affairs."

"I can stay in town, Sir."

"No, no. Lady Mallinger and the children can't do without you at Christmas. Only don't make mischief—unless you can get up a duel, and manage to shoot Grandcourt, which might be worth a little inconvenience."

"I don't think you ever saw me flirt," said Deronda, not amused.

"Oh, haven't I, though?" said Sir Hugo, provokingly. "You are always looking tenderly at the women, and talking to them in a Jesuitical way. You are a dangerous young fellow—a kind of Lovelace who will make the Clarissas run after you instead of your running after them."

What was the use of being exasperated at a tasteless joke?—only the exasperation comes before the reflection on utility. Few friendly remarks are more annoying than the information that we are always seeming to do what we never mean to do. Sir Hugo's notion of flirting, it was to be hoped, was rather peculiar; for his own part, Deronda was sure that he had never flirted. But he was glad that the Baronet had no knowledge about the redemption of Gwendolen's necklace to feed his taste for this kind of rallying.

He would be on his guard in future; for example, in his behavior at Mrs. Meyrick's, where he was about to pay his first visit since his arrival from Leubronn. For Mirah was certainly a creature in whom it was difficult not to show a tender kind of interest both by looks and speech.

Mrs. Meyrick had not failed to send Deronda a report of Mirah's well-being in her family. "We are getting fonder of her every day," she had written. "At breakfast-time we all look toward the door with expectation to see her come in; and we watch her and listen to her as if she were a native from a new country. I have not heard a word from her lips that gives me a doubt about her. She is quite contented and full of gratitude. My daughters are learning from her, and they hope to get her other pupils; for she is anxious not to eat the bread of idleness, but to work, like my girls. Mab says our life has become like a fairy tale, and all she is afraid of is that Mirah will turn into a nightingale again and fly away from us. Her voice is just perfect: not loud and strong, but searching and melting, like the thoughts of what has been. That is the way old people like me feel a beautiful voice."

But Mrs. Meyrick did not enter into particulars, which would have required her to say that Amy and Mab, who had accompanied Mirah to the synagogue, found the Jewish faith less reconcilable with their wishes in her case than in that of Scott's Rebecca. They kept silence out of delicacy to Mirah, with whom her religion was too tender a subject to be touched lightly; but after a while, Amy, who was much of a practical reformer, could not restrain a question.

"Excuse me, Mirah, but *does* it seem quite right to you that the women should sit behind rails in a gallery apart?"

"Yes; I never thought of any thing else," said Mirah, with mild surprise.

"And you like better to see the men with their hats on?" said Mab, cautiously proposing the smallest item of difference.

"Oh yes. I like what I have always seen there, because it brings back to me the same feelings—the feelings I would not part with for any thing else in the world."

After this, any criticism, whether of doctrine or of practice, would have seemed to these generous little people an inhospitable cruelty. Mirah's religion was of one fibre with her affections, and had never presented itself to her as a set of propositions.

"She says herself she is a very bad Jewess, and does not half know her people's religion," said Amy, when Mirah was gone to bed. "Perhaps it would gradually melt away from her, and she would pass into Christianity like the rest of the world, if she got to love us very much, and never found her mother. It is so strange to be of the Jews' religion now."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Mab. "I wish I were not such a hideous Christian. How can an ugly Christian, who is always dropping her work, convert a beautiful Jewess, who has not a fault?"

"It may be wicked of me," said shrewd Kate, "but I can not help wishing that her mother may not be found. There might be something unpleasant."

"I don't think it, my dear," said Mrs. Meyrick. "I believe Mirah is cut out after the pattern of her mother. And what a joy it would be to her to have such a daughter brought back again! But a mother's feelings are not worth reckoning, I suppose" (she shot a mischievous glance at her own daughters), "and a dead mother is worth more than a living one?"

"Well, and so she may be, little mother," said Kate; "but we would rather hold you cheaper, and have you alive."

Not only the Meyricks, whose various knowledge had been acquired by the irregular foraging to which clever girls have usually been reduced, but Deronda himself, with all his masculine instruction, had been roused by this apparition of Mirah to the consciousness of knowing hardly any thing about modern Judaism or the inner Jewish history. The Chosen People have been commonly treated as a people chosen for the sake of somebody else; and their thinking as something (no matter exactly what) that ought to have been entirely otherwise; and Deronda, like his neighbors, had regarded Judaism as a sort of eccentric fossilized form, which an accomplished man might dispense with studying, and leave to specialists. But Mirah, with her terrified flight from one parent, and her yearning after the other, had flashed on him the hitherto neglected reality that Judaism was something still throbbing in human *lives*, still making for them the only conceivable vest-

ure of the world; and in the idling excursion on which he immediately afterward set out with Sir Hugo he began to look for the outsides of synagogues and the titles of books about the Jews. This wakening of a new interest—this passing from the supposition that we hold the right opinions on a subject we are careless about, to a sudden care for it, and a sense that our opinions were ignorance—is an effectual remedy for *ennui*, which unhappily can not be secured on a physician's prescription; but Deronda had carried it with him, and endured his weeks of lounging all the better. It was on this journey that he first entered a Jewish synagogue—at Frankfort—where his party rested on a Friday. In exploring the Juden-gasse, which he had seen long before, he remembered well enough its picturesque old houses: what his eyes chiefly dwelt on now were the human types there; and his thought, busily connecting them with the past phases of their race, stirred that fibre of historic sympathy which had helped to determine in him certain traits worth mentioning for those who are interested in his future. True, when a young man has a fine person, no eccentricity of manners, the education of a gentleman, and a present income, it is not customary to feel a prying curiosity about his way of thinking or his peculiar tastes. He may very well be settled in life as an agreeable clever young fellow without passing a special examination on those heads. Later, when he is getting rather slovenly and portly, his peculiarities are more distinctly discerned, and it is taken as a mercy if they are not highly objectionable. But any one wishing to understand the effect of after-events on Deronda should know a little more of what he was at five-and-twenty than was evident in ordinary intercourse.

It happened that the very vividness of his impressions had often made him the more enigmatic to his friends, and had contributed to an apparent indefiniteness in his sentiments. His early-wakened sensibility and reflectiveness had developed into a many-sided sympathy, which threatened to hinder any persistent course of action: as soon as he took up any antagonism, though only in thought, he seemed to himself like the Sabine warriors in the memorable story—with nothing to meet his spear but flesh of his flesh and objects that he loved. His imagination had so wrought itself to the habit of seeing things as they probably appeared to others, that a strong partisanship, unless it were against an immediate oppression, had become an insincerity for him. His plenteous, flexible sympathy had ended by falling into one current with that reflective analysis which tends to neutralize sympathy. Few men were able to keep themselves clearer of vices than he; yet he hated vices mildly, being used to think of them less in the abstract than as a part of mixed human natures having an individual history, which it was the bent of his mind to trace with understanding and pity. With the same innate balance he was fervidly democratic in his feeling for the multitude, and yet, through his affections and imagination, intensely conservative; voracious of speculations on government and religion, yet loath to part with long-sanctioned forms which, for him, were quick with memories and sentiments that no argument could lay dead. We fall on the leaning side; and Deronda suspected himself of loving too well the losing causes of the world. Martyrdom changes sides, and he was in danger of changing with it, having a strong repugnance to taking up that cleW of success which the order of the world often forces upon us and makes it treason against the common weal to reject. And yet his fear of falling into an unreasoning narrow hatred made a check for him: he apologized for the heirs of privilege; he shrank with dislike from the loser's bitterness and the denunciatory tone of the unaccepted innovator. A too reflective and diffusive sympathy was in danger of paralyzing in him that indignation against wrong and that selectness of fellowship which are the conditions of moral force; and in the last few years of confirmed manhood he had become so keenly aware of this that what he most longed for was either some external event, or some inward light, that would urge him into a definite line of action, and compress his wandering energy. He was ceasing to care for knowledge—he had no ambition for practice—unless they could both be gathered up into one current with his emotions; and he dreaded, as if it were a dwelling-place of lost souls, that dead anatomy of culture which turns the universe into a mere ceaseless answer to queries, and knows, not every thing, but every thing else about every thing—as if one should be ignorant of nothing concerning the scent of violets except the scent itself, for which one had no nostril. But how and whence was the needed event to come?—the influence that would justify partiality, and make him what he longed to be, yet was unable to make himself—an organic part of social life, instead of roaming in it like a yearning disembodied spirit, stirred with a vague social passion, but without fixed local habitation to render fellowship real? To make a little difference for the better was what he was not contented to live without; but how make it? It is one thing to see your road, another to cut it. He found some of the fault in his birth and the way he had been brought up, which had laid no special demands on him and given him no fixed relationship except one of a doubtful kind; but he did not attempt to hide from himself that he had fallen into a meditative numbness, and was gliding farther and farther from that life of practically energetic sentiment which he would have proclaimed (if he had been inclined to proclaim any thing) to be the best of all life, and for himself the only life worth living. He wanted some way of keeping emotion and its progeny of sentiments—which make the savors of life—substantial and strong in the face of a reflectiveness that threatened to nullify all differences. To pound the objects of sentiment into small dust, yet keep sentiment alive and active, was something like the famous recipe for making cannon—to first take a round hole and then inclose it with iron; whatever you do, keeping fast hold of your round hole. Yet how distinguish what our will may wisely save in its completeness from the heaping of cat mummies and the expensive cult of enshrined putrefactions?

Something like this was the common undercurrent in Deronda's mind, while he was reading law or imperfectly attending to polite conversation. Meanwhile he had not set about one function in particular with zeal and steadiness. Not an admirable experience, to be proposed as an ideal; but a form of struggle before break of day

which some young men since the patriarch have had to pass through, with more or less of bruising if not laming.

I have said that under his calm exterior he had a fervor which made him easily feel the presence of poetry in every-day events; and the forms of the Juden-gasse, rousing the sense of union with what is remote, set him musing on two elements of our historic life which that sense raises into the same region of poetry—the faint beginnings of faiths and institutions, and their obscure lingering decay, the dust and withered remnants with which they are apt to be covered only enhancing for the awakened perception the impressiveness either of a sublimely penetrating life, as in the twin green leaves that will become the sheltering tree, or of a pathetic inheritance in which all the grandeur and the glory have become a sorrowing memory.

This imaginative stirring, as he turned out of the Juden-gasse, and continued to saunter in the warm evening air, meaning to find his way to the synagogue, neutralized the repellent effect of certain ugly little incidents on his way. Turning into an old book-shop to ask the exact time of service at the synagogue, he was affectionately directed by a precocious Jewish youth, who entered cordially into his wanting not the fine new building of the Reformed, but the old Rabbinical school of the orthodox; and then cheated him like a pure Teuton, only with more amenity, in his charge for a book quite out of request as one "nicht so leicht zu bekommen." Meanwhile at the opposite counter a deaf and grisly tradesman was casting a flinty look at certain cards, apparently combining advantages of business with religion, and shoutingly proposed to him in Jew dialect by a dingy man in a tall coat hanging from neck to heel, a bag in hand, and a broad low hat surmounting his chosen nose—who had no sooner disappeared than another dingy man of the same pattern issued from the backward glooms of the shop, and also shouted in the same dialect. In fact, Deronda saw various queer-looking Israelites not altogether without guile, and just distinguishable from queer-looking Christians of the same mixed *morale*. In his anxiety about Mirah's relatives, he had lately been thinking of vulgar Jews with a sort of personal alarm. But a little comparison will often diminish our surprise and disgust at the aberrations of Jews and other dissidents whose lives do not offer a consistent or lovely pattern of their creed; and this evening Deronda, becoming more conscious that he was falling into unfairness and ridiculous exaggeration, began to use that corrective comparison: he paid his thaler too much without prejudice to his interest in the Hebrew destiny, or his wish to find the *Rabbinische Schule*, which he arrived at by sunset, and entered with a good congregation of men.

He happened to take his seat in a line with an elderly man from whom he was distant enough to glance at him more than once as rather a noticeable figure—his ordinary clothes, as well as the *talith* or white blue-fringed kind of blanket, which is the garment of prayer, being much worn; while his ample white beard and old felt hat framed a profile of that fine contour which may as easily be Italian as Hebrew. He returned Deronda's notice till at last their eyes met: an undesirable chance with unknown persons, and a reason to Deronda for not looking again; but he immediately found an open prayer-book pushed toward him, and had to bow his thanks. However, the white *taliths* had mustered, the Reader had mounted to the *almemor* or platform, and the service began. Deronda, having looked enough at the German translation of the Hebrew in the book before him to know that he was chiefly hearing Psalms and Old Testament passages or phrases, gave himself up to that strongest effect of chanted liturgies which is independent of detailed verbal meaning—like the effect of an Allegri's *Miserere* or a Palestrina's *Magnificat*. The most powerful movement of feeling with a liturgy is the prayer which seeks for nothing special, but is a yearning to escape from the limitations of our own weakness, and an invocation of all Good to enter and abide with us; or else a self-oblivious lifting up of gladness, a *Gloria in excelsis* that such Good exists; both the yearning and the exultation gathering their utmost force from the sense of communion in a form which has expressed them both, for long generations of struggling fellow-men. The Hebrew liturgy, like others, has its transitions of litany, lyric, proclamation, dry statement, and blessing; but this evening all were one for Deronda: the chant of the *Chazan's* or Reader's grand wide-ranging voice, with its passage from monotony to sudden cries, the outburst of sweet boys' voices from the little quire, the devotional swaying of men's bodies backward and forward, the very commonness of the building and shabbiness of the scene where a national faith, which had penetrated the thinking of half the world, and moulded the splendid forms of that world's religion, was finding a remote, obscure echo—all were blent for him as one expression of a binding history, tragic and yet glorious. He wondered at the strength of his own feeling; it seemed beyond the occasion—what one might imagine to be a divine influx in the darkness, before there was any vision to interpret. The whole scene was a coherent strain, its burden a passionate regret, which, if he had known the liturgy for the Day of Reconciliation, he might have clad in its antithetic burden: "Happy the eye which saw all these things; but verily to hear only of them afflicts our soul. Happy the eye that saw our temple and the joy of our congregation; but verily to hear only of them afflicts our soul. Happy the eye that saw the fingers when tuning every kind of song; but verily to hear only of them afflicts our soul."

But with the cessation of the devotional sounds and the movement of many indifferent faces and vulgar figures before him, there darted into his mind the frigid idea that he had probably been alone in his feeling, and perhaps the only person in the congregation for whom the service was more than a dull routine. There was just time for this chilling thought before he had bowed to his civil neighbor and was moving away with the rest—when he felt a hand on his arm, and turning with the rather unpleasant sensation which this abrupt sort of claim is apt to bring, he saw close to him the white-bearded face of that neighbor, who said to him, in German, "Excuse me, young gentleman—allow me—what is your parentage—your mother's family—her maiden name?"

Deronda had a strongly resistant feeling: he was inclined to shake off hastily the touch on his arm; but he managed to slip it away, and said, coldly, "I am an Englishman."

The questioner looked at him dubiously still for

an instant, then just lifted his hat and turned away —whether under a sense of having made a mistake or of having been repulsed Deronda was uncertain. In his walk back to the hotel he tried to still any uneasiness on the subject by reflecting that he could not have acted differently. How could he say that he did not know the name of his mother's family to that total stranger?—who, indeed, had taken an unwarrantable liberty in the abruptness of his question, dictated probably by some fancy of likeness such as often occurs without real significance. The incident, he said to himself, was trivial; but whatever import it might have, his inward shrinking on the occasion was too strong for him to be sorry that he had cut it short. It was a reason, however, for his not mentioning the synagogue to the Mallingers—in addition to his usual inclination to reticence on any thing that the Baronet would have been likely to call Quixotic enthusiasm. Hardly any man could be more good-natured than Sir Hugo; indeed, in his kindliness, especially to women, he did actions which others would have called romantic; but he never took a romantic view of them, and in general smiled at the introduction of motives on a grand scale, or of reasons that lay very far off. This was the point of strongest difference between him and Deronda, who rarely ate his breakfast without some silent discursive flight after grounds for filling up his day according to the practice of his contemporaries.

This halt at Frankfort was taken on their way home, and its impressions were kept the more actively vibrating in him by the duty of caring for Mirah's welfare. That question about his parentage, which, if he had not both inwardly and outwardly shaken it off as trivial, would have seemed a threat rather than a promise of revelation, had re-enforced his anxiety as to the effect of finding Mirah's relatives and his resolve to proceed with caution. If he made any unpleasant discovery, was he bound to a disclosure that might cast a new net of trouble around her?

He had written to Mrs. Meyrick to announce his visit at four o'clock, and he found Mirah seated at work with only Mrs. Meyrick and Mab, the open piano, and all the glorious company of engravings. The dainty neatness of her hair and dress, the glow of tranquil happiness in a face where a painter need have changed nothing if he had wanted to put it in front of the host singing "Peace on earth and good-will to men," made a contrast to his first vision of her that was delightful to Deronda's eyes. Mirah herself was thinking of it, and immediately on their greeting, said,

"See how different I am from that miserable creature by the river!—all because you found me and brought me to the very best."

"It was my good chance to find you," said Deronda. "Any other man would have been glad to do what I did."

"That is not the right way of thinking about it," said Mirah, shaking her head with decisive gravity. "I think of what really was. It was you, and not another, who found me and were good to me."

"I agree with Mirah," said Mrs. Meyrick. "Saint Anybody is a bad saint to pray to."

"Besides, Anybody could not have brought me to you," said Mirah, smiling at Mrs. Meyrick. "And I would rather be with you than with any one else in the world except my mother. I wonder if ever a poor little bird, that was lost and could not fly, was taken and put into a warm nest where there was a mother and sisters who took to it so that every thing came naturally, as if it had been always there. I hardly thought before that the world could ever be as happy and without fear as it is to me now." She looked meditative a moment, and then said, "Sometimes I am a *little* afraid."

"What is it you are afraid of?" said Deronda, with anxiety.

"That when I am turning at the corner of a street I may meet my father. It seems dreadful that I should be afraid of meeting him. That is my only sorrow," said Mirah, plaintively.

"It is surely not very probable," said Deronda, wishing that it were less so; then, not to let the opportunity escape, "Would it be a great grief to you now if you were never to meet your mother?"

She did not answer immediately, but meditated again, with her eyes fixed on the opposite wall. Then she turned them on Deronda and said, firmly, as if she had arrived at the exact truth: "I want her to know that I have always loved her, and if she is alive I want to comfort her. She may be dead. If she were, I should long to know where she was buried; and to know whether my brother lives to say *Kaddish* in memory of her. But I will try not to grieve. I have thought much for so many years of her being dead. And I shall have her with me in my mind, as I have always had. We can never be really parted. I think I have never sinned against her. I have always tried not to do what would hurt her. Only she might be sorry that I was not a good Jewess."

"In what way are you not a good Jewess?" said Deronda.

"I am ignorant, and we never observed the laws, but lived among Christians just as they did. But I have heard my father laugh at the strictness of the Jews about their food and all customs, and their not liking Christians. I think my mother was strict; but she could never want me not to like those who are better to me than any of my own people I have ever known. I think I could obey in other things that she wished, but not in that. It is so much easier to me to share in love than in hatred. I remember a play I read in German—since I have been here, it has come into my mind—where the heroine says something like that."

"*Antigone*," said Deronda.

"Ah, you know it. But I do not believe that my mother would wish me not to love my best friends. She would be grateful to them." Here Mirah had turned to Mrs. Meyrick, and, with a sudden lighting up of her whole countenance, she said, "Oh, if we ever do meet and know each other as we are now, so that I could tell what would comfort her, I should be so full of blessedness, my soul would know no want but to love her!"

"God bless you, child!" said Mrs. Meyrick, the words escaping involuntarily from her motherly heart. But to relieve the strain of feeling, she looked at Deronda and said: "It is curious that Mirah, who remembers her mother so well, it is as if she saw her, can not recall her brother the least bit, except the feeling of having been carried by him when she was tired, and of his being

near her when she was in her mother's lap. It must be that he was rarely at home. He was already grown up. It is a pity her brother should be quite a stranger to her."

"He is good; I feel sure Ezra is good," said Mirah, eagerly. "He loved my mother—he would take care of her. I remember more of him than that. I remember my mother's voice once calling, 'Ezra!' and then his answering from the distance, 'Mother!'"—Mirah had changed her voice a little in each of these words, and had given them a loving intonation—"and then he came close to us. I feel sure he is good. I have always taken comfort from that."

It was impossible to answer this either with agreement or doubt. Mrs. Meyrick and Deronda exchanged a quick glance: about this brother she felt as painfully dubious as he did. But Mirah went on, absorbed in her memories:

"Is it not wonderful how I remember the voices better than any thing else? I think they must go deeper into us than other things. I have often fancied heaven might be made of voices."

"Like your singing—yes," said Mab, who had hitherto kept a modest silence, and now spoke bashfully, as was her wont in the presence of Prince Camaralzaman. "Ma, do ask Mirah to sing. Mr. Deronda has not heard her."

"Would it be disagreeable to you to sing now?" said Deronda, with a more deferential gentleness than he had ever been conscious of before.

"Oh, I shall like it," said Mirah. "My voice has come back a little with rest."

Perhaps her ease of manner was due to something more than the simplicity of her nature. The circumstances of her life had made her think of every thing she did as work demanded from her, in which affectation had nothing to do; and she had begun her work before self-consciousness was born.

She immediately rose and went to the piano—a somewhat worn instrument that seemed to get the better of its infirmities under the firm touch of her small fingers as she preluded. Deronda placed himself where he could see her while she sang; and she took every thing as quietly as if she had been a child going to breakfast.

Imagine her—it is always good to imagine a human creature in whom bodily loveliness seems as properly one with the entire being as the bodily loveliness of those wondrous transparent orbs of life that we find in the sea—imagine her with her dark hair brushed from her temples, but yet showing certain tiny rings there which had cunningly found their own way back, the mass of it hanging behind just to the nape of the little neck in curly fibres, such as renew themselves at their own will after being bathed into straightness like that of water-grasses. Then see the perfect cameo her profile makes, cut in a duskish shell where by some happy fortune there pierced a gem-like darkness for the eye and eyebrow; the delicate nostrils defined enough to be ready for sensitive movements, the finished ear, the firm curves of the chin and neck entering into the expression of a refinement which was not feebleness.

She sang Beethoven's "Per pietà non dirmi addio," with a subdued but searching pathos which had that essential of perfect singing, the making one oblivious of art or manner, and only possessing one with the song. It was the sort of voice that gives the impression of being meant, like a bird's wooing, for an audience near and beloved. Deronda began by looking at her, but felt himself presently covering his eyes with his hand, wanting to seclude the melody in darkness; then he refrained from what might seem oddity, and was ready to meet the look of mute appeal which she turned toward him at the end.

"I think I never enjoyed a song more than that," he said, gratefully.

"You like my singing? I am so glad," she said, with a smile of delight. "It has been a great pain to me, because it failed in what it was wanted for. But now we think I can use it to get my bread. I have really been taught well. And now I have two pupils, that Miss Meyrick found for me. They pay me nearly two crowns for their two lessons."

"I think I know some ladies who would find you many pupils after Christmas," said Deronda. "You would not mind singing before any one who wished to hear you?"

"Oh no; I want to do something to get money. I could teach reading and speaking, Mrs. Meyrick thinks. But if no one would learn of me, that is difficult." Mirah smiled with a touch of merriment he had not seen in her before. "I dare say I should find her poor—I mean my mother. I should want to get money for her. And I can not always live on charity; though"—here she turned so as to take all three of her companions in one glance—"it is the sweetest charity in all the world."

"I should think you can get rich," said Deronda, smiling. "Great ladies will perhaps like you to teach their daughters. We shall see. But now, do sing again to us."

She went on willingly, singing with ready memory various things by Gordigiani and Schubert; then, when she had left the piano, Mab said, entreatingly, "Oh, Mirah, if you would not mind singing the little hymn."

"It is too childish," said Mirah. "It is like lisping."

"What is the hymn?" said Deronda.

"It is the Hebrew hymn she remembers her mother singing over her when she lay in her cot," said Mrs. Meyrick.

"I should like very much to hear it," said Deronda, "if you think I am worthy to hear what is so sacred."

"I will sing it if you like," said Mirah, "but I don't sing real words—only here and there a syllable like hers—the rest is lisping. Do you know Hebrew? because if you do, my singing will seem childish nonsense."

Deronda shook his head. "It will be quite good Hebrew to me."

Mirah crossed her little feet and hands in her easiest attitude, and then lifted up her head at an angle which seemed to be directed to some invisible face bent over her, while she sang a little hymn of quaint melancholy intervals, with syllables that really seemed childish lisping to her audience; but the voice in which she gave it forth had gathered even a sweeter, more cooing tenderness than was heard in her other songs.

"If I were ever to know the real words, I should still go on in my old way with them," said Mirah, when she had repeated the hymn several times.

"Why not?" said Deronda. "The lisped syllables are very full of meaning."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Meyrick. "A mother hears something like a lisp in her children's talk to the very last. Their words are not just what every body else says, though they may be spelled the same. If I were to live till my Hans got old, I should still see the boy in him. A mother's love, I often say, is like a tree that has got all the wood in it, from the very first it made."

"Is not that the way with friendship too?" said Deronda, smiling. "We must not let mothers be too arrogant."

The bright little woman shook her head over her darning.

"It is easier to find an old mother than an old friend. Friendships begin with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up. Mother's love begins deeper down."

"Like what you were saying about the influence of voices," said Deronda, looking at Mirah. "I don't think your hymn would have had more expression for me if I had known the words. I went to the synagogue at Frankfort before I came home, and the service impressed me just as much as if I had followed the words—perhaps more."

"Oh, was it great to you? Did it go to your heart?" said Mirah, eagerly. "I thought none but our people would feel that. I thought it was all shut away like a river in a deep valley, where only heaven saw—I mean—" She hesitated, feeling that she could not disentangle her thought from its imagery.

"I understand," said Deronda. "But there is not really such a separation—deeper down, as Mrs. Meyrick says. Our religion is chiefly a Hebrew religion; and since Jews are men, their religious feelings must have much in common with those of other men, just as their poetry, though in one sense peculiar, has a great deal in common with the poetry of other nations. Still it is to be expected that a Jew would feel the forms of his people's religion more than one of another race—and yet"—here Deronda hesitated in his turn—"that is perhaps not always so."

"Ah, no," said Mirah, sadly. "I have seen that. I have seen them mock. Is it not like mocking your parents?—like rejoicing in your parents' shame?"

"Some minds naturally rebel against whatever they were brought up in, and like the opposite: they see the faults in what is nearest to them," said Deronda, apologetically.

"But you are not like that," said Mirah, looking at him with unconscious fixedness.

"No, I think not," said Deronda; "but you know I was not brought up as a Jew."

"Ah, I am always forgetting," said Mirah, with a look of disappointed recollection, and slightly blushing.

Deronda also felt rather embarrassed, and there was an awkward pause, which he put an end to by saying, playfully,

"Whichever way we take it, we have to tolerate each other; for if we all went in opposition to our teaching, we must end in difference, just the same."

"To be sure. We should go on forever in zigzags," said Mrs. Meyrick. "I think it is very weak-minded to make your creed up by the rule of contrary. Still, one may honor one's parents without following their notions exactly, any more than the exact cut of their clothing. My father was a Scotch Calvinist and my mother was a French Calvinist: I am neither quite Scotch, nor quite French, nor two Calvinists rolled into one, yet I honor my parents' memory."

"But I could not make myself not a Jewess," said Mirah, insistently, "even if I changed my belief."

"No, my dear. But if Jews and Jewesses went on changing their religion, and making no difference between themselves and Christians, there would come a time when there would be no Jews to be seen," said Mrs. Meyrick, taking that consummation very cheerfully.

"Oh, please not to say that," said Mirah, the tears gathering. "It is the first unkind thing you ever said. I will not begin that. I will never separate myself from my mother's people. I was forced to fly from my father; but if he came back in age and weakness and want, and needed me, should I say, 'This is not my father?' If he had shame, I must share it. It was he who was given to me for my father, and not another. And so it is with my people. I will always be a Jewess. I will love Christians when they are good, like you. But I will always cling to my people. I will always worship with them."

As Mirah had gone on speaking she had become possessed with a sorrowful passion—fervent, not violent. Holding her little hands tightly clasped and looking at Mrs. Meyrick with beseeching, she seemed to Deronda a personification of that spirit which impelled men after a long inheritance of professed Catholicism to leave wealth and high place, and risk their lives in flight, that they might join their own people and say, "I am a Jew."

"Mirah, Mirah, my dear child, you mistake me!" said Mrs. Meyrick, alarmed. "God forbid I should want you to do any thing against your conscience! I was only saying what might be if the world went on. But I had better have left the world alone, and not wanted to be overwise. Forgive me, come! we will not try to take you from any body you feel has more right to you."

"I would do any thing else for you. I owe you my life," said Mirah, not yet quite calm.

"Hush, hush, now," said Mrs. Meyrick. "I have been punished enough for wagging my tongue foolishly—making an almanac for the Millennium, as my husband used to say."

"But every thing in the world must come to an end some time. We must bear to think of that," said Mab, unable to hold her peace on this point. She had already suffered from a bondage of tongue which threatened to become severe if Mirah were to be too much indulged in this inconvenient susceptibility to innocent remarks.

Deronda smiled at the irregular blonde face, brought into strange contrast by the side of Mirah's—smiled, Mab thought, rather sarcastically as he said, "That prospect of every thing coming to an end will not guide us far in practice. Mirah's feelings, she tells us, are concerned with what is."

Mab was confused and wished she had not spoken, since Mr. Deronda seemed to think that she had found fault with Mirah; but to have spoken once is a tyrannous reason for speaking again, and she said,

"I only meant that we must have courage to hear things, else there is hardly any thing we can

talk about." Mab felt herself unanswerable here, inclining to the opinion of Socrates, "What motive has a man to live, if not for the pleasures of discourse?"

Deronda took his leave soon after, and when Mrs. Meyrick went outside with him to exchange a few words about Mirah, he said, "Hans is to share my chambers when he comes at Christmas."

"You have written to Rome about that?" said Mrs. Meyrick, her face lighting up. "How very good and thoughtful of you! You mentioned Mirah, then?"

"Yes, I referred to her. I concluded he knew every thing from you."

"I must confess my folly. I have not yet written a word about her. I have always been meaning to do it, and yet have ended my letter without saying a word. And I told the girls to leave it to me. However!—Thank you a thousand times."

Deronda divined something of what was in the mother's mind, and his divination re-enforced a certain anxiety already present in him. His inward colloquy was not soothing. He said to himself that no man could see this exquisite creature without feeling it possible to fall in love with her; but all the fervor of his nature was engaged on the side of precaution. There are personages who feel themselves tragic because they march into a palpable morass, dragging another with them, and then cry out against all the gods. Deronda's mind was strongly set against imitating them.

"I have my hands on the reins now," he thought, "and I will not drop them. I shall go there as little as possible."

He saw the reasons acting themselves out before him. How could he be Mirah's guardian and claim to unite with Mrs. Meyrick, to whose charge he had committed her, if he showed himself as a lover—whom she did not love—whom she would not marry? And if he encouraged any germ of lover's feeling in himself, it would lead up to that issue. Mirah's was not a nature that would bear dividing against itself; and even if love won her consent to marry a man who was not of her race and religion, she would never be happy in acting against that strong native bias which would still reign in her conscience as remorse.

Deronda saw these consequences as we see any danger of marring our own work well begun. It was a delight to have rescued this child acquainted with sorrow, and to think of having placed her little feet in protected paths. The creature we help to save, though only a half-reared linnet, bruised and lost by the way-side—how we watch and fence it, and dote on its signs of recovery! Our pride becomes loving, our self is a not-self for whose sake we become virtuous, when we set to some hidden work of reclaiming a life from misery and look for our triumph in the secret joy —"This one is the better for me."

"I would as soon hold out my finger to be bitten off as set about spoiling her peace," said Deronda. "It was one of the rarest bits of fortune that I should have had friends like the Meyricks to place her with—generous, delicate friends without any loftiness in their ways, so that her dependence on them is not only safety, but happiness. There could be no refuge to replace that, if it were broken up. But what is the use of my taking the vows and settling every thing as it should be, if that marplot Hans comes and upsets it all?"

Few things were more likely. Hans was made for mishaps: his very limbs seemed more breakable than other people's—his eyes more of a resort for uninvited flies and other irritating guests. But it was impossible to forbid Hans's coming to London. He was intending to get a studio there and make it his chief home; and to propose that he should defer coming on some ostensible ground, concealing the real motive of winning time for Mirah's position to become more confirmed and independent, was impracticable. Having no other resource, Deronda tried to believe that both he and Mrs. Meyrick were foolishly troubling themselves about one of those endless things called probabilities, which never occur; but he did not quite succeed in his trying; on the contrary, he found himself going inwardly through a scene where, on the first discovery of Hans's inclination, he gave him a very energetic warning —suddenly checked, however, by the suspicion of personal feeling that his warmth might be creating in Hans. He could come to no result, but that the position was peculiar, and that he could make no further provision against dangers until they came nearer. To save an unhappy Jewess from drowning herself would not have seemed a startling variation among police reports; but to discover in her so rare a creature as Mirah was an exceptional event which might well bring exceptional consequences. Deronda would not let himself for a moment dwell on any supposition that the consequences might enter deeply into his own life. The image of Mirah had never yet had that penetrating radiation which would have been given to it by the idea of her loving him. When this sort of effluence is absent from the fancy (whether from the fact or not), a man may go far in devotedness without perturbation.

As to the search for Mirah's mother and brother, Deronda took what she had said to-day as a warrant for deferring any immediate measures. His conscience was not quite easy in this desire for delay, any more than it was quite easy in his not attempting to learn the truth about his own mother: in both cases he felt that there might be an unfulfilled duty to a parent, but in both cases there was an overpowering repugnance to the possible truth, which threw a turning weight into the scale of argument.

"At least, I will look about," was his final determination. "I may find some special Jewish machinery. I will wait till after Christmas."

What should we all do without the calendar, when we want to put off a disagreeable duty? The admirable arrangements of the solar system, by which our time is measured, always supply us with a term before which it is hardly worth while to set about any thing we are disinclined to.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"No man," says a Rabbi, by way of indisputable instance, "may turn the bones of his father and mother into spoons"—sure that his hearers felt the checks against that form of economy. The market for spoons has never expanded enough for any one to say, "Why not?" and to argue that human progress lies in such an application of material. The only check to be alleged is a sentiment, which will coerce none who do not hold that sentiments are the better part of the world's wealth.

Deronda meanwhile took to a less fashionable form of exercise than riding in Rotten Row. He went often rambling in those parts of London

which are most inhabited by common Jews: he walked to the synagogues at times of service, he looked into shops, he observed faces—a process not very promising of particular discovery. Why did he not address himself to an influential Rabbi or other member of a Jewish community, to consult on the chances of finding a mother named Cohen, with a son named Ezra, and a lost daughter named Mirah? He thought of doing so—after Christmas. The fact was, notwithstanding all his sense of poetry in common things, Deronda, where a keen personal interest was aroused, could not, more than the rest of us, continuously escape suffering from the pressure of that hard, unaccommodating Actual, which has never consulted our taste and is entirely unselect. Enthusiasm, we know, dwells at ease among ideas, tolerates garlic breathed in the Middle Ages, and sees no shabbiness in the official trappings of classic processions: it gets squeamish when ideals press upon it as something warmly incarnate, and can hardly face them without fainting. Lying dreamily in a boat, imagining one's self in quest of a beautiful maiden's relatives in Cordova, elbowed by Jews in the time of Ibn-Gebirol, all the physical incidents can be borne without shock. Or if the scenery of St. Mary Axe and Whitechapel were imaginatively transported to the borders of the Rhine at the end of the eleventh century, when in the ears listening for the signals of the Messiah the Hep! Hep! Hep! of the Crusaders came like the bay of blood-hounds; and in the presence of those devilish missionaries with sword and fire-brand the crouching figure of the reviled Jew turned round erect, heroic, flashing with sublime constancy in the face of torture and death—what would the dingy shops and unbeautiful faces signify to the thrill of contemplative emotion? But the fervor of sympathy with which we contemplate a grandiose martyrdom is feeble compared with the enthusiasm that keeps unslacked where there is no danger, no challenge—nothing but impartial mid-day falling on commonplace, perhaps half-repulsive, objects which are really the beloved ideas made flesh. Here undoubtedly lies the chief poetic energy: in the force of imagination that pierces or exalts the solid fact, instead of floating among cloud-pictures. To glory in a prophetic vision of knowledge covering the earth is an easier exercise of believing imagination than to see its beginning in newspaper placards staring at you from a bridge beyond the corn fields; and it might well happen to most of us dainty people that we were in the thick of the battle of Armageddon without being aware of any thing more than the annoyance of a little explosive smoke and struggling on the ground immediately about us.

It lay in Deronda's nature usually to contemn the feeble, fastidious sympathy which shrinks from the broad life of mankind; but now, with Mirah before him as a living reality whose experience he had to care for, he saw every common Jew and Jewess in the light of comparison with her, and had a presentiment of the collision between her idea of the unknown mother and brother and the discovered fact—a presentiment all the keener in him because of a suppressed consciousness that a not unlike possibility of collision might lie hidden in his own lot. Not that he would have looked with more complacency of expectation at wealthy Jews, outdoing the lords of the Philistines in their sports; but since there was no likelihood of Mirah's friends being found among that class, their habits did not immediately affect him. In this mood he rambled, without expectation of a more pregnant result than a little preparation of his own mind, perhaps for future theorizing as well as practice—very much as if, Mirah being related to Welsh miners, he had gone to look more closely at the ways of those people, not without wishing at the same time to get a little light of detail on the history of Strikes.

He really did not long to find any body in particular; and when, as his habit was, he looked at the name over a shop door, he was well content that it was not Ezra Cohen. I confess he particularly desired that Ezra Cohen should not keep a shop. Wishes are held to be ominous; according to which belief the order of the world is so arranged that if you have an impious objection to a squint, your offspring is the more likely to be born with one; also, that if you happened to desire a squint, you would not get it. This desponding view of probability the hopeful entirely reject, taking their wishes as good and sufficient security for all kinds of fulfillment. Who is absolutely neutral? Deronda happening one morning to turn into a little side street out of the noise and obstructions of Holborn, felt the scale dip on the desponding side.

He was rather tired of the streets, and had paused to hail a hansom cab which he saw coming, when his attention was caught by some fine old clasps in chased silver displayed in the window at his right hand. His first thought was that Lady Mallinger, who had a strictly Protestant taste for such Catholic spoils, might like to have these missal clasps turned into a bracelet; then his eyes traveled over the other contents of the window, and he saw that the shop was that kind of pawnbroker's where the lead is given to jewelry, lace, and all equivocal objects introduced as *bric-à-brac*. A placard in one corner announced, *Watches and Jewelry exchanged and repaired.* But his survey had been noticed from within, and a figure appeared at the door, looking round at him and saying, in a tone of cordial encouragement, "Good-day, Sir." The instant was enough for Deronda to see that the face, unmistakably Jewish, belonged to a young man about thirty; and wincing from the shop-keeper's persuasiveness that would probably follow, he had no sooner returned the "good-day" than he passed to the other side of the street and beckoned to the cabman to draw up there. From that station he saw the name over the shop window—*Ezra Cohen.*

There might be a hundred Ezra Cohens lettered above shop windows, but Deronda had not seen them. Probably the young man interested in a possible customer was Ezra himself; and he was about the age to be expected in Mirah's brother, who was grown up while she was still a little child. But Deronda's first endeavor as he drove homeward was to convince himself that there was not the slightest warrantable presumption of this Ezra being Mirah's brother; and next, that even if, in spite of good reasoning, he turned out to be that brother, while on inquiry the mother was found to be dead, it was not his—Deronda's—duty to make known the discovery to Mirah. In inconvenient disturbance of this conclusion there came his lately acquired knowledge that Mirah

would have a religious desire to know of her mother's death, and also to learn whether her brother were living. How far was he justified in determining another life by his own notions? Was it not his secret complaint against the way in which others had ordered his own life that he had not open daylight on all its relations, so that he had not, like other men, the full guidance of primary duties?

The immediate relief from this inward debate was the reflection that he had not yet made any real discovery, and that by looking into the facts more closely he should be certified that there was no demand on him for any decision whatever. He intended to return to that shop as soon as he could conveniently, and buy the clasps for Lady Mallinger. But he was hindered for several days by Sir Hugo, who, about to make an after-dinner speech on a burning topic, wanted Deronda to forage for him on the legal part of the question, besides wasting time every day on argument which always ended in a drawn battle. As on many other questions, they held different sides; but Sir Hugo did not mind this, and when Deronda put his point well, said, with a mixture of satisfaction and regret:

"Confound it, Dan! why don't you make an opportunity of saying these things in public? You're wrong, you know. You won't succeed. You've got the massive sentiment, the heavy artillery, of the country against you. But it's all the better ground for a young man to display himself on. When I was your age, I should have taken it. And it would be quite as well for you to be in opposition to me here and there. It would throw you more into relief. If you would seize an occasion of this sort to make an impression, you might be in Parliament in no time. And you know that would gratify me."

"I am sorry not to do what would gratify you, Sir," said Deronda. "But I can not persuade myself to look at politics as a profession."

"Why not? If a man is not born into public life by his position in the country, there's no way for him but to embrace it by his own efforts. The business of the country must be done—her Majesty's government carried on, as the old Duke said. And it never could be, my boy, if every body looked at politics as if they were prophecy, and demanded an inspired vocation. If you are to get into Parliament, it won't do to sit still and wait for a call either from Heaven or constituents."

"I don't want to make a living out of opinions," said Deronda; "especially out of borrowed opinions. Not that I mean to blame other men. I dare say many better fellows than I don't mind getting on to a platform to praise themselves, and giving their word of honor for a party."

"I'll tell you what, Dan," said Sir Hugo, "a man who sets his face against every sort of humbug is simply a three-cornered, impracticable fellow. There's a bad style of humbug, but there is also a good style—one that oils the wheels and makes progress possible. If you are to rule men, you must rule them through their own ideas; and I agree with the Archbishop at Naples who had a St. Januarius procession against the plague. It's no use having an Order in Council against popular shallowness. There is no action possible without a little acting."

"One may be obliged to give way to an occasional necessity," said Deronda. "But it is one thing to say, 'In this particular case I am forced to put on this fool's cap and grin,' and another to buy a pocket fool's cap and practice myself in grinning. I can't see any real public expediency that does not keep an ideal before it which makes a limit of deviation from the direct path. But if I were to set up for a public man, I might mistake my own success for public expediency."

It was after this dialogue, which was rather jarring to him, that Deronda set out on his meditated second visit to Ezra Cohen's. He entered the street at the end opposite to the Holborn entrance, and an inward reluctance slackened his pace, while his thoughts were transferring what he had just been saying about public expediency to the entirely private difficulty which brought him back again into this unattractive thoroughfare. It might soon become an immediate practical question with him how far he could call it a wise expediency to conceal the fact of close kindred. Such questions turning up constantly in life are often decided in a rough and ready way; and to many it will appear an overrefinement in Deronda that he should make any great point of a matter confined to his own knowledge. But we have seen the reasons why he had come to regard concealment as a bane of life, and the necessity of concealment as a mark by which lines of action were to be avoided. The prospect of being urged against the confirmed habit of his mind was naturally grating. He even paused here and there before the most plausible shop windows for a gentleman to look into, half inclined to decide that he would not increase his knowledge about that modern Ezra, who was certainly not a leader among his people—a hesitation which proved how, in a man much given to reasoning, a bare possibility may weigh more than the best-clad likelihood; for Deronda's reasoning had decided that all likelihood was against this man's being Mirah's brother.

One of the shop windows he paused before was that of a second-hand book-shop, where, on a narrow table outside, the literature of the ages was represented in judicious mixture, from the immortal verse of Homer to the mortal prose of the railway novel. That the mixture was judicious was apparent from Deronda's finding in it something that he wanted, namely, that wonderful bit of autobiography, the life of the Polish Jew, Salomon Maimon, which, as he could easily slip it into his pocket, he took from its place, and entered the shop to pay for, expecting to see behind the counter a grimy personage showing that *nonchalance* about sales which seems to belong universally to the second-hand book business. In most other trades you find generous men who are anxious to sell you their wares for your own welfare; but even a Jew will not urge Simson's Euclid on you with an affectionate assurance that you will have pleasure in reading it, and that he wishes he had twenty more of the article, so much is it in request. One is led to fear that a second-hand bookseller may belong to that unhappy class of men who have no belief in the good of what they get their living by, yet keep conscience enough to be morose rather than unctuous in their vocation.

But instead of the ordinary tradesman, he saw, on the dark background of books in the long narrow shop, a figure that was somewhat startling in its unusualness. A man in threadbare clothing,

whose age was difficult to guess—from the dead yellowish flatness of the flesh, something like an old ivory carving—was seated on a stool against some book-shelves that projected beyond the short counter, doing nothing more remarkable than reading the yesterday's *Times;* but when he let the paper rest on his lap and looked at the incoming customer, the thought glanced through Deronda that precisely such a physiognomy as that might possibly have been seen in a prophet of the Exile, or in some New Hebrew poet of the mediæval time. It was a finely typical Jewish face, wrought into intensity of expression apparently by a strenuous eager experience in which all the satisfaction had been indirect and far off, and perhaps by some bodily suffering also, which involved that absence of ease in the present. The features were clear cut, not large; the brow not high, but broad, and fully defined by the crisp black hair. It might never have been a particularly handsome face, but it must always have been forcible; and now with its dark, far-off gaze, and yellow pallor in relief on the gloom of the backward shop, one might have imagined one's self coming upon it in some past prison of the Inquisition, which a mob had suddenly burst open; while the look fixed on an incidental customer seemed eager and questioning enough to have been turned on one who might have been a messenger either of delivery or of death. The figure was probably familiar and unexciting enough to the inhabitants of this street; but to Deronda's mind it brought so strange a blending of the unwonted with the common, that there was a perceptible interval of mutual observation before he asked his question, "What is the price of this book?"

After taking the book and examining the fly-leaves without rising, the supposed bookseller said, "There is no mark, and Mr. Ram is not in now. I am keeping the shop while he is gone to dinner. What are you disposed to give for it?" He held the book closed on his lap with his hand on it, and looked examiningly at Deronda, over whom there came the disagreeable idea that possibly this striking personage wanted to see how much could be got out of a customer's ignorance of prices. But without further reflection he said, "Don't you know how much it is worth?"

"Not its market price. May I ask have you read it?"

"No. I have read an account of it, which makes me want to buy it."

"You are a man of learning—you are interested in Jewish history?" This was said in a deepened tone of eager inquiry.

"I am certainly interested in Jewish history," said Deronda, quietly, curiosity overcoming his dislike to the sort of inspection as well as questioning he was under.

But immediately the strange Jew rose from his sitting posture, and Deronda felt a thin hand pressing his arm tightly, while a hoarse, excited voice, not much above a loud whisper, said,

"You are perhaps of our race?"

Deronda colored deeply, not liking the grasp, and then answered, with a slight shake of the head, "No." The grasp was relaxed, the hand withdrawn, the eagerness of the face collapsed into uninterested melancholy, as if some possessing spirit which had leaped into the eyes and gestures had sunk back again to the inmost recesses of the frame; and moving further off as he held out the little book, the stranger said, in a tone of distant civility, "I believe Mr. Ram will be satisfied with half a crown, Sir."

The effect of this change on Deronda—he afterward smiled when he recalled it—was oddly embarrassing and humiliating, as if some high dignitary had found him deficient and given him his *congé*. There was nothing further to be said, however: he paid his half crown and carried off his *Salomon Maimon's Lebensgeschichte* with a mere "good-morning."

He felt some vexation at the sudden arrest of the interview, and the apparent prohibition that he should know more of this man, who was certainly something out of the common way—as different probably as a Jew could well be from Ezra Cohen, through whose door Deronda was presently entering, and whose flourishing face glistening on the way to fatness was hanging over the counter in negotiation with some one on the other side of the partition, concerning two plated stoppers and three tea-spoons, which lay spread before him. Seeing Deronda enter, he called out, "Mother! mother!" and then, with a familiar nod and smile, said, "Coming, Sir—coming directly."

Deronda could not help looking toward the door from the back with some anxiety, which was not soothed when he saw a vigorous woman beyond fifty enter, and approach to serve him. Not that there was any thing very repulsive about her: the worst that could be said was that she had that look of having made her toilet with little water, and by twilight, which is common to unyouthful people of her class, and of having presumably slept in her large ear-rings, if not in her rings and necklace. In fact, what caused a sinking of heart in Deronda was her not being so coarse and ugly as to exclude the idea of her being Mirah's mother. Any one who has looked at a face to try and discern signs of known kinship in it will understand his process of conjecture—how he tried to think away the fat which had gradually disguised the outlines of youth, and to discern what one may call the elementary expressions of the face. He was sorry to see no absolute negative to his fears. Just as it was conceivable that this Ezra, brought up to trade, might resemble the scape-grace father in every thing but his knowledge and talent, so it was not impossible that his mother might have had a lovely refined daughter whose type of feature and expression was like Mirah's. The eyebrows had a vexatious similarity of line; and who shall decide how far a face may be masked when the uncherishing years have thrust it far onward in the ever-new procession of youth and age? The good humor of the glance remained and shone out in a motherly way at Deronda, as she said, in a mild guttural tone,

"How can I serve you, Sir?"

"I should like to look at the silver clasps in the window," said Deronda; "the larger ones, please, in the corner there."

They were not quite easy to get at from the mother's station, and the son, seeing this, called out, "I'll reach 'em, mother; I'll reach 'em," running forward with alacrity, and then handing the clasps to Deronda with the smiling remark,

"Mother's too proud: she wants to do every thing herself. That's why I called her to wait on you, Sir. When there's a particular gentleman

customer, Sir, I daredn't do any other than call her. But I can't let her do herself a misehief with stretching."

Here Mr. Cohen made way again for his parent, who gave a little guttural amiable laugh while she looked at Deronda, as much as to say, "This boy will be at his jokes, but you see he's the best son in the world;" and evidently the son enjoyed pleasing her, though he also wished to convey an apology to his distinguished customer for not giving him the advantage of his own exclusive attention.

Deronda began to examine the clasps as if he had many points to observe before he could come to a decision.

"They are only three guineas, Sir," said the mother, encouragingly.

"First-rate workmanship, Sir—worth twice the money; only I got 'em a bargain from Cologne," said the son, parenthetically, from a distance.

Meanwhile two new customers entered, and the repeated call, "Addy!" brought from the back of the shop a group that Deronda turned frankly to stare at, feeling sure that the stare would be held complimentary. The group consisted of a black-eyed young woman who carried a black-eyed little one, its head already well covered with black curls, and deposited it on the counter, from which station it looked round with even more than the usual intelligence of babies; also a robust boy of six and a younger girl, both with black eyes and black-ringed hair—looking more Semitic than their parents, as the puppy lions show the spots of far-off progenitors. The young woman answering to "Addy"—a sort of paroquet in a bright blue dress, with coral necklace and ear-rings, her hair set up in a huge bush—looked as complacently lively and unrefined as her husband; and by a certain difference from the mother deepened in Deronda the unwelcome impression that the latter was not so utterly common a Jewess as to exclude her being the mother of Mirah. While that thought was glancing through his mind, the boy had run forward into the shop with an energetic stamp, and setting himself about four feet from Deronda, with his hands in the pockets of his miniature knickerbockers, looked at him with a precocious air of survey. Perhaps it was chiefly with a diplomatic design to linger and ingratiate himself that Deronda patted the boy's head, saying,

"What is your name, sirrah?"

"Jacob Alexander Cohen," said the small man, with much ease and distinctness.

"You are not named after your father, then?"

"No; after my grandfather. He sells knives and razors and scissors—my grandfather does," said Jacob, wishing to impress the stranger with that high connection. "He gave me this knife." Here a pocket-knife was drawn forth, and the small fingers, both naturally and artificially dark, opened two blades and a corkscrew with much quickness.

"Is not that a dangerous plaything?" said Deronda, turning to the grandmother.

"*He'll* never hurt himself, bless you!" said she, contemplating her grandson with placid rapture.

"Have *you* got a knife?" says Jacob, coming closer. His small voice was hoarse in its glibness, as if it belonged to an aged commercial soul, fatigued with bargaining through many generations.

"Yes. Do you want to see it?" said Deronda, taking a small penknife from his waistcoat pocket.

Jacob seized it immediately and retreated a little, holding the two knives in his palms, and bending over them in meditative comparison. By this time the other clients were gone, and the whole family had gathered to the spot, centring their attention on the marvelous Jacob: the father, mother, and grandmother behind the counter, with baby held staggering thereon, and the little girl in front leaning at her brother's elbow to assist him in looking at the knives.

"Mine's the best," said Jacob at last, returning Deronda's knife, as if he had been entertaining the idea of exchange and had rejected it.

Father and mother laughed aloud with delight. "You won't find Jacob choosing the worst," said Mr. Cohen, winking, with much confidence in the customer's admiration. Deronda, looking at the grandmother, who had only an inward silent laugh, said,

"Are these the only grandchildren you have?"

"All. This is my only son," she answered, in a communicative tone, Deronda's glance and manner as usual conveying the impression of sympathetic interest—which on this occasion answered his purpose well. It seemed to come naturally enough that he should say,

"And you have no daughter?"

There was an instantaneous change in the mother's face. Her lips closed more firmly, she looked down, swept her hands outward on the counter, and finally turned her back on Deronda to examine some Indian handkerchiefs that hung in pawn behind her. Her son gave a significant glance, set up his shoulders an instant, and just put his finger to his lips—then said, quickly, "I think you're a first-rate gentleman in the city, Sir, if I may be allowed to guess?"

"No," said Deronda, with a preoccupied air, "I have nothing to do with the city."

"That's a bad job. I thought you might be the young principal of a first-rate firm," said Mr. Cohen, wishing to make amends for the check on his customer's natural desire to know more of him and his. "But you understand silver-work, I see."

"A little," said Deronda, taking up the clasps a moment and laying them down again. That unwelcome bit of circumstantial evidence had made his mind busy with a plan which was certainly more like acting than any thing he had been aware of in his own conduct before. But the bare possibility that more knowledge might nullify the evidence now overpowered the inclination to rest in uncertainty.

"To tell you the truth," he went on, "my errand is not so much to buy as to borrow. I dare say you go into rather heavy transactions occasionally."

"Well, Sir, I've accommodated gentlemen of distinction—I'm proud to say it. I wouldn't exchange my business with any in the world. There's none more honorable, nor more charitable, nor more necessary for all classes, from the good lady who wants a little of the ready for the baker, to a gentleman like yourself, Sir, who may want it for amusement. I like my business, I like my street, and I like my shop. I wouldn't have it a door further down. And I wouldn't be without a pawn shop, Sir, to be the Lord Mayor. It puts you in connection with the world at large. I say it's like the government revenue—it em-

braces the brass as well as the gold of the country. And a man who doesn't get money, Sir, can't accommodate. Now what can I do for *you*, Sir?"

If an amiable self-satisfaction is the mark of earthly bliss, Solomon in all his glory was a pitiable mortal compared with Mr. Cohen—clearly one of those persons who, being in excellent spirits about themselves, are willing to cheer strangers by letting them know it. While he was delivering himself with lively rapidity, he took the baby from his wife, and holding it on his arm, presented his features to be explored by its small fists. Deronda, not in a cheerful mood, was rashly pronouncing this Ezra Cohen to be the most unpoetic Jew he had ever met with in books or life: his phrascology was as little as possible like that of the Old Testament, and no shadow of a Suffering Race distinguished his vulgarity of soul from that of a prosperous pink-and-white huckster of the purest English lineage. It is naturally a Christian feeling that a Jew ought not to be conceited. However, this was no reason for not persevering in his project, and he answered at once, in adventurous ignorance of technicalities:

"I have a fine diamond ring to offer as security—not with me at this moment, unfortunately, for I am not in the habit of wearing it. But I will come again this evening and bring it with me. Fifty pounds at once would be a convenience to me."

"Well, you know, this evening is the Sabbath, young gentleman," said Cohen, "and I go to the *Shool*. The shop will be closed. But accommodation is a work of charity; if you can't get here before, and are any ways pressed, why, I'll look at your diamond. You're perhaps from the West End—a longish drive?"

"Yes; and your Sabbath begins early at this season. I could be here by five—will that do?" Deronda had not been without hope that by asking to come on a Friday evening he might get a better opportunity of observing points in the family character, and might even be able to put some decisive question.

Cohen assented; but here the marvelous Jacob, whose *physique* supported a precocity that would have shattered a Gentile of his years, showed that he had been listening with much comprehension by saying, "You are coming again. Have you got any more knives at home?"

"I think I have one," said Deronda, smiling down at him.

"Has it two blades and a hook—and a white handle like that?" said Jacob, pointing to the waistcoat pocket.

"I dare say it has."

"Do you like a corkscrew?" said Jacob, exhibiting that article in his own knife again, and looking up with serious inquiry.

"Yes," said Deronda, experimentally.

"Bring your knife, then, and we'll shwop," said Jacob, returning the knife to his pocket, and stamping about with the sense that he had concluded a good transaction.

The grandmother had now recovered her usual manners, and the whole family watched Deronda radiantly when he caressingly lifted the little girl, to whom he had not hitherto given attention, and seating her on the counter, asked for her name also. She looked at him in silence, and put her fingers to her gold ear-rings, which he did not seem to have noticed.

"Adelaide Rebekah is her name," said her mother, proudly. "Speak to the gentleman, lovey."

"Shlav'm Shabbes fyock on," said Adelaide Rebekah.

"Her Sabbath frock, she means," said the father, in explanation. "She'll have her Sabbath frock on this evening."

"And will you let me see you in it, Adelaide?" said Deronda, with that gentle intonation which came very easily to him.

"Say yes, lovey—yes, if you please, Sir," said her mother, enchanted with this handsome young gentleman, who appreciated remarkable children.

"And will you give me a kiss this evening?" said Deronda, with a hand on each of her little brown shoulders.

Adelaide Rebekah (her miniature crinoline and monumental features corresponded with the combination of her names) immediately put up her lips to pay the kiss in advance; whereupon her father, rising into still more glowing satisfaction with the general meritoriousness of his circumstances, and with the stranger who was an admiring witness, said, cordially:

"You see there's somebody will be disappointed if you don't come this evening, Sir. You won't mind sitting down in our family place and waiting a bit for me, if I'm not in when you come, Sir? I'll stretch a point to accommodate a gent of your sort. Bring the diamond, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Deronda thus left the most favorable impression behind him as a preparation for more easy intercourse. But, for his own part, those amenities had been carried on under the heaviest spirits. If these were really Mirah's relatives, he could not imagine that even her fervid filial piety could give the reunion with them any sweetness beyond such as could be found in the strict fulfillment of a painful duty. What did this vaunting brother need? And with the most favorable supposition about the hypothetic mother, Deronda shrank from the image of a first meeting between her and Mirah, and still more from the idea of Mirah's domestication with this family. He took refuge in disbelief. To find an Ezra Cohen when the name was running in your head was no more extraordinary than to find a Josiah Smith under like circumstances; and as to the coincidence about the daughter, it would probably turn out to be a difference. If, however, further knowledge confirmed the more undesirable conclusion, what would be wise expediency?—to try and determine the best consequences by concealment, or to brave other consequences for the sake of that openness which is the sweet fresh air of our moral life?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Er ist geheissen
Israel. Ihn hat verwandelt
Hexenspruch in einen Hund.
* * * * * * *
Aber jeden Freitag Abend,
In der Dämm'rungstunde, plötzlich
Weicht der Zauber, und der Hund
Wird aufs Neu' ein menschlich Wesen."

HEINE: *Prinzessin Sabbath.*

WHEN Deronda arrived at five o'clock the shop was closed, and the door was opened for him by the Christian servant. When she showed him

into the room behind the shop, he was surprised at the prettiness of the scene. The house was old, and rather extensive at the back: probably the large room he now entered was gloomy by daylight, but now it was agreeably lit by a fine old brass lamp with seven oil lights hanging above the snow-white cloth spread on the central table. The ceiling and walls were smoky, and all the surroundings were dark enough to throw into relief the human figures, which had a Venetian glow of coloring. The grandmother was arrayed in yellowish-brown, with a large gold chain in lieu of the necklace, and by this light her yellow face with its darkly marked eyebrows and framing *rouleau* of gray hair looked as handsome as was necessary for picturesque effect. Young Mrs. Cohen was clad in red and black, with a string of large artificial pearls wound round and round her neck; the baby lay asleep in the cradle under a scarlet counterpane; Adelaide Rebekah was in braided amber; and Jacob Alexander was in black velveteen with scarlet stockings. As the four pairs of black eyes all glistened a welcome at Deronda, he was almost ashamed of the supercilious dislike these happy-looking creatures had raised in him by daylight. Nothing could be more cordial than the greeting he received, and both mother and grandmother seemed to gather more dignity from being seen on the private hearth, showing hospitality. He looked round with some wonder at the old furniture: the oaken bureau and high side table must surely be mere matters of chance and economy, and not due to the family taste. A large dish of blue-and-yellow ware was set up on the side table, and flanking it were two old silver vessels; in front of them a large volume in darkened vellum with a deep-ribbed back. In the corner at the farther end was an open door into an inner room, where there was also a light.

Deronda took in these details by parenthetic glances while he met Jacob's pressing solicitude about the knife. He had taken the pains to buy one with the requisites of the hook and white handle, and produced it on demand, saying,

"Is that the sort of thing you want, Jacob?"

It was subjected to a severe scrutiny; the hook and blades were opened, and the article of barter with the corkscrew was drawn forth for comparison.

"Why do you like a hook better than a corkscrew?" said Deronda.

"'Caush I can get hold of things with a hook. A corkscrew won't go into any thing but corks. But it's better for you—you can draw corks."

"You agree to change, then?" said Deronda, observing that the grandmother was listening with delight.

"What else have you got in your pockets?" said Jacob, with deliberative seriousness.

"Hush, hush, Jacob love," said the grandmother. And Deronda, mindful of discipline, answered,

"I think I must not tell you that. Our business was with the knives."

Jacob looked up into his face scanningly for a moment or two, and apparently arriving at his conclusions, said, gravely,

"I'll shwop," handing the corkscrew knife to Deronda, who pocketed it with corresponding gravity.

Immediately the small son of Shem ran off into the next room, whence his voice was heard in rapid chat; and then ran back again—when, seeing his father enter, he seized a little velveteen hat which lay on a chair and put it on to approach him. Cohen kept on his own hat, and took no notice of the visitor, but stood still while the two children went up to him and clasped his knees: then he laid his hands on each in turn and uttered his Hebrew benediction; whereupon the wife, who had lately taken baby from the cradle, brought it up to her husband and held it under his outstretched hands, to be blessed in its sleep. For the moment Deronda thought that this pawnbroker, proud of his vocation, was not utterly prosaic.

"Well, Sir, you found your welcome in my family, I think," said Cohen, putting down his hat, and becoming his former self. "And you've been punctual. Nothing like a little stress here," he added, tapping his side pocket as he sat down. "It's good for us all in our turn. I've felt it when I've had to make up payments. I began early—had to turn myself about, and put myself into shapes to fit every sort of box. It's bracing to the mind. Now, then! let us see, let us see."

"That is the ring I spoke of," said Deronda, taking it from his finger. "I believe it cost a hundred pounds. It will be a sufficient pledge to you for fifty, I think. I shall probably redeem it in a month or so."

Cohen's glistening eyes seemed to get a little nearer together as he met the ingenuous look of this crude young gentleman, who apparently supposed that redemption was a satisfaction to pawnbrokers. He took the ring, examined and returned it, saying, with indifference, "Good, good. We'll talk of it after our meal. Perhaps you'll join us, if you've no objection. Me and my wife 'll feel honored, and so will mother; won't you, mother?"

The invitation was doubly echoed, and Deronda gladly accepted it. All now turned and stood round the table. No dish was at present seen except one covered with a napkin; and Mrs. Cohen had placed a china bowl near her husband that he might wash his hands in it. But after putting on his hat again, he paused, and called in a loud voice, "Mordecai!"

Can this be part of the religious ceremony? thought Deronda, not knowing what might be expected of the ancient hero. But he heard a "Yes" from the next room, which made him look toward the open door; and there, to his astonishment, he saw the figure of the enigmatic Jew whom he had this morning met with in the bookshop. Their eyes met, and Mordecai looked as much surprised as Deronda—neither in his surprise making any sign of recognition. But when Mordecai was seating himself at the end of the table, he just bent his head to the guest in a cold and distant manner, as if the disappointment of the morning remained a disagreeable association with this new acquaintance.

Cohen now washed his hands, pronouncing Hebrew words the while: afterward, he took off the napkin covering the dish and disclosed the two long flat loaves besprinkled with seed—the memorial of the manna that fed the wandering forefathers—and breaking off small pieces gave one to each of the family, including Adelaide Rebekah, who stood on the chair with her whole length exhibited in her amber-colored garment, her little Jewish nose lengthened by compression

of the lip in the effort to make a suitable appearance. Cohen then began another Hebrew blessing, in which Jacob put on his hat to join with close imitation. After that the heads were uncovered, all seated themselves, and the meal went on without any peculiarity that interested Deronda. He was not very conscious of what dishes he ate from, being preoccupied with a desire to turn the conversation in a way that would enable him to ask some leading question; and also with thinking of Mordecai, between whom and himself there was an exchange of fascinated, half-furtive glances. Mordecai had no handsome Sabbath garment, but instead of the threadbare rusty black coat of the morning he wore one of light drab, which looked as if it had once been a handsome loose paletot now shrunk with washing; and this change of clothing gave a still stronger accentuation to his dark-haired, eager face, which might have belonged to the prophet Ezekiel—also probably not modish in the eyes of contemporaries. It was noticeable that the thin tails of the fried fish were given to Mordecai; and in general the sort of share assigned to a poor relation—no doubt a "survival" of prehistoric practice, not yet generally admitted to be superstitious.

Mr. Cohen kept up the conversation with much liveliness, introducing as subjects always in taste (the Jew is proud of his loyalty) the Queen and the Royal Family, the Emperor and Empress of the French—into which both grandmother and wife entered with zest. Mrs. Cohen the younger showed an accurate memory of distinguished birthdays; and the elder assisted her son in informing the guest of what occurred when the Emperor and Empress were in England and visited the city, ten years before.

"I dare say you know all about it better than we do, Sir," said Cohen, repeatedly, by way of preface to full information; and the interesting statements were kept up in a trio.

"Our baby is named *Eu*genie Esther," said young Mrs. Cohen, vivaciously.

"It's wonderful how the Emperor's like a cousin of mine in the face," said the grandmother; "it struck me like lightning when I caught sight of him. I couldn't have thought it."

"Mother and me went to see the Emperor and Empress at the Crystal Palace," said Mr. Cohen. "I had a fine piece of work to take care of mother; she might have been squeezed flat—though she was pretty near as lusty then as she is now. I said, if I had a hundred mothers I'd never take one of 'em to see the Emperor and Empress at the Crystal Palace again; and you may think a man can't afford it when he's got but one mother—not if he'd ever so big an insurance on her." He stroked his mother's shoulder affectionately, and chuckled a little at his own humor.

"Your mother has been a widow a long while, perhaps," said Deronda, seizing his opportunity. "That has made your care for her the more needful."

"Ay, ay, it's a good many *yore-zeit* since I had to manage for her and myself," said Cohen, quickly. "I went early to it. It's that makes you a sharp knife."

"What does—what makes a sharp knife, father?" said Jacob, his cheek very much swollen with sweet-cake.

The father winked at his guest and said, "Having your nose put on the grindstone."

Jacob slipped from his chair with the piece of sweet-cake in his hand, and going close up to Mordecai, who had been totally silent hitherto, said, "What does that mean—putting my nose to the grindstone?"

"It means that you are to bear being hurt without making a noise," said Mordecai, turning his eyes benignantly on the small face close to his. Jacob put the corner of the cake into Mordecai's mouth as an invitation to bite, saying, meanwhile, "I sha'n't, though," and keeping his eyes on the cake to observe how much of it went in this act of generosity. Mordecai took a bite and smiled, evidently meaning to please the lad, and the little incident made them both look more lovable. Deronda, however, felt with some vexation that he had taken little by his question.

"I fancy that is the right quarter for learning," said he, carrying on the subject that he might have an excuse for addressing Mordecai, to whom he turned and said, "You have been a great student, I imagine."

"I have studied," was the quiet answer. "And you?—you know German, by the book you were buying."

"Yes, I have studied in Germany. Are you generally engaged in book-selling?" said Deronda.

"No; I only go to Mr. Ram's shop every day to keep it while he goes to meals," said Mordecai, who was now looking at Deronda with what seemed a revival of his original interest: it seemed as if the face had some attractive indication for him which now neutralized the former disappointment. After a slight pause, he said, "Perhaps you know Hebrew?"

"I am sorry to say, not at all."

Mordecai's countenance fell: he cast down his eyelids, looking at his hands, which lay crossed before him, and said no more. Deronda had now noticed more decisively than in their former interview a difficulty of breathing, which he thought must be a sign of consumption.

"I've had something else to do than to get book-learning," said Mr. Cohen—"I've had to make myself knowing about useful things. I know stones well"—here he pointed to Deronda's ring. "I'm not afraid of taking that ring of yours at my own valuation. But now," he added, with a certain drop in his voice to a lower, more familiar nasal, "what do you want for it?"

"Fifty or sixty pounds," Deronda answered, rather too carelessly.

Cohen paused a little, thrust his hands into his pockets, fixed on Deronda a pair of glistening eyes that suggested a miraculous guinea-pig, and said, "Couldn't do you that. Happy to oblige, but couldn't go that lengths. Forty pound—say forty—I'll let you have forty on it."

Deronda was aware that Mordecai had looked up again at the words implying a monetary affair, and was now examining him again, while he said, "Very well; I shall redeem it in a month or so."

"Good. I'll make you out the ticket by-and-by," said Cohen, indifferently. Then he held up his finger as a sign that conversation must be deferred. He, Mordecai, and Jacob put on their hats, and Cohen opened a thanksgiving, which was carried on by responses, till Mordecai delivered himself alone at some length, in a solemn chanting tone, with his chin slightly uplifted and

his thin hands clasped easily before him. Not only in his accent and tone, but in his freedom from the self-consciousness which has reference to others' approbation, there could hardly have been a stronger contrast to the Jew at the other end of the table. It was an unaccountable conjunction—the presence among these common, prosperous, shop-keeping types, of a man who, in an emaciated threadbare condition, imposed a certain awe on Deronda, and an embarrassment at not meeting his expectations.

No sooner had Mordecai finished his devotional strain than, rising, with a slight bend of his head to the stranger, he walked back into his room, and shut the door behind him.

"That seems to be rather a remarkable man," said Deronda, turning to Cohen, who immediately set up his shoulders, put out his tongue slightly, and tapped his own brow. It was clearly to be understood that Mordecai did not come up to the standard of sanity which was set by Mr. Cohen's view of men and things.

"Does he belong to your family?" said Deronda.

This idea appeared to be rather ludicrous to the ladies as well as to Cohen, and the family interchanged looks of amusement.

"No, no," said Cohen. "Charity! charity! He worked for me, and when he got weaker and weaker I took him in. He's an incumbrance; but he brings a blessing down, and he teaches the boy. Besides, he does the repairing at the watches and jewelry."

Deronda hardly abstained from smiling at this mixture of kindliness and the desire to justify it in the light of a calculation; but his willingness to speak further of Mordecai, whose character was made the more enigmatically striking by these new details, was baffled. Mr. Cohen immediately dismissed the subject by reverting to the "accommodation," which was also an act of charity, and proceeded to make out the ticket, get the forty pounds, and present them both in exchange for the diamond ring. Deronda, feeling that it would be hardly delicate to protract his visit beyond the settlement of the business which was its pretext, had to take his leave, with no more decided result than the advance of forty pounds and the pawn ticket in his breast pocket, to make a reason for returning when he came up to town after Christmas. He was resolved that he would then endeavor to gain a little more insight into the character and history of Mordecai, from whom also he might gather something decisive about the Cohens—for example, the reason why it was forbidden to ask Mrs. Cohen the elder whether she had a daughter.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. BUCHANAN, a minor English poet, has written a letter in which he calls this country to account for the neglect of Walt Whitman, and has undertaken what Burke declined—to draw an indictment against a nation. The substance of Buchanan's charge is that America refuses to recognize a commanding poetic genius. But does the Englishman suppose that the country can be scolded into reverence or coerced to admire? Mr. Whitman has had the same opportunity that Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow have had. His works have been very widely read and criticised. He has found a place in several of the chief magazines. He has had an enthusiastic and devoted body of admirers, who have extolled him as immeasurably superior to all other American authors. He has been in no sense neglected or obscure, but an unusual public curiosity has always attended him. The only quarrel that Mr. Buchanan can legitimately have with this country upon the subject is, that it does not agree with the admirers who esteem Mr. Whitman so highly. Not agreeing, it will not probably buy his books; and as that fact is doubtless well known to the publishers, whose business it is to know such things, they do not compete eagerly for the right of publication. Mr. Whitman, as we are assured, is a man of singular clearness of perception, as well as manliness of character, and there is, therefore, no man in the country, probably, who more accurately understands the situation, or who is less disposed to be angry with it.

The suggestion that there is some kind of conspiracy in literary circles to suppress him, or some kind of jealousy of his superior genius, is merely amusing. The most eminent literary men in the country know, for they have learned, that what Shelley says of love is true of fame:

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

Mr. Bryant is not jealous of Mr. Longfellow, nor Mr. Emerson of Mr. Bancroft, because each knows that his own position does not depend in the least upon that of the other. Were Mr. Whitman as popular as Mr. Whittier, Mr. Whittier would not be less popular than he is. Fame is like light. Mars is not less bright because of the splendor of Jupiter; and were unfathomable abysses and caverns to be suddenly opened in the total darkness of the globe, the surface would not be dimmer. There is no young literary aspirant who has ever addressed himself to the attention of any of the chiefs of our literature who has not had the most agreeable experience of their urbane courtesy and sympathetic interest. Washington Irving was full of the same generosity. A quarter of a century ago, when his figure was familiar upon Broadway and in Lafayette Place as he went to the Astor Library, with his tripping walk and quaint short "Talma" cloak, he had always the kindest word for his younger brethren in letters. "We old fellows have the advantage of you," he said to one of them one day, in his husky voice, and with a humorous twinkle of the eye. "When we began we had no rivals. People had to take us or nothing. But now there are crowds of you clever youth, and your single voices haven't so much chance. But no matter," he added, gayly; "don't lose heart. There is room enough for all of us." That was his philosophy, as it is that of his companions and successors; and that they should cherish any jealousy of the new-comers is the suggestion of those who do not know them.

It is not the successful in literature or art, or in any pursuit, but the aspirant who fails, who is

more likely to feel the gnawing pang of envy and jealousy. Sometimes, indeed, there is some such foolish feeling upon the part of an unquestioned master, but it is unusual. Many a youth who is full of poetic feeling, and has a fatal fluency of expression, writes verses which he fondly believes to be new strains of melody in the world's music. He reads them to friends, who can not easily help praising them. He repeats them by moonlight to the girl of his heart, who thinks, as she listens, of the young Milton at Vallombrosa, and of Dante meeting Beatrice. Then he sends them proudly to an editor, that the world may not longer lack that sweetness. The editor—oh, if it should be one who shall be nameless!—reads, and recognizes the familiar case, and, with all careful courtesy, formally finds it—not less than the "Faerie Queene," oh no! but—not available. This happens more than once. The poet finds with amazement each month that his verses are not available; but he reads, in the pages upon which he had hoped to sing, stanzas called poems over which he can only shrug pitying shoulders and raise deprecating eyes. It is not long before he is sure that there is some kind of hostility to him in that office, which, he observes, gradually extends to other offices, until he is, as he thinks, forced to the disagreeable conclusion that there is a deep and dark conspiracy against him, founded in the natural jealousy of poets in possession, who do not wish to endanger their crowns by suffering their master to be heard.

There is no conspiracy against Mr. Whitman, nor any jealousy of him among the acknowledged chiefs of American literature, and were he or his friends to authorize an appeal like that made by Mr. Buchanan, there would be a response, we are very sure, which would dispose of that gentleman's assertions and innuendoes. He would probably be surprised if some American should suddenly vituperate England for not recognizing in him the lineal poetic heir of Shakespeare and Milton, and propose a scheme for his pecuniary relief. If, as he claims, a great genius has fallen upon an age and a country which do not know him, and reverence lesser men, there really is nothing to be done. The deepest and most earnest desire of every age and country is for greatness of every kind. If it is not apprehended, it is certainly not because it is not desired. The world and every individual delight in great men. If they appear and are unrecognized, it is the misfortune of the time and country, but they can not be rightfully blamed. The man who desires and honors all good things can not be reproached that, having no ear for music, he did not know Beethoven and Mozart when he heard them. For twenty years America has read Walt Whitman, and, respecting all that it knows of his honorable life and his manly fidelity to conscience, it can not yet perceive the greatness of his poetic genius. Mr. Buchanan should not be too hard upon America. With time and care, it may become as wise as he.

Our English brethren have been ascertaining what there is in a name. Nothing has more excited the country for a long time, and nothing, probably, has so seriously shaken Mr. Disraeli's ministry, as his proposition to add to the Queen's titles that of Empress of India. There is a large class of Englishmen, and it includes the most of what would be called genuine Englishmen, who have a feeling that Mr. Disraeli is something of a charlatan. He seems to act a part, to like melodrama in public affairs, while the English race does not like it, and is very suspicious of it in politics. Mr. Disraeli's success in his political career is one of the surprises in English history. Twenty-five years ago an Englishman said to an American, "No man who writes novels will ever be Prime Minister of England." But not only is the novelist Prime Minister of England, but he is the chief of the party that has always called itself especially the English party. His proposition for the imperial title was defended upon the ground that the Queen herself was very anxious for it, and that it was her own suggestion. But, on the other hand, it is known that Mr. Disraeli is the grossest personal flatterer of the Queen, and nothing is more probable, although it is not susceptible of proof, than that he proposed the title to her as a fine stroke of flattery.

The national hostility has been universal, and although the bill authorizing the title has passed Parliament, it is still uncertain at this writing what the Queen's final action will be. It will be known, probably, when this Magazine is published. If it should seem strange to any American that sensible men and women should be so deeply moved by so simple a suggestion as that of styling a person who is already called Queen and Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, and he should ask what difference one title more or less can possibly make, or that, in any case, it is a very foolish hubbub about a name, he is to remember that the Queen herself is but a ceremony. Lord Gold Sticks in Waiting and Lord High Stewards and Almoners, and what the satirists call the Lord High Guardians of the Sealing-wax and Tape departments, are parts of a pageant. The monarch is but a figure-head, and his titles are an essential element of himself. The English people have always known the head of their political system as the King or Queen of England. That has been the simple and sufficient title. It is associated with their glory and power, and they have always rejoiced that the essential greatness of that power sought no Oriental extravagance of description. It is the same kind of feeling which makes certain untitled English families of very ancient honorable lineage more illustrious to the English imagination than many marquises or dukes.

Whether the fact that the great powers of Europe have of late been known as empires, and that the allies and friends of the King or Queen of England have been the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of France, and that the only king of any importance left is the King of Italy, may have affected the imagination of the Queen and her advisers, it is not easy to say. But this should only have wedded England more closely to its historical royal title. It should be the national pride that among European emperors the King of England is *primus inter pares*. The assertion was made, indeed, by Mr. Disraeli, when the hostility was fully developed, that the title of Empress would not be used in England, that it was exclusively for the Indian imagination. But it was well and instinctively retorted—for Englishmen know themselves—that it would be impossible to limit it in that way. The soul of snobbery could not resist the temptation of call-

ing the princes, Imperial Highnesses, and the mayors of country towns would bow in awe before the august Empress, their Imperial mistress. But the argument is against it. Emperor is really a cheaper title than King. It is the device of *parvenus*. The Corsican Bonaparte, seizing power in France, knows that the title *Roi de France* is a tradition which he can not control, and which would make him ridiculous, and he affects a loftier grandeur by calling himself Emperor. Soulouque overthrows the government in unhappy Hayti, and instantly crowns himself Emperor. Louis Napoleon by force of arms captures supreme power in France, and reverts to his uncle's title. But the Duke of Bordeaux is still, to his supporters, *Roi de France*.

The discussion seems to us in this country very trivial, and it is not easy, perhaps, to understand why so sensible a people as our English brethren should be disturbed by it. But to think so is to forget how large and important a part of life forms and ceremonies and symbols are. The popular feeling upon the subject in England was shown in the various kinds of protests, from the learned discourse of Mr. Gladstone reciting the history of the title Emperor, and the proposition in the House of Lords that the Queen should be solemnly requested not to adopt the title, to the squib by the author of *Ginx's Baby* and *The Devil's Chain*, "The Blot on the Queen's Head; or, How Little Ben, the Head Waiter, changed the Sign of the 'Queen's Inn' to 'Empress Hotel, limited,' and the Consequences thereof. By a Guest." We should better understand the feeling of England if there were a proposition made in Congress that the style of our Chief Magistrate should be hereafter, "His Highness the President." There would be quite as lively a debate, quite as learned and vehement orations, and as hurtling a volley of squibs as the Royal Titles Bill has produced in England. Those steady and old-fashioned Englishmen who can not but feel that Mr. Disraeli is something of a charlatan will doubtless watch with eager expectation to see his "decline and fall off" from the day of his attempt to decorate the simple traditional title of the English sovereign with this shred of foreign tinsel.

That there is still something fresh and good to be said of Washington, Lowell's ode under the Washington Elm last summer proved. And that his home and tomb will be a bourn of pilgrimage this year both for ourselves and for our visitors can not be doubted. It is but a pleasant sail from the capital, to which most of those who come to Philadelphia from a distance will be sure to go; and the vivid impression of the man and his character and his times produced by standing in his unchanged home will be most healthfully conservative. The purchase of Mount Vernon was a fortunate thought; and for Mr. Everett, also, it was fortunate that just before the outbreak of the war he should have devoted himself to the task of arousing patriotic feeling by eloquently telling the story of Washington, and have passed from that to the entire sympathy with his neighbors, the pleasure and inspiration of which had so long been unknown to him. Mr. Everett's purpose in delivering his oration and in writing the Mount Vernon papers was not only to aid the fund for the purchase of the estate, but to touch "the mystic chords of memory" to a music which should charm discord and civil war away. It was too late. Indeed, it was always impossible. But he will be kindly remembered for a humane endeavor, which has also pleasantly associated his name with Mount Vernon.

The owners of the estate certainly traded to some purpose upon their property. If patriotism wanted Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington, then patriotism should pay roundly for them. There were a dilapidated house and barn, the neglected tomb, and two hundred acres of indifferent land, in a Slave State, upon the bank of the Potomac River, and "the women of America" were made to pay two hundred thousand dollars for them! The bargain was completed in the year before the war, and the government immediately took possession of the little steamboat which plied between Washington and the estate, so that during the war there was no regular means of communication. The especial friends of Mount Vernon among Northern and Southern ladies succeeded in preserving it from confiscation or desecration, but it was in a lamentable condition when the war ended. There has been no fund for repairs except a few hundred dollars that remained from the purchase-money, and the only revenue was chance contributions. But there were zeal and resources upon the part of the present Regent and some of the Vice-Regents, and they repaired as they could, hoping for better days. At the end of the war Congress heard the appeal of the Association for the loss resulting from the seizure of its boat, and gave seven thousand dollars, which were expended by General Michler alone for such repairs as he thought necessary; and now for some years the steamer which goes from Washington pays to the Association twenty-five cents for every passenger which it carries to Mount Vernon. This is the only source of revenue, and this is wholly inadequate for the current repairs. The barn that Washington built is falling, and can be restored for not less than a thousand dollars.

This year has aroused the country to patriotic memories, and, notwithstanding the universal depression, there is an activity of liberality which, wisely conducted, would fill the treasury with the necessary fund. The father of the present Regent, Mrs. Berghmans, of Pennsylvania, contributed some time ago one thousand dollars toward the fund. The father of the Vice-Regent of Maine gave five hundred dollars to the same object. At the beginning of the year about four thousand dollars had been accumulated. Since the year opened, two thousand have been collected in Ohio from a Centennial festival, and eight hundred came from Richmond, in Virginia; and the ladies of New York are moving, and the best results are anticipated. As these words are written, a great public meeting is proposed, and speeches that shall open hearts and hands and purses. Meanwhile the ladies of the Association, largely at their own expense, are furnishing the old house with old furniture such as it may have known in its prime. As late as 1862, the Easy Chair remembers that it was shown at Mount Vernon the bedstead upon which Washington died. Such, at least, is the impression; and it is to be hoped that the relic still remains, for every thing in and around the house which in any manner belonged to Washington or was associated with him should have been amply paid for by those two hundred thousand dollars.

The restoration and maintenance of Mount Vernon is, as a sensible woman most truly says, "the most sensible piece of sentiment in this Centennial year." The past, at least, is secure, said Webster; and amidst the sorry disclosures of the time, how true are those words of a wiser than Webster: "Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud and forever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him?" But to what end did he live and die if not to sow in our hearts the seed of the same hope, and in our wills the power to fulfill it? Mean men only make mean politics; and what is Washington if not the immortal illustration of the truth that the nobler the man, the nobler his politics; the surer and more commanding the state, the higher and more confident the hope of humanity?

Many inspiring words will this year be spoken of Washington, but none finer, truer, more reverent, more satisfactory, than those which an Englishman uttered of him thirteen years after his death. It was William Smyth, Professor of Modern History at English Cambridge. His lectures are well known, but in the *Life of George Ticknor*, lately published, there is some personal account of him which will be new to most of those who are familiar with his delightful book. Mr. Ticknor saw him at a breakfast at Rogers's, the poet, in 1835. He had met him a few evenings before at a concert at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, and says of him: "His singular appearance attracted my notice there at first. Tall and somewhat awkward, dressed like a *marquis de l'ancien régime*, and looking like one, with his ear-locks combed out and his hair powdered, but still with an air of great carelessness, he moved about in that brilliant assembly, hardly spoken to by a single person, with a modest and quiet air, as if he belonged not to it, and yet, when there was a fine passage in the music, seeming to enjoy it as if he were all ear. This morning he came in the same whimsical dress, and had the same singular air. But I found it all entirely natural and simple. He talked well and not much, and some of his remarks had great beauty as well as great truth and originality; now and then he showed a striking eagerness in manner, which contrasted strongly with his usual modesty and reserve. On the whole, I think he justified his reputation as a man of genius and as one of the first men now at Cambridge, where he is Professor of Modern History."

It is this Englishman who, at the close of his last lecture upon the American war, says of Washington: "Whatever was the difficulty, the trial, the temptation, or the danger, there stood the soldier and the citizen, eternally the same, without fear and without reproach; and there was the man who was not only at all times virtuous, but at all times wise. The merit of Washington by no means ceases with his campaigns; it becomes after the peace of 1783 even more striking than before; for the same man who for the sake of liberty was ardent enough to resist the power of Great Britain and hazard every thing on this side the grave, at a later period had to be temperate enough to resist the same spirit of liberty when it was mistaking its proper objects and transgressing its appointed limits. The American Revolution was to approach him, and he was to kindle in the general flame; the French Revolution was to reach him, and to consume but too many of his countrymen; and his own ethereal mould, incapable of stain, was to purge off the baser fire victorious! But all this was done; he might have been pardoned though he had failed amidst the enthusiasm of those around him, and when liberty was the delusion; but the foundations of the moral world were shaken, and not the understanding of Washington." This, surely, is the character to contemplate and to desire in the great year that is passing. These are words that might be graved in gold over the portal of Mount Vernon.

There are two or three books of great interest recently published or publishing, and among them the novel of *Daniel Deronda*, which it is the good fortune of this Magazine to present to American readers. In speaking of it, the Easy Chair presumably speaks with those who are familiar with it to the present issue. The firmness of the touch, the acuteness of insight, the force of imagination, the grasp of character, and the gleam of wit are all very evident. The courage and the power of the author, with the high magic of imagination, are shown especially in the chapter fully introducing Daniel Deronda and his finding the young Jewess, Mirah, upon the Thames. The city of London and the river Thames, grim, dingy, familiar, are suddenly flooded with "the light that never was on sea or land," and become as romantic as a realm of faery. We certainly could not doubt or question the power of a writer who should cast upon the East River and the shores of Blackwell's Island such a glamour of enchantment as George Eliot has thrown over London. Dickens, in the opening chapter of *Our Mutual Friend*, has painted a most vigorous and memorable picture of the river life. It is one of his truly powerful scenes, a natural chapter in the story of a river that flows through the heart of the great, cruel city, the constant companion of squalid poverty and fearful crime.

But in *Daniel Deronda* it is touched with exquisite romance, and the sketch of the young Englishman rowing down the stream in the sunset, and singing the Italian melody which falls upon the ear and heart of the despairing girl upon the shore, the rescue, and the sheltering sympathy of the English home in which he places her, cover the river with a singular tenderness of grace and poetic charm. As studies of English character, Deronda and Grandcourt are finely contrasted. Each is elaborately drawn, and with perfect intelligence. They are not types or embodied qualities, they are complex human beings full of subtle lights and shades. They show what is not always suspected, the variety and richness of the English nature and character, as indeed the whole story does, so far as it has advanced. It is not local or provincial or cockney. It is not English in the sense that Miss Austen's stories are. But it is so in a fuller and larger and more comprehensive sense. Miss Austen paints with exquisite delicacy certain familiar English characters and scenes, and especially of conventional life. But Miss Austen's stories do not explain the reign of Elizabeth and the Great Rebellion. George Eliot's do. They show the power, the scope, the sweep, of the English genius. The present tale has already opened upon a great scale.

It is more cosmopolitan than any of her previous works, and the interest is already commanding.

So is that of the life of Macaulay,* of which there is an admirable account in this number of the Magazine. He was one of the Scotchmen who have conferred great lustre upon England, for that name includes all the islanders. Burns and Scott and Carlyle and Macaulay are among the great names in English literature during the century, and they were Scotchmen—Macaulay at least on the father's side. But it would not be easy to find a more characteristic Englishman in literature, and in temperament and character. But yet he had none of the characteristic manly tastes of the English, as they are called. He never played games at school, nor shot, nor swam, nor rode, nor drove, nor fished. He liked books and men, and wanted nothing more. The first clear glimpse we have of him is lying flat upon his stomach on the floor before the fire, reading, and holding a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand. And this practice, which became a habit, ludicrously recalls Emerson's description of him in the *English Traits*. "The brilliant Macaulay, who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity. . . . It was a curious result, in which the civility and religion of England for a thousand years end in denying morals and reducing the intellect to a saucepan."

But however that may be, the story of Macaulay is singularly entertaining. He was full of life from the start, overflowing with it—loud, jovial. His father, the heroic Dissenter, Zachary Macaulay, of Clapham, hears with pain of his son's strident tones in college, and "Tom" replies, with respect, that he has no more voice than a healthy youth ought to have. And there are charming domestic scenes, where he blows horns with the children up and down the stairs, and spouts droll impromptu parodies, and caps verses, screaming his triumph back into the house, holding the door open for the purpose, as he goes to his chambers, and then, in the explosion of laughter, slamming it after him. He was an "adorable" Tom, and his sisters worshiped him. His mother was proud of him. But father Zachary, probably thinking well of "the religious hoy for Margate" of which the Easy Chair lately spoke, rather shook his head, and feared the allurements of the world. Some of Tom's early letters would certainly be called those of a "prig" by the boys who did not go to Clapham Academy, but they show how curiously mature was his mind from the first, while they have a great deal of humor.

This, indeed, is apparent every where. He saw the ludicrous aspect instinctively, and he made grotesque little parodies and rhymes, which are not very important, but which are the evidence of lively companionship. This volume also shows the bright beginning of his political career—a career which, to a young man of his tastes, acquirements, and capacities, must have been singularly alluring. His first speeches were very successful, and it is easy to imagine that a fine declamation of the Macaulay rhetoric must have been very effective. But his literary and political successes were simultaneous, and soon made him the London "lion" that he never ceased to be. The first volume closes with his departure for India, and the second will complete the work. Mr. Trevelyan has used his material very skillfully, and has made an exceedingly attractive book.

Such, also, is the *Life of George Ticknor*, two large volumes published by Osgood. Mr. Ticknor was a Boston scholar who wrote the *History of Spanish Literature* and the *Life of Prescott*, and who died in 1871, at the age of eighty. Yet this Boston scholar was cosmopolitan in his acquirements and his social acquaintance, and there has been no more interesting American biography. He was born in 1791, of parents in easy circumstances, and when his natural taste for study had been gratified to the highest attainable point of the educational resources of his native country, he went to Europe and remained for several years. No young man ever turned good opportunities to better account, and the story of his European career is well worthy the careful attention of young Americans. In no other book will they see more clearly stated what is possible for a young man to do with his European years. Young Ticknor went to England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. In every country he mastered the language, literature, and history; he made the most careful observation of all that was locally most interesting, and his society was that of the most accomplished and the most noted persons. The doors of this society were opened to him by letters that he carried from ex-Presidents John Adams and Jefferson, but he retained his hold upon it by his own ability.

He returned to this country, and continued the same studious and social life. Every foreigner of mark who arrived in America came to him upon reaching Boston, and his personal friends were Dana, Webster, Everett, and Prescott. He was thoroughly conservative, in the usual sense, and had no sympathy with the radical religious and political movements which characterized the city in which he lived, and therefore some of the most justly illustrious names of his time and neighborhood are not found among those of his friends and associates. He made two other visits to Europe, one in the interest of the Free Library of Boston, and again was received in what are called distinguished circles. Indeed, the social atmosphere of the book is highly rarefied, but the Boston scholar evidently held his own in every society. Mr. Ticknor held no public position, but he was not indifferent to public affairs. He had seen almost all the most famous people of his time, and he had so happy a faculty of recording his impressions that many of the most graphic and vivid sketches of those whose names are most interesting are found upon his pages. He knew how to describe—a talent which is invaluable to a man who sees so much as he saw, and his biography, which is prepared with admirable tact, will rank among the best of its kind.

What is Honestus thinking of in these days? Honestus, if the reader will please to remember, is the patriotic gentleman who decided that it was his duty personally to attend to politics, and so hastened to the primary meeting, and was compelled to recommend to his fellow-citizens as a candidate a man of whom he knew nothing what-

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, Member of Parliament for Hawick District of Burghs. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ever, but whom he strongly suspected to be a rascal. This unfortunate result of a laudable impulse and conviction was due to the system by which candidates are now nominated. The conclusion seemed to be, not that Honestus and his friends should henceforth refuse to take part in political meetings, but that they should begin as early as the rascals. To this conclusion Mr. Josiah Phillips Quincy takes exception in an exceedingly clever little essay published in a slight volume called *The Protection of Majorities*, which is well worthy the attention of Honestus and his friends. Mr. Quincy says, in effect, that the caucus or the primary meeting will be controlled by one of two classes, the average citizen, whose daily business is not politics, and the office-holder, or the bummer, or the political huckster, or the rascal, or any other man, whose business is politics; and that, of course, in such a contest the men with the immediate, bread-and-butter interest will prevail over those whose interest is respect for virtue and a patriotic desire for good government. He does not say that the office-holder is always a trader, but it is undeniable that he has a selfish interest in the result of elections, which must involuntarily influence his action.

The Easy Chair, whose business is not politics, has, with all other spectators equally removed from the field, often wondered why the gentlemen who hold office do not see that the kind of stigma which attaches to the term office-holder arises from the fact that every body knows the appointment to be due to favor and not to merit, and that the office-holding activity in politics is seen to be necessarily selfish. There should be no position more honorable than that of a faithful servant of the public. But if, on the contrary, the fact of holding a minor office is generally regarded as a kind of doubtful honor, outsiders like the Easy Chair naturally expect that the office-holders should be the very first persons to inquire into the causes, and to sustain most heartily any reasonable remedy. But so long as no remedy is applied, and the situation remains unchanged, the public service will be virtually put up at auction, and made the sport of intrigue. Therefore it is unfair for any agent of that service, however honorable and capable he may be, to complain that a general slur is cast upon it. The way to remove the slur is to remove the reason of it. But, again, until the system is changed, Honestus will find the caucus or primary meeting to be just what it is now, and the more immediate and selfish interest will generally prevail over wise and patriotic counsels.

Seeing this, Mr. Quincy proposes to obviate it by furnishing a gazette at the public expense, to be issued before elections, in which the natural leaders of opinion can declare their preferences and the reasons for it before the voters are committed, and in a manner which will appeal to their intelligence. This plan seems to abandon the hope of changing the present character of the caucus. But until this can be done there will be no essential change or improvement. The publication of the gazette would be determined by those whom the caucus selects. The caucus as now constituted can not be flanked. It will yield only to a direct attack. If, therefore, Honestus and his friends would subdue it to its true purpose, they must not keep out of it. A change can come only from a change of the civil service system, and that only from the action of those who are nominated by caucuses. The remedy is twofold: first, the constant appeal to public opinion, which, unless our whole government is a mistake, will not be without results; and second, active participation in the caucus, and the practical opposition of the better to the meaner motive.

Meanwhile Honestus may be very sure that nothing will be done if he and his friends are persuaded that nothing can be done. But no man whose memory covers twenty years in this country has the right to think that. The general corruption of our politics is no greater than individual evils that we have conquered. Let Honestus remember that this continent would never have been unveiled if those who thought Columbus a fool—and they were the vast majority—could have had their way.

Editor's Literary Record.

IN *Early Man in Europe* (Harper and Brothers), Professor CHARLES RAU gives in a clear and compact way, and for popular rather than scientific readers, some account of the principal facts known respecting prehistoric man. Whether there was a prehistoric man—whether the human race existed in the very early ages, and long prior to the time to which formerly his creation was attributed—is a question which he does not argue. Indeed, in no sense and on no subject is this volume either directly or indirectly controversial, nor does the author attempt to reconcile the facts which he narrates with the old-time theories on this subject, or with what have been taken to be the teachings of the Bible. Assuming man's early existence, he proceeds to give an account, first, of the implements found in the drift—the earliest and rudest indications of human life; next, of the caves and the recent discoveries in them, and the opinions of scientific men concerning the troglodytes, or cave-men, and their probable degree of civilization, with illustrations, from discovered remains, of their proficiency in the arts and sciences; then of the lake-settlements; and finally of the later stone implements found chiefly in Northern Europe. He does not undertake to fix the actual age of the human race, but he quotes with approval the declaration of Carl Vogt, that the paradise of the past was one of a rude barbarism, from which humanity has gradually extricated itself by a bitter struggle for existence, prolonged and, in its results of amelioration, gradual. Smaller and more concise than either Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times* or Figuier's *Primitive Man*, it is far better arranged than the former, and far more cautious in statement and trustworthy in detail than the latter. We know of no book so useful to give the unscientific reader a general idea of the present state of scientific knowledge and opinion on this subject, in a calm and uncontroversial way.

There are some peculiarities in the position of

Professor Ernst Haeckel, and the German atmosphere in which and the German market for which he has written, in his *History of Creation* (D. Appleton and Co.), which give to his work a special value to the student of anthropology in its modern phases. He is wholly free from any religious prejudices or prepossessions. He is writing for an audience apparently as indifferent as himself. The effect of his scientific speculations concerning the origin of man, and the order and development and present government of the universe, on the moral and religious welfare of either the individual or the community, does not give him the least concern. He writes, therefore, with a freedom and frankness of utterance which we should look for in vain in any English or American writer of respectable position or authority. He gives the development theory in its extreme form. He neither shrinks from arriving himself nor from conducting his readers to the baldest atheistic conclusions. He places in clear contrast the two theories of the universe—the one assuming a Divine mind and will, which planned and created and orders it, the other denying that any design is discoverable in nature, or any wisdom or beneficence in its impersonal creator. He declares decisively that "every one who makes a really close study of the organization and mode of life of the various animals and plants, and becomes familiar with the reciprocity or interaction of the phenomena of life, and the so-called 'economy of nature,' must necessarily come to the conclusion that this 'purposiveness' no more exists than the much-talked-of 'beneficence' of the creation." He asserts that nature shows "the very opposite of that kindly and peaceful social life which the goodness of the Creator ought to have prepared for His creatures;" and that "*all natural bodies* which are known to us are equally *animated*," and, for illustration, that "when a stone is thrown into the air, and falls to the earth according to definite laws, or when in a solution of salt a crystal is formed, the phenomenon is neither more nor less a mechanical manifestation of life than the growth and flowering of plants, than the propagation of animals, or the activity of their senses, than the perception or the formation of thought in man." He declares of science, *i. e.*, science as he holds it, that "nowhere in the whole domain of human knowledge does it recognize real metaphysics, but throughout only physics;" and though he does imply that "the real value of life does not lie in material enjoyment, but in moral action," he leaves as little basis in philosophy for virtue in thought or word or deed in man as in the falling stone or the flowering shrub. We are far from saying that these views are the logical or necessary deductions from Mr. Darwin's theories concerning either the origin of species or the descent of man; we do not believe that they are. But they present with singular clearness and force, because with unusual frankness and a curiously naïve indifference to religious thought or sentiment, the nature of the issue gradually shaping itself, in this country as in England and on the continent of Europe, between the philosophy that recognizes the spiritual nature of man, the reality of his reason and his will, his moral accountability for his actions, and a Divine mind and will in and behind nature, and that which recognizes no God but law and no soul but force. Any work, from whatever stand-point written, which serves to set this issue clearly before the thoughtful world, may be welcomed for its final effect, whatever its temporary influence may be. As might be anticipated, Professor Haeckel is more successful in representing the views of those whom he follows—Goethe, Lamarck, and Geoffrey St. Hilaire—than those from whom he dissents—Linnæus, Cuvier, and Agassiz—though, except in the case of the opinions of Agassiz, which he certainly travesties, there is apparently an endeavor to be fair, albeit it is not always signally successful. As an extreme radical view of evolutionism, this work is valuable, both by reason of the perfect frankness of the author in avowing conclusions which a prudent American would have concealed, which Mr. Darwin has certainly never avowed, and for the largeness and comprehensiveness of the view which it affords, from the materialistic stand-point, of the latest discoveries and theories of science in the realm of biology.

Before the Franco-German war Philip Gilbert Hamerton went to France, sought and found a quiet country home in the midst of pleasant romantic scenery, and easy of access, on the one hand to the great literary centres—Paris, Lyons, Geneva—on the other hand to the finest European scenery—the mountains and the lakes of Switzerland. Here he settled down to a quiet rural life, and to the study and practice of his art; and of his life here he has given the world a thoroughly interesting account in *Round my House* (Roberts Brothers). Mr. Hamerton is always an entertaining writer, and this not merely because his pen is an artist's brush, and his pages abound with pictures, but yet more because of the breadth and geniality of his sympathies. Art critics are generally sour and morose. Either they are made so by the practice of criticism, or they take to their profession from a native love of critical analysis, with which any delicate human sympathies are as incongruous as they would have been with the work of an inquisitor in the Middle Ages. The psychological progress of Mr. Ruskin, exemplified by the contrast between his earlier and his later works, illustrates the cynical influence of critical observation and writing on the critic. Mr. Hamerton, while an independent thinker, and sometimes curiously indifferent to popular opinion, possesses a rare faculty of putting himself in the place of those whom he undertakes to depict. His *Talks about Animals* strikingly illustrated this poetic sympathy. If the dog or the horse had been able to write about himself, he could not have given a portraiture of character more from the animal stand-point than did Mr. Hamerton. This same quality makes *Round my House* a peculiarly charming book to those who like to obtain pleasant views of their neighbors, and to think well rather than ill of them. He who measures French civilization and culture by their conformity to those of England or the United States will be likely to throw the book down before he has half finished it, and he who wants to read about his neighbors only to sneer at them will think it tame and spiritless. But those who like to see French life and character not exactly from the Frenchman's point of view, but from that of an adopted citizen, an Englishman thoroughly imbued with French feeling, and in his practices largely conformed to French customs—who looks always to see the good

in his neighbors, and always is glad not to see the evil—will find a picture of French life here that will be to them both a surprise and a charm. They will learn that Paris is not all of France; that there is a simple rural life; that it is, indeed, less invaded by the fashion and the exhibitory expenditures of the cities than that of our own rural districts; that drinking does not necessarily mean drunkenness; that households are managed with an economy and a simplicity exceptional even in a New England village; that, in brief, it is not so much the Frenchman as the foreigner who makes Paris what it is. And if the reader listens to Mr. Hamerton in the same sympathetic spirit in which he speaks, we are greatly mistaken if he does not lay down the book, not only with a kindlier, warmer, and more respectful feeling toward the Frenchman, but also with some lessons learned which, if he or she—particularly *she*—has courage to put into practice, will be of genuine service, not only to the practitioner, but also to the community.

God and the Bible, by MATTHEW ARNOLD (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is supplementary to—perhaps it may be called a sequel to—*Literature and Dogma*. It is largely, quite too largely, a reply to the English criticisms, of different sorts and from opposing schools of criticism, on that curiously suggestive volume. Mr. Arnold appears to us to see in a vague and shadowy way the truth, toward the realization of which more and more the Church and the world are tending, that religion is a vital experience, not an intellectual philosophy; but so far from seeing this plainly or expressing it clearly, he proposes to substitute for a theological basis, which certainly all can understand, though many do not believe, one which can neither be understood nor believed. The two essential principles which he desires, according to his own account, to maintain and make clear are, first, that there is no satisfactory evidence that God "is a personal Being who thinks and loves," but "the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness;" and second, that to win Christ means "laying hold of the method and secret of Jesus." He is under not only the curious delusion that these definitions take away all that is mystical and perplexing from the Bible, and leave it a plain and simple book, free for the use of the common people, and emancipated from all recondite theology, but also that all those who can not comprehend his singular terminology—for we doubt whether it is really any thing else—are not truly honest with themselves, but are guilty of what he calls "intellectual levity." To the broad-minded scholar Matthew Arnold's contributions to theological science will be valuable, for he will be able to discern in them a real and important principle, which the author himself has not fully discerned; but it will be necessary to think to the bottom problems on which Mr. Arnold has written with the eagerness of a discoverer, and without profoundly studying or accurately comprehending either the nature of his discovery or the tendency of his unripe thoughts. The student must pluck them and let them ripen; if he swallows them green, they will be sure to disagree with him. The best chapter in the book, and one of real value to the critic, is that on "The Fourth Gospel from Within."

Perhaps the real reason why Miss BRADDON is accounted a sensational writer may be found largely in the titles of her novels. These are almost always striking; certainly *Dead Men's Shoes* (Harper and Brothers) will compel the attention of the novel-reader. The title is apt, and indicates the moral of the story. The lesson which Miss Braddon aims to teach is that men in misfortune have something better to do than to wait for dead men's shoes, and women something better to do than to plot for them. In this particular instance the shoes, when their owner died, were found to be so thoroughly worn out as to constitute no inheritance—a not infrequent result in similar cases in actual life of "great expectations." Children do not spend their pennies for pills, and men and women rarely care to buy moral instruction when they get the last novel. This fact Miss Braddon recognizes; and in this her last story, as in her novels generally, she succeeds in constructing a plot sufficiently exciting, while making it centre around and illustrate a not unimportant truth in social morals. The story is hardly equal in dramatic interest to Miss Braddon's best ventures; and the incidents—the flight of the young wife, the skillful planning and plotting for her uncle's imaginary fortune, his sudden death, and her arrest—are all quite outside the realm of the probable. But the story is entertaining, and the general tone is so far healthful, that its inherent improbability may be fairly asserted to be its only serious defect. We may quite safely recommend it, if not as one of either the very highest artistic or moral character, yet as one the perusal of which will certainly furnish harmless entertainment, and not improbably positive moral benefit.

The Habitations of Man in all Ages, by EUGENE VIOLLET-LE-DUC (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a curiously unique book in design and structure. Two ideal beings, Epergos and Doxius, the one representing progress, the other conservatism, visit in succession successive races and ages of men. These visits are made by the author the occasion for a description of the habitations, and to some small extent of the habits and customs, of different nations and eras. In some instances Epergos suggests improvements, which, in spite of the remonstrances and resistance of Doxius, are adopted and incorporated in the new dwellings. Thus not only the habitations are described, but the process of development from the ruder to the higher forms. The book is fully illustrated; the spirit of the narrative is remarkably well maintained; and the characteristics of the various forms of human habitations, from the hut of the wild man of the woods to the mansion of Paris, are described with a picturesque vivacity which makes the volume as entertaining as it is instructive.—The Centenary edition of BANCROFT'S *History of the United States* (Little, Brown, and Co.) is something more than an old standard in a new dress. Its character can be best described by an extract from the preface: "For more than forty years the author has been accustomed to invite and receive from friends in all parts of the Union instruction on the branches of American history to which they had specially given attention; and during the same period new and more complete materials have become accessible from the most various sources. Of manuscripts which have fallen within his reach it has been his habit to take copies or extracts where they served to settle a question of importance, so that

the means of contesting any controverted statement might always be at hand. The notes and papers which have thus been accumulated form the groundwork of the present revision, to which a solid year of close and undivided application has been devoted. Every noteworthy criticism that has come under observation has been carefully weighed, accepted for what it was worth, and never rejected except after examination. The main object has been the attainment of perfect accuracy, so that, if possible, not even a partial error may escape correction." In form the work is a duodecimo. It is to be completed in six volumes. The type is clear and legible, the size convenient; dates are added in the margin. —The last two volumes of "Brief Biographies" —*French Political Leaders*, by EDWARD KING, and *English Radical Leaders*, by R. J. HINTON (G. P. Putnam's Sons)—carry out admirably the promise of the first volume of this very useful series. To write a just biography of living men is always difficult, both from the trouble attending the accumulation of the necessary materials, and from the embarrassment occasioned by party prejudice and passion. These difficulties have been so well surmounted in this series that we are not in the least inclined to look for or point out special defects. For the student of current French and English political history they are very valuable, containing information not easily accessible any where else. Mr. Hinton's volume shows more numerous marks of extensive reading, Mr. King's greater evidence of thought and individual study of character.—Mr. J. A. DOYLE'S *History of the United States* (Henry Holt and Co.), the sixth volume in "Freeman's Historical Course for Schools," will hardly be accepted by American students as a text-book for acquiring a knowledge of the history of their own country. The style is that of perfectly bald historical statement, characterized neither by breadth of philosophical generalization, brilliance of rhetorical language, nor pictorial power in description. The maps by Professor Walker will hardly be appreciated by the youthful student, and they are not really adequate in execution for any others.—Professor JOHN D. QUACKENBOS'S *Illustrated School History of the World* (D. Appleton and Co.) is much more attractive than such compendiums usually are. It is impossible to compact all history into a volume of 472 pages, and leave much zest in the narrative; but for a bird's-eye view of the whole course of history from Adam to General Grant, this is a useful treatise. The illustrations add to its attractiveness to the young, rather than to its actual value. —*King and Commonwealth* (J. H. Coates and Co.) is a valuable monograph, treating, in a small volume of a little less than 400 pages, of the history of Charles I. and the Great Rebellion. It is a reprint from the English. The authors, J. MERITON CORDERY and J. STURTEES PHILLPOTTS, are hearty believers in that constitutional liberty which was evolved out of the civil war, and which would justify giving to the Great Rebellion, since the rebels ultimately achieved their purpose, the more honorable title of "Revolution." The book shows evidences not only of a careful study of the historical facts, but also of the constitutional principles which this era in English history illustrates and enforces. From the reign of Charles I. our own constitutional liberties really took their rise, and he who has not time to study in detail the more elaborate histories of England will find in a careful study of this monograph much valuable light thrown on the origin, nature, and value of our own political institutions. —*A Paying Investment*, by ANNA E. DICKINSON (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a forcible and earnest plea for more universal and thorough popular education. The facts and figures are marshaled with a skill which is quite sufficient to convince the most incredulous that a woman might well be a better legislator than some men; but they would be more effective if she had not made so evident an endeavor to make them so by an unnatural style. The rhetoric of Victor Hugo is not the best for a writer on any branch of political economy.—*Robinson Crusoe's Money*, by DAVID A. WELLS (Harper and Brothers), is an essay on finance in the guise of a story. The skill with which the author weaves into his narrative the extraordinary theories which have been propounded on the floor of Congress, and off it, reminds the reader of the writings of Dean Swift, though the dramatic element so marked in the great satirist's stories is almost wholly wanting. For a simple exposition of finance, making it clear to the simplest understanding—even that of an average Congressman—this little book is without a rival.—American housekeepers will welcome *Floral Decorations for Dwelling-Houses*, by ANNIE HASSARD (Macmillan and Co.). Any kind of decoration will cost either time or money, but there is no kind which costs less in original outlay, and makes better return for the expenditure, than house plants, and the care of them is itself an education and a healthful occupation. Miss Hassard's book is not technical. It contains valuable, because suggestive, directions for the arrangement of flowers for the decoration of the room and the person, as well as counsel respecting window gardening and kindred topics. The book, though English in origin, has been revised and adapted for American readers. —Second cousin to this volume is one still smaller and less pretentious—Mr. E. P. ROE'S *Culture of Small Fruits*, published by the author. It gives plain and practical directions for the cultivation of strawberries, so succinct and clear that we are almost deluded into the belief that even we could make them grow.—The third volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (J. M. Stoddardt and Co.) carries the work nearly through the letter B. The article "Bible" affords a good opportunity to measure the religious and theological character of this work. Taking this article as a sample, the cyclopedia is more decided and stronger in its tone than Appleton's. It gives the latest views of the German schools of criticism without adopting them, but it scarcely gives sufficient explanation of or weight to the more conservative opinions.—Mr. PROCTOR'S *Our Place among the Infinities* (D. Appleton and Co.) consists of twelve separate but not wholly disconnected essays on various astronomical subjects. He frequently refers to what are regarded as religious opinions, and often when there is small occasion to do so, and it is generally in a way to indicate an opposition to them, though always in respectful language. While interesting and instructive, his papers lack that clearness of statement which makes every thing that Professor Tyndall writes so attractive, and that pictorial quality which made the astronomical lectures of Professor Mitchell so full of the grandeur of their subject.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—The lack of an asteroid or so for the month of March is not to be attributed to the negligence of astronomers, but to the prevailing cloudiness of the sky, which has prevented astronomical observations, notably that of the eclipse of the sun on March 25.

We note, however, in Vol. xlii. of the Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society, the reports on the total solar eclipse of 1871, December 11, by Tennant, in India, and of that of 1874, April 16, by Stone, of the Cape of Good Hope. Stone's attention was chiefly directed to the *outer* corona, which he considers he has *proved* to be a solar appendage. A discussion of several drawings of the inner corona, and a comparison of these with earlier photographs and drawings, lead him to the conclusion that the inner corona is permanently contracted in the general direction of the sun's axis of rotation, and that it is likely that the whole corona is so contracted.

Trouvelot publishes in the Proceedings of the American Academy a memoir on veiled solar spots; while Secchi, in the Italian Spectroscopic Journal, discusses the recent researches on solar radiation of Langley, Mayer, and Ericsson. An elaborate drawing of Saturn has been published by Trouvelot, with considerations on the condition of his rings; while the eight satellites of Saturn have been very fully observed by Hall with the Washington Refractor, more than 260 observations of all of them having been secured.

The Royal Astronomical Society's committee on physical observations of Jupiter publish a circular requesting drawings to be made by American observers during the present opposition, as Jupiter will be too far south for European astronomers. It is to be hoped their invitation will be responded to. They offer to send blanks and instructions to any one willing to undertake the work.

Double stars continue to receive attention. Dunér, of Lund, is preparing his measures of double stars for the press (2700 in all), and it is hoped that they will be published by the end of 1876.

Lord Lindsay's observatory at Dun Echt has commenced its publications with a volume (now in press) containing a summary of all F. G. W. Struve's double-star work. It is to comprise all the Dorpat observations, and those in Mensuræ Micrometricæ. Wilson and Seabroke, of Rugby, and Gledhill, of Halifax, have published the results of several years' work on double stars, done in concert on a selected list (Memoirs R. A. S., Vol. xlii.), especial attention having been paid to binaries.

Mr. Barclay's observatory at Leyton has also an observing list, comprising all known and suspected binaries, and a special list of double stars requiring observation, communicated by Sir John Herschel just before his death. Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, sends to the *Astronomische Nachrichten* the discussion of his thirty years' observations of *Algol*, the variable star. A comparison of his own work with that of Argelander and Schoenfeld shows that the period of variability is well known. What the cause of the variation in light is, which produces a change from the second to the fourth magnitude and back to the second every 2 days 20 hours 48 minutes 53.60 seconds, we are as far as ever from knowing. The proper motions of 406 southern stars have been studied by Stone, of the Cape of Good Hope. The materials for this study are less than might have been supposed, as Stone has been obliged to reject all Lacaille's observations with the rhomboidal micrometer, retaining only those made with the altitude instruments.

Bredechin, of Moscow, has lately investigated the spectra of various nebulæ, mostly planetary. Most of these have a similar spectrum of three lines, A, B, and C. His mean results for wave lengths are, $A=5003.9\pm1.2$, $B=4957\pm1.4$, $C=4859\pm3.1$. The probable errors are deduced from the discordances of the lines of each nebula with the mean line for all, and not from errors of observation.

Oudemanns describes in the Journal of the Italian Spectroscopical Society a new method of making heliometer measures in transits of the inferior planets, which was actually employed by him during the last transit of Venus.

Tacchini describes the new observatory founded at Calcutta, under the care of P. Lafont, for spectroscopic observations of the sun.

The University of California has accepted the offer of the fund for the Lick telescope. This is to be erected on Mount Hamilton, and all the surplus of the fund of $700,000 is to go to the support of the observatory.

In the *Comptes Rendus*, Liais describes a new adaptation of the mural circle, and an arrangement of all his instruments, so that the instrumental errors of each are determinable in several ways.

In Ordnance Notes, No. xlvi., Lieutenant Russell, Third Cavalry, describes a new electrical interrupter for the Schultz chronoscope, which may be of use in refined astronomical or physical observations.

The English Loan Collection of Scientific Instruments will be exhibited in London this summer, and is likely to be of great interest. The historical instruments of Galileo, Newton, Von Guericke, Huyghens, Torricelli, Herschel, Tycho Brahe, and others are to be there, and the collection of special apparatus will be enormous.

In the literature of astronomy we note the masterly address of Adams to the Royal Astronomical Society, on delivering its gold medal to Leverrier; correspondence between Piazzi and Oriani, edited by Schiaparelli; and the memoir and correspondence of Caroline Herschel, edited by Lady Herschel (widow of Sir John).

In *Physics*, we learn that the process of M. De la Bastie for hardening glass has met with a formidable rival. F. Siemens, the well-known Dresden manufacturer, has patented a method of hardening, tempering, and pressing glass all at the same time. Instead of plunging the softened glass in a bath of cold oil, the molten glass is run into suitable moulds, and while still highly heated is squeezed, the moulds—which are generally of metal—having the effect of giving the necessary cooling. For blown glass, shells or casings of platinum are made, and these are transferred to the mould together with the glass.

Mayer has published a preliminary note on two new methods of research in acoustics, in which he asks the privilege of being permitted to develop them. The first is a plan for the determination of the relative intensities of sounds of the same pitch. This is effected by placing a loose membrane any where between the centres of origin of two sounds of the same pitch, and perpendicular to the line joining them, and then by any device determining the position where the membrane ceases to vibrate. The instrument he calls a phonometer. The second is a method for determining the direction of sounds. It consists of a membrane capable of being moved in any azimuth, and which can therefore be placed at right angles to a sonorous wave front. When it reaches this position it can not vibrate, since the impulses are alike on the two sides. To increase the aural parallax, two resonators may be used at the ends of a horizontal rod.

Wallace has made a series of experiments on the Bunsen burner, with a view to utilize it for general heating purposes. In one form of burner devised by him the tube contains a simple strip of metal so folded as to split up the rising currents, and so producing an intimate mixture of the gas and air. Such a burner will not strike down. In another form, called by him the tangent burner, the gas enters a circular chamber tangentially, drawing in the air with it. In this way the two are thoroughly mixed; and if now they pass into the tube of the burner through a piece of gauze at its base, the burner is safe and trustworthy under all variations of pressure and quality of gas. To utilize the burner for heating purposes, the author proposed a stove six feet high and fifteen inches in diameter, with a partition dividing it vertically from the bottom to within six inches of the top. The burner is at the bottom of one division, and the outlet pipe at the bottom of the other.

Puluj has described a simple and easily constructed form of apparatus for determining as a lecture experiment the mechanical equivalent of heat. It consists of two truncated cones of cast iron, one of which is fixed, the other movable, revolving within the first and in contact with it. The power consumed is measured by a kind of Prony brake arrangement, and the rise of temperature by a thermometer placed in mercury in the inner cone. The mean result given by fifty-seven experiments with this machine is 426.7 kilogram-meters.

Puschl has investigated the fact, observed by Schmulewitsch, that caoutchouc when free dilates by heating, but that when stretched it contracts. From the theoretical consideration that the elasticity of a body increases with the temperature when at a maximum of density, and decreases when the density is a minimum, the author concludes that caoutchouc has a minimum density, the temperature of which diminishes as the tension increases. This temperature is above the ordinary temperature for caoutchouc without tension, the co-efficient of dilatation being positive; it is inferior to the ordinary temperature for strongly stretched caoutchouc, the co-efficient being negative.

Marie-Davy has called attention to the agricultural value of meteorological observations. He gives the results of experiments made on growing wheat, in which the rate of transpiration was compared with the temperature and the actinometric power, and also gives statistics to show the connection between meteorology and crops. He believes that at the close of May or early in June, at which time the wheat is in flower, it is possible to deduce from purely meteorological data the value of the future crop.

Gernez has published in full his paper on the evaporation of superheated liquids. Having already shown that evaporation is the only normal mode of vaporization of liquids, he now considers the peculiarities of this mode of producing vapor.

Weber has determined anew with great accuracy the specific heat of carbon, boron, and silicon by means of Bunsen's ice-calorimeter. If the specific heat of these bodies be taken at a temperature where they are constant, that of carbon is 0.467, silicon is 0.203, and boron is 0.500, thus bringing the atomic heats under the law of Dulong and Petit, as 5.6, 5.7, and 5.5 respectively. Three varieties of carbon were employed, their specific heat being the same at the temperature of 225°.

Delachanal and Mermet have given some results obtained by means of their spectro-electric tube which show its value in qualitative analysis. In the ashes of the sporules of the common puff-ball (*Lycoperdon pratense*), after separation of the silica, lines of sodium, calcium, magnesium, zinc, copper, and hydrogen were observed. A specimen of zinc examined in this way showed the presence of both indium and gallium. The estimated amount of indium in ten kilograms of the zinc was 0.050 gram, and of the gallium 0.002 gram.

Wunder has investigated the absorption spectra given by light reflected from different varieties of ultramarine, and gives curves showing the variations of intensity.

Deprez has contrived a new form of electro-magnetic register for recording velocities. With the apparatus figured, which is simple in its construction, 600 complete signals can be recorded in a second.

Jamin has published an extended paper on magnetism, in which he gives the laws of magnetic distribution.

Duter has studied the distribution of magnetism in circular and elliptic steel plates, and concludes, 1st, the free magnetism is proportional to the surfaces; 2d, it is distributed in hyperbolic lines, the non-transverse axes of which are in the direction of the axes of symmetry perpendicular to the neutral line.

In *Chemistry*, Meyer has described a lecture experiment for illustrating that vaporization without fusion is due to pressure. Two glass tubes containing iodine are prepared and sealed, one vacuous, the other at nearly the ordinary pressure. If now both tubes be warmed, the iodine in the second tube melts, and may be made to run down the walls of the tube; in the vacuous tube the iodine only volatilizes.

Naumann shows that potassium-alum solutions, when heated to 100° C., are partially decomposed, losing a portion of their sulphuric acid.

Landauer has proposed a very simple form of blow-pipe, which consists simply of two bottles tubulated at bottom, and connected by these tubulures through a rubber tube. The upper opening of one of these is closed by a cork, through which a tube passes going to the jet. This bottle being empty, the other bottle is filled with

water and placed at a convenient height. The hydrostatic pressure forces the air out of the first and lower bottle through the jet.

Mohr has communicated a paper on the nature and origin of meteorites, in which he discusses at length the chemical and astronomical questions involved.

Houzeau has proposed a method for the volumetric determination of carbon dioxide, depending on the absorption of the gas by a graduated solution of alkali, precipitation by barium chloride, and estimation of the free alkali.

Parsons has made a series of experiments at the Woolwich Foundry on a manganese bronze, which, when forged, had a strength of twenty-nine tons to the square inch, an elastic limit of twelve tons, and an elongation of nearly thirty-two per cent.

Zarawkowitch proposes the use of glycerin for reducing platinum solutions in order to form platinum black; 15 c. c. of glycerin of sp. gr. 25° to 27° B., and 10 c. c. potassium hydrate of density 1.08, are gently heated, and 3 to 5 c. c. of platinic chloride is added. The platinum black falls, and is collected and washed.

Guyard has thrown considerable light on the formation of aniline black by the discovery that the salts of vanadium have a marked influence in producing it. This he attributes to the facility with which this metal passes from one state of oxidation to another.

Butlerow has shown that the olefines, like the terpenes, are capable of direct union with water to form alcohols, isobutylene yielding trimethylcarbinol quite readily in this way.

Girard has proposed to mix with dynamites, in order to prevent their congelation in cold weather—a result which seriously interferes with their explosive power—about ten per cent. of methyl nitrate. The volatility of this body he finds to be no inconvenience in practice.

Kupferberg has succeeded in effecting the retransformation of paraoxybenzoic acid into salicylic by heating its sodium salt to 290° C. Over one-half of the theoretical yield was obtained.

Weselsky has shown that phlorogluein is a very delicate test for nitrous acid. Very dilute solutions of phloroglucin and toluidine (or aniline) nitrate become dark orange on the addition of a few drops of a dilute solution of potassium nitrite, and a cinnabar red powder is thrown down.

Wartha has investigated more minutely the coloring matter of litmus, and has shown that the commercial article always contains indigo. He gives directions for preparing the coloring matter pure.

Anthropology.—Principal Dawson read a paper before the Victoria Institute, March 20, on Fossil Agricultural Implements in the United States.

Professor Haldeman is reported to have discovered a cave or rock shelter in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and under a foot of *débris* upon its floor stone implements of great variety and beauty.

The subject of pigmy graves in Tennessee and Kentucky is again discussed in the newspapers. The fallacy of such a thing is entirely shown by the communications of Messrs. S. E. Haskin, W. M. Clark, and Dr. Joseph Jones, who all attest to the small slab graves being ossuaries or children's graves. These gentlemen have all made extensive excavations, and have sent bones found in the cists.

The first number of Volume II., Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Surveys of the Territories, contains six papers upon the anthropology and archæology of the cliff-dwellers of the San Juan and its tributaries. The contributors are Messrs. W. H. Holmes, W. H. Jackson, Dr. Emil Bessels, and E. A. Barber. The first three papers are profusely illustrated.

The Congrès International des Américainistes is to hold its second session at Luxembourg, from the 10th to the 13th of September, 1877. The committee of organization, with M. Wurth-Paquet as president and Dr. Schoetter as secretary, has sent out its circulars. The subjects to be treated are, History, Archæology, Linguistics, Paleography, Anthropology, and Ethnography.

Silliman's Journal for March contains an article upon flint implements from the stratified drift in the vicinity of Richmond, Virginia. The alleged discoveries, bearing upon a subject which has awakened so much controversy, should be subjected to the most rigid scrutiny before being accepted.

Herr Fritz Müller writes to Mr. Charles Darwin a letter, which appears in *Nature* of February 17, giving an account of the "sambaquis" or shell heaps of the Brazilian coast. They are very numerous and extensive. The skulls found were of immense thickness. Stone axes were often found.

The *International Review* for March contains an interesting article by Ancuron Vardd upon Bardism, or the primitive system of instruction, knowledge, and morals among the Britons.

The annual address of the president of the London Anthropological Institute reviews the papers of the last year. During the last month the Rev. H. H. Howorth read an elaborate paper upon the N. and N. E. frontages of the Indo-Europeans in early times; and Mr. E. W. Brabrook read one upon the ethnography of Scotland.

The January and February numbers of *Matériaux* contain the usual quantity of interesting matter, the drawings in both numbers of stone structures and implements are exceedingly valuable.

M. Édouard Naville, of Geneva, one of the special committee appointed by the last Congress of Orientalists to edit a complete corpus of the "Rituel Funéraire," is visiting all the museums in Europe where hieroglyphic texts are known to exist. The committee appeal to all possessors of fragments to contribute fac-similes, so as to make the redaction as complete as possible.

The whole series of translations from the sacred books of the world, to be edited by Max Müller, will be divided into six sections, viz., Brahmans, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Confucians, Lao-tseans, and Mohammedans.

The attention of ethnologists is being turned to New Guinea. Little or nothing is known of the natives, the most conflicting accounts coming to us of their Malayan and Papuan characteristics. Captain Moresby tells us of a singular method of scraping acquaintance by dashing out the brains of a dog, and of salutation by mutually pulling each other's noses and navels.

Among the more important general papers on *Zoology* which have recently appeared are two by Professor E. Van Beneden, of Liege. One is on the maturation and fecundation of the egg and earlier embryonic phases of the mammals, from

researches made on the rabbit, and is an extension of Bischoff's famous work on the embryology of the rabbit. A second paper, on the history of the germinative vesicle, is based on studies made on the common star-fish of the European coast (*Asteracanthion rubens*). A paper of a very different sort is a fierce attack on the "gastræa" theory, by M. Moquin-Tandon, in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*. He concludes that it does not rest on any fundamental fact, and can not serve as a base of a phylogenetic classification. The theory had previously been attacked in the *American Naturalist* for February by Mr. A. Agassiz. On the other hand, in the April number of the same magazine, Professor Cope, in an article entitled "Progress of Discovery of the Laws of Evolution," welcomes Haeckel's gastræa theory, which we have previously explained. Cope says that this theory has "added the key-stone to the doctrine of evolution in his gastræa theory. Prior to this generalization it had been impossible to determine the true relation existing between the four types of embryonic growth, or to speak otherwise than to the effect that they are inherently distinct from each other. But Haeckel has happily determined the existence of identical stages of growth or segmentation in all the types of eggs, the last of which is the gastrula, and beyond which the identity ceases." Whether, we may add, the gastræa theory of Haeckel is true or not, he and others have shown that animals of all the five types above the protozoa pass through a gastrula stage, disproving Von Baer's statements that four of these types have distinct modes of development, and paving the way for the doctrine of the unity of the mode of development of all animals.

A number of supposed new species of *spongillæ* (the fresh-water sponges) are described in the *Canadian Naturalist* by Mr. G. M. Dawson.

An essay of much interest to naturalists is Dr. W. K. Brooks's "Affinity of the Mollusca and Molluscoida" (polyzoa and brachiopods). While he, with some others, believes that the tunicates are not mollusks, and that the polyzoa and brachiopods are derived from the worms, he also, as others have suggested, thinks that the mollusks are also derived from the worms. He believes that the polyzoa originated from a type like the brachiopods. Thus it would seem, he says, "not only that the mollusca and molluscoida (polyzoa and brachiopods) are related, but that they are connected so closely that the advisability of such a division is very doubtful." He does not believe that the lamellibranchs are typical mollusks, but that the gasteropods should be considered so, and that the lamellibranchs are derivations from them.

A very fully illustrated paper on the reproductive organs of the higher crustacea, by M. Brocchi, appears in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*.

The brine shrimp *Artemia* has continued to engage the attention of a Russian naturalist (Schmankewitsch), who announces that, by increasing the saltness of the water in which the *Artemia salina* lives, a modification goes on from generation to generation, until the caudal lobes finally disappear, and the form is that in *Artemia mühlhausenii*, and by reversing the process the caudal lobes grow out again, and become those of *A. salina*.

An extensive work on the crustacea of Mexico and Central America, by A. Milne-Edwards, has been published by the French government. The work is illustrated by twenty excellent plates.

A series of colored drawings of saw-fly larvæ, belonging to the genus *Nematus*, accompanied by description, is a useful work lately published in Germany by Messrs. Brischke and Zaddach. It will be of much use to economic entomologists in this country, as these worms are very injurious.

Are potato beetles poisonous? is answered negatively by Messrs. Grote and Kayser in the *American Naturalist* for April.

Mr. Grote contributes an essay on the cotton-worm in the Report of the Geological Survey of Alabama. His observations are based on a study of this insect during a residence of several years in that State.

The embryology of the flea, *Pulex felis*, has been studied anew by Balbiani. So far as the long abstract published of his work is concerned, no mention is made of an essay on this subject, illustrated with numerous figures, by Dr. Packard, published in 1872 in the Memoirs of the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, wherein a number of facts supposed by Balbiani to be new are mentioned.

A new batrachian from Madagascar is described in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, the same number of which contains notes on the curious tentaculated snake, *Herpeton tentaculatum*, of the East Indies.

The falcons of America are still engaging the attention of Mr. R. Ridgway, who has published in the second number of Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories an additional paper on them. The same number contains an essay on the "Ornithology of Guadalupe Island, based on Notes and Collections made by Dr. Edward Palmer." The collection is very interesting from the fact that every one of the resident species is distinct from any found on the neighboring mainland of California, although each has a continental representative more or less nearly related.

Many interesting and novel facts regarding the prong buck, or "antelope" of the plains, are given in the *American Naturalist* for April by Judge Caton, who has studied the animal in a state of domestication on his estate. The article is illustrated by an excellent figure of the adult, and the kid four months old.

The fossil remains of the *Brontotheridæ*, a group of fossil mammals nearly as large as the elephant, but with shorter limbs, but no proboscis, are figured and described by Professor O. C. Marsh in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for April. These animals had a very small brain in proportion to the size of the skull. They inhabited the lake basins of Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorado in the miocene tertiary period.

In *Botany*, we have to record in this country notes on the agave by Dr. Engelmann, and an account of the black spruce by Mr. C. H. Peck. In the *Comptes Rendus* Van Tieghem states that he has been studying the development of chætomium, and is of the opinion that what De Bary and others have considered the mode of fertilization in several of the ascomycetes is really something quite different.

In the *Botanische Zeitung* Brefeld attacks Van Tieghem, and especially his views recently published on coprinus. In Pringsheim's *Jahrbücher* Reinke gives an interesting account of the secret-

ing organs of the leaves of different plants. In the same journal Tschitstiakoff publishes some contributions to the theory of the vegetable cell, the most recent paper being on the development of the pollen in *Epilobium angustifolium*.

Castracane reports discoveries of diatoms in coal from different localities, and he finds that many of the species are identical with those living at the present day. The species are both marine and of fresh-water, and may serve to throw some light on the conditions under which coal was formed.

Adolphe Brogniart, the distinguished head of the botanical museum of the Jardin des Plantes, died in Paris on the 18th of February. He was born in Paris in 1801, and at the early age of thirty-three years was chosen member of the French Academy. His principal writings were on fossil plants.

From the *Engineering* works at the mouth of the Mississippi no special report of progress has appeared during the past month, save occasional items confirmatory of the facts published in our last in relation thereto. Reports from the survey of Galveston Harbor, Texas, lately made by Lieutenant Quinn, indicate that the work of improvement in charge of the United States engineers has been quite successfully carried out so far as it has progressed. Without entering into technical details, it may be of interest to remark that the jetty system, as being there applied, will eventually give to Galveston a harbor free of obstructions, with eighteen to twenty feet of water over the bar.

Mr. Crozier has proposed in the *Scientific American* a plan for increasing the capacity of the Erie Canal, by building a second channel separate and distinct from the other, thus separating the upward and downward bound boats. This improvement, although costly, he contends would more than pay for itself, inasmuch as by doubling the speed of the boats it would quadruple the capacity of the canal. He believes the State would be justified in adopting it, at least for a part of the distance—say, from Buffalo to Rochester for the present—and estimates the cost of the work for this distance at $35,000,000.

Mr. Henry S. Drinker, an accomplished engineer of Philadelphia, is at present busily engaged in the preparation of a work on American tunneling, which is designed "to show both our record in the past, and the present methods in vogue." No such treatise as the one proposed has ever been compiled in America, and English records are meagre. Such a compilation, if accurate and complete, would prove to be invaluable to engineers, and we cheerfully give place to Mr. D.'s call upon the profession for reliable data, whether general or detailed, to aid him in his task.

The Eastern Telegraph Company lately announced the repair of its Suez-Aden cable, by which telegraphic communication is re-established with India and the far East *via* Falmouth. The recovered cable is affirmed to be in excellent condition.

At a recent meeting of the London Society of Civil Engineers a paper was read giving full details of the several schemes for effecting railway communication across the English Channel. These schemes included tunnels, tubes, and ferries, most of which have already been referred to in these columns. As a meritorious rival of the favorite plan of a tunnel through the lower chalk, the scheme of Mr. Paul J. Bishop was described in detail. This plan involves the laying of a double line of tubes for carrying a railway on the bed of the Channel between Dover and Cape Grisnez, the tubes being laid from floating pontoons. The estimated cost is £22,000,000, and time of execution five years. Sir John Hawkshaw's tunnel plan is estimated to cost £10,000,000, and ten years.

The project is seriously entertained in Egypt of building a railway into Soudan. The proposed road would be 2500 kilometers long, proceeding from Alexandria, passing by Cairo, Thebes, Assouan, and other points of less prominence, and terminating at Massaoura.

The *Railroad Gazette* reports in its issue of March 31 the construction, to that date, of 304 miles of new railroad in the United States in 1876, against 129 miles reported for the same period of 1875.

The steam street car which has been for some months in use upon the Atlantic Avenue Railroad in Brooklyn is reported to have given the highest satisfaction.

In *Technology*, we may report that Mr. Blair, whose direct process of iron-making we have several times alluded to, affirms that he is about effecting decided improvements in his invention.

Letters patent have just been issued to certain gentlemen of Sheffield, England, for a new process of effecting the purification of iron and steel. The inventors claim to be able by their compound or mixture to eliminate sulphur, phosphorus, antimony, arsenic, and copper from iron and steel, whether crude or in an advanced stage of manufacture.

The experiment of burning coal dust in locomotive boilers is now being tried by the Reading Railroad Company, and one of its largest locomotives is now being altered at Port Richmond for that purpose.

The works of the Loiseau Pressed Fuel Company at Port Richmond, Philadelphia, are in an advanced state of completion, and on an extensive scale, and operations for the production of fuel from the dust heaps at that place, we are informed, will speedily commence. The process of Loiseau, our readers will recall, has been several times alluded to and described.

Dr. William Crookes, whose interesting discovery of the mechanical action of radiation has attracted such attention, lately demonstrated in a lecture before the Royal Institution the adaptability of his discovery for the determination of the luminous intensity of flames, and proposed an apparatus employing the principles of his late discovery as a substitute for the photometers usually employed for the above purpose.

The employment of pulverized fuel with the blast in cupola furnaces has lately been practiced with much success in Philadelphia and elsewhere, and is attracting the attention of metallurgists. It is claimed that "scaffolding" is entirely prevented, the rapidity of operation and production of the furnaces doubled, the quality of castings much improved, and that refuse iron of any quality may be utilized with profit.

The French Academy lately granted the Montyon prize for the improvement of dangerous arts and industries to M. Denayrouze for his invention of the aërophore.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of April.—The Senate, on the 29th of March, passed the Consular and Diplomatic Bill, as amended by its committee, restoring what the House had stricken out.—The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, reported in the House April 4, cuts down the estimates from $14,000,000 to less than $6,000,000.—The annual Deficiency Appropriation Bill was passed by the House, April 12. The amount appropriated is about $670,000, and over $2,000,000 is re-appropriated and rendered available from unexpended balances.

The House, March 22, passed a bill prohibiting contributions to election funds by officers of the United States government and by Senators and Representatives in Congress. The second section of the bill makes punishable by fine and imprisonment any bribery or intimidation with a view to influence elections of United States officers or Congressmen.

Two attempts to repeal the Resumption Act of 1875 have failed in the House. The Senate, April 10, passed the House bill providing for the substitution of silver coin for fractional currency. The bill was signed by the President on the 13th.

The new postal bill, relating to third-class matter, was passed by the Senate, April 12. The new rate will be one cent an ounce for all packages weighing four pounds or under, without regard to the distance to which they are sent. The rate for transient newspapers and magazines, without regard to distance, is to be one cent for three ounces or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each two additional ounces or fractional part thereof. The law is to take effect, should it be accepted by the House, on the 1st of July next.

President Grant, April 18, vetoed the bill passed by Congress reducing his successor's salary to $25,000 per annum.

The formal presentation to the Senate of the articles of impeachment against General Belknap took place April 4. On the 17th, the day fixed on which the process against the late Secretary was made returnable, General Belknap's counsel interposed the plea of non-jurisdiction.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, March 21, reported adversely to Mr. Dana's nomination as minister to England. This report was sustained by the Senate, April 4.

Governor Ames, of Mississippi, resigned his office, March 29, and Colonel J. M. Stone was inaugurated as his successor.

In the House, April 21, the bill to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department was passed, 139 to 94.

The New York State Convention of Republican delegates to select delegates to the Presidential Convention at Cincinnati met at Syracuse, March 22. Senator Conkling's name was presented as the favored Presidential candidate, but his friends were unable to secure for him a pledged delegation.—The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention met at Lancaster, March 22, and appointed an unpledged delegation to the St. Louis Convention. In its platform it declared it impossible to execute the Congressional act of 1875 for the resumption of specie payment.—The Rhode Island Republican Convention met at Providence, March 23, appointed an unpledged delegation to Cincinnati, and renominated the present State officers.—The Pennsylvania Republican Convention, at Harrisburg, March 29, appointed a delegation to Cincinnati instructed to vote for Governor Hartranft.—The Vermont Republican Convention, at Burlington, March 29, appointed an unpledged delegation.—The Ohio Republican Convention, at Columbus, March 29, appointed a delegation pledged to Rutherford B. Hayes. It adopted a moderate specie platform.—The South Carolina Republican Convention, at Columbia, April 11–13, appointed an unpledged delegation.—The Virginia Republican Convention, at Lynchburg, April 13, appointed an unpledged delegation, but declared its preference for James G. Blaine.

The Connecticut State election, April 3, resulted in the re-election of Governor Ingersoll (Democrat) by a majority of 3672, and an increased Democratic majority in the Legislature.

The Rhode Island State election, April 5, resulted in no choice by the people.

The revolution going on in Mexico seemed, early in April, to threaten the overthrow of the Lerdo administration. General Porfirio Diaz had gained control of the States of Jalisco and Oaxaca, and of the towns of Jalapa and Matamoras. General Diaz advanced on Monterey, but suffered defeat in a conflict near that city.

Advices received from Captain Semmes, of the United States navy, dated March 2, announce that through his intervention, and without resort to force, a treaty of peace has been ratified between the native tribes and the Liberian government, against which they had revolted.

The British House of Commons, March 23, passed the Royal Titles Bill, styling Queen Victoria Empress of India. The bill was passed by the House of Lords, April 3.

DISASTERS.

March 30.—The dam of the Great Lynde Brook Reservoir, near Worcester, Massachusetts, gave way. Few lives were lost, but the damage to property was immense.

March 25.—The *Telegraph's* Paris dispatch reports that the dikes protecting Hertogenbosch, Holland, have been swept away, and that 6000 persons have been rendered homeless.

April 4.—Off Cape Malea, on the south coast of the Morea, the steamer *Agrigenti*, from Piræus for Italian ports, colliding with the English steamer *Hylton Castle*, sank, and twenty-nine persons were drowned.

April 5.—A ferry-boat capsized on the Dee, at Aberdeen, Scotland. Thirty-two persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

March 22.—In South Manchester, Connecticut, Ward Cheney, president of the Silk Association of America, aged sixty-three years.

April 8.—At Lowell, Massachusetts, Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler, aged fifty-five years.

April 10.—In New York city, Alexander T. Stewart, aged seventy-three years.

March 21.—In England, Colonel Charles C. Chesney, author of "The Battle of Dorking."

April 20.—In England, the Right Hon. George William Lyttleton, aged fifty-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.

[From a volume of CENTENNIAL RHYMES FOR YOUNG FOLKS, by WILL CARLETON, published by Harper and Brothers, New York.]

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.



His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse, and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line—
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted, long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find:
And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red:
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all, for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;



And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak;
And, "Miss, *I* have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.*

In the *Life of Robert Stephen Hawker*, just published in London, but not likely to be republished here, are two or three anecdotes worth reproducing in the Drawer:

There was a fox-hunting parson, Mr. Radford, in the north of Devon, who was fond of having convivial meetings in his parsonage, which often ended uproariously. Bishop Philpotts sent for him, and said, "Mr. Radford, I hear, but I can hardly believe it, that men fight in your house."

"Lor, my dear," answered Parson Radford, in broad Devonshire, "doant y' believe it. When they begin fighting, I take and turn them out into the church-yard."

The bishop came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radford, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse and gallop off to the meet, when he heard the bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away his hunter, run up stairs and jump, red coat and boots, into bed, when the bishop's carriage drew up at the door.

"Tell his lordship I'm ill, will ye!" was his injunction to his housekeeper as he flew to bed.

"Is Mr. Radford in?" asked the bishop.

"He's ill in bed," said the housekeeper.

"Dear me! I'm so sorry! Pray ask him if I may come up and sit with him."

The housekeeper ran up stairs in sore dismay, and entered the parson's room. The parson stealthily put his head out of the bedclothes, but was re-assured when he saw his room was invaded by his housekeeper, and not by the bishop.

"Please your honor, his ludship wants to come up stairs and sit with you a little."

"With me!—good heavens!" gasped Parson Radford. "No; go down and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with *scarlet fever;* it is an aggravated case, and very catching."

In the neighborhood of Morwenstow was a certain Parson Winterton. He was rector and vicar of several parishes. When upon his death-bed he was visited and prepared for dying by a neighboring clergyman.

"What account can you render for the talents committed to your charge? what use have you made of them?" asked the visitor.

"Use of my talents?" repeated the dying man; and then thrusting his hands out from under the bedclothes, he said: "I came into this diocese with nothing, and now"—and he began to check off the names on the fingers of the right hand—"I am rector of Hollacombe, worth £80; rector of Marham Church, worth £450; rector of Pyworthy, worth £560; vicar of Bridgerule, worth £300; and rector of Holsworthy, worth £1000. If that is not making use of one's talents, I don't know what is. I think I can die in peace."

This from a friend in Union County, Pennsylvania:

The late Hon. Robert C. Grier, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, owned a fine farm adjoining the city of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad bisected this farm so as to render it undesirable, if not unprofitable, for agricultural purposes; but the growth of the city has since then greatly enhanced the value of the judge's farm, and to-day every acre of it is valued at the rate of city lots. Nevertheless, the judge claimed damages from the railroad company for the land taken and for other injuries. The jury being upon the ground for the purposes of their appointment, and accompanied by the judge, his attorneys, and the attorneys for the railroad, a pathetic scene was enacted when the venerable and dignified judge lamented this ruthless invasion of his domain, and that in his old age he must see the land, almost sacred to him, despoiled by an insatiable corporation that has not regard even for the spot of earth where in his youth he had wooed and won his bride, and where the happiest days of his life were passed. And in his own forcible and inimitable style, and with his head resting upon the upper rail of the fence, he exclaimed, "Can it be possible that a citizen of Pennsylvania has no rights which are secure from the grasp of these corporations?"

At this point C. W. Scates, Esq., attorney for the "corporation," archly, and in apparent sympathy with the judge, replied, "No, my dear judge, no more rights now than the Dred Scott decision gives to the nigger."

Immediately the judge dried his tears, and with emphasis replied, "I stand by the Dred Scott decision."

A bill for affording to the northern counties better means for draining their extensive tracts of swamp lands was under discussion in the Michigan Senate. It was bitterly opposed by several members from the southern counties. On the day appointed for the final consideration of the bill, one of its friends made an excellent and exhaustive speech in its favor, during which the opposing party were more than usually demonstrative, frequently disturbing the speaker by unnecessary interruptions, loud talking, and other demonstrations of disfavor. The friends of the bill began to despair, but, thinking all that was necessary had been said in its favor, were much displeased, when the speaker closed, to see the Senator from Tuscola slowly arise and begin ar-

* This incident occurred in Philadelphia while the British army occupied that city in 1777. The name of the little black-eyed rebel heroine was Mary Redmond.

ranging his papers as if for a three hours' speech. But the Senator stood his ground, and when the House was once more quiet, began, in his shrill voice,

"Mr. President, I hope, when this drain bill is passed, that the slush over on the other side of the House will dry up."

It is needless to say the bill passed.

THE story of O'Connell's "I forgive you, Charles," in the Drawer for March, has brought the following from a correspondent in the Province of New Brunswick:

During our present legislative session a committee of the Lower House was investigating alleged irregularities in the Crown Lands Department, and Hon. Robert Young, a member of the Upper House, also president of the Executive Council, appeared before it to give evidence. The Upper House, or "Lords," as that body is sometimes called, seemed to feel that its dignity and privileges were interfered with by Mr. Young's appearing before a Lower House committee without its permission; so the question was brought up by Hon. Mr. Harrington and discussed for several hours, Mr. Young at first being almost treated as if in danger of impeachment. Finally the debate took a rather wide range, and members had really lost sight of the question, when Mr. Young rose, and after introducing some "wise saws and modern instances" in a rather dry manner, proceeded to say: "I have listened, Mr. President, with much interest to all that has been said, and have arrived at the conclusion to allow the subject to drop. I therefore move the adjournment of the debate."

The motion was carried in a mechanical sort of way, and it was some minutes before the House realized that Mr. Young was really the member charged with the alleged breach of privilege.

AN item went the rounds of the papers not long ago to the effect that a Mr. Mutton, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, had prosecuted a railroad company for putting him off the cars. A Maine Yankee becomes "irrepressible" over this, as follows:

PINGUIFICATION.

Out in Oshkosh, Mr. Mutton
  Got upon the train one day,
  But his fare he would not pay;
Said he did not care a button
  For the railroad, anyway.
He's a *Granger*—in his hair the seeds of hay.
  So the conductor turned him out,
    As did the teacher "Mary's lamb."
  Did he "wait patiently about?"
    Not much!—but with an awful—slam
  He to a lawyer straight did hie,
  Swearing he'd "grease their track" or die.

And now the company will rue it,
As Mutton, wrathful, turns to *sue it*.

IN a recent number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* are several fresh anecdotes of the late John Forster. Dickens delighted to contemplate the gorgeous manner of Forster when dealing with the smallest things—the imperial air with which he asked his famous servant Henry for his coat; the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab.

One morning at two o'clock a cabman called at the printing-office to convey Forster home. The cabman found it difficult to make the office porter understand whom he wanted. When described as the stout gentleman, the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the editorial department. Was he tall or short?

"Neither one thing nor t'other," the cabman answered, impatiently. "You know who I mean—I mean that there harbitrary cove."

The porter went direct to Mr. Forster's room and told him his cab was waiting.

That Mr. Forster's "tremendous manner" was in no degree the consequence of a harsh or hard nature was shown in the devotion with which his personal attendants served him. The zeal and veneration with which his servant Henry waited upon him during many years were noticed by all his friends, and wondered at by some, for when Mr. Forster had an attack of gout (and he suffered cruelly in this way), his irascibility was indeed difficult to bear. But Henry never appeared to notice the storms that raged over his head. He kept quietly to his task, never answered the word of wrath, never showed by his manner that it had been uttered, and never permitted it to abate in the least degree his veneration for his master.

One day at dinner there was not soup enough to go round the table. The host, in his sternest manner and deepest voice, said,

"Henry, you see there is not enough mullagatawny."

Henry said, quietly, in his master's ear, "Please, Sir, there is no more soup." Whereupon Forster turned with a tragedy air upon his man, and growled between his teeth,

"No more mullagatawny, Henry! LET THERE BE more mullagatawny!"

Henry paid no attention to the outburst, but went quietly on with his service. The storm, he knew, had spent itself.

The blind devotion with which Henry did his service was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner party. During the dinner Henry was nervous, and made two or three blunders. His master chafed and fumed, and cast angry glances at his servant; but the poor man could not settle quietly to his duty. At last, when the dessert and wine had been placed upon the table, he stole timidly behind Mr. Forster's chair and said,

"Please, Sir, can you spare me now? my house has been on fire the last hour and a half."

THE juvenile mind of Saratoga develops itself as follows on the current politics of the day: The little daughter of the Democratic candidate for a local office in that county was told to run and tell her aunt that "Mr. Young has got the nomination," and the little one cried out, "Oh, mamma, do they ever die of it?"

APROPOS of the anecdote in the Drawer for April touching Daniel Webster and Reverdy Johnson, how will this do? Mr. Johnson brought it with him from London on his last return, a few weeks before his sad death:

When Mr. Webster visited England, after he had attained fame enough to precede him, an English gentleman took him one day to see Lord Brougham. That eminent Briton received our Daniel with such coolness that he was glad to get away and back to his rooms. The friend who had taken him at once returned to Lord Brougham in haste and anger.

"My lord, how could you behave with such un-

seemly rudeness and discourtesy to so great a lawyer and statesman? It was insulting to him, and has filled me with mortification."

"Why, what on earth have I done, and whom have I been rude to?"

"To Daniel Webster, of the Senate of the United States."

"Great Jupiter, what a blunder! I thought it was that fellow Webster who made a dictionary and nearly ruined the English language."

Then the great Chancellor quickly hunted up the American Senator, and having other tastes in common besides law and politics, they made a royal night of it.

In the London clubs a story is in circulation to the effect that the Duke of Richmond recently had occasion to write to an American lady relative to some paintings which that person had to dispose of. The duke signed himself with the title of his double dukedom. The American misunderstood his Grace, and in reply addressed her envelope to "Messrs. Richmond and Gordon," and commenced her epistle with "Gents." Rather good.

The horse-car measure has broken out in a fresh vein on the Pacific coast. Thus:

Lunch, brother, lunch with care,
Lunch in the presence of the bar-keepaire,
And help yourself to the sassenjaire,
And touch very light on the strong buttaire,
And pay your bit on the man's countaire.

The spelling-bee mania has spread over all England, and attacked London with especial virulence. It is related that a young, handsome, and healthy-looking country young lady, delighted with London, informed a listless, lisping young man of fashion recently that she really doted on the rink (another London rage), and thought the spelling bee capital fun.

"Weally, weally," he responded, elevating his eyebrows. Then, after a moment's consideration, he added, "Both vewy dangerous things, you know, vewy."

"Dangerous! Oh, I don't mind a fall in the rink, or a laugh at my bad spelling."

"Ah, yas, yas; I thay this to a country young lady, becauthe, you thee, it is a country danger."

"Indeed, how is that?"

"Yas, yas, country, becauthe the wink and the —er—the pelling pee are only exemplificashons of the—er—foot-and-mouth ditheathe."

In the village of H——, County of H——, and State of Michigan, in an early day—say, thirty years ago—preaching was not very common, and the habits of church-goers were not very orderly even during divine service. The Presbyterian church, where the scene occurred, was also used for a court-room, which gave the attendants unusual *freedom*. A rather staid and dry Presbyterian preacher came to visit some friends, and was invited to preach on the Sabbath. He was probably sound in the faith, but not very edifying—at least it was with difficulty some could keep their eyes open. A young man about "half-seas-over" saw the difficulty, and thought he could remedy it. He attempted several times to rise, but was pulled down by cautious friends behind him. At last, seizing a favorable moment, he rose suddenly, and interrupting the speaker in the midst of his sermon, said, "Mr. ——, all that you have said is very good, but it seems to me it would be a little more profitable to hear something about the *prodigal son!*" The aptness of the remark brought down the house, and also the speaker, who was glad to quit, even with so appreciative a congregation. A Moody might have made good use of the occasion, but the speaker was not of that kind, and suddenly subsided.

A correspondent at Madison, Wisconsin, writes that in Dodge County, in that State, midway between the Berg's Horicon and Beaver Island, is a grave-yard, in which, with other silent occupants, lie the mouldering remains of Mrs. Q——. From the inscription on her tombstone, it seems she had twice enjoyed the pleasure of being married. Thus it reads:

Here lies a wife,
Of two husbands bereft—
Robert on the right,
Richard on the left.

The following new and capital anecdote of the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Temple) comes to us from London. On a quite recent occasion he was present at the opening of an additional room to the mission school-house, at Brixham. There was a full choral service in the church. The bishop took no part in the service, but seated himself at the lower end of the building. Dr. Temple admits that he has no knowledge of music; but still on this occasion he tried to do his best, so he joined in the singing. Suddenly he felt the elbow of a neighbor run unpleasantly hard into his ribs. Looking round to see from what quarter the assault came, he noticed a sailor, who exclaimed, "I say, guv'nor, you're singing out of tune."

The late President John Tyler took for his second wife, in June, 1844, Miss Julia Gardiner, he being then about fifty-five, and she some thirty-five years younger. It is said that Henry A. Wise and other Virginia friends endeavored to dissuade him from the match, and one of them told him a story of a rich old James River planter who called his body-servant Tony into council on the expediency of his marrying a miss in her teens. Tony shook his head, saying, "Massa, had you better?"

"Yes, Tony," replied the infatuated planter; "why not? She is so beautiful that the sight of her would make one rise from a sick-bed to marry her. I am old, to be sure, but I am not too old to make her happy."

"Yes, massa," diplomatically remarked Tony, "you is now in your prime, dat's true; but when she is in her prime, where den, massa, will your prime be?"

Mr. Tyler is said to have laughed at Tony's philosophy, but he nevertheless married Miss Gardiner, and the marriage proved a very happy one.

My friend, a zealous Congregationalist, once told me the following, which she greatly enjoyed:

During a visit among Baptist friends in Pittsburg she accepted the invitation of the superintendent to be present at the Sunday-school, and take a class of little ones just sent up from the infant department. The lesson introduced John, the disciple of our Lord. As older heads have often confounded him with that John who "came

preaching in the wilderness," the teacher felt anxious to bring out his personality clearly. So she asked,

"By what names do you know this John?"

"John the Evangelist," "John the Revelator," "John the Beloved," answered the eager voices.

"Why was he called the Beloved?" continued she.

"Because Jesus loved him best."

"Why did He love him best?" persisted our friend.

Imagine her discomfiture when a sweet voice lisped, "'Tos he was a Baptist!"

Some students in a Maine university were scolding the janitor for remissness, and assured him that if he did not mend his ways he would go to the bad place. "And what will you do there?" said they.

With a chuckle, the janitor replied, "*Wait upon students*, same as I do here, I s'pose."

This comes from North Brookfield:

A little four-year-old boy, Willie by name, enjoyed the luxury of sleeping with his mother during a short illness. After his entire recovery his mother told him one night that he was to go again to his own little room. He made no objections, but after being undressed said to his mother, "Mother, I want to say my prayers alone to-night."

"But why do you want to, Willie?"

"Because I want to, mamma."

Mother humored him, and standing outside the door, heard Willie pray as follows: "O Dod, make Willie sick; make him *real* sick; make him wommit; but don't *dead* him."

How much that boy wanted to sleep with his mother!

The Drawer article on misquotations of Scripture reminds a correspondent at Greensboro, North Carolina, who also contributes the two following anecdotes, of the closing appeal to a jury by a famous North Carolina lawyer in defense of a criminal. He pathetically begged for the life of his client, remarking that "the inspired Psalmist has told us, 'While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return.'"

At a February court in Guilford County, North Carolina, George C. Mendenhall and his nephew, Cyrus P., the present efficient Mayor of Greensboro, were employed on opposite sides of a certain case. Cyrus P. had delivered his argument; George C. commenced his reply: "May it please the Court, the gentleman's argument reminds me of the snow now falling out-o'-doors—it is scattered all around and all about."

"True," interjected Cyrus P.; "and, like the snow, you will find that it covers all the ground."

You can not monopolize all the "four-year-olds" up North; we have a few of the same sort down South. A good mother, while imparting to little Mary her first lessons in Scripture lore, told her that a rib was taken from Adam's side to make a woman. "Well, ma, didn't it hurt Adam mighty bad, and make him weak on that side?" Mother said she guessed it did, for his sons had shown a weakness on that side, which was probably inherited. I can't say who was most to blame in this transaction, mother or Mary.

Our bright contemporary the Boston *Transcript* has admitted to its columns a poem of the Hans Breitmann sort, dealing with the "irregularities" of that peculiar man named Winslow. The second part of the lyric opens thus:

It *has* dranspired dot recently,
As some *vize* folks did zaid,
Some off doze notes vat vas *disowned*
Haf *quietly* peen paid.

I don't vas schared to shpeak my mind,
Unt nefer shtop for *vinks*,
But midout hezitation say
Cgsackly vat I dinks.

I dink dot any *Gristian* man
Vat signs hese name *mit* yours
Is pound py laws off Earth unt Heaven
To *pay* ven it matures.

Unt if, perhaps, you should run off
Unt from your goontry fly,
Dot certainly vas no ogsguse
Vy der *odder* man should lie.

I dink, likevise, dot any man
Who repudiates hese name
Is no petter as a griminal,
Unt should pe dreated shust der zame.

Dere is an adage, very old,
Vich all off you haf heard,
Dot no man's *signature* should peen
So *petter* as hese *vord*.

The accused, otherwise Mr. "Morton Lafferts," goes to jail:

Poor "Morton Lafferts" he vas blaced
Inside der British jail,
Midout a single Yankee mans
To furnish him hese bail.

He vas not got some money yet,
Unt no gounsel vas engaged;
So dere he shtay for zeveral veeks
In jail, zecurely caged.

Hese family to London game,
Unt dey seemed very sad
To saw der man dey *dort* so *goot*,
Turn out to peen so *pad*.

He game pefore dose Magisdratt
To pass ogsamination,
Unt heard him from dot British judge
Un elaborate peroration.

He told dot judge, mit tearful eye,
Hese *lamentable* tale,
Unt zaid he wanted to gone home
Unt not gone to dot jail.

Der judge had not dot liberty,
Unt he vas not to blame;
He told to "Lafferts" he could went
Ven Detective Dearborn came.

He tooket down hese Almanac
Unt werry glosely reckoned
Dot if der shteamer come on time,
He'd be dere March der second.

Den "Lafferts" feeled it werry bad;
Dot made hese face look pale,
Pecause he got about two veeks
To shtay inside dot jail.

Unt in dot jail ve leave dis man,
Surrounded by disgrace,
Who, had he used hese talents vell,
Might filled a vorthy blace.

Der sad career vat he have run,
Unt vich I dried to told,
Should peen like dangers light-houses,
To warn both young unt old.

Don't let yourselve be garried off
Py flattering ambition
To do some awful vicked ting
To petter your gondition.

HARPER'S
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THE BALLAD OF ARABELLA.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"THAT IS SHE BESIDE THE MAST THERE, WITH THE TUMBLER AND THE STRAW."

'Twas the good fast yacht, *The Mermaid*, that went sailing down the bay,
With a party predetermined to be jolly, one would say,
By the demijohns and boxes, by the lemons and the beer,
And the ice, that went aboard her just before she left the pier.

With the wind upon her quarter, how she courtesies and careens
To the nodding, laughing billows! how her tower of canvas leans!
Past the headland, by the islands, with the flying gulls she flew,
And her long wake lay behind her like a stripe across the blue.

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"ONE MAD BREEZE HAS SNATCHED HER BONNET, AND ANOTHER HAS HER HAIR."

And I guess that all were happy on her deck, except, perhaps,
Mr. Brown—one of your poetizing, sentimental chaps:
In the midst of joy and juleps he sits spiritless and pale,
With his chin upon his knuckles and his elbow on the rail—

Quite Byronic, I assure you—and his mournful gaze intent
On the fascinating features of Miss Arabella Bent.
That is she beside the mast there, with the tumbler and the straw:
Such a laugh you hear but seldom, and such teeth you never saw.

Quite distinguished for her beauty—say, a dozen years ago—
And as famous for her fortune: .that has doubled, as we know.
And I say it is a pity that an heiress can't invest
In some Beauty-saving Fund, and keep her charms at interest.

But though envious tongues will tell you that the native growth is thin
On her temples, and perhaps a shade too heavy on her chin,
Still Miss Arabella tosses a superb array of curls,
And the downy lips are parted by a dazzling row of pearls.

Teeth so fine you might suspect them, but that curious eyes behold
"In their Milky Way of whiteness just one little star of gold"—
That is what our poet called it in a sonnet that he wrote,
Which 'tis much to be regretted that we haven't room to quote.

She has had a hundred lovers, and she held them cheap as dirt—
For I grieve to say she's been a most unconscionable flirt.
But they fell away to sixty, and they dwindled down to six,
And now, having passed the forest, she must make a choice of sticks.

Only two at last are left her—Colonel Birch and Mr. Brown.
It was long a question which should be the envy of the town.
For a while it seemed the poet; now it certainly is Birch,
And at ten o'clock next Tuesday she will marry him in church.

There he is—and not by any means a crooked stick is he:
It is wonderful how very straight an old Bent beau can be!
He has fought his country's battles—in a commissary's tent;
And he still is young and handsome—in the eyes of Bella Bent.

Well might her perfidious conduct drive a poet-lover mad!
After all his sighs and sonnets, it was really too bad.
Although poor, and six-and-thirty, and his last book hasn't sold,
'Twas her teeth that took his fancy, and he cares not for her gold.

Calmly sipping, sits the Colonel; and he keeps his eye the while
On his heiress; and you read it in his half-developed smile,
Cold and quiet as his sabre's edge just started from its sheath—
'Twas her gold that fired his fancy, and he cares not for her teeth.

So the yacht sailed down the harbor to a favorite fishing ground,
Where the skipper dropped an anchor; for the gentlemen were bound
Just to try their hands at cod, and have a chowder. There she lay
Rocking on the ocean billows that came rolling up the bay;

And the hooks went down with clam bait, and—in short, the luck was fine;
Even Brown grew interested in an unpoetic line;
And he smiled; but Arabella grew as suddenly quite pale,
Leaned her cheek upon her hand, and laid her arm upon the rail.

Like the lady in the ballad, she grew sick as he grew well;
With the heaving of the billows her fair bosom heaved and fell:
He is actually jolly, when, at every sudden lurch,
Dizzy, dreadful, dying qualms oppress the future Mrs. Birch.

She is bending by the gunwale—all at once you hear a scream:
From her lips, in anguish parted, with a glitter and a gleam,
Something darts into the flashing wave, and disappears beneath,
While in strangely altered accents, "Oh, my teeth!" says she, "my teeth!"

Then as she is wildly leaning, gazing downward in despair,
One mad breeze has snatched her bonnet, and another has her hair.
It all happened in a moment: in the ocean sink the pearls,
And far off upon the water float the bonnet and the curls.

And could that be Arabella, the pale ghost that shrieking fled?—
All below, a lovely woman, but above, a spectral head!
Something sadder than seasickness now disturbed the maiden's breast,
And it wasn't her lost tresses that had left her so distressed.

Brown was busy with his fishing, and just then he had a bite;
The sharp line it cut his fingers, but he pulled with all his might.
"Help!" he shouted. 'Twas a monster, but at last it flopping lay
In the yacht, just at the moment they were getting under way.

"Now what's up?" says Brown. "The anchor—and a big fish on your line!
Don't you know? Why, Arabella gave her salt tears to the brine,
And her hair-pins to the sculpins, and, the oddest thing of all,
What should fall into the water but her thundering water-fall!"

Much amazed was Brown to hear it (though the worst had not been said),
When up spoke the jovial skipper, "Now let's put for Porpoise Head;
There we'll land and have our chowder; we have fish enough," says he.
"First the locks are to be rescued; we will run then for the quay.

"Steer for yonder bobbing buoy!" It was the chignon that he meant.
Soon the yacht was laid alongside; out from her a paddle went.
Vastly pleased were all to see it, and indeed they had been dull
Not to smile at woman's tresses dripping from *The Mermaid's* scull.

Then they made for Porpoise Landing. In the cabin, Birch, the while,
Pleaded fondly with his lady: "Dearest, let me see you smile:
Here's your beautiful new bonnet, and your very wavy hair."
But she said, "Oh, what's a bonnet? and, oh, Colonel! what is hair?"



"HERE'S YOUR BEAUTIFUL NEW BONNET, AND YOUR VERY WAVY HAIR."

From her interesting features then her handkerchief she took,
Opened wide those lovely lips of hers, and hoarsely whispered, "Look!"
All that dazzling row had vanished! Birch's blood within him froze;
But he quickly said, "I love you—love you still, in spite of those!"

"But you do not, oh! you do not, see the point, dear Colonel, yet:
Full five weeks it took my dentist to get up that splendid set;
And, alas! I've been and lost 'em where you can't go down and search,
And how *can* a woman give her hand—without her teeth—in church?

"All the world expects the wedding, and next Tuesday is the day;
I was going to look so stunning, and—oh! what will people say?
Then there's Brown—think what a triumph it will surely be to him!"
"I must say it is a fix!" replies the Colonel, looking grim.

Then the ladies crowded round her: "We are coming to the pier!
Are you better? Bite this cracker; it will do you good, my dear.
Pretty soon we'll have our chowder—you are fond of that, you know."
But the maid behind her muffler only moaned and murmured, "No!

"Leave me here!" And so they left her, with the Colonel by her side:
Never sat so glum a bridegroom by so dismal-faced a bride.
All the rest went, laughing, romping, on the shore, just out of reach
Of the breakers that came dashing their white foreheads on the beach.



"ALL BUT BROWN: UP TO THE COTTAGE THROUGH THE GLARING SAND HE TROD."

All but Brown: up to the cottage through the glaring sand he trod,
Proudly following the varlet who bore off the monster cod.
"For," says he, "I hooked the fellow, and I'm bound to see him weighed."
That is done, and still he lingers, "just to see a chowder made."

Through the fellow's long white waistcoat slides the steward's polished knife;
Stops at something: "Here's a— Bless me! what in time? Upon my life!"
Now I know you won't believe me; but there, grinning from within,
Through a very broad incision, with a cool, sarcastic grin,

Stowed away with stolen clam bait, crab and shrimp and octopod,
In the belly of that careless, undiscriminating cod,
Was the strangest, oddest, queerest, most amazing prize, which he
For some shining bait had swallowed as it wriggled through the sea.

"Arabella's teeth, by Heaven!"—Brown has seized them, and, behold!
In their "Milky Way of whiteness" there's his little "star of gold,"
Where the dentist, more completely to disguise the vulgar truth,
By a masterly device had plugged an artificial tooth!

Out rushed Brown—with tragic gestures he ran down upon the shore,
His fine eyes in frenzy rolling as they never rolled before;
In his hand he grasped the treasure. "Oh, I see it all!" says he;
"Without these she can't be married, and she'll maybe yet have me."

Then up went his hand to hurl them, but as quickly it came down:
After all, there was a streak of magnanimity in Brown.
"Oh, deceitful Arabella! falsest of all womankind!
I was going to fling 'em further, but I guess I'll change my mind.

"Though she's treated me so meanly, and I know she loves me not,
I won't be too hard upon her"—and he started for the yacht.
"Cruel, cruel Arabella! now your fate is in my hand!"
And he thrust it in his pocket as he strode along the strand.

In the gloomy little cabin the unhappy couple sat:
Arabella, lightly shrieking, dropped her chignon and her hat,
Upon which she had been making indispensable repairs,
As with sudden clank and clatter Brown came stumbling down the stairs.

Then upleaped her faithful Colonel, in no amicable mood;
Face to face, with lowering foreheads, the two rivals, stooping, stood,
For they both were rather tallish, and the cabin roof was low.
"Sir," says Brown, "you do not know me, or you wouldn't meet me so.



"FACE TO FACE, WITH LOWERING FOREHEADS, THE TWO RIVALS, STOOPING, STOOD."

"I have come to do a service to that lady weeping there;
For, Miss Bent, I know your secret, and I beg you won't despair.
You shall go to church on Tuesday; you shall wear your bridal wreath!"
And from out his trowsers pocket he produced the missing teeth.

"Mine!" (upspringing, Arabella gave her head a fearful thump).
"Brown! oh, Brown! where did you get them? I declare, you are a trump!
I had lost them in the ocean!" "And I found them on the shore!"
For he didn't deem it kindness at the time to tell her more.

"Why, what *did* you think?" "At first," said he, "I thought it was a spoon."
She replied, "Who would have thought that they could wash ashore so soon!"
And she dipped them in a tumbler, turned her back upon the two—
(While Brown whispered to the Colonel: "H—m!" "You don't say!" "Yes, I do!")

For a moment; then she turned again, and, to be brief, she had
No more cause to use a muffler, nor occasion to be sad.
Then the Colonel spoke: "Excuse me, Brown; I didn't understand;
You're an honorable fellow, and I offer you my hand."

With a smile the other took it, while the grateful lady said,
As before *The Mermaid's* mirror she arrayed her graceful head,



"AND HE WHISPERED TO THE LADY WHO SAT BLUSHING BY HIS SIDE."

"Brown, I wish I could reward you, but I can not marry two;
But some other time I trust that I may do as much for you."

"Do not think of it, I beg you. Though it's been a bitter cup,
I've been cured of some illusions, and I freely give you up.
I shall change my occupation, and do better now, I hope:
I am going out of poetry, and going into soap."

"And you'll be our friend?" says Bella. "So we've settled this affair!
Now let's go and have some chowder, for I'm hungry as a bear."
And she joined the merry party, and she shook her dewy curls,
And the lightning of her laughter was a dazzling flash of pearls.

And at 10 A.M. on Tuesday she and Colonel Birch were wed:
'Twas a cheerful, glad occasion—for his creditors—'tis said.
All admired his manly bearing, so serenely calm was he,
And collected—as 'twas hoped that now those little bills might be.

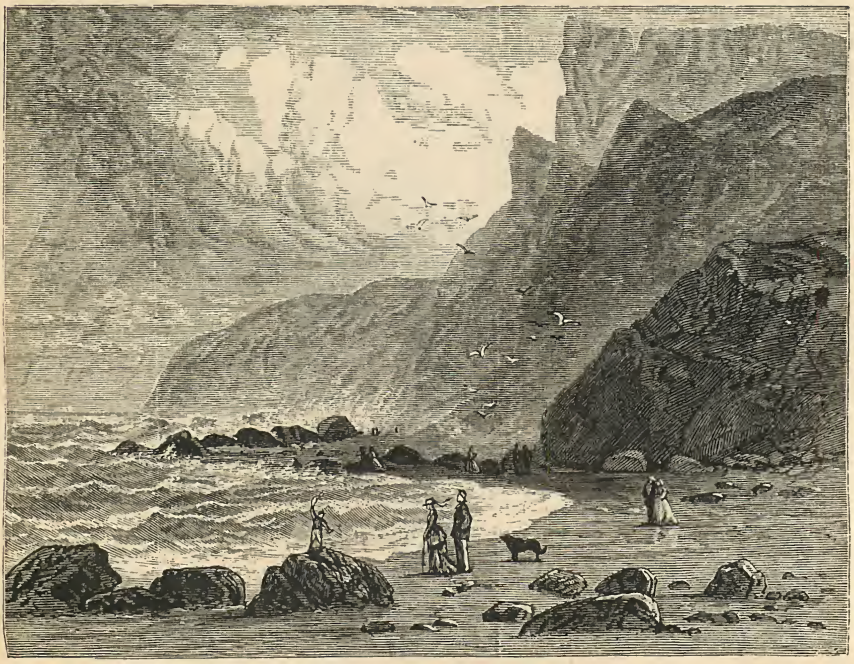
She was just one cloud of loveliness, from bridal wreath and veil
To the vast voluminous flounces, and the drifted, snowy trail.
Brown was present, and he couldn't for his life repress a smile,
As he saw the white teeth glitter half-way down the shady aisle.

And he whispered to the lady who sat blushing by his side
('Twas the old soap-maker's daughter, who was soon to be his bride)
That there could have been no wedding—though the fact seemed very odd—
If it hadn't been for him and that accommodating cod.



BLOCK ISLAND.

By CHARLES LANMAN.



MOHEGAN BLUFF.

AS the poet Dana made Block Island the scene of his fascinating story called the "Buccaneer," we may with propriety begin our description with the opening verses of his famous poem:*

"The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach."

Its exact position, at the junction of Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay, is longitude 71° 30′ west, and latitude 41° 8′ north, and it is washed by those waters of the Atlantic which are perpetually blue. From Newport it is, indeed, just "nine leagues away," less than five from Point Judith, eight from Watch Hill, and seven from Montauk. The island is between eight and nine miles long, and from two to four in width. At its northern extremity, where stands a light-house, a sandy bar shoots out for a mile and a half under water, upon the end of which people now living allege that they have gathered berries, and from which at least two light-houses have been removed in the last fifty years on account of the encroachments of the sea. Clay bluffs, rising to the height of one and two hundred feet, alternate with broad stretches of white beach in forming its entire shores. Its surface is undulating to an uncommon degree, and almost entirely destitute of trees. The highest hill, lying south of the centre, rises more than three hundred feet above the sea; and by way of atoning for its want of running streams, it has two handsome lakes, one of which is of fresh-water, and the other of salt-water, with an area of about two thousand acres. Small ponds fed by springs are numerous, and of great value to the farmers. The only harbor on the island lies on the eastern side, nearly midway between the two extremities, and the contrast presented by what are called the Old Harbor and the New Harbor is very striking. At this point also is the only collection of houses that approaches to the dignity of a village. Here the Block Island fleet, the fish-houses appertaining thereto, a relief station, one big and one smaller hotel, and several boarding-houses, half a dozen shops, one church, and two windmills, are scattered about in very

* The entire poem was reprinted, with illustrations, in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1872.

much of a helter-skelter fashion. One of these windmills was built upon the main shore at Fall River sixty years ago; twenty years ago it stood near the Old Harbor, at which time we made a sketch of it; and to-day it is a conspicuous landmark in the interior of the island. From this village, branching out in every direction, are many winding roads, most of them private and blocked up with gates, upon which are located the snug habitations of the islanders, numbering in all about thirteen hundred souls, three-fourths of whom are thrifty farmers, while the balance are supported by the harvests of the sea. Barring the massive and interminable stone walls which intersect the entire island, the inland landscapes are almost invariably composed of undulating pastures, studded with picturesque homes and barns and hay-stacks, the most of them commanding glimpses of the sea. From the height of land already mentioned, and known as Beacon Hill, the ocean presents nearly a complete circle, broken only by one hill, and well-nigh every house upon the island may be distinctly seen, as well as about two hundred sails per day during the summer months. Other prominent landmarks are Clay Head, a lofty and solemn promontory pointing toward the northeast; Pilot Hill, also in the northeastern part; Bush Hill, near the Great Pond; the Great Bathing Beach, which is two miles long, and as fine as any on the Atlantic coast; and the southern cliffs, which are the crowning attraction of the island, next to the sea air and the ocean scenery. These great bulwarks are both imposing and beautiful, and it is in keeping with the fitness of things that the highest of them should be surmounted by a first-class modern light-house, which, though near the brow, can not be seen from the beach below. Their formation is of clay interspersed with bowlders, and hence we find here a greater variety of colors than at Mount Desert or the Isles of Shoals. The profiles of the cliffs are both graceful and fantastic, and when looming against a glowing sky or out of a bank of fog, they are imposing to the last degree; and while you may recline upon a carpet of velvety grass at their summits, you have far below you the everlasting surf of the Atlantic, dashing wildly among the bowlders, or melting in peace upon the sandy shores. But to enjoy this cliff scenery in its perfection, you must look upon it under various aspects — in a wild storm, when all the sounds of the shore are absorbed in the dull roar of the sea coming from afar; in a heavy fog, when the cliffs have a spectral look, and the scream of the gulls is mingled with the dashing of the unseen breakers; at sunset, when a purple glow rests upon the peaceful sea and the rolling hills; at twilight, when the great fissures are gloomy, and remind you of the dens of despair; and in the moonlight, when all the objects that you see and all the sounds you hear tend to overwhelm you with amazement and awe.

But the air and the ocean, after all, are the chief attractions of Block Island—the air, bland and bracing in summer, pure and delicious as nectar in the sunny autumn, and not without its attractions even in the winter and early spring; and the ocean, in conjunction with the sky, making glorious pictures, thus leading the mind from sublunary things to those that are eternal in the heavens.

The aborigines of Block Island were a part of the Narraganset nation, and they gloried in the fame of their three great chieftains, Canonicus, Canonchet, and Miantonomoh, the first of whom it was who sold Aquidneck, now Rhode Island, to the English. It was about the year 1676 that the last two of this trio were slain, one of them at Stonington and the other at Sachem's



OLD WINDMILL.

Plain, in Connecticut, and with them the Narraganset power virtually expired. When the white men first visited Block Island, they found there about sixty large wigwams, divided into two villages, adjoining which were two hundred acres of land planted with maize; and while the records do not state when these Indians finally left the island, the presumption is that it was soon after the whites had fairly obtained possession of their new domain.

In colonial times the land-owners were comparatively few; their estates were large, and houses somewhat pretentious; they were waited upon by slaves, and in the habit of exchanging formal visits with the great proprietors on the Narraganset shore. In modern times, however, we find the land so cut up and subdivided that a farm of one hundred acres is rather a novelty, while the largest proportion range from two to forty acres, and the largest on the island contains only one hundred and fifty acres. Contrary to the common belief, about three-fourths of the inhabitants are farmers, and the remainder fishermen. The houses of the inhabitants are generally after the old New England model, one story and a half high, always built of wood, and nearly always painted white; the barns, however, which are neat and well kept, are frequently built of wood combined with stone walls; the stone fences which surround or cross and recross the plantations are noted for their substantial character; and the grazing lands, on account of their neatness and beauty, are invariably attractive.



OLD LIGHT-HOUSE.

A more complete colony of pure native Americans does not exist in the United States than is to be found on Block Island. They are a clannish race; think themselves as good as any others (in which they are quite right); they love their land because it is their own; their ambition is to obtain a good plain support from their own exertions, in which they are successful to a man; they are simple in their habits, and therefore command respect; they are honest, and neither need nor support any jails; they are naturally intelligent, and a much larger proportion of them can read and write than is the case in Massachusetts, the reputed intellectual centre of the world; they are industrious, and have every needed comfort; and kind-hearted to such an extent that they do not even laugh at the antics of those summer visitors who have a habit of making themselves ridiculous. In their physical appearance the men are brown and hardy, as it becomes those who live in sunshine, mist, and storm even from the cradle; and the women are healthy, with bright eyes and clear complexions, virtuous and true, and as yet without the pale of the blandishments and corruption of fashion.

While storing away, with a liberal hand, a supply of all the necessaries of life for their own consumption, the Block Islanders have an eye to trade, and send over to Newport and Providence, to Stonington and New London, large supplies of cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, grain, poultry, and eggs, as well as cod livers for oil, and large quantities of sea-moss, receiving in return not only money, but all the necessaries of foreign growth or production.

The fishermen of this island live and appear very much like their brother farmers, but naturally have more intercourse with the outside world. Very frequently, indeed, we find individuals who are both farmers and fishermen. They are a quiet but fearless and hardy race, and what they do not know about the ocean—its winds and storms and fogs—is not worth knowing. All the boats in their possession at the present time would not number one hundred, and the majority of these are small, but they suffice to bring from the sea a large amount of fish annually. The two principal varieties are the cod and blue fish. The former are most abundant in May and November, and although not any better by nature than the Newfoundland cod, they are taken nearer the shore, and cured while perfectly fresh, and hence have acquired a rare reputation. There are three banks for taking them, ranging from five to ten miles distant. The blue-fish are taken all through the summer and autumn, are commonly large, and afford genuine sport to all strangers who go after them. The writer of this once saw sixty boats come to shore in a single day, every one of which was heavily laden with blue-fish. Another valuable fish taken is the mackerel, and when they are in the offing in June, the Block Island fleet, joined to the

stranger fishermen, sometimes present a most charming picture. And as they anchor at night, to use the language of another, under the lee of the island, the lights in the rigging, the fantastic forms of the men dressing the fish, the shouts of old shipmates recognizing each other, the splash of the waves, the creaking of the tackle, the whistling of the wind, the fleecy clouds flying across the face of the moon, conspire to make a picture that seems more like a fairy vision than reality.

But the sea-faring men of Block Island are not all purely fishermen. Many of them do a profitable business as pilots. A goodly number of them, too, are called wreckers, and their business is to lend a helping hand, and not to rob the unfortunate, when vessels are driven upon the shore by stress of weather or lured to destruction by the deceitful fogs. And it occasionally happens that we hear of a Block Islander who becomes curious about the world at large, and obtaining command of a ship at New Bedford or New London, circumnavigates the globe; but they are always sure to come back to their cherished home, better satisfied with its charms than ever before.

This island was discovered by the Florentine Giovanni di Verazzano in 1524, while upon a voyage along the coast of North America under a commission from the French king. The name that he gave to it was Claudia, in honor of the king's mother; but as he did not land upon it, and never saw it afterward, the island was utterly forgotten for well-nigh a century. After the Dutch had founded New Amsterdam, some of them sailed for the northeast, on a visit to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and they saw the island also; and it was one of the white-haired race, Adrian Blok or Block, who rediscovered it, and whose name it has ever since borne. Its original owners, the Narragansets Indians, named it Manisses.

In 1636, while Roger Williams was planting the standard of civilization and Christianity on the spot where the city of Providence now stands, a certain Boston trader attempted to establish a business arrangement with the Indians on Block Island. "The cause of our war" (according to a writer in the Historical Collections of Massachusetts) "against the Block Islanders was for taking away the life of one Master John Oldham, who made it his common course to trade among the Indians. He coming to Block Island to drive trade with them, the islanders came into his boat, and having got a full view of his commodities, which gave them good content, consulted how they might destroy him and his company, to the end they might clothe their bloody flesh with his lawful garments. The Indians having laid their plot, they came to trade, as pretended; watching their opportunities, knocked him in the head and martyred him most barbourously, to the great grief of his poor distressed servants, which by the providence of God were saved. This island lying in the roadway to Lord Sey and the Lord Brookes's plantation, a certain seaman called John Gallop, master of the small navigation, standing along to the Mathethusis Bay, and seeing a boat under sail close aboard the island, and perceiving the sails to be unskillfully managed, bred in him a jealousy whether that island Indians had not bloodily taken the life of our own countrymen and made themselves master of their goods. Suspecting this, he bore up to them, and approaching near them, was confirmed that his jealousy was just. Seeing Indians in the boat, and knowing her to be the vessel of Master Oldham, and not seeing him there, gave fire upon them and slew some; others leaped overboard, besides two of the number which he preserved alive and brought to the Bay. The blood of the innocent called for vengeance. God stirred up the heart of the honored Governor, Master Henry Vane, and the rest of the worthy Magistrates, to send forth one hundred well-appointed soldiers under the conduct of Captain John Hendicott, and in company with him that had command, Captain John Underhill, Captain Nathan Turner, Captain William Jenningson, besides other inferior officers." The result of the expedition was, "having slain fourteen and maimed others, the balance having fled, we embarked ourselves and set sail for Seasbrooke fort, where we lay through distress of weather four days; then we departed." Captains Norton and Stone were both slain, with seven more of their company. The orders to this expedition were "to put the men of Block Island to the sword, but to spare the women and children."

Soon after that event the island became tributary to Massachusetts, and Winthrop informs us that on the 27th of January, 1638, the Indians of Block Island sent three men with ten fathoms of wampum as a part of their tribute, and by way of atoning for their wicked conduct. In 1658 the General Court of Massachusetts granted all their right to Block Island to Governor John Endicott and three others, who in 1660 sold it to a certain company of persons, and the first settlement was commenced in the following year. The story of that sale was duly written out at the time, and after the settlement had been effected was placed on record among the files of the island, where it is to be found at the present time.

In 1663 the island was annexed, by the charter of Charles II., to the colony of Rhode Island. In 1672 it was incorporated as the town of New Shoreham, and so named, it is supposed, because some of the prominent settlers had come from the town of Shore-

ham, in Sussex County, England. From the start, it had conferred upon itself more ample powers of self-government than had been conferred upon any other town in the colony, for the reason that "they were liveinge remote, being so far in ye sea," and because of "ye longe spelles of weather," which sometimes rendered it difficult to reach the island.

When war was proclaimed between France and England in 1689, Block Island came in for rather more than its share of attention from the enemies of England. In July of that year, as we learn from the records of Massachusetts, three French privateers came to Block Island, having among their crew one William Trimming, who treacherously decoyed and betrayed those he met at sea, pretending they were Englishmen, as he had a perfect use of the English tongue. He was sent on shore, and, by plausible accounts, succeeded in obtaining a pilot to conduct the vessels into the harbor, whereupon the people, who imagined no treachery, were immediately made prisoners of war. They continued on the island a week, plundering houses, and stripping people of their clothings, goods, etc., and destroying their bedding. This same Trimming was afterward shot dead on the spot (it was thought through surprise) by Mr. Stephen Richardson, of Fisher's Island, lying near New London, where he had gone with others of the crew on a similar expedition, he having his gun partly concealed behind him, and not laying it down when commanded. Mr. Richardson was much blamed at the time for it.

In 1690 the French again landed upon the island, plundered it, and carried off some of the inhabitants. Other attacks were made from time to time during that and the subsequent wars between England and France, viz., in 1744 and 1754, as well as during the Revolutionary war and that of 1812, the island having been, from its position, peculiarly exposed to them, and it did not obtain a lasting peace until after all hostilities were ended.



STREET SCENE.

Mr. W. H. Potter, while discussing the hostile demonstrations alluded to above, gives us this information: "In 1775 H.B.M. man-of-war *Rose*, Captain Wallace, with several tenders, was stationed to guard the island, lest the islanders should transport their stock and stores to the main-land, these being wanted to supply the British ships. Notwithstanding the vigilance of Commodore Wallace, the authorities of Rhode Island, under the superintendence of Colonel James Rhodes, brought off the live stock from Block Island, and landed them at Stonington, whence they were driven into Rhode Island. It was to punish Stonington for this raid that Wallace, it is supposed, bombarded Stonington Point in the fall of 1775. I have conversed with a person who was present when the *Rose* made her attack on Stonington, and he said of her destination, 'The next day the *Rose* set sail for her station off Block Island, where, I understood, she was stationed to prevent the cattle of the island from being removed.' As Newport was in possession of the enemy, the Block Islanders had their full share of trials." That the people were intensely loyal to the colonies is abundantly shown by the old records, but, as subsequent events proved, they paid for their patriotism by suffering much persecution. From a communication sent to us on this and one or two other topics by Dr. T. H. Mann we cull the following:

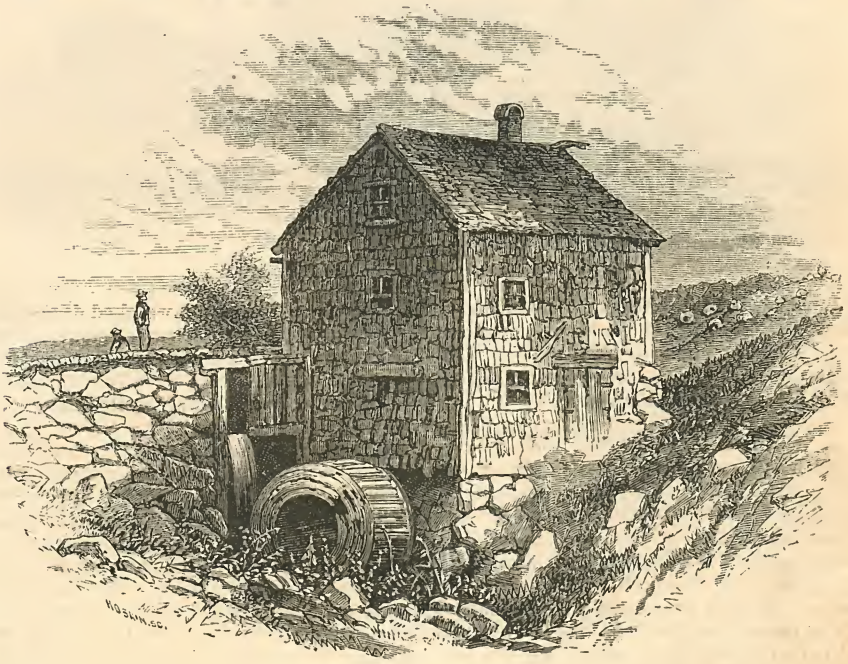
"In August of 1775 the General Assembly ordered all the cattle and sheep to be brought off the island, except a supply sufficient for their immediate use, and two hundred and fifty men were sent to bring them off to the main-land, and such as were suitable for market immediately sent to the army, and such as were not, sold at either public or private sale. Total number of sheep and lambs removed was 1908, and the amount paid to the inhabitants for the same was £534 9*s.* 6*d.* out of the general treasury. By an act of the General Assembly of May, 1776, the inhabitants of New Shoreham were exhorted to remove from the island, but there is no record of any general attention being paid to the exhortation; but some

few did leave the island, and their petitions to the General Assembly for permits to return, collect the rents, and look after their property were quite frequently presented, and usually referred to the general commanding the defenses of the coast of the colony.

"There are a number of instances upon record of the abuse by individuals of the rights of neutrality. The royal forces occupied the island, or held direct communication with it, for nearly eight years, and it was not a difficult matter for the hardy boatmen, with their small open boats, to procure supplies from the main-land under cover of 'needed supplies' for their own use, and sell to good advantage to the troops who occupied the island, or touched at the island for such supplies. At several different times the boatmen lost their whole cargo by confiscation to the colonial forces, who eventually put a stop to the smuggling. There is no evidence that this kind of smuggling was carried on to any extent, only by a few individuals.....

"An exchange of prisoners took place between the contending forces upon Block Island at several different times, its location making it a very convenient station for such exchanges. The island furnished several distinguished men to the Revolutionary forces, and one lady who figured very conspicuously as the wife of General Nathaniel Greene. George Washington Greene, in his life of General Nathaniel Greene, says: 'The maiden's name was Catherine Littlefield, and she was a niece of the Governor's wife, the Catherine Ray of Franklin's letters. The courtship sped swiftly and smoothly, and more than once in the course of it he followed her to Block Island, where, as long after her sister told me, the time passed gleefully in merry-makings, of which dancing always formed a principal part.'.....

"She was an intimate acquaintance of General Washington's wife, Martha, meeting her many times at army head-quarters whenever the army rested long enough to permit the officers' wives to join them. In the life of General Greene, above alluded to, we read: 'And an intimacy sprung up between her and Mrs. Washington which, like that between their husbands, ripened into friendship, and continued unimpaired through life. His first child, still in the cradle, was named George Washington, and the second, who was born the ensuing year, Martha Washington.'"



OLD MILL.

In the old times of which we are speaking the lottery was considered a legitimate means to be used for raising funds for any undertaking that required an extraordinary outlay of money. Even the stern old Puritans of this colony looked upon the lottery as legitimate when its gains were to be applied to a laudable purpose.

It has already been mentioned that the poet Dana made Block Island the scene of



THE NEW LIGHT-HOUSE ON MOHEGAN BLUFF.

his most brilliant poem; and although his local descriptions are poetically accurate, and he makes much of a burning ship, we must question the assertion that his hero, Matthew Lee, the Buccaneer,

"Held in this isle unquestioned sway."

With equal ability, but in a different vein, the poet Whittier has also celebrated the leading romantic legend associated with Block Island, but he made the mistake of charging the Block Islanders with some acts of wickedness of which they were never guilty. We now propose to give a summary of the facts connected with the famous vessel called the *Palatine*, which we are permitted to make from an elaborate paper prepared by Mr. C. E. Perry, who is, on account of his researches in that direction, the highest authority extant.

The passengers of the *Palatine*, it would appear, were wealthy Dutch emigrants who were coming over to America to settle near Philadelphia.

There is much difference of opinion concerning the date, some placing it as early as 1720, while others suppose it to be as late as 1760. Nothing definite can be determined, but Mr. Perry's grandmother, who is now seventy-six years of age, and retains her faculties in a remarkable degree, remembers distinctly of her grandmother's telling her repeatedly that she was twelve years old when the *Palatine* came ashore.

If this reckoning can be depended on, the *Palatine* must have been wrecked during the winter of 1750–51. She came ashore, as tradition reports, on a bright Sabbath morning between Christmas and New-Year's, striking on the outer end of Sandy Point, the northern extremity of the island.

The unfortunate passengers, who doubtless commenced this memorable voyage with bright hopes of a happy future in the New World, whose attractions were at that time currently believed by the common people in many parts of Europe to vie with those of the garden of Eden before the fall, were doomed to suffer almost inconceivable miseries. For six weeks they lay off and on, skirting the coasts of Delaware, during a period of peculiarly fine and delightful weather, almost within sight of the region they had hoped to make their home, while an unnecessary and enforced starvation was daily reducing their numbers and leading the survivors to pray for death as a welcome release from further sufferings.

These emigrants, many of whom were quite wealthy, had with them money and valuables, and the officers of the ship, headed by the chief mate, the captain having died or been killed during the passage, cut off the passengers' supply of provisions and water, though there was an ample sufficiency of both on board. The pangs of hunger and thirst compelled the unarmed, helpless, starving wretches to buy at exorbitant prices the miserable fragments that the crew chose to deal out to them. Twenty

guilders for a cup of water and fifty rix-dollars for a ship's biscuit soon reduced the wealth of the most opulent among them, and completely impoverished the poorer ones. With a fiendish atrocity almost unparalleled in the annals of selfishness, the officers and crew enforced their rules with impartial severity, and in a few weeks all but a few who had been among the wealthiest of them were penniless.

Soon the grim skeleton starvation stared them in the face, and as day succeeded day the broad waters of the Atlantic closed over the remains of those who a few weeks before had been envied for their good fortune and their fair prospects.

At last even the brutal officers, whose villainy no words in our language can adequately express, became satisfied that they had got all the plunder that was to be had, and left the ship in boats, landing perhaps on Long Island, to make their way to New York, carrying with them undoubtedly a remorse which preyed upon their souls, as hunger and thirst had gnawed at the vitals of their hapless victims. The famished, dying remnant of the once prosperous and happy company had no control over the ship, and she drifted wherever wind and tide might take her. How long she drifted, with the wintry winds whistling through her cordage, and the billows breaking around and across her, we shall never know. We may picture to ourselves these dying immigrants in their helpless journeying over a waste of strange waters.

Drifting here, drifting there; land always in sight, yet always inaccessible; some dying from weakness and despair, some from surfeit when the crew had gone and the provisions were left unguarded, all more or less delirious, and some raving mad. When the ship struck on Sandy Point, the wreckers went out to her in boats, and removed all the passengers that had survived starvation, disease, and despair, except one woman, who obstinately refused to leave the wreck. These poor miserable skeletons were taken to the homes of the islanders and hospitably cared for. Edward Sands and Captain Simon Ray were at that time the leading men on the island, and it was to their homes that most of these unfortunate people were taken; and on a level spot of ground at the southwest part of the island, which then formed part of Captain Ray's estate, are still to be seen some of the graves where those who died here were buried. Edward Sands was Mr. Perry's grandmother's great-grandfather, and when the survivors of those who were taken to his house had sufficiently recovered to leave the island, one of them insisted upon his accepting some memento of their gratitude for the kindness shown to them during their stay, and gave to his little daughter a dress pattern of India calico. Calicoes or chintz patches, as dress patterns of the Eastern calico were then called, were rare in those days, even among the wealthy classes; and a little Block Island girl could not easily forget her first calico dress, especially when the gift was connected with circumstances so unusual and peculiar. Mr. Perry's grandmother has often heard her grandmother speak of this dress and relate its history. This anecdote, simple and unimportant as it may seem, has a bearing on the subject, for it



OLD ICE-HOUSES ON BLOCK ISLAND.

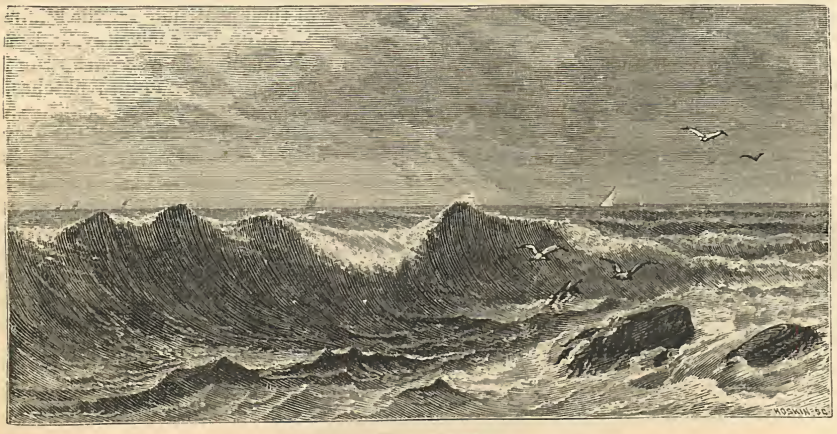
disposes of the supposition that none of the *Palatine's* passengers ever left the island. Where they settled, or where their descendants may be now, is one of those mysteries that hover like a dark cloud over the whole subject, and seem to preclude all hope of its ever being completely unraveled. One, and one only, of the passengers that lived to tell of their living death on board this prison-ship remained permanently on the island.

This passenger was a woman whose original surname is not known. Her given name was Kate, and owing to her unusual height, she was commonly spoken of as Long Kate, to distinguish her from another woman of the same name, who was generally known as Short Kate. Both women were more frequently called "Cattern," a corruption of Catherine.

Long Cattern married a colored slave belonging to Mr. Nathaniel Littlefield, and by him had three children—Cradle, Mary, and Jennie. These all died on the island. Jennie never had any children. Cradle had five children, but none of them were ever married. Mary also had a large family, but they all moved away, with the exception of two sons, whose children moved away, and a daughter Lydia, who married, and left several children, one of whom, familiarly known as Jack, still lives on the island. Long Cattern had her fortune told before she sailed, by a seer of her native land, who prophesied that she would marry a *very* dark skinned man.

The *Palatine*, it would seem, merely grounded on the extreme edge of the point, and as the tide rose she floated off, and the wreckers, making fast to her in their boats, towed her ashore in a little bend farther down the beach, now known as Breach Cove. An easterly wind springing up, and appearances indicating that, in spite of all the efforts that could be made, she would drive out to sea, one of the wreckers set her on fire. The object of this act is not now apparent, but it is very improbable that he intended to destroy the unfortunate woman who persisted in remaining on board. No motive for such a horrible design can be imagined, and he doubtless supposed that she could be induced to leave the wreck when she discovered that it had been set on fire.

That she did not do so, and that she was not removed by force, only add two links to the inexplicable chain of circumstances that already perplex and embarrass us. The ship drove away into the gloom and darkness of a stormy night, while the hungry flames crawled up her spars, crackled through her rigging, licked up the streaming cordage and loosened sails, and settled at last to the hull, where it finished its cruel task. So ends the material *Palatine*. So ends the life of her last unhappy passenger. So, doubtless, would have ended the story of her voyage and her wreck, to the outer world at least, had it not been for that remarkable phenomenon that has served to perpetuate her memory, and to stimulate research into her history.



A ROYAL VISITOR.

Tradition tells us that her shrieks of despair and agony could be plainly heard on the shore, growing each moment fainter and fainter until death or distance finally ended them.

"But the year went round, and when once more
Around their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line storm rave and roar,

"Behold again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the *Palatine*."

Little wonder that the great sachem, with the superstitious awe common to the Indian character, went raving mad whenever that strange light appeared in the offing.

There are various versions of the *Palatine* or fire-ship story, but the facts collected by Mr. Perry are undoubtedly the most authen-

tic. The names of many respectable people, natives of Block Island and others, are in our possession who have declared that they had frequently witnessed the appearance of a burning ship off the shores of the island, and there are very few of its inhabitants who do not believe in the romantic legend. Several persons have attempted to account for the phenomenon on scientific principles. One of them, Dr. Aaron C. Willes, who was formerly a prominent physician on Block Island, wrote a letter in 1811, in which he asserted that he had seen this radiance himself a number of times, and after describing its peculiarities, but without hazarding any speculations, he makes this remark: "The cause of this roving brightness is a curious subject for philosophical investigation. Some, perhaps, will suppose it depends upon a peculiar modification of electricity; others upon the inflammation of hydrogenous gas. But there are probably many other means, unknown to us, by which light may be devolved from those materials with which it is latently associated, by the power of chemical affinities."

A full account of the shipwrecks that have happened on its shores would take more space than we can now spare. During the last twenty years, however, there have been not less than sixty, and the records show that they have been quite frequent during all the years of the present century. The loss of property has, of course, been great, but the lives lost have not been as numerous as some would imagine. In 1805 a ship called the *Ann Hope* came ashore on the south side, and three lives were lost; in 1807 the ship *John Davis* was purposely driven ashore by the captain, when the steward was murdered for fear that he would tell tales. Not long afterward three vessels came ashore in one night, but no lives were lost except those of one captain and his son, whose bodies were washed ashore clasped in each other's arms.

In 1830 the *Warrior*, a passenger packet running between Boston and New York, and accompanied by another vessel of the same line, anchored off Sandy Point one evening, in a calm. During the night the wind sprung up, leaving both vessels on a lee shore. The other vessel got under way and went out, signaling the *Warrior* to follow; but it is supposed the watch on board the *Warrior* were asleep; and when they awoke, such a gale of wind was raging that they could not get under way, and that morning she dragged her anchors and went ashore, and every soul on board was lost. The captain, who was an expert swimmer, got ashore, and brought his little boy with him; but the child's hat blowing off, he ran back after it, and the sea coming in rapidly, they were both lost.

The wreck of the steam-ship *Metis* off the shores of Watch Hill during the latter part of August, 1872, is well remembered, together with the fearful suffering and loss of life there sustained. During the morning of August 31 the drift from the wreck commenced driving up on the west shore of Block Island. A large amount of the drift consisted of fruit and other articles of a perishable nature. The property was carted up in heaps on the beach. There were many cart-loads of tea, soap, flour, boxes of butter, cheese, kegs of lard and tobacco, barrels of liquors, crates of peaches, boxes of lemons, barrels of apples, cases of dry-goods, boxes of picture-frame mouldings, and a large quantity of drift-wood, broken furniture, and general *débris*. A large, fine-looking horse was washed up with the halter still fastened to the stanchion to which he was tied. About twelve o'clock on the same night the body of an infant apparently about six months old was found, and immediately carried to a house near, where a coffin was procured, and the next day the child was buried. The night clothing which was upon the child was carefully preserved for identification, but its father nor mother ever came to shed a tear over the little grave, as they had probably gone down with the ill-fated vessel.

Two life-saving stations have been recently built upon the island, one at its eastern extremity and the other at the western. These stations are supplied with mortars for throwing lines across shipwrecked vessels, and with life-boats calculated to ride out safely any sea that may be raised, and all other necessary apparatus for rescuing the lives of mariners who may be wrecked upon the shores. The buildings will furnish shelter, lodging, and victuals to those who may be unfortunate enough to be wrecked upon the island. During the winter season and stormy weather a crew of six men to each station is in constant readiness to meet any emergency.

The stories and legends of the wreckers so often told and written are calculated to leave very erroneous impressions of the humane exertions of the wrecking bands scattered at intervals along our whole Atlantic coast. Although many of these bands have become quite wealthy in their avocation, it is just as true that they have saved millions upon millions of dollars to the owners of wrecked property, which, without the aid of the bold wrecker, would have been entirely lost. There being two "gangs" upon the island, it naturally follows that considerable rivalry exists between them, which redounds to the advantage of the owners of any vessel which chances to become a wreck on the coast.

From shipwrecks to religion the transition is not only natural, but should be profitable; and so a little information on the

churches of Block Island will not be out of place in this paper. There are two church societies and two churches. They are both of the Baptist persuasion, and founded in 1772; prior to 1818 they were united, but about that time one Enoch Rose dissented from some existing opinions, whereupon a "war of the Roses" was commenced, which ended in two parties, the Associate and the Free-will Baptists; and whether this Rosy war was any more beneficial than some others of like character, is a question that can not now be settled. One thing, however, may be asserted with safety, and that is, that the islanders are a church-going people, and have generally been fortunate in having good and capable men as religious teachers. During the summer of 1875 an extensive eating-house was established at the Harbor for the convenience of transient visitors, the keeper of which is an ex-preacher, who takes delight in devoting his establishment to religious services on Sundays.

Block Island is entirely without wild animals — not even a rabbit or a woodchuck will ever appear to startle the tourist on his rounds. The traditionary lore has gone so far as that the oldest inhabitant once saw a fox, but that individual was found to have come over from Point Judith on floating ice in a severe winter. Thanks to St. Patrick, there are no snakes, but any number of toads and frogs. Wild fowl, such as geese, brant, ducks, and others, were once numerous in the spring and autumn, stopping here to rest while migrating, but they have been frightened away by the roar of civilization, which has already got thus far out to sea. Loons in large numbers sometimes winter in the bay that lies between Clay Head and the Harbor. They arrive in the autumn, soon lose their wing feathers, when they are for several weeks unable to fly, and can only escape from their enemies by diving; and it is a singular circumstance that one winter a great many hundreds of them were caught by a field of floating ice, and driven toward the shore, where they were easily killed by the native sportsmen.

CLEMENCE.

THE air among the pines that day seemed heavenly to Paul Ashford, where, deep in fragrant shade, he lay upon the mellow carpet of fallen leaves, his ears filled with a sea-like murmur, his eyes upturned to the blue sky of late June.

Such a contrast to turbulent Gotham, whose never-ending whirl of business and pleasure, thronged pavements and noisy streets, made the green and quiet of this New Hampshire village little short of paradise to weary eye and worn-out nerve! For the glad life which abounded here was not that of restless humanity, but of vegetation, bird, and insect, with here and there a group of lazy, large-eyed cattle.

Upon Paul Ashford fortune had bestowed that golden mean implied in the philosopher's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." To one of his temperament, however, this was an injury rather than a benefit. The possession of greater wealth would have afforded scope for the exercise of his generous impulses and cultivated tastes, or the stimulus of poverty might have aroused his dormant energies to develop more fully the gifts with which Nature had endowed him.

For that partial dame had chosen to make Ashford a glaring instance of her favoritism, and the curse that lurks, as cynics say, in every blessing rendered this versatility his chief drawback. In literature, art, and music he was "clever," when in either path alone, with the aid of a little adverse criticism, he might have risen to eminence. But his book had been pronounced a success, his sketches full of promise, his tenor at amateur concerts faultless, and having taken his place as an "Admirable Crichton," he had become nothing more. So his great natural gifts had achieved for Ashford little beyond that social celebrity which is the result of such accomplishments, when united with a good temper and a handsome person.

Possessing a comfortable income and no incentive to action, he might be likened to the nicest, brightest of engines, finished within, polished without, lacking only — steam. And, as a consequence, at twenty-five he fell a prey to *ennui*.

"You need a thorough shaking up," declared his physician, not sorry for the opportunity. "Leave off your make-believe life a while. Don't visit Saratoga or Newport, but take a pedestrian trip to the mountains, and end your campaign by two months in some place much as God made it. Don't come back till your face is browner and your eyes brighter. And go without your friends, to make the change complete."

Which advice Ashford first laughed at, then pondered, and finally followed.

Amidst the grandeur of cloud-cutting summit and deep ravine, the clear mountain air had filled him with fresh life, while sun and wind had left their wholesome ruddiness upon his cheek. *Ennui* had slipped off like an old garment long before the delicious afternoon when he had thrown himself down to rest a little, before resuming his tramp, under the pine-trees in the outskirts of Hillburn, a hamlet nestled amidst that Alpine scenery.

He took a book from his knapsack, only to find that reading accorded less with the place than dreaming; and before he fairly knew it, his dreams were genuine, for he was fast asleep.

From this repose he was disturbed by a stinging sensation in his forehead and by a girlish voice in which amusement and vexation mingled.

"Now, Jimmy, you know you're doing wrong. What if I should tell Aunt Ketury?"

"I don't care," responded juvenile Irrepressibility, "and I'll do it again." But here the victim opened his eyes, in time to see a branch of pine needles whisked from above his head.

The actors in this drama were a girl of ten or eleven years and a boy considerably younger, each with a basket of the earliest ripe strawberries.

The former met Ashford's first look of annoyance with frank gray eyes.

"Jimmy didn't mean any hurt; but I couldn't help it, he's *so* full of mischief."

"I should judge so," remarked Ashford, as, restored to good humor, he surveyed that embodiment of gypsyhood, whose ragged hat brim shaded a pair of saucy black eyes and a tangle of dark curls; and he thought what an anomaly it seemed to see this Southern hue and temperament among the clear-cut outlines of a New England landscape—like the garnet fire-hearts imbedded in cold white quartz.

The girl, too—probably his sister, from a certain likeness—was a pretty child, mature for her age, with brown hair sun-warmed into red, a square forehead, and large gray eyes. These latter were the most striking features of her face, contradicting as they did the practical mouth by a sad, unchildish yearning.

"Such eyes as those seldom find what they seek," thought Ashford, and he at once felt interested in the girl. She, on her part, unaccustomed to the genus gentleman, was divided between admiration for the stranger's grace and elegance and a painful consciousness of her own bare feet, old dress, and gingham sun-bonnet. Knowing nothing of Maud Muller, she found no comfort in the precedent of that maiden's "brier-torn gown and graceful ankles bare and brown," but to Ashford the familiar lines recurred.

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"Oh yes, I forgot," said Clem. "Miss Jones, she takes care of the house when Aunt 'Tury goes off; she's real neighborly, you see. But, anyway, you might come home with us and get some supper; they'll be back soon."

The house presently announced as "Uncle Zab's" was of a class common in that primitive region—square, red, one-storied, with two dormer-windows projecting from the roof, and a porch covered by woodbine. In front a board fence inclosed the box-like yard, divided by a straight path from gate to door-step into two compartments filled with old-fashioned flowers.

Here, side by side with roses, spice-pinks, and sweet-williams, bloomed other flowers less fragrant: tall hollyhocks of every hue which hollyhockdom owns; sunflowers that, despite the devotion dwelt on by the poets, rather seem brazenly striving to outstare their god; peonies, gigantic caricatures of the rose world, and other typical New England blossoms.

Within the house thus gorgeously sentineled a bountiful supper was provided by Miss Jones, a woman as full of angles as a porcupine of quills, but with that air of neatness and shrewdness inseparable from the genuine Yankee matron. And to this mountainous meal Ashford not only did full justice, but, under the inspiration of golden butter, strawberries, and cream, feared lest he might be betrayed into pastoral versifying, a bucolic strain naturally foreign to his taste.

Half an hour later appeared a curious turn-out—a vehicle in which Noah might have bowled along the fashionable avenue of his day, drawn by an equine marvel at whose antiquity the fast young men, even of that time, would have scoffed. Surely that gaunt body could never have known the pranksomeness of colthood, but must have entered existence at its present reverend age! The clumsy wagon held two occupants—a man, slouching, grizzled, sharp-featured, with thin face marked by cabalistic wrinkles, and a woman whose lineaments were fixed in that expression which its wearer fancies "religious," but which impartial observers denominate "sour," and whose figure was even more angular than that of Miss Jones, who, Ashford had at first fancied, enjoyed a monopoly of all the angles of the region.

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The sole picture—framed in cone-work, and bold both in anatomy and color—represented Jacob's journey into Egypt; while the bed, with its high posts, was covered by a quilt whose varied hues seemed designed to remind the patriarch of his lost son's "coat of many colors."

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This happened in the earlier part of his stay, and the explanation came incidentally through Uncle Zab.

"Clem's mother was a Canuck," said he. "My brother Jim, he got a leetle too much larnin', 'n' that sp'ilt him fer farmin'; kin' o' turned his head 'n' made him res'less, 'n' 'twas all to 'n' fro with him, till one time he wuz up in Varmaount, 'n' see this gal thar—near the border, whar them Canucks swarm over from Canady—'n' warn't he all possessed to merry her! Clem's named fer her mother, Clemence Adaly Marie—I couldn't tell yer the string o' Frenchified names. 'Tury she wuz dretful sot ag'in Jim's wife from the fust minnit she laid eyes on her. She warn't so turrible harnsum, nuther; jimp-lookin' enough, but hedn't no color, 'n' big, onairthly black eyes."

"Does Clemence look like her?" suggested Ashford.

"Wa'al, no, she don't, not genelly, though I *hev* seen her favor her, 'n' she's got her voice 'n' some of her ways to a T; but little Jim, he's her picter. Wa'al, 's I wuz tellin' yer, Jim he died shortly after the boy wuz born, 'n' she follered on, 'n' thar wuz them two childern on my hands, fer Jim warn't the man ter hoe the coppers aout o' *his* row, I ken tell yer. Clem's got so she pays her way in helpin' Ketury, but Jim's a dead loss—all eat 'n' no work to a boy o' thet age, besides caountin' on a sight o' trouble from him yet."

This recital attracted Ashford's notice still further to Clemence. He gave her books (for she knew her uncle's limited library by heart), taught her songs, and helped her plant new flower beds, hitherto the sole poetry of her life. And through the summer the pines kept up their eternal murmur, unheeded now by Clemence, who dreamed not yet of a time when their dark green monotony should be to her a visible, audible weariness.

September was nearly over when Ashford, half regretfully, left the place where his light-hearted boyhood seemed to have come back to him. His healthy sunburn and elastic spirits were sources of unspeakable triumph to the physician, who had seen him last the image of listlessness and *ennui*.

During his varied life of travel and pleasure for the next few years these country recollections had nearly faded from Ashford's mind, until something occurred to bring them freshly up once more. This was nothing less than an attack of his old enemy, to which the former had been but a playful shoulder tap—a state of mind that made the additional burden of a large property, consequent on the death of an uncle, seem the "unkindest cut of all."

But, as has been said, the height of the malady brought the remembrance of its panacea. "That little New England village cured me once," he thought. "Why not again? I fancy I am being civilized to death."

Then he pictured the probable changes at the farm-house. These five years had perhaps transformed Clemence into an awkward, red-haired young woman, with a nasal accent, and mind filled with such festivities as he remembered at the village—"bees," "quiltings," and the like. "Heaven forbid," he prayed, with a shudder at the image conjured up, "the metamorphosis of that sweet-voiced little thing into a Hillburn belle!"

Late in June once more a vine-shaded porch might have furnished a *genre* painter with a subject; a pretty girl sewing, while a handsome young man read to her, and a lazy cat slept at her feet, all under a golden-green canopy of swinging woodbine. No wonder the sun seemed loath to leave the soft flushed cheeks, the brown curls shot with auburn, the gray eyes deepening under close dark lashes! And no wonder that George Bond, looking up occasionally at Clemence Burton, is so evidently of the sun's way of thinking!

This tableau was duly appreciated by its sole spectator, who paused a moment at the gate before its actors were aware of his approach. Then a sudden start makes George Bond lay aside his book. The girl's fair face has gained a pinker flush as the fair-haired, tawny-mustached gentleman comes up the path, and Clemence has no ears for reading now.

"Pardon my intrusion," said the unknown, lifting his hat with a grace for which George Bond could have scalped him, "but is not this the house where Mr. Zabdiel Burton lived some years ago?"

"And where he lives still," laughed the girl. "Why, Mr. Ashford, don't you know me? I knew *you* directly."

"What! Clemence—or Miss Burton, must I call you now?—is it possible you have so grown out of my recollection? To veterans like me of course time brings few changes; but I confess I should not have dreamed that *you* were little Clemence Burton—though I might have known you by your eyes."

For the gray eyes wore still the far-off look of childhood, despite the smile with which she answered:

"Oh, no one thinks of calling me 'Miss Burton.' I'm still only 'Clem.'"

And George Bond, transformed into Monsieur De Trop, with the most amiable feelings toward the new-comer, betook himself elsewhere.

After all, was not his five years' absence a dream? Or had time utterly stood still in Hillburn? Ashford almost fancied he might have awakened from a morning reverie among the pines in that past summer,

and that all the succeeding events were simply creations of his idle brain, so little change was visible in the worthy Philemon and Baucis. But then he looked at Clemence!

"Wouldn't 'a known Clem, would yer, Mr. Ashford?" said the farmer. "Wouldn't 'a thought she'd shot up into sech a smart, good-lookin' gal, with all the fellers arter her? George Bond, 'Tury's nevy from Minnesoty, he's mos' genelly raoun' the haouse, 'n' 'tain't for his aunt Ketury," with a concluding chuckle that sent the blood to Clemence's cheeks, and made his listener reciprocate in full "Ketury's nevy's" sentiments.

Life slipped wonderfully soon into its old grooves, particularly after one fine morning had beheld George Bond *en route* for "Minnesoty," his manly heart heavy with the thought of what he left behind him, and the memory of that interrupted *tête-à-tête* under the woodbine.

"If *I* could only go to a concert!" sighed Clemence, from the depths of one of Ashford's papers, which contained a glowing eulogy of Madame ——, a prima donna then electrifying America. "Oh, *how* I wish I might hear her!" with a kind of hopeless fervor.

"Nothing is easier," rejoined Ashford. "She sings in Boston on the twenty-first, and we will attend her opening concert."

By that "art of putting things," proverbial among his friends, Ashford was enabled to execute the most impracticable designs. So now he carried by storm the fortress of Aunt 'Tury's scruples, until it was arranged that Clemence's wish should be gratified in a few days' visit to his cousin, Mrs. Gregory, who would exercise a general supervision over her.

The girl's first impression of the concert was a confusion of color, light, and sound, a crash of orchestra, with wild, sweet violins wandering in and out, and finally the voice that swayed her as a strong wind bends the meadow grasses—now low, pathetic, in its minor, now rising to the full triumph of a pæan. Then suddenly, while she listened in that highly wrought mood peculiar to the musical temperament, as the sight of the great Florentine's mighty work awoke in Guido Reni the knowledge of his own genius, so now arose within this little country girl the consciousness of her power, the secret of the thirst that had possessed her—

> "Like plants and vines that never saw the sun,
> But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
> And do their best to climb and get to him."

And now that her sun had risen, the gray eyes in its light grew satisfied.

Ashford, looking at her, was struck by the girl's beauty as she sat in ecstasy, her cheeks two roses, delicate, yet vivid, her lips parted, her whole face luminous, her hair glorified by waves of floating light. And possibly Clemence was not the only one to whom that evening brought a revelation.

Singing one's hearers to heaven's gate, and washing dishes at Uncle Zabdiel's—how could the same world reconcile such extremes? Thus pondered Clemence, looking back at this fairy-land from the farm-house stand-point once more; and her abstraction drew from Uncle Zab the guess that "somehaow Clem had left herself in Bosting."

But those wonderful songs, repeated in a voice that called sweet echoes from the river-banks, made an unseen listener hold his breath one day. When the last beautiful cadence died away, he said, softly, but with an excitement rare in him,

"Bravo, Clemence! That was perfect."

At the praise and presence, equally unlooked-for, she gave a little guilty start, but he went on:

"You really should devote yourself to music. Would you like it?"

"Oh, can I?—can I?" she cried, carried out of herself. "Are you really in earnest?"

"Indeed I am; a voice like yours is a gift too rare to be thrown away. I had forgotten you possessed such talent."

But her face had fallen; the first bright possibility receding once more into the impossible.

"Of course I can't, though. Uncle Zabdiel—"

"Surely, Clemence," interrupted Ashford, decisively, "you must permit me a voice in the matter. Out of my useless abundance you can not object to some slight return for all the pleasure I can never repay. Besides, it would be an unheard-of crime to bury that voice here." And as she hesitated, he continued, "Let us leave it to your aunt. She is a model of propriety." To which Clemence, in bewilderment, consented.

"In fifteen minutes you shall know your fate." And, energetic for once, Ashford departed, to return, in less than the allotted time, triumphant.

"Very properly, Mrs. Burton recognized the justice of my arguments. So it is settled that in four weeks you begin those studies, Miss Clemence, that shall end in crowning you a prima donna."

The first excitement over, it came home to her with tremendous force. She, Clemence Burton, might some time sing in concerts, her face the star of gazers, her voice the spell of hearers, and the stage all bloom and light, as she remembered it. And—and—the sweetest petal lies closest to the heart. A hope arose too dear to contemplate.

Before Ashford's return to Europe—where he had mostly spent the last few years—Clemence was placed under the tuition of an Italian master in New York. A musician of no small renown, the wealthiest pupil, without marked ability, might hope for his

instruction with as slight a chance of success as for one of the French Academy's forty arm-chairs. Yet on hearing the girl's voice he showed even an anxiety to teach her. And Clemence's musical career was decided on.

"I shall come home in two years, Clemence," said Ashford, at his departure. "Meanwhile it is a whim of mine to know nothing of your progress. Only I have set my heart on your success, and if disappointed," he added, laughing, "I warn you that my interest in you ceases from that moment. To recall that terrible threat, wear this, and look at it every day." But there was no word of love, nor allusion to a deeper significance, as he placed the ring upon her finger.

Daily Clemence looked at it, and daily she advanced in the good graces of her teacher, who appreciated her unwearied study, her brave struggle with difficulties, and felt a keen, artistic pleasure in the development of her voice.

"We shall see," he would exclaim, rubbing his hands. "Two, three years, and *then!* We will bring you out! We will show the world a very Queen of Song, Meess Clemence!"

Which was a flattering prospect for "Meess Clemence."

One rainy day the future prima donna waited some ten minutes for a stage. On entering one at last her feet were wet and chilled; on leaving it, they were two lumps of ice.

Next morning she could not practice for the dull ache in her throat, that by afternoon became so serious the physician gave peremptory orders against any attempt at singing for a week at least.

The week expanded to a fortnight, by which time she was perfectly recovered, and sat down with impatience to her long-unused piano. Running hastily through the prelude of her last song, she played the first bar of the air, and burst into tears, *for she could not sing a note!* Her weary time of waiting was not ended yet. No voice remained even to caricature its former self. Except in speaking, she was literally dumb.

On hearing her new trouble, the physician looked grave.

"And how long will it last?" continued Clemence.

"My dear young lady," he said, hesitatingly, "your case is a peculiar one. I fear—"

Her large eyes opened inquiringly. "Shall I wait a long while, do you mean?"

"A long, long while; in fact, my dear, I am sadly afraid you will *never* sing again." And the kind doctor looked over his spectacles very sorry, but without the faintest sense of what this meant to her.

Clemence whitened, but asked, bravely, "Is it certain?"

"Very nearly. A few such cases have come within my knowledge, and the voice has never been regained. I am sorry to pain you, Miss Burton, but it is best that you should know the truth."

And half an hour later, by a bedside where life and death hung balanced, he had forgotten his last patient's slight affliction.

And Clemence?

Never again! The very walls seemed to repeat those words in the room where nothing had changed but herself, whence nothing had gone but hope. The useless piano, the Italian song upon the rack, mocked at her. And clearer still another sentence sounded, "My interest in you ceases from that moment," till her brain grew dull and heavy.

She saw no use in living now. She wished the sun would not shine so when she felt sick and tired. Every thing jarred on her. A canary at the window maddened her with his jubilant note. What was he rejoicing for? Why should any thing be glad? For the first time that sense of general pitilessness attendant upon grief was stinging Clemence. Attuned to it, we do not recognize the cruelty of happiness; outside it, misery itself is kinder.

This weight of woe seems overstrained. Think of it a moment. Expression, the merging of self in something beyond, is a necessity of some natures; and to Clemence, who had thrown into it her intense *oneness* of being, this pursuit had signified art, work, and love. For that secret hope, the inspiration of her genius, had entered into every thought and feeling.

Now the cup at her lips was dashed down, as is usually the case when one yearns too feverishly for its contents; and what remained for her?

To go back to the old life of drudgery she thought to have left behind forever—this was all. To wear out the years in the red farm-house, tortured by that eternal moaning of the pines, which even now rang in her ears. She put her hands to them in a vain endeavor to shut it out. And the river—it seemed to rise from its banks, to follow, to overtake her, while a spell held her fast; and the foam dashed its spray nearer, nearer, till with one great burst and a roar as of thunder it broke over her, and she sank—sank—into unconsciousness.

Summer again at Hillburn. All the old-fashioned flowers show it in their veined petals; it flutters in the green life of every leaf; the birds shake it from their throats in a thousand variations of sweet trills; and Clemence, poor, songless Clemence, sits and listens.

In the twilight by the river—in that spot where Ashford praised her singing—she reviews the last two years: the months of patient study, the fever consequent upon that

terrible blow: then the return home, followed by hopeless weeks of rebellion against God and hatred of His world, until there came the only sorrow that could have counteracted her first grief.

For George Bond and Uncle Zabdiel had brought a burden home one day; a drenched, rigid thing of stone, in place of the boy so full of restless life. It seemed to her a chastisement from Heaven. When envious earth had hidden away his beauty, what was left her? Then, like sudden light within the darkness of her soul, came the answer, God and life — God to trust, life to make the most of. Hitherto what had it been, joy or sorrow, but self-seeking?

Patiently she set herself to unravel the tangled skein; and in thus suffering and losing all, she gained—herself.

Even on her aunt the influence of her sweetness won steadily; and once again she was the goal of George Bond's aspirations; while on her part, in the sympathy grown up between them, she did more justice to his real nobility.

To Ashford she had never told her failure, shrinking from it month by month, until now his absence was nearly at an end, and she would see him soon. The book whose earnestness and power had brought him a truer fame than the shallow cleverness of his earlier one seemed but to remove him further from her, and the little country girl strove to feel less keenly the difference between them.

What associations the place recalled! But she had buried her love forever, only letting its fragrance steal through her life, as roses in some hidden drawer perfume a room. She would never marry; she would—

"Clemence!" Was the voice out of her dream? "I did not mean to startle you, but they told me you were here."

After all, there was nothing melodramatic about it. His coming was the most natural thing in the world, only love exaggerates the veriest trifle to importance; and where sentiment has stolen in by one door, common-sense generally slips out by the other.

She had thought to greet him *so* calmly, but the tears were in her eyes as she handed him a packet always carried with her, and the little speech to serve on the occasion was forgotten—as proper little speeches always are, the new wine bursting the old bottle.

"Here is the ring you gave me, Mr. Ashford. I did my best, but I—I could not—" Here the voice broke down a moment. Then, trying to smile, "You said you would lose your interest in me; but it was not my fault that—I did not succeed."

He had taken her hand in both his own before she finished speaking. Now he quietly replaced the ring on its accustomed finger.

"My poor little girl, since my return I have heard it all. Why did you choose to suffer your disappointment alone? Did you care nothing for my sympathy?—for those foolish words, spoken in the merest jest, could scarcely have such weight with you. You little know—" And though the sentence was unfinished, her hand was held the closer.

After quiet-hued resignation this fullness of happiness seemed almost painful—like sunlight when it smites the eyes long used to prison darkness—as she began to realize that *she* was dearer than her voice. And Ashford found a new charm in her more irresistible than the old.

They went on talking for a while, but in tones so low that, although we frankly confess we did our best to listen, the words escaped even *our* ubiquitous ear. Presently, however, we caught the following, in answer to what Ashford had been saying:

"No, no; I can not. It is too unequal."

"Yes," replied he, smiling; "I realize my unworthiness. But, Clemence, you can never know how you have changed my aims and feelings. And partly because I wished to do something more deserving of you, partly from my fear lest you might regret having ignorantly bound yourself to me, when your glorious gift should bring you into contact with others worthier of you, I refrained from telling you my love on going away. But you have made me in earnest, Clemence. The best of me belongs to you. Will you take it?"

The fame she had regarded as one barrier the more was due to her! She thrilled to think of it. And as one needs winter to revel in soft spring, so her past wretchedness had been a training for the present joy. Yet still she hesitated, and still that pleading voice.

"But, Clemence, think of yourself. You never belonged to these people. If you will not say it with your lips, let your 'yes' be spoken so." And he held out his hand.

Just then, from the open window, floated out through the shrubbery Uncle Zabdiel's voice in conversation with Aunt Ketury.

"Yaas, 'twas the all-firedest fat critter I ever laid eyes on. Goes ahead o' the last one by seventy-five pounds, ef it does an ounce."

"Shoh!" responded his helpmeet, wavering between admiration and disbelief.

At these words from the Pair Practical the Pair Sentimental looked at each other and laughed. Then, without speaking, Clemence placed her hand in his expectant one, and down the winding river-path they passed through the gates of that paradise mortals know but once.

No rose without its thorn. George Bond, in the twilight, gave a sudden start on seeing those two figures outlined against the mountain, and then went bravely on, though that one look had darkened all his future.

"THE FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION."



SAMUEL ADAMS, ÆT. 49.

IN presenting a brief sketch of Samuel Adams and his times, it has been with the distinct purpose of making it as personal as possible, with such details of the people, their manners, customs, modes of thought and life, as would serve for a setting to the somewhat sombre picture of the "Last of the Puritans."

The community as a whole was distinguished by a very severe tone of manner, in which the light and free conduct of a man of wit or pleasure seemed utterly at variance with the formal dignity and propriety expected from those in office. Externals were all-important, neglect of appropriate costume a great levity. Governor Shirley, indeed, at the hands of one Thomas Thumb, Esq., surveyor of customs and clerk of the check, 1760, received severe censure for permitting himself to be seen "sitting in a chair without a sword, in a plain short frock, unruffled shirt, a scratch-wig, and a little rattan!"

If the costume of a people influences national character, there seems much reason to connect the polite gravity of our Revolutionary fathers with the formality of their dress. One would certainly expect suavity and dignity as well as graceful courtesy from a gentleman in powdered hair and a long queue, plaited white stock, shirt ruffled at the bosom and fastened at the wrists with gold sleeve-buttons, peach-bloom coat, with white buttons, lined with white silk, standing well off at the skirts, stiffened with buckram, figured silk vest, divided so that the pockets extended on the hips, black silk small-clothes, large gold buckles, silk stockings, and low-quartered shoes. Wealthy families sent to England for their fine clothing, much of it being made as well as purchased in London. Boys wore wigs, queues, and cocked hats. Only military men and horsemen wore boots. It was a poor fellow who wore shoe-strings instead of buckles. No matter how elegant otherwise his toilet might have been, a shoe-string would have excluded him from genteel society as inevitably as a frock-coat or a colored tie from the Royal Opera-house to-day.

As late as 1750 there were not more than three carriages or chariots in Boston, even among families of distinction. To walk to a party or stay at home was the only alternative, unless one were the happy owner of a four-wheeled chaise. There was a frequent interchange of dinner and supper parties, but fewer crowded evening entertainments than now. The principal evening amusement was card-playing. Tables were bountifully loaded with provisions. Busy people dined at one o'clock, some at two. To dine at three was very formal. Punch-drinking was universal, though it does not seem to have been carried to excess. In genteel families a bowl, always capacious and often very elegant, was brewed in the morning, and served with free hospitality to all visitors. An advertisement from a *Gazette* of 1741 is sufficiently suggestive to bear copying:

"Extraordinary good and very fresh Orange Juice, which some of the Best Punch Tasters prefer to Lemmons, at $1 per gall. Also very good Lime Juice and Shrub to put into Punch, at the Basket of Lemmons. Also Yams, and Lamp oil.

"J. Crosby, Lemmon Trader."

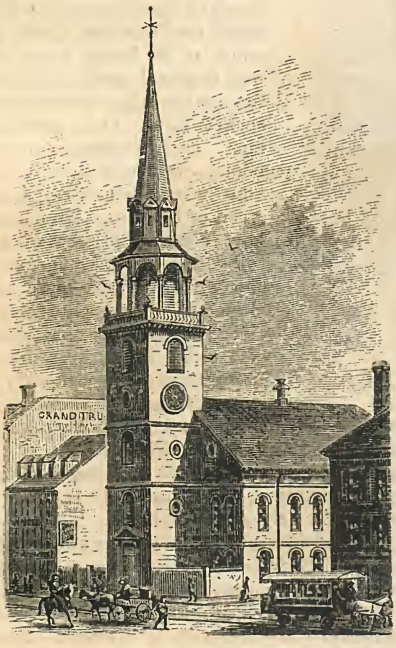
That the taste and habit were not exclusively Bostonian may be gathered from an

advertisement, dated Lyme, Connecticut, July 9, 1741:

"There is here now at Lyme, the first town on the East side of our River, at the Tail of a Saw Mill, a body of Ice as much as two carts can draw, clear and solid, and I believe it might last there a month longer were it not that so many resort there to drink Punch made of it. If any of Boston people have a mind for a taste, they must come quickly, and for 18 pence a bowl they shall be complimented with a 'Kindly Welcome, Sir, for your money.'"

Theatrical entertainments were prohibited by law, though under the head of "Moral Lectures" the law was sometimes evaded. As late, however, as 1796, Governor Adams vetoed a bill for repealing the prohibitory law, considering such amusements immoral in tendency, and totally unfit for a republican people.

The literature of the day was exclusively



THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

religious or political. As the times grew stirring, the weekly newspapers became the channel of communication between the party leaders and the people, usually in the form of letters addressed "To the Printer," in a day when editorials were not. Mr. Adams was the first in this country to demonstrate the power and influence of the press.

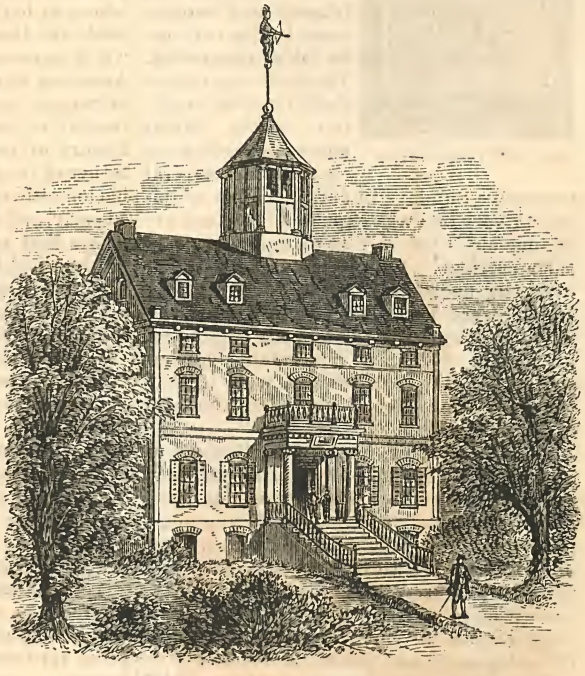
A cursory glance at the religious and educational position of Boston gives an impression of sturdy personal independence and true democracy. There was no Roman Catholic church or congregation in Boston till the close of the century. The great majority of the people were Congregationalists. The ministers disseminated principles of doctrine, morality, and liberty as equally important, the Old South, the largest church in town, being often the scene of the most exciting demonstrations on the part of the people in support of their rights. Faneuil Hall was the political head-quarters where principles of liberty were freely debated. There freedom of thought and speech was unquestioned. There was a carefully guarded system of common schools, and these were opened each day with public prayer. In these schools Mayhew, Chauncey, Cooper, the Adamses, Otis, Warren, Hancock, Cushing, and the rest received their early education. Every thing tended toward a true democracy. There were two Latin schools, one in School Street, and one in the north part of the town. In the old Latin School in School Street were two somewhat antagonistic elements, old Master Lovell being a stanch Tory, his son, the sub-master, as ardent a republican. That the sentiments of the latter fell fruitful seed in good soil is shown by an anecdote that has found its way into history, with General Gates as one of the actors, the true version being as follows: In the days when Beacon Hill still bore on its summit a veritable beacon, and fifty steps, more or less, led up to the few houses located thereon, the boys had a famous coasting place from what is now the head of Somerset Street, past the ground now occupied by the Congregational Club-house, down Beacon Hill, across Tremont, through School Street. On the corner of Tremont and Beacon, opposite King's Chapel, stood the Elliott House, occupied as head-quarters by General Haldiman, whose colored servant, in the most aggravating manner, spread ashes daily over the carefully prepared "coast." The Latin School boys, says Jonathan Darby Robbins, who was one of the party, remonstrated vainly, getting only gibes, taunts, and threats from the officious underling. It was not to be borne. A delegation was chosen to represent the case to General Haldiman, stating their ground of complaint and demanding their *rights*. The general at first thought they had been sent by their parents. Finding it, however, the spontaneous expression of their own boyish sense of wrong and injustice, he exclaimed, "The very children draw in the breath of liberty from their birth." He granted their request: their coast was sacred, and their snow forts no longer demolished.

The first political newspaper published in Boston was the *Independent Advertiser*, of which Samuel Adams was one of the conductors. Long before the Revolution it proclaimed itself champion of the rights and liberties of mankind. Foremost among those who denounced the aspiring few who "despise their neighbor's happiness because he wore a leathern cap or a worsted apron," was Samuel Adams, always the advocate of

the poor and lowly, truly the Tribune of the People.

A few words must serve to sketch briefly the prominent men bound by a common interest in a kinship stronger than blood: James Otis, so vehement, so wild, in his support of liberty, the British called him mad, yet the purest of patriots, possessed of soul-stirring eloquence; John Adams, ardent, eloquent, learned; John Hancock, whose wealth and social position and lavish hospitality gave him great influence; Joseph Warren, the skillful physician, chivalric in spirit, fascinating in social life, with judgment beyond his years, the dearly loved friend of Samuel Adams, who himself represented the sternness, the energy, the Puritanism of the Revolution, and of whom George Clymer writes in 1773, "All good men should erect a statue to him in their hearts;" Josiah Quincy, the Boston Cicero; Thomas Cushing; Benjamin Church, whose sun rose so gloriously, yet set in a cloud; William Phillips, the merchant prince; Oliver Wendell; Paul Revere, the ingenious goldsmith, ready to engrave a lampoon, rally a caucus, or in his capacity of dentist fit teeth for any who needed that service, which he warranted they could *talk* with, if they could not eat with them; Henderson Inches; Jonathan Mason; Rowe; Scollay. Here was a band of patriots with whom anarchy would have been impossible. Revolution was not their watch-word until the time for restoration or preservation was past. They demanded the ancient rights of town and colony. Ease, luxury, competence, were to them as nothing so long as they were denied the rights of their ancestors. It was of such men as these that Tories wrote to England, "The young Bostonians are bred up hypocrites in religion and pettifoggers at law, the demons of folly, falsehood, madness, and rebellion having entered into the Boston saints along with their chief, the angel of darkness" (Samuel Adams). Of the latter Bernard wrote, "Damn Samuel Adams! every dip of his pen stings like a horned snake"—more correct in expressing his mental condition than in his zoology. Admiral Montagu gave utterance to the wish of many loyalists when he wrote, "I doubt not but that I shall hear Mr. Samuel Adams is hanged or shot before many months are at an end. I hope so at least."

In 1740 Boston was esteemed the largest town in America. Before the close of the century, however, both New York and Philadelphia were in the van. At the time of the Revolution there were in Boston about sixteen thousand inhabitants. Among them were a few who were wealthy, almost none who were very poor, the majority being in the comfortable condition which naturally results from prudence, frugality, industry, and temperance. There was a slight property qualification needed for the right of suffrage, but it seemed to have no more exclusive influence than to stimulate men to acquire the needed possession.



PROVINCE HOUSE.

The Province House was the Governor's town-house, a spacious brick building three stories high, with a cupola, rich exterior ornaments, and a handsome flight of stone steps. Great elegance and formality were observed in the ample reception-rooms.

The streets were paved with pebbles, horseway and footway alike, with post and gutters to divide them. Merchants met on State Street as on an exchange. Few of the names of localities or streets have any significance to us now, so totally has all the nomenclature changed even in a single century. A sturdy North Ender, or his rival the South Ender, would look in vain for Cow Lane (High Street), Hog Alley (Avery Street), Love Lane (Tileston Street), Pudding Lane (Devonshire Street), or Black Horse Lane (Prince Street). The Washing-

ton Street of to-day was Orange, Newbury, Marlborough, and Cornhill. Few streets were numbered. Shops were known by signs, such as "Dog and Pot," "Three Nuns and Comb," "Black Boy and Butt," "Dog and Rainbow," "Blue Glove," "Elephant," "King's Head and Looking-Glass," "Buck and Breeches." These were either carved in wood or painted, and found their way into newspaper advertisements.



SIGN OF "THREE DOVES."

The formality and ceremonials observed at weddings and funerals would seem irksome and burdensome in the extreme to this generation. The bride was visited daily for four weeks, the whole bridal party appearing at church for several successive Sundays in entire change of toilet. Every one was expected to attend every one else's funeral; at all events, to send their carriage. Funeral escutcheons hung over the doorways until after a funeral; bodies were borne on litters instead of hearses. Copies of escutcheons painted on black silk, gloves, and rings were distributed among the pall-bearers, who, if they were popular, often accumulated a mugful of mourning rings.

Gentlemen, now happily indifferent to such vanities, in those days often sat forty minutes under the barber's hands to have their hair crêped and curled, suffering not a little from hair-pulling and hot tongs. Ladies who wished to be punctual often had their hair dressed the night before a party, and sat up in an easy-chair all night to keep their coiffure in condition. Do our belles of to-day make any greater sacrifices?

Toward the end of the century social forms underwent considerable change. The leveling power of France began to be felt. Powdered hair became unfashionable; wearing the hair tied was given up; short hair became common; colored garments went out of use, black or dark clothes being substituted; trowsers replaced small-clothes, and knee-buckles disappeared. The seriousness and gravity which had characterized the country fifty years before gave way to increased sociability and freedom.

The papers of that day contained many political satires, directed to different parties, according to the political bias of the papers, usually personal, often disrespectful, even irreverent, sometimes witty, but generally finding their point in local fitness and the relish which personality always gives to newspaper squibs. In Rivington's *Royal Gazette*, on the occasion of a day of general thanksgiving being appointed by the Massachusetts Congress, appeared the following:

"THANKS UPON THANKS.

"(*A Grace for the Poor of Boston.*)

"Thanks to Hancock for thanksgiving;
Thanks to God for our good living;
Thanks to Gage for hindering evil;
And for source of discord civil,
Thanks to Adams—and the devil."

A curious store of these on the Tory side is to be found in *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*.

It is on such a background of social, religious, and political life that we would depict the character of Samuel Adams—a man who was both born for the times and who made the times; of whom it has been said, "It is impossible to write the history of the American Revolution without the character of Samuel Adams; it is impossible to write the life of Samuel Adams without giving a history of the Revolution, for he was the father of the Revolution." The key-note of his long life of over eighty years was sounded early, and never changed. The few fragments that remain written in a boy's hand in his school-books, his favorite topic for debate in college societies, the very theme of his thesis at graduation, speak in one tone—liberty! liberty! liberty!

Samuel Adams, born in Purchase Street, Boston, September 22, 1722, was the son of Samuel Adams, Esq., and Mary Fifield. His father was a man of ample fortune (fruit of scrupulous attention to business), a prominent politician, one of the founders of the "Calkers' Club"—a political club largely representing the shipping interest, from which, by an easy corruption, the "caucus" of to-day is said to have come.

Young Adams entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, through his brilliant college course but once subjecting himself to reproof for oversleeping himself and missing prayers. In a time when class rank was determined by social position and wealth, Adams ranked fifth in a class of twenty-two. Latin and Greek authors were his favorites, as the many quotations in his speeches and writings bear testimony. His father had designed him for the ministry, but his ardent temperament inclined him to a more active arena. That was no ordinary youth who in those days, going up for his Master's degree, chose for his thesis, "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth can not otherwise be preserved." That it was treated boldly and decisively we can not question.

His father's fortune becoming sadly diminished through unfortunate investments, Samuel Adams succeeded personally to his father's business of brewer—a fact that seemed to afford great merriment to the satirists and lampooners of the day, with whom

"Sam the Maltster" was a favorite topic. Admiral Coffin, in quite a different spirit, was fond of relating that he had often carried malt on his back from Mr. Adams's brewery.

The social and political circle which surrounded young Adams at this time contained many for whom name and fame were waiting. His father's most intimate friend was the Rev. Samuel Checkley, whose daughter Elizabeth became Samuel Adams's wife, Sunday, October 17, 1749. Miss Checkley's mother was the little Elizabeth Rolfe whose escape from the Indians at the Haverhill massacre, through the ready wit of a maid-servant, who hid the child and her sister in an empty tub in the cellar, is a matter of history, her father, Rev. Benjamin Rolfe, and a hundred others having been killed.

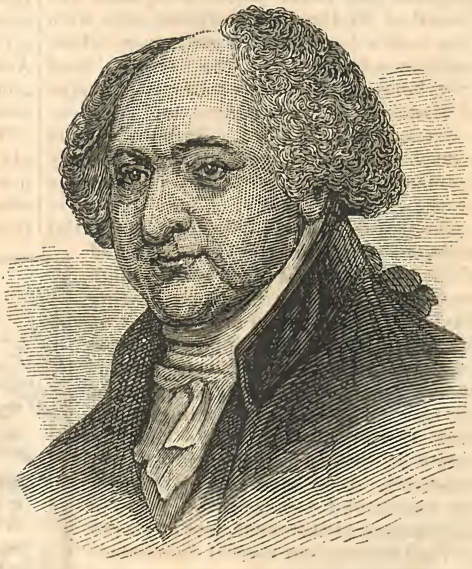
Mrs. Adams was a woman of rare virtue and piety, as well as elegance of person and manner. After a brief but happy wedded life of eight years she died, leaving two children. In the family Bible is this record in her husband's handwriting: "To her husband she was as sincere a friend as she was a faithful wife. Her exact economy in all her relative capacities, her kindred on his side as well as her own admire. She ran her Christian race with remarkable steadiness, and finished in triumph. She left two small children. God grant they may inherit her graces."

Mr. Adams, in 1764, married for his second wife Elizabeth Wells, daughter of Francis Wells, Esq., an English merchant who some years before had come over in his own ship, "y^e^ *Hampstead* galley," with his family and possessions. The second Mrs. Adams was a woman of refinement and culture, a true helpmeet to her husband not only in the ready sympathy and appreciation she always manifested for the great chosen work of his life, but, possessing a genius for economy, she was enabled to eke out his at times too slender income, and not only keep the family from actual want, but, through all, maintaining a hospitable genial home, where no stranger ever dreamed that any essential comforts of life were missing.

To attempt to follow step by step the work of Samuel Adams in all the prefatory years of the great struggle would be to quote from every journal, from the records of every political meeting from the Sons of Liberty to the Calkers' Club. His style was always terse and forcible, easy of recognition even through the various signatures which he adopted.

He was an incessant, untiring writer; it has been estimated that his political letters and other papers would fill sixteen royal octavo volumes. In every glimpse we get even of his private letters at this period there is constant evidence of "the iron hand in the velvet glove," to the last so characteristic of the man. John Adams, in his diary, speaks of an evening with his kinsman at the Calkers' Club: "He [Samuel Adams] is zealous, ardent, and keen in the cause, always for softness, delicacy, and prudence where they will do, but stanch, stiff, rigid, inflexible, in the cause." After a close comparison of the four prominent speakers of the evening—Gray, Otis, Cushing, and Adams—he adds: "The *Il Penseroso* is discernible in the faces of all four, but Adams has, I believe, the most thorough understanding of liberty and her resources, as well as that habitual radical love of it, of any of them, as well as the most correct, genteel, and artful pen. He is a man of refined policy, steadfast integrity, exquisite humanity, genteel erudition, obliging, engaging manners, real as well as professed piety, and a universal good character, unless it should be admitted he is too attentive to the public, and not enough to himself and family."

Firm as was the friendship existing between Samuel Adams and John Adams, far stronger than the tie of blood (they were cousins), the character of the former was at times a curious problem to the latter. Samuel Adams's contempt for wealth was so marked as sometimes, in the opinion of his thrifty kinsman, to deserve censure.



JOHN ADAMS.

Samuel Adams was far-seeing in a day when it was almost excusable to be entangled in the events of the day, without thought for the morrow. He was never deceived by apparent victories and partial concessions. When, on the repeal of the Stamp Act, the people were, to quote his words, "mad with loyalty," he could not re-

joice over a semblance of relief when the real evil remained unchanged. It is of interest to note the form in which this "loyal madness" expressed itself, for it surpassed any thing Boston had ever seen before. Bells were rung, ships in the harbor were decorated, bonfires lighted; the bells in Dr. Byles's church, nearest the Liberty Tree, rang



BRITISH STAMPS.

a joyful peal, answered by Christ Church, at the North End, and soon by the clangor of every bell in town; drums beat, artillery fired, steeples and house-tops were hung with flags; fire-works, such as staid New England had never before seen, were displayed at Mr. Hancock's expense, who, with Otis and other wealthy gentlemen whose residences bordered on the Common, kept open house. Mr. Hancock broached a pipe of Madeira for the populace, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Perhaps as good a deed as the day brought forth was the payment of the debts of the poor prisoners by the Sons of Liberty. Those who were released from jail had certainly substantial reasons for rejoicing. An illuminated obelisk or pyramid four stories high was erected on the Common, bearing 280 lamps; on top was a round box of fire-works. After the exhibition on the Common, it was designed to remove this obelisk to a permanent position under the Liberty Tree, as a "standing monument to this glorious era." Unfortunately it took fire, and was entirely consumed. Each side had hieroglyphics, verses, and portraits. A plate, in anticipation of the event, was engraved by Paul Revere, and several impressions struck off, the illustrations representing (1) America in distress, apprehending the total loss of liberty; (2) she implores the aid of her patrons; (3) she endures conflict for a season; (4) has her liberty restored by the royal hand of George the Third.

Soon afterward we first find associated in public office with Samuel Adams the name of John Hancock, who, with Thomas Cushing and James Otis, had been chosen representative for the town. As a specimen of prompt political manœuvre, the following is worth quoting from Gordon, showing how it was effected: "When the choice of members for Boston, to represent the town in the next General Court, was approaching, Mr. John Rowe, a merchant, who had been active on the side of liberty in matters of trade, was thought of by some influential persons. Mr. Samuel Adams artfully nominated a different one by asking, with his eyes looking to Mr. Hancock's house, 'Is there not another John that may do better?'"

The hint took. Mr. John Hancock's uncle was dead, and had left him a very considerable fortune (over £70,000). Mr. Adams judged that the fortune would give credit and support to the cause of liberty, the popularity would please the possessor, and that he might easily be secured by prudent management, and make a conspicuous figure in the band of patriots.

Hancock, at that time twenty-nine years old, was a man of ambition as well as of wealth, and to a man of Mr. Adams's keen discernment and foresight it was no small thing to secure his influence on the side of liberty. He never lost an opportunity of advancing him in popular notice and public position, where Hancock's profuse liberality, fine person, and affable manners made success certain. Through Gage's proscription, a few years later, the names of Hancock and Adams will be indissolubly connected so far and so long as the history of our country is known and read.

Whatever may have been the private views of Mr. Adams with regard to the ultimate future and independence of the colonies, no one can read the letters and petitions to the government, framed and many



"AMERICA IN DISTRESS."—[FROM REVERE'S ENGRAVING.]

of them penned by Samuel Adams, and fail to observe and admire the clearness and moderation with which the grievances are stated, as well as the firmness with which their rights are asserted. Yet an incident related by Mrs. Hannah Wells, Mr. Adams's daughter, shows how little faith he himself

had in the mercy or justice of the king. The young girl remarked, as she glanced over the petition to the king, "That paper will soon be touched by the royal hand." Her father quickly replied, "It will, my dear, more likely be spurned by the royal foot."

In 1768 Mr. Adams openly resigned all hope of justice from Parliament. American independence then became the one aim of his existence. With this in mind, it is easy to interpret the spirit which animated the exciting celebration of the third anniversary of the outbreak against the Stamp Act, August 14, 1768. The Boston *Gazette* for August 22 contains a full account of the proceedings. The people, to the number of three hundred and fifty, assembled under the Liberty Tree, thence adjourned to Dorchester, where a great feast was spread in the open air. Three large pigs were barbecued, forty-five regular toasts were drunk, not in cold water, but we have Mr. John Adams's word for it that there were no excesses committed, and, to the credit of the Sons of Liberty, not a single intoxicated person was seen through the entire day. Similar festivities were promoted and encouraged by James Otis and Samuel Adams, who esteemed them a strong element for popularity, and to keep alive in the minds of the people a sense of their wrongs as well as their rights. A few of the regular toasts prepared by Adams and Otis give the key-note. "The speedy removal of all task-masters and the redress of all grievances." "Strong halters, firm blocks, and sharp axes to all who deserve either." The procession formed at five o'clock in a "decent and orderly manner," Hancock's chariot heading it, and another bringing up the rear. They reached the city before dark, marched round the State-house, then quietly dispersed, each man to his own home.

The famous "Appeal to the World" in 1769 was written in defense of John Hancock, with regard to whom malicious misrepresentations had been made in England, charging that in a certain riot a barge belonging to an English vessel whose master had made himself obnoxious for divers reasons, chiefly unlawful imprisonment, had been burned before Hancock's house with his consent, when, in fact, it was burned on the open Common, and Mr. Hancock's influence had been on the side of law and order. It was in the excited meeting that followed, when a heavy rain had compelled adjournment from Liberty Tree to Faneuil Hall, and thence, for the great crowd, to the Old South, that James Otis uttered these fiery words: "If we are called on to defend our liberties and privileges, I hope and believe we shall one and all resist unto blood; but I pray God Almighty this may never happen."

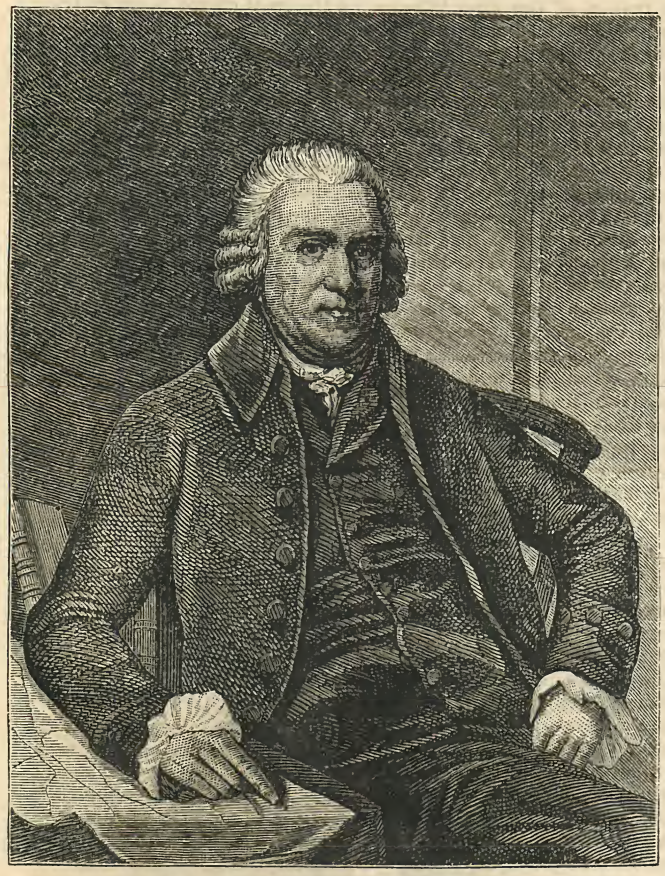
As an instance of Samuel Adams's skill in dealing with mankind, an anecdote related by his daughter is worth place. At a meeting of the Assembly, where over two thousand persons were present, a committee reported that one Mr. Mac——, a stubborn Scotchman and a large importer, had refused to come into the non-importation association. An angry spirit was manifesting itself, when Mr. Adams, with that *suaviter in modo* which always distinguished him, arose and moved that the Assembly resolve itself into a committee *of the whole house*, wait on



JAMES OTIS.

Mr. Mac——, and urge his compliance. This was met by an affirmative, and, the business of the day proceeding, suddenly from an obscure corner, not relishing such a possibly *massive* argument, came a squeaking voice in a Scotch accent, "Mr. Moderator, I agree! I agree!" This unexpected interruption from the diminutive grotesque figure, in a reddish smoke-dried wig, drew all eyes upon him. His sudden conversion, and the manner in which it was obtained, brought thunders of applause. Mr. Adams, with a polite, condescending bow of protection, pointed to a seat near by, and quieted the discreet and frightened Scotchman.

However conciliatory Mr. Adams might be when the hour or the man demanded it, there were crises when only audacity and



SAMUEL ADAMS—THE JOHNSTON PORTRAIT.

firmness, a courage that looked only to ultimate good of the whole, at whatever cost of individual hazard, were demanded. Such was the memorable occasion in March, 1770, when, in the name of the people, Adams demanded of Hutchinson the removal of the royal troops from the town of Boston. The scene which preceded had been one of the wildest commotion. The "massacre" had excited the most wavering and reluctant; there was but one voice among the people, who were growing more infuriated as the government seemed to treat their appeals with scorn and indifference. Faneuil Hall would not contain the throng, not even the Old South; the very streets were densely packed to hear the reply of the Lieutenant-Governor, as read by Samuel Adams. In reply to his query, "Is this satisfactory?" a "*No*" thundered from three thousand voices that made roof and rafter ring. A new committee, with Samuel Adams as spokesman, was appointed to wait on the Governor and Council and demand the removal of the troops.

It was a grand and impressive scene, such a one as John Adams, recalling it in after-years, thought fit for a national historical painting. In the Council-Chamber was assembled the full pageant of civil and military authority in the brilliant costumes of the day—English scarlet cloth coats, large white wigs, gold-laced hats; the walls of the Council-Chamber hung with royal portraits and emblazoned with arms, while over it all the declining light of a winter's day streamed through the old windows. Before them stood Samuel Adams, clearly, calmly stating the demands of the people. "It is the unanimous opinion of the meeting that the reply to the vote of the inhabitants in the morning is by no means satisfactory; nothing less will satisfy them than a total and immediate removal of the troops." Hutchinson had previously intimated that one regiment, the Twenty-ninth, should be removed. This he repeated, adding, "The troops are not subject to my authority; I have no power to remove them."

Drawing himself to his full height, his clear blue eyes flashing, with outstretched arm, which shook slightly with the energy of his soul, gazing steadfastly at Hutchinson, he replied, "If you have the power to remove *one* regiment, you have power to remove *both*. It is at your peril if you refuse. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They are becoming impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood, and the whole country is in motion. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected. *Both regiments or none!*"

The irresolute Chief Magistrate, surrounded as he was by the insignia of power, was no match for the iron man of the people. He quailed before the majesty, the greatness, of patriotism. The troops were withdrawn—troops that Lord North ever after spoke of as "Sam Adams's regiments."

It is this moment that John Singleton Copley, the greatest portrait painter of the day, has chosen for the portrait of Samuel Adams, painted for John Hancock, and which, now the property of the city of Boston, hangs in Faneuil Hall. An engraving from this portrait heads this paper. It represents a man in the prime of life, hair slightly powdered, a suit of reddish-brown (which seems to have been his habitual costume), a most republican simplicity marking his carriage and dress. We can almost feel and see the flash of his eye, almost hear the thrilling magnetism of his voice, which had such power over the souls of men. A full-size copy of this picture (by Onthank) is in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The original of the Johnston picture, taken when Mr. Adams was Governor of Massachusetts, was destroyed by fire; the engraving from it, however, was considered an admirable likeness by those who only a few years since were still able to recall the venerable form and features of Governor Adams.

Miss Whitney has completed an admirable statue of Adams, who, with Winthrop, was chosen to represent Massachusetts in the gallery of distinguished Americans now collecting in Washington by order of government.

In the Boston *Gazette*, September 9, 1771, over the signature "Candidus," Mr. Adams expresses his inflexible determination and singleness of vision. "Should we acquiesce in their taking threepence only because they please, we at least tacitly consent that they should have sovereign control of our purses, and when they please they will claim an equal right, and perhaps plead a precedent from it, to take a shilling or a pound. At present we have the reins in our own hands; we can easily avoid paying tribute by abstaining from the use of those articles by which it is extorted from us." This advice he carried into practice in his own house. Tea was interdicted almost from the first hint of persistent taxation. A marked preference was shown for every thing of American manufacture. Mr. Adams never wore nor permitted his family to wear English cloth. "It behooves every American," he went on to say, "to encourage home manufactures, that our oppressors *may feel through their pockets* the effects of their blind folly."

It became a custom and a fashion among Boston ladies to make up spinning parties, meeting alternate nights, *without tea*, but varying discourse on the topics of the day with singing and playing on the spinet (an instrument then in vogue that resembled somewhat the piano-forte). One occasion is recorded when these Daughters of Liberty met in the house of a popular clergyman, spun 232 skeins of fine yarn, which they presented to him, much inspired in their work and songs by the presence of many of the Sons of Liberty. They put in practice the advice of one of their poets—

"First throw aside your top-knots of pride;
Wear naught but your own country linen;
Of economy boast; let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning."

The contempt which Samuel Adams always entertained for wealth, save as a means to a noble end, was little understood by the king's officers when, in 1774, a bribe of two thousand guineas a year was offered him, with a patent of nobility, if he would but use his influence on the side of the government. Said Governor Hutchinson: "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man that he never would be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." Governor Gage sent a confidential messenger to Mr. Adams to offer the alternative of personal advantage or of the anger of the king, begging him to make his peace with the king. Adams heard Colonel Fenton with courtesy; then, glowing with indignation, he arose and replied: "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

As an instance of the popular esteem in which Mr. Adams was held, his daughter relates that before his departure for Congress in 1774, as the family were assembled at supper, a knock at the door announced a well-known tailor, who, refusing to answer any questions, insisted on measuring Mr. Adams for a suit of clothes; he was followed by a fashionable hatter, then by a shoe-maker, and several others on similar errands. A few days after, a large trunk, addressed to Mr. Samuel Adams, was brought to the house and deposited in the doorway. It contained a complete suit of clothes, two pairs of shoes in the best style, a set of silver shoe-buckles, a set of gold knee-buckles, a set of gold sleeve-buttons (still preserved by a descendant and namesake), an elegant cocked hat, gold-headed cane, *red cloak*, and other minor articles of wearing apparel; the cane and sleeve-buttons (which Mr. Adams wore when he signed the Declaration of Independence) bore the device of the Liberty cap. The journey to Philadelphia in those days was no trifling affair, it was taken on horseback, and, with needful stoppages, required fifteen days.

June 12, 1775, Gage proclaimed martial law. In this proclamation was the famous proscription of Hancock and Adams: "When his Majesty's gracious pardon was offered to all persons who should forthwith lay down their arms and return to the duties of peaceable subjects, excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John

Hancock, whose offenses are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other than condign punishment." This proscription but added new lustre to the patriots' names, giving them enviable distinction and undying fame. In the Boston *Gazette*, June 24, 1775, appeared a rhymed version, of which we give one stanza:

> "But then I must out of this plan lock
> Both Samuel Adams and John Hancock;
> For these vile traitors (like bedentures)
> Must be tucked up at all adventures,
> As any proffer of a pardon
> Would only tend these rogues to harden."

In the fall of 1776, when Mr. John Adams and Mr. Samuel Adams were both in Philadelphia, the former sent his wife, by Mr. Gerry, a pound of green tea as a choice present, paying for the same upward of forty shillings. Through some mistake on the part of the messenger, the canister was given to Mrs. Samuel instead of to Mrs. John. On hospitality intent, the former invited the latter, with some friends, to a tea-drinking. Mrs. John praised the tea which Mrs. Samuel's *sweetheart* had sent her, and grumbled not a little in her next letter to John that he should not have been as attentive as his kinsman. The cream of the joke appeared, however, when Mrs. John discovered it was her own tea with which she had been so bountifully entertained. Of course, when the error was discovered, Mrs. Samuel returned all that remained.

Though but little above the medium height, Mr. Adams's erect carriage gave him the appearance of being tall. To the last he wore the tie-wig, cocked hat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and red cloak. Though cordial, he was always somewhat formal. There was something in his aspect and manner that, once having seen the man, made it impossible to forget him—florid complexion, clear dark blue eyes (no glasses), heavy, almost bushy, eyebrows, and a countenance whose benignant majestic expression never failed to impress strangers.

Mr. Adams has been represented as austere, strait-laced, and puritanical, permitting neither levity nor amusement in his household. But this is incorrect as to his home life. He delighted in young society and the sports of children, had always pleasant words for them, and was one of those benignant characters whom children approach with confidence and love. His own recreations were few—either riding with a friend into the country or sailing in the harbor, it may be to test one of his friend Hancock's newly launched ships; perhaps an excursion to Harvard College, his beloved *alma mater*, or the lighthouse, a "rough jaunt over sharp rocks to the point of the island opposite Nantucket, where there was a hideous cave containing marine curiosities." His only personal accomplishment was singing, for which he possessed both fine natural taste and "the voice of an angel." His two children, whose education he himself superintended, idolized him as an affectionate, tender father and wise friend.



GRANARY BURYING-GROUND.

It is a touching scene, sketched by an eye-witness, when, in 1800, Governor Strong, passing through Winter Street at the head of a great military procession, stopped before the venerable patriot's house, and, with uncovered head, saluted the old man, publicly expressing his deep reverence. The military presented arms, while the multitude stood silent, with uncovered heads, through the interview.

It is the last glimpse we have in public of the veteran statesman. His labor was ended. With scarce a struggle at the last, he died October 2, 1803. It is a curious coincidence that his birth, baptism, and death all occurred on Sunday. The papers of the day paid fitting tributes to "the father of the American Revolution." The usual military parade was observed; bells tolled; shops were closed; ships with flags at half-mast; minute-guns fired by artillery companies and at Fort Independence. The remains were deposited in the Checkley tomb, in the Granary burying-ground.

POLLY PHARAOH.

DICK VOSE was a Jayhawker. The Kansas troops had accepted the appellation good-naturedly, though it had been originally given them by the Missourians as an intimation that they were only robbers of poultry-yards. It was the year 1862, and the White River, in Arkansas, was the scene of constant sharp-shooting and skirmishes, resulting invariably in greater loss upon the Union than on the rebel side. Disheartened by continual defeat, the Jayhawkers had almost decided to beat a retreat through Missouri into Kansas, when a rumor was brought them by runaway slaves that the Mississippi had been cleared by Union gun-boats. Dick Vose, who had a special talent for a scout's duty, was sent out to ascertain the truth of the report. He tramped sturdily through dense thickets, now and then making a detour around a swamp or a deserted farm-house, which might be the lurking-place of "Bush-whackers," as the Kansans and negroes denominated the Confederate guerrilla troops. After two days' solitary march, he found himself before a rude landing on the banks of the great river. On the opposite side was another of the same character, which seemed to indicate that there had been a ferry here in time past. There was also a group of buildings on the further side that appeared to be warehouses, and, a little retired from them, a fine old plantation. On the Arkansas shore stood a forlorn negro cabin, formed of "slabs," or unplaned planks.

A venerable darky with a frosty poll, who was lolling luxuriously on the sunny side of his domicile, rose with some difficulty and ambled briskly toward him.

"Bress de Lord! ye done come at last, has ye? Barm-ob-Gilead said he done hearn tell de Jayhawkers was on de road, but we's been so tuk up watchin' de ribber dat we nebber kep' no look-out toward de bresch."

As the old man spoke, a crowd of small contrabands swarmed around him like cockroaches, to take a look at the stranger. Dick explained that he was very hungry, and asked if he could obtain dinner.

"Sartin, sartin," said the old negro, leading the way into his poor house with great alacrity. "Heah, you, Lily-ob-de-Valley, take dis yeah skillet an' fotch some water; Rose-ob-Charon, reach down dat ar piece ob side meat; you, Barm-ob-Gilead, light out into de timber an' fotch some bresch; you, Polly Pharaoh—" But he did not finish his sentence; for Polly Pharaoh, an overgrown thin girl, with short skirts, long heels, and a cavernous pink sun-bonnet, which she wore at all times, even when in the house, had anticipated all his orders, and was already stirring up the corn-dodger.

While the preparations for dinner went on, Dick entered into conversation with his host. He had been the slave of Colonel St. Etienne, who owned the great cotton plantation opposite. He said that the colonel had fled on hearing of the approach of Farragut, carrying with him all that he could in the ferry-boat, and leaving word that he should come again for the cotton with which the warehouses were stored; and then in his rude dialect he gave the following explanation of the quaint names of his numerous family.

"De colonel he de son of ole miss, and ole miss she was sho enough French, and mighty curus and pernickety; done druv round de colonel so long as she done lived. Young miss, de colonel's wife, couldn't abide her nohow, and 'pears like dey done guv each odder all de trouble dey could. But madame, dat ar's ole miss, she owned de plantation, an' she hab her own way mos' frequent. Fus thing she done was to name all de niggahs ober again 'cordin' to dar sarbice and some fool heathin book ob hern. I was engineer den on de colonel's ferry-boat, de *Mud Hen*—peart little critter—an' madame she come down to de landin' an' see me at my post, an' my oldest son a-stuffin' de furnace, an' what did she do but gib me Charon for a name, and call my boy Pluto. I didn't say nuffin to her den, for I knowed she was mighty easily outed, but I says to de colonel next day, says I, 'Colonel, can't stand dat ar name no way whatsomebber; I's a elder in de Baptist church, I is, an' I's sot on havin' Bible names fur me an' all my chillen.' 'But Charon's so 'propriate,' says de colonel, 'an' I mean to hab you an' one or two odder boys do nuffin but run de *Mud Hen*. Pluto's a likely boy, an' I mean to hab him taught pilotin' on de *Genevieve*.' De *Genevieve* war de colonel's cotton barge, what he used to float de cotton on down to New Orleans. 'Well, colonel,' says I, 'if you want a name what's 'propriate to his profession, jes call my boy Pontius Pilate, an' let me keep my name; I's sure Ferry-oh's a good enough one if I's to run de ferry, an', as I said before, I's done sot on me an' my boy bein' named arter some one ob de forty 'postles.' De colonel he jes laughed—nice easy man, de colonel—an' says he, 'All right, Uncle Pharaoh, but you mus' let madame call you Charon.' 'Pears like, colonel,' says I, 'dat ar name's more fittin' for a gal, an' if it's all de same to you, Sah, I'll jes jine it on to my darter Rose, Rose-ob-Charon, an' dat ar makes a Bible name arter all.' Arter dat I named my second son Barm-ob-Gilead, an' my youngest darter, dat little shiny black one dar, Lily-ob-de-Valley; but ole miss she hab her way about ebery odder niggah on de plantation. Dar was Dianny, and Venus—dat war my ole woman; an' de baker gal was Ceres—nebber see why she guv her dat

name nohow, for a more onserious pusson you nebber sot eyes on. Orifus he fiddled for 'em when dey had deir dancin' parties, an' 'Pollo Belvidere war de han'some yaller boy dat war de colonel's tickiler valley; Phœbus war de coachman; but, lor! I don't pertend to remember all de names. Ole miss she see Polly about a year arter dat, an' Polly she so awful ugly—she done had her har all burned off an' her face scotched—dat's why she wear her sun-bonnet all de time—an' ole miss named her Polyphemus, an' I dussn't change it for any ting in dis yer platitudinary world. Well, dar war a heap ob Pollies on de plantations neighborin' roun', an' somehow de niggahs nebber could get used to dat *Phemus*, an' so dey called her Uncle Pharaoh's Polly, an' fin'ly jes Polly Pharaoh."

During this recital Rose-ob-Sharon, Lily-ob-de-Valley, and Barm-ob-Gilead had all clustered about their father, making occasional personal remarks in regard to the stranger. Polly Pharaoh, who had gone quietly about the work of getting dinner, now from the depths of her pink calico tunnel announced it ready. While eating, Dick obtained the news he wished: a part of Farragut's fleet had gone up the river, and a part were stationed at Napoleon, further down, upon the Arkansas side. Polly Pharaoh served him deftly, silently. Many times he tried to catch a glimpse of her face, but it was only a swift vision of darkness, in which two piercingly bright pupils twinkled in the midst of broad moon-like settings. The eyes interested him, and he asked,

"How did your daughter become so badly burned?"

"Dat ar's a long story," said old Pharaoh. "You see, Pontius Pilate went away an' larned pilotin', den he piloted de *Mud Hen* for a while; an' Polly Pharaoh, she didn't hab nuffin to do, an' she used to set up in de pilot-house wid him. Well, fin'ly de colonel changed him on to de *Genevieve* to take de cotton down to New Orleans, an' you nebber see a gal so lonesome an' onsettled as Polly Pharaoh while he war gone. Next trip what did she do but hide 'mongst de cotton bales an' go off wid him. When dey was half-way down de ribber de boat took fiah, an' Pontius Pilate, when he see de flames a-blowin' right fur de pilot-house (he always was an ornery kind ob niggah, sort ob yallerish, like his marm), didn't wait to steer de boat up to sho', but jes jumped plump into de ribber an' swam for true. Den Polly she jes grabbed de wheel an' held de nozzle ob de boat 'gin de sho', wid de fire a-flarin' an' a-sparkin' in her face, till ebery soul war off; den she clumb down de side ob de boat an' dropped into de water, an' some of de roustabouts done fished her out."

"That was a very heroic deed, little Polly," said Dick; "and Pontius Pilate ran away, I suppose?"

"No, Sah; dat mis'able fool niggah done come a-whinin' home, an' I took him by de eah an' toted him up to de house, an' says I to de colonel, 'Ef you don't make a zample ob him, I will.' But de colonel he so mighty easy, he nebber did nuffin but hab de oberseer bran' a P into his forehead; said it meant Poltroon; an' dat ar meant coward, an' stood for his name same time. Not long arter dat Pontius Pilate done stole a lot ob whiskey (he always drunk de 'lowance de colonel guv us for de whole fam'ly), but dis time he done fill hisself chock-full, an' he hab de 'lirium tririums awful. When he got well he says to me, 'Clar to goodness, farder, bleve de debbil did want dis chile sho enough.' 'Shouldn't be sprized,' says I; 'de Lord He knows His own, an' 'pears like de debbil ought to know his'n.' 'Maybe de Lord done let me off dis time to guv me one more chance fur repentance,' says he. 'Dun-no about dat,' says I; 'I don't bleve de Lord's got any use for no sech mis'able, cowardly sneak as you be.' But at de nex' camp-meetin' dar he was for sho, on de mourners' bench, a-shoutin' for mercy, an' befo' de meetin' let out he 'clared he'd got religion. When de time came for de baptism, me an' Farder Socrates was sot apart for de work, an' says I, 'Brudder Socrates, you take de women-folks an' I'll 'tend to de men.' When I came to Pontius Pilate, I held him down under de water till he hollered for mercy.

"'Mercy! you pore, perishin' sinner,' says I. 'You didn't hab no mercy on dose pore, perishin' sinners on board de *Genevieve;* it was all de same to you ef de flames did wrap 'em round, and deir souls go down to ebberlastin' burnin', so you could light out into de ribber and swim like a craw-fish for him hole. You wanted de ribber; well, you shall hab nuff of it. No, you needn't blow an' snort; time nuff for dat when you gets whar de good book says *dar* shall be snortin' an' smashin' ob teef. Dar won't be no ribber to light out into in dat day; dar ain't no desertin' out ob Satan's steamboat. You done thought dem flames mighty powerful, but bime-by de boat done settled down into de ribber an' put de fire out; but de furnaces on Satan's steamboat done heated sebenty-seben times hotter, an' de good book says deir fiah am not squenched. No, you needn't flounder an' kick roun' an' try to upset your old farder. I's baptized a heap ob flounderin', chokin' women in my day, an' I reckon I can hold on to you. In dat ar dreadful day you'll wish you could cool yourself off in de b'iler ob de *Genevieve*, an' pray de Lord to send de angel Goliah to blow a 'freshin' breff on to you from one ob her steam 'scape-valves. No, you Pontius Pilate, it 'll take more water dan dar is in

dis yeah ribber to clean dat brack niggah heart ob yourn, but I'll do de best I can to scour it up for you, sinnah. Swallow all de mud you want to; nuffin make a brass kettle shine like ribber sand. In dat dreadful day—' But jes at dat point in my ex'ortin' his shirt split clean down his back, an' I done lost my grip on him an' flopped over in de water, with nuffin in my han's but a pair ob galluses.

"Well, 'twasn't to be spected dat dat chile should ebber come to no good. He backslided out ob Zion's ship same way he did out ob de *Genevieve*, an' we nebber see him no mo' on de mourners' bench. De colonel heard about it, an' 'lowed he done got punished enough, an' sot him to work on board de *Mud Hen;* an' he done stuck by de colonel fru thick an' thin. When mos' all de odder nigs pulled foot an' lef' him, Pontius Pilate wouldn't do no sech ting; an' when de colonel up stakes an' lef' de land behind, in de *Mud Hen*, Pontius Pilate an' my ole woman, Marm Venus, done went too. Dem two fool niggahs nebber did hab no sense nohow."

The supper finished, while the shadows began to fill the cabin, the negroes cowered around the fire in the mud chimney, and led by the cracked voice of their father, began a strange monotonous chant. The verses, without rhyme or rhythm, will give little idea of the effect of that chant among the gathering shadows, by other shadows seemingly as unreal and dusky as they.

"Did you ebber hear de hammers ring?"

shrilled the old man, repeating the question three times, until Dick's expectation was wrought up to a high pitch, when he added, in a low, wailing tone,

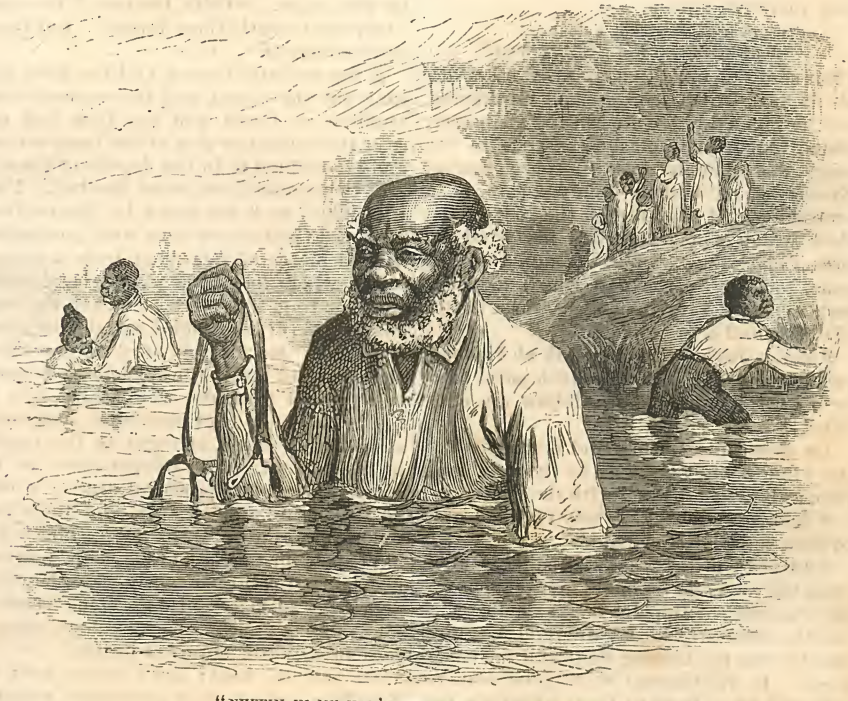
"As dey nailed our Sabeyer down?—
Chilleren, dey nailed our Sabeyer down."

Then all the others took up the refrain:

"He died for you an' He died for me,
An' He died for us all on Calvary,
He died for de whole roun' worl'—
Chilleren, He died for de whole roun' worl'."

Then again the father chanted three times,

"As I was a-goin' along one day,"



"NUFFIN IN MY HAN'S BUT A PAIR OB GALLUSES."

completing the stanza with,

"I met King Jesus on de way."

And again the whole choir joined in:

"An' what do you reckon he said to me,
But 'Your sins are forgiven an' your soul sot free?'
For He died for de whole roun' worl'—
Chilleren, He died for de whole roun' worl'."

Then, with a voice full of tears and longing, Father Pharaoh continued:

"My sister's gone to hebben, an' I want to go too,
My sister's gone to hebben, an' I want to go too,
My sister's gone to hebben, *an' I want to go too,*
For to try on de long white robes—
Chilleren, for to try on de long white robes."

And as if reminding him of his duty as a spiritual shepherd, the children replied:

"Didn't you promise de Lord to take care ob de lambs,
An' bring 'em at de welcome day to His hands,
Who died for de whole roun' worl'—
Brudder, who died for de whole roun' worl'?"

Then all, joining hands and rocking backward and forward in a sort of ecstasy, sang:

"Den hold out, pilot, leetle longer,
Den hold out, pilot, leetle longer,
Den hold out, pilot, *leetle* longer,
Nor let go your grab ob de wheel—
Brudder, nor let go your grab ob de wheel—
Till you hear dem hebben bells a-ringin',
An' de white-robed angels all a-singin'
How He died for de whole roun' worl'—
Chilleren, how He died for de whole roun' worl'."

Then they showed Dick to a rude loft, but when he fell asleep they were still singing. They seemed to be indulging in a sort of walk-around, and the cabin trembled as they roared in unison,

"I do believe, widout a doubt,
De Christian hab a right to shout."

Their songs blended in a confused way with his dreams, which soon became incoherent, and he fancied himself on board a steamer, which puffed and splashed in time to the songs, and then he lost all consciousness. By-and-by he became dimly aware of a scratching and shuffling on the roof of the shed which sloped beneath his window; then a black claw slipped through a broken pane, took away the nail which held the sash, and raised it; then there was a flutter of calico, and a voice said:

"Massa Jayhawk, for de lub ob Hebben, you'd bétter be leabin' dese yeah parts pretty libely! Quick, massa—follow dis chile quick!"

He seized his clothes and sprang out of the window after her, just as the crouching form rolled from the roof with the stifled cry:

"Back, massa, back! Polly Pharaoh tried to sabe you—'deed she did."

The next instant he was rudely pulled from the roof, and he found himself the centre of a group of armed men. A small steamboat lay moored at the landing, and the group stood under the blazing light of a tar-barrel torch. It was Colonel St. Etienne, who, reenforced by a band of Bush-whackers, had come down the White River after his cotton. The men were for giving Dick short shrift; but the colonel thought they might obtain important information from him, and, tightly bound, he was laid on the lower deck of the boat, which was now steered across the river, and the men commenced loading the cotton bales. Soon they formed a wall about the boat, till nothing but the pilot-house and smoke-stacks towered above them, and but one entrance was left in front to the engines and to the stairs leading above.

At this entrance Dick lay under the surveillance of the engineer—a powerful mulatto with a deep scar in his forehead, and whom the colonel addressed as Pluto. The work of loading completed, the colonel invited the squad of white men to go with him to his house and hunt for some fine old Jamaica rum stored in the cellar. He gave the negroes orders not to go far from the boat, and to be ready, as soon as they heard the pilot bell, to spring to their work. From this Dick understood that the colonel would guide the boat himself. He was hardly out of sight when the negroes scattered in different directions, or rolled themselves up to sleep. Pontius Pilate was the last to leave the boat, stooping down and carefully examining Dick's fastenings before doing so, and even adding a coil of rope, so that there was no chance of escape. A few moments later there was a slight noise behind him, and a lank form, surmounted by a limp bonnet, emerged from the cotton and glided up the stairs. "Polly Pharaoh," he cried, "help me to untie these knots." But there was no answer.

A few minutes passed, and the pilot bell rang out the signal, and the negroes came scuffling on board, and yet Dick had not seen the colonel or any of his band return, and he doubted if, in the depths of the cellars, they could have heard the bell. Pontius Pilate took his stand by the engines, crammed the furnace with wood, and added several pieces of side meat from a pile of bacon which had been placed beside him. Another ting, ting of the bell, and the boat shoved off, turned around, and floated down the river. Morning dawned as it reached the mouth of the White. The men evidently expected that she would turn into it, but, instead, she kept her course, with ever-accelerating speed, straight in the middle of the current. "De colonel done los' his senses, or else him powerful drunk," grunted Pontius Pilate. "Heah, you 'Pollo Belvidere, jes run up sta'rs an' ax him if dar ain't some mistake about dis yeah." Apollo obeyed, and returned to say that the cabin door was locked, and he "done couldn't make nobody heah; spects dey's playin' faro an' drinkin' deyselves drunk."

On shot the boat; and now the town of Napoleon and a fleet of gun-boats, with the Union flag streaming above them, appeared in view. "Bu'st open de cabin do'!" shouted Pontius Pilate. "Tote out de colonel. I can swim straight as a sand-hill crane can fly, an' I'll tow him ober to de odder side ob de ribber. Too late to sabe de boat. De Yanks see her now, an' dey'll be arter her like a flock ob turkey-buzzards in less 'n a minute."

Back tumbled the negroes. "Nobody up sta'rs nowhar. Spects de ghosts done steered us down heah or de debbil his own self. De Yanks is bound to get de colonel's cotton anyhow."

"No dey don't!" yelled Pontius Pilate, and opening the furnace doors he raked out their contents, scattering the fire on the pile

of bacon, and flinging the lighted pieces about the inflammable cotton. A magnificent fire-god of the under-world, he justified his name of Pluto. Without a word the other negroes sprang into the water. Pontius Pilate, cutting some of the ropes which bound Dick, and saying, as he did so, "Pull foot, Yank; de ole boat 'll blaze up like corn shucks, an' I don't want to send nobody down to Satan's steamboat," leaped after them.

"Polly! Polly Pharaoh!" shrieked Dick; but the flames roared up the staircase as though it were a chimney. It would have been impossible for mortal being to have come down, even could his cry have been heard; and almost too late—for the fire had she indeed heard "dem hebben bells a-ringin'?" The great pathetic eyes would never look up at him again from the depths of the pink calico sun-bonnet; no need of it now to hide the scars of heroism. "The long white robes" she had longed to wear would match with a soul as white, purified twice through fire. Thinking thus, he strolled down the levee that afternoon to take one more look at the wreck. Two little boys, true wharf rats, were fishing from a rough landing which projected into the water. One of them, with a long stick, had just caught at a faded, scorched rag; as he lifted it from the water it showed its shape —a sun-bonnet. Dick had no money, but



"YOU LET DAT AR BUNNET ALONE, IT'S MINE!"

had caught his own clothes—he left the doomed boat.

The Union soldiers who rescued him said that as the boat rounded the point and came in sight of the town a signal was displayed from the pilot-house—a small reddish flag. "There it is now," they said, pointing to the sunken boat. From the slender flag-staff on its charred summit floated an oddly shaped pink calico pennon; it flapped hard with the wind, tugged at the string which bound it to the staff, broke it, and fluttered away into the river.

And where was Polly Pharaoh? The wild chant of last night came to Dick's mind. She had not let go her "grab ob de wheel." he drew out his silver watch, and would have offered it for this souvenir. He was anticipated; a small black hand gave the young fisherman a well-directed cuff, and seizing the trophy, with the exclamation, "You let dat ar bunnet alone, it's mine!" clapped it upon her head before any of the astonished group had time to think what had happened. Then Dick looked down into the great calm eyes looking up at him.

"I slumped off de back ob de boat soon as ebber I got her in sight ob Napoleon. 'Lowed dere'd be libely times on board. Didn't reckon I liked bein' burned well enough to stay an' cotch it again, did you?"

It was Polly Pharaoh!

MACDONALD'S RAID.—A.D. 1780.

(AS NARRATED MANY YEARS AFTER BY A VETERAN OF "MARION'S BRIGADE.")

[The hero of the following ballad, though a Scotchman by birth, was a determined, enthusiastic Whig. Marion's men, among whom he served during the whole of the war for Independence, regarded him with an admiration bordering sometimes upon awe. His gigantic size and strength, and a species of "Berserker rage" which came over him in battle, were the means by which he performed many a feat of "derring-do," characteristic rather of the Middle Ages than the times of practical "Farmer George." Of all his desperate escapades, the raid through Georgetown, South Carolina, with a force of only four troopers (Georgetown being a fortified post, defended by a garrison of 300 English regulars), proved, naturally enough, the most notorious. Authorities differ as to the origin and details of this remarkable affair. Some inform us that Sergeant Macdonald had been commanded by Marion to take a small party of his men and merely reconnoitre the enemy's lines, and that he chose to exceed his orders; while others affirm that Macdonald himself, acting independently, as he often did, proposed the mad scheme of "bearding the British lion in his den," as a charming relief to the *ennui* of camp life. The *latter* authorities have furnished the groundwork of our ballad. "Nothing," observes Horry, in his *Life of General Marion*, "ever so mortified the British as did this mad frolic. 'That half a dozen d——d young rebels,' they exclaimed, 'should thus dash in among us, in open daylight, and fall to cutting and slashing the *king's troops* at this rate! And, after all, to gallop away without the least harm in hair and hide! 'Tis high time to turn our bayonets into pitchforks, and go to foddering the cows.'"]

I REMEMBER it well; 'twas a morn dull and gray,
And the Legion lay idle and listless that day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When Macdonald arose, and unsheathing his blade,
Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I'm hot for a raid.
Let the carbines be loaded, the war harness ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright,
To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in fight;
Yet he chose from our numbers *four* men and no more.
"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be strong as fourscore,
If you follow me fast wheresoever I lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, stanch heart and bold steed.
Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle-bits ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

In a trice we were mounted; Macdonald's tall form
Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a storm
When the clouds on Ben Lomond hang heavy and stark,
And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the dark;
His left hand on his sword-belt, his right lifted free,
With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch from the knee,
His lithe Arab* was off like an eagle on wing—
Ha! death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!

'Twas three leagues to the town, where, in insolent pride
Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and wide,
The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms,
A soft *dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms,
When fierce yells, as if borne on some fiend-ridden rout,
With strange cheer after cheer, are heard echoing without,
Over which, like the blasts of ten trumpeters, ring,
"Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof-stroke, and shout
That the foemen made straight for their inmost redoubt,
And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth they,
"Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day.
Are the works, think you, strong? God of heaven! what a din!
'Tis the front wall besieged—have the rebels rushed in?
It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant ring
Of 'Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!'"

* Macdonald owned a magnificent horse, named Selim, of pure Arabian blood, which he obtained possession of through a cunning trick played at the expense of a certain wealthy Carolina Tory.

Meanwhile, through the town like a whirlwind we sped,
And ere long be assured that our broadswords were red;
And the ground here and there by an ominous stain
Showed how the stark soldier beside it was slain:
A fat sergeant-major, who yawed like a goose,
With his waddling bow-legs, and his trappings all loose,
By one back-handed blow the Macdonald cuts down,
To the shoulder-blade cleaving him sheer through the crown,



"DEATH, DEATH TO THE REDCOATS!"

And the last words that greet his dim consciousness ring
With "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy left
Whose heart was not pierced, or whose head-piece not cleft,
What should we do next, but—as careless and calm
As if we were scenting a summer morn's balm



"AS I KISSED HER SWEET LIPS, DID I DREAM OF THE KING?"

'Mid a land of pure peace—just serenely drop down
On the few constant friends who still stopped in the town.
What a welcome they gave us! One dear little thing,
As I kissed her sweet lips, *did* I dream of the King?—

Of the King, or his minions? No; war and its scars
Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars
From a love-girdled earth; but, alack! on our bliss,
On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on kiss,
Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush thick and fast
Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash *ruse* at last;
So we haste to our coursers, yet, flying, we fling
The old watch-words abroad, "Down with Redcoats and King!"

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hard-beaten track
We had traversed that morn, we glanced momently back,
And beheld their long earth-works all compassed in flame:
With a vile plunge and hiss the huge musket-balls came,

And the soil was plowed up, and the space 'twixt the trees
Seemed to hum with the war-song of Brobdingnag bees;
Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring
The shouts, "Death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Ah! *that* was a feat, lads, to boast of! What men
Like you weaklings to-day had durst cope with *us* then?
Though I say it who should not, I am ready to vow
I'd o'ermatch a half score of your fops even now—
The poor puny prigs, mincing up, mincing down,
Through the whole wasted day the thronged streets of the town:
Why, their dainty white necks 'twere but pastime to wring—
Ay! *my* muscles are firm still; *I* fought 'gainst the King!

Dare you doubt it? well, give me the weightiest of all
The sheathed sabres that hang there, uplooped on the wall;
Hurl the scabbard aside; yield the blade to my clasp;
Do you see, with one hand how I poise it and grasp
The rough iron-bound hilt? With this long hissing sweep
I have smitten full many a foeman with sleep—
That forlorn, final sleep! God! what memories cling
To those gallant old times when we fought 'gainst the King.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART II.

THE "every day" on which Mr. Roy had reckoned for seeing his friend, or whatsoever else he considered Miss Williams to be, proved a failure. Her youngest pupil fell ill, and she was kept beside him, and away from the school-room, until the doctor could decide whether the illness was infectious or not. It turned out to be very trifling—a most trivial thing altogether, yet weighted with a pain most difficult to bear, a sense of fatality that almost overwhelmed one person at least. What the other felt she did not know. He came daily as usual; she watched him come and go, and sometimes he turned and they exchanged a greeting from the window. But beyond that, she had to take all passively. What could she, only a woman, do or say or plan? Nothing. Women's business is to sit down and endure.

She had counted these days—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—as if they had been years. And now they were all gone, had fled like minutes, fled emptily away. A few fragmentary facts she had had to feed on, communicated by the boys in their rough talk.

"Mr. Roy was rather cross to-day."

"Not cross, Dick—only dull."

"Mr. Roy asked why David did not come in to lessons, and said he hoped he would be better by Saturday."

"Mr. Roy said good-by to us all, and gave us each something to remember him by when he was out in India. Did Miss Williams know he was going out to India? Oh, how jolly!"

"Yes, and he sails next week, and the name of his ship is the *Queen of the South*, and he goes by Liverpool instead of Southampton, because it costs less; and he leaves St. Andrews on Monday morning."

"Are you sure he said Monday morning?" For that was Saturday night.

"Certain, because he has to get his outfit still. Oh, what fun it must be!"

And the boys went on, greatly excited, repeating every thing Mr. Roy had told them—for he had made them fond of him, even in those few months—expatiating with delight on his future career, as a merchant or something, they did not quite know what; but no doubt it would be far nicer and more amusing than stopping at home and grinding forever over horrid books. Didn't Miss Williams think so?

Miss Williams only smiled. She knew how all his life he had loved "those horrid books," preferring them to pleasure, recreation, almost to daily bread; how he had lived on the hope that one day he—born only a farmer's son—might do something, write something. "I also am of Arcadia." He might have done it or not—the genius may or may not have been there; but the ambition certainly was. Could he have thrown it all aside? And why?

Not for mere love of money; she knew him too well for that. He was a thorough bookworm, simple in all his tastes and habits—simple almost to penuriousness; but it was a penuriousness born of hard fortunes, and he never allowed it to affect any body but himself. Still, there was no doubt he did not care for money, or luxury, or worldly position—any of the things that lesser men count large enough to work and struggle and die for. To give up the pursuits he loved, deliberately to choose others, to change his whole life thus, and expatriate himself, as it were, for years—perhaps for always—why did he do it, or for whom?

Was it for a woman? Was it for her? If ever, in those long empty days and wakeful nights, this last thought entered Fortune's mind, she stifled it as something which, once to have fully believed and then disbelieved, would have killed her.

That she should have done the like for him—that or any thing else involving any amount of heroism or self-sacrifice—well, it was natural, right; but that he should do it for her? That he should change his whole purpose of life that he might be able to marry quickly, to shelter in his bosom a poor girl who was not able to fight the world as a man could, the thing—not so very impossible, after all—seemed to her almost incredible! And yet (I am telling a mere love story, remember—a foolish, innocent love story, without apologizing for either the folly or the innocence) sometimes she was so far "left to herself," as the Scotch say, that she did believe it: in the still twilights, in the wakeful nights, in the one solitary half hour of intense relief, when, all her boys being safe in bed, she rushed out into the garden under the silent stars to sob, to moan, to speak out loud words which nobody could possibly hear.

"He is going away, and I shall never see him again. And I love him—love him better than any thing in all this world. I couldn't help it—he couldn't help it. But, oh! it's hard—hard!"

And then, altogether breaking down, she would begin to cry like a child. She missed him so, even this week, after having for weeks and months been with him every day; but it was less like a girl missing her lover—who was, after all, not her lover—than a child mourning helplessly for the familiar voice, the guiding, helpful hand. With all the rest of the world Fortune Williams was an independent, energetic woman, self-contained, brave, and strong, as a solitary governess had need to be; but beside Robert Roy she felt like a child, and she cried for him like a child,

"And with no language but a cry."

So the week ended and Sunday came, kept at Mrs. Dalziel's like the Scotch Sundays of twenty years ago. No visitor ever entered the house, wherein all the meals were cold and the blinds drawn down, as if for a funeral. The family went to church for the entire day, St. Andrews being too far off for any return home "between sermons." Usually one servant was left in charge, turn and turn about; but this Sunday Mrs. Dalziel, having put the governess in the nurse's place beside the ailing child, thought shrewdly she might as well put her in the servant's place too, and let her take charge of the kitchen fire as well as of little David. Being English, Miss Williams was not so exact about "ordinances" as a Scotchwoman would have been; so Mrs. Dalziel had no hesitation in asking her to remain at home alone the whole day in charge of her pupil.

Thus faded, Fortune thought, her last hope of seeing Robert Roy again, either at church—where he usually sat in the Dalziel pew, by the old lady's request, to make the boys "behave"—or walking down the street, where he sometimes took the two eldest to eat their "piece" at his lodgings. All was now ended; yet on the hope—or dread—of this last Sunday she had hung, she now felt with what intensity, till it was gone.

Fortune was the kind of woman who, were it given her to fight, could fight to the death, against fate or circumstances; but when her part was simply passive, she could also endure. Not, as some do, with angry grief or futile resistance, but with a quiet patience so complete that only a very quick eye would have found out she was suffering at all.

Little David did not, certainly. When, hour after hour, she sat by his sofa, interesting him as best she could in the dull "good" books which alone were allowed of Sundays, and then passing into word-of-mouth stories—the beautiful Bible stories over which her own voice trembled while she told them—Ruth, with her piteous cry, "Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried;" Jonathan, whose soul "clave to the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul"—all those histories of passionate fidelity and agonized parting—for every sort of love is essentially the same—how they went to her very heart!

Oh, the awful quietness of that Sunday, that Sabbath which was not rest, in which the hours crawled on in sunshiny stillness, neither voices nor steps nor sounds of any kind breaking the death-like hush of every thing. At length the boy fell asleep; and then Fortune seemed to wake up for the first time to the full consciousness of what was and what was about to be.

All of a sudden she heard steps on the gravel below; then the hall bell rang through the silent house. She knew who

it was even before she opened the door and saw him standing there.

"May I come in? They told me you were keeping house alone, and I said I should just walk over to bid you and Davie good-by."

Roy's manner was grave and matter-of-fact—a little constrained, perhaps, but not much—and he looked so exceedingly pale and tired that, without any hesitation, she took him into the school-room, where they were sitting, and gave him the arm-chair by Davie's sofa.

"Yes, I own to being rather overdone; I have had so much to arrange, for I must leave here to-morrow, as I think you know."

"The boys told me."

"I thought they would. I should have done it myself, but every day I hoped to see you. It was this little fellow's fault, I suppose," patting Davie's head. "He seems quite well now, and as jolly as possible. You don't know what it is to say 'Good-by,' David, my son."

Mr. Roy, who always got on well with children, had a trick of calling his younger pupils "My son."

"Why do you say 'Good-by' at all, then?" asked the child, a mischievous but winning young scamp of six or seven, who had as many tricks as a monkey or a magpie. In fact, in chattering and hiding things he was nearly as bad as a magpie, and the torment of his governess's life; yet she was fond of him. "Why do you bid us good-by, Mr. Roy? Why don't you stay always with Miss Williams and me?"

"I wish to God I could."

She heard that, heard it distinctly, though it was spoken beneath his breath; and she felt the look, turned for one moment upon her as she stood by the window. She never forgot either—never, as long as she lived. Some words, some looks, can deceive, perhaps quite unconsciously, by being either more demonstrative than was meant, or the exaggeration of coldness to hide its opposite; but sometimes a glance, a tone, betrays, or rather reveals, the real truth in a manner that nothing afterward can ever falsify. For one instant, one instant only, Fortune felt sure, quite sure, that in some way or other she was very dear to Robert Roy. If the next minute he had taken her into his arms, and said or looked the words which, to an earnest-minded, sincere man like him, constitute a pledge for life, never to be disannulled or denied, she could hardly have felt more completely his own.

But he did not say them; he said nothing at all; sat leaning his head on his hand, with an expression so weary, so sad, that all the coaxing ways of little Davie could hardly win from him more than a faint smile. He looked so old, too, and he was but just thirty. Only thirty—only twenty-five; and yet these two were bearing, seemed to have borne for years, the burden of life, feeling all its hardships and none of its sweetnesses. Would things ever change? Would he have the courage (it was his part, not hers) to make them change, at least in one way, by bringing about that heart-union which to all pure and true natures is consolation for every human woe?

"I wonder," he said, sitting down and taking David on his knee—"I wonder if it is best to bear things one's self, or to let another share the burden?"

Easily—oh, how easily!—could Fortune have answered this—have told him that, whether he wished it or not, two did really bear his burdens, and perhaps the one who bore it secretly and silently had not the lightest share. But she did not speak: it was not possible.

"How shall I hear of you, Miss Williams?" he said, after a long silence. "You are not likely to leave the Dalziel family?"

"No," she answered; "and if I did, I could always be heard of, the Dalziels are so well known hereabouts. Still, a poor wandering governess easily drops out of people's memory."

"And a poor wandering tutor too. But I am not a tutor any more, and I hope I shall not be poor long. Friends can not lose one another; such friends as you and I have been. I will take care we shall not do it, that is, if— But never mind that. You have been very good to me, and I have often bothered you very much, I fear. You will be almost glad to get rid of me."

She might have turned upon him eyes swimming with tears—woman's tears—that engine of power which they say no man can ever resist; but I think, if so, a woman like Fortune would have scorned to use it. Those poor weary eyes, which could weep oceans alone under the stars, were perfectly dry now—dry, and fastened on the ground, as she replied, in a grave steady voice,

"You do not really believe that, else you would never have said it."

Her composure must have surprised him, for he looked suddenly up, then begged her pardon. "I did not hurt you, surely? We must not part with the least shadow of unkindness between us."

"No." She offered her hand, and he took it—gently, affectionately, but only affectionately. The one step beyond affection, which leads into another world, another life, he seemed determined not to pass.

For at least half an hour he sat there with David on his knee, or rising up restlessly to pace the room with David on his shoulder; but apparently not desiring the child's absence, rather wishing to keep him as a sort of barrier. Against what?—himself? And so minute after minute slipped by; and Miss Williams, sitting in her place by the win-

dow, already saw, dotting the Links, group after group of the afternoon church-goers wandering quietly home—so quietly, so happily, fathers and mothers and children, companions and friends—for whom was no parting and no pain.

Mr. Roy suddenly took out his watch. "I must go now; I see I have spent all but my last five minutes. Good-by, David, my lad; you'll be a big man, maybe, when I see you again. Miss Williams" (standing before her with an expression on his face such as she had never seen before), "before I go there was a question I had determined to ask you—a purely ethical question which a friend of mine has been putting to me, and I could not answer; that is, I could, from the man's side, the worldly side. A woman might think differently."

"What is it?"

"Simply this. If a man has not a halfpenny, ought he to ask a woman to share it? Rather an Irish way of putting the matter," with a laugh, not without bitterness, "but you understand. Ought he not to wait till he has at least something to offer besides himself? Is it not mean, selfish, cowardly, to bind a woman to all the chances or mischances of his lot, instead of fighting it out alone like a man? My friend thinks so, and I—I agree with him."

"Then why did you ask me?"

The words, though low and clear, were cold and sharp—sharp with almost unbearable pain. Every atom of pride in her was roused. Whether he loved her and would not tell her so, or loved some other woman and wished her to know it, it was all the same. He was evidently determined to go away free and leave her free; and perhaps many sensible men or women would say he was right in so doing.

"I beg your pardon," he said, almost humbly. "I ought not to have spoken of this at all. I ought just to have said 'Good-by,' and nothing more." And he took her hand.

There was on it one ring, not very valuable, but she always liked to wear it, as it had belonged to her mother. Robert Roy drew it off, and put it deliberately into his pocket.

"Give me this; you shall have it back again when I am dead, or you are married, whichever happens first. Do you understand?"

Putting David aside (indeed, he seemed for the first time to forget the boy's presence), he took her by the two hands and looked down into her face. Apparently he read something there, something which startled him, almost shocked him.

"God forgive me!" he muttered, and stood irresolute.

Irresolution, alas! too late; for just then all the three Dalziel boys rushed into the house and the school-room, followed by their grandmother. The old lady looked a good deal surprised, perhaps a little displeased, from one to the other.

Mr. Roy perceived it, and recovered himself in an instant, letting go Fortune's hands and placing himself in front of her, between her and Mrs. Dalziel. Long afterward she remembered that trivial act—remembered it with the tender gratitude of the protected toward the protector, if nothing more.

"You see, I came, as I told you I should, if possible, to bid Miss Williams good-by, and wee Davie. They both kindly admitted me, and we have had half an hour's merry chat, have we not, Davie? Now, my man, good-by." He took up the little fellow and kissed him, and then extended his hand. "Good-by, Miss Williams. I hope your little pupils will value you as you deserve."

Then, with a courteous and formal farewell to the old lady, and a most uproarious one from the boys, he went to the door, but turned round, saying to the eldest boy, distinctly and clearly—though she was at the farther end of the room, she heard, and was sure he meant her to hear, every word:

"By-the-bye, Archy, there is something I was about to explain to Miss Williams. Tell her I will write it. She is quite sure to have a letter from me to-morrow—no, on Tuesday morning."

And so he went away, bravely and cheerily, the boys accompanying him to the gate, and shouting and waving their hats to him as he crossed the Links, until their grandmother reprovingly suggested that it was Sunday.

"But Mr. Roy does not go off to India every Sunday. Hurrah! I wish we were all going too. Three cheers for Mr. Roy."

"Mr. Roy is a very fine fellow, and I hope he will do well," said Mrs. Dalziel, touched by their enthusiasm; also by some old memories, for, like many St. Andrews folk, she was strongly linked with India, and had sent off one-half of her numerous family to live or die there. There was something like a tear in her old eyes, though not for the young tutor; but it effectually kept her from either looking at or thinking of the governess. And she forgot them both immediately. They were merely the tutor and the governess.

As for the boys, they chattered vehemently all tea-time about Mr. Roy, and their envy of the "jolly" life he was going to; then their minds turned to their own affairs, and there was silence.

The kind of silence, most of us know it, when any one belonging to a household, or very familiar there, goes away on a long indefinite absence. At first there is little consciousness of absence at all; we are so constantly expecting the door to be opened

for the customary presence that we scarcely even miss the known voice, or face, or hand. By-and-by, however, we do miss it, and there comes a general, loud, shallow lamentation, which soon cures itself, and implies an easy and comfortable forgetfulness before long. Except with some, or possibly only one, who is, most likely, the one who has never been heard to utter a word of regret, or seen to shed a single tear.

Miss Williams, now left sole mistress in the school-room, gave her lessons as usual there that Monday morning, and walked with all the four boys on the Links all afternoon. It was a very bright day, as beautiful as Sunday had been, and they communicated to her the interesting facts, learned at golfing that morning, that Mr. Roy and his portmanteau had been seen at Leuchars on the way to Burntisland, and that he would likely have a good crossing, as the sea was very calm. There had lately been some equinoctial gales, which had interested the boys amazingly, and they calculated with ingenious pertinacity whether such gales were likely to occur again when Mr. Roy was in the Bay of Biscay, and, if his ship were wrecked, what he would be supposed to do. They were quite sure he would conduct himself with great heroism, perhaps escape on a single plank, or a raft made by his own hands, and they consulted Miss Williams, who of course was a peripatetic cyclopedia of all scholastic information, as to which port in France or Spain he was likely to be drifted to, supposing this exciting event did happen.

She answered their questions with her usual ready kindliness. She felt like a person in a dream, yet a not unhappy dream, for she still heard the voice, still felt the clasp of the strong, tender, sustaining hands. And to-morrow would be Tuesday.

Tuesday was a wet morning. The bright days were done. Soon after dawn Fortune had woke up and watched the sunrise, till a chill fog crept over the sea and blotted it out; then gradually blotted out the land also, the Links, the town, every thing. A regular St. Andrews "haar;" and St. Andrews people know what that is. Miss Williams had seen it once or twice before, but never so bad as this—blighting, penetrating, and so dense that you could hardly see your hand before you.

But Fortune scarcely felt it. She said to herself, "To-day is Tuesday," which meant nothing to any one else, every thing to her. For she knew the absolute faithfulness, the careful accuracy, in great things and small, with which she had to do. If Robert Roy said, "I will write on such a day," he was as sure to write as that the day would dawn; that is, so far as his own will went; and will, not circumstance, is the strongest agent in this world.

Therefore she waited quietly for the postman's horn. It sounded at last.

"I'll go," cried Archy. "Just look at the haar! I shall have to grope my way to the gate."

He came back, after what seemed an almost endless time, rubbing his head, and declaring he had nearly blinded himself by running right into the laurel bush.

"I couldn't see for the fog. I only hope I've left none of the letters behind. No, no; all right. Such a lot! It's the Indian mail. There's for you, and you, boys." He dealt them out with a merry, careless hand.

There was no letter for Miss Williams—a circumstance so usual that nobody noticed it or her, as she sat silent in her corner, while the children read noisily and gayly the letters from their far-away parents.

Her letter—what had befallen it? Had he forgotten to write? But Robert Roy never forgot any thing. Nor did he delay any thing that he could possibly do at the time he promised. He was one of the very few people in this world who in small things as in great are absolutely reliable. It seemed so impossible to believe he had not written, when he said he would, that, as a last hope, she stole out with a plaid over her head and crept through the side walks of the garden, almost groping her way through the fog, and, like Archy, stumbling over the low boughs of the laurel bush to the letter-box it held. Her trembling hands felt in every corner, but no letter was there.

She went wearily back; weary at heart, but patient still. A love like hers, self-existent and sufficient to itself, is very patient, quite unlike the other and more common form of the passion; not love, but a diseased craving to be loved, which creates a thousand imaginary miseries and wrongs. Sharp was her pain, poor girl; but she was not angry, and after her first stab of disappointment her courage rose. All was well with him; he had been seen cheerily starting for Edinburgh; and her own temporary suffering was a comparatively small thing. It could not last: the letter would come to-morrow.

But it did not, nor the next day, nor the next. On the fourth day her heart felt like to break.

I think, of all pangs not mortal, few are worse than this small silent agony of waiting for the post; letting all the day's hope climax upon a single minute, which passes by, and the hope with it, and then comes another day of dumb endurance, if not despair. This even with ordinary letters upon which any thing of moment depends. With others, such as this letter of Robert Roy's—let us not speak of it. Some may imagine, others may have known, a similar suspense. They will understand why, long years afterward, Fortune Williams was heard to say, with a quiver of the lip that could have told

its bitter tale, "No; when I have a letter to write, I never put off writing it for a single day."

As these days wore on—these cruel days, never remembered without a shiver of pain, and of wonder that she could have lived through them at all—the whole fabric of reasons, arguments, excuses, that she had built up, tried so eagerly to build up, for him and herself, gradually crumbled away. Had she altogether misapprehended the purport of his promised letter? Was it just some ordinary note, about her boys and their studies perhaps, which, after all, he had not thought it worth while to write? Yet surely it was worth while, if only to send a kindly and courteous farewell to a friend, after so close an intimacy and in face of so indefinite a separation.

A friend? Only a friend? Words may deceive, eyes seldom can. And there had been love in his eyes. Not mere liking, but actual love. She had seen it, felt it, with that almost unerring instinct that women have, whether they return the love or not. In the latter case, they seldom doubt it; in the former, they often do.

"Could I have been mistaken?" she thought, with a burning pang of shame. "Oh, why did he not speak—just one word? After that, I could have borne any thing."

But he had not spoken, he had not written. He had let himself drop out of her life as completely as a falling star drops out of the sky, a ship sinks down in mid-ocean, or —any other poetical simile, used under such circumstances by romantic people.

Fortune Williams was not romantic; at least, what romance was in her lay deep down, and came out in act rather than word. She neither wept nor raved nor cultivated any external signs of a breaking heart. A little paler she grew, a little quieter, but nobody observed this: indeed, it came to be one of her deepest causes of thankfulness that there was nobody to observe any thing —that she had no living soul belonging to her, neither father, mother, brother, nor sister, to pity her or to blame him; since to think him either blamable or blamed would have been the sharpest torture she could have known.

She was saved that and some few other things by being only a governess, instead of one of Fate's cherished darlings, nestled in a family home. She had no time to grieve, except in the dead of night, when "the rain was on the roof." It so happened that, after the haar, there set in a season of continuous, sullen, depressing rain. But at night-time, and for the ten minutes between post hour and lesson hour—which she generally passed in her own room—if her mother, who died when she was ten years old, could have seen her, she would have said, "My poor child!"

Robert Roy had once involuntarily called her so, when by accident one of her rough boys hurt her hand, and he himself bound it up, with the indescribable tenderness which the strong only know how to show or feel. Well she remembered this; indeed, almost every thing he had said or done came back upon her now—vividly, as we recall the words and looks of the dead—mingled with such a hungering pain, such a cruel "miss" of him, daily and hourly, his companionship, help, counsel, every thing she had lacked all her life, and never found but with him and from him. And he was gone, had broken his promise, had left her without a single farewell word.

That he had cared for her, in some sort of way, she was certain; for he was one of those who never say a word too large—nay, he usually said much less than he felt. Whatever he had felt for her—whether friendship, affection, love—must have been true. There was in his nature intense reserve, but no falseness, no insincerity, not an atom of pretense of any kind.

If he did love her, why not tell her so? What was there to hinder him? Nothing, except that strange notion of the "dishonorableness" of asking a woman's love when one has nothing but love to give her in return. This, even, he had seemed at the last to have set aside, as if he could not go away without speaking. And yet he did it.

Perhaps he thought she did not care for him? He had once said a man ought to feel quite sure of a woman before he asked her. Also, that he should never ask twice, since, if she did not know her own mind then, she never would know it, and such a woman was the worst possible bargain a man could make in marriage.

Not know her own mind! Alas, poor soul, Fortune knew it only too well. In that dreadful fortnight it was "borne in upon her," as pious people say, that though she felt kindly to all human beings, the one human being who was necessary to her—without whom her life might be busy, indeed, and useful, but never perfect, an endurance instead of a joy—was this young man, as solitary as herself, as poor, as hard-working; good, gentle, brave Robert Roy.

Oh, why had they not come together, heart to heart—just they two, so alone in the world —and ever after belonged to one another, helping, comforting, and strengthening one another, even though it had been years and years before they were married?

"If only he had loved me, and told me so!" was her bitter cry. "I could have waited for him all my life long, earned my bread ever so hardly, and quite alone, if only I might have had a right to him, and been his comfort, as he was mine. But now—now—"

Yet still she waited, looking forward daily to that dreadful post hour; and when it had

gone by, nerving herself to endure until to-morrow. At last hope, slowly dying, was killed outright.

One day at tea-time the boys blurted out, with happy carelessness, their short-lived regrets for him being quite over, the news that Mr. Roy had sailed.

"Not for Calcutta, but Shanghai, a much longer voyage. He can't be heard of for a year at least, and it will be many years before he comes back. I wonder if he will come back rich. They say he will: quite a nabob, perhaps, and take a place in the Highlands, and invite us all—you too, Miss Williams. I once asked him, and he said, 'Of course.' Stop, you are pouring my tea over into the saucer."

This was the only error she made, but went on filling the cups with a steady hand, smiling and speaking mechanically, as people can sometimes. When tea was quite over, she slipped away into her room, and was missing for a long time.

So all was over. No more waiting for that vague "something to happen." Nothing could happen now. He was far away across the seas, and she must just go back to her old monotonous life, as if it had never been any different—as if she had never seen his face nor heard his voice, never known the blessing of his companionship, friendship, love, whatever it was, or whatever he had meant it to be. No, he could not have loved her; or to have gone away would have been—she did not realize whether right or wrong—but simply impossible.

Once, wearying herself with helpless conjectures, a thought, sudden and sharp as steel, went through her heart. He was nearly thirty; few lives are thus long without some sort of love in them. Perhaps he was already bound to some other woman, and finding himself drifting into too pleasant intimacy with herself, wished to draw back in time. Such things had happened, sometimes almost blamelessly, though most miserably to all parties. But with him it was not likely to happen. He was too clear-sighted, strong, and honest. He would never "drift" into any thing. What he did would be done with a calm deliberate will, incapable of the slightest deception either toward others or himself. Besides, he had at different times told her the whole story of his life, and there was no love in it; only work, hard work, poverty, courage, and endurance, like her own.

"No, he could never have deceived me, neither me nor any one else," she often said to herself, almost joyfully, though the tears were running down. "Whatever it was, it was not that. I am glad—glad. I had far rather believe he never loved me than that he had been false to another woman for my sake. And I believe in him still; I shall always believe in him. He is perfectly good, perfectly true. And so it does not much matter about me."

I am afraid those young ladies who like plenty of lovers, who expect to be adored, and are vexed when they are not adored, and most nobly indignant when forsaken, will think very meanly of my poor Fortune Williams. They may console themselves by thinking she was not a young lady at all—only a woman. Such women are not too common, but they exist occasionally. And they bear their cross and dree their weird; but their lot, at any rate, only concerns themselves, and has one advantage, that it in no way injures the happiness of other people.

Humble as she was, she had her pride. If she wept, it was out of sight. If she wished herself dead, and a happy ghost, that by any means she might get near him, know where he was, and what he was doing, these dreams came only when her work was done, her boys asleep. Day never betrayed the secrets of the night. She set to work every morning at her daily labors with a dogged persistence, never allowing herself a minute's idleness wherein to sit down and mourn. And when, despite her will, she could not quite conquer the fits of nervous irritability that came over her at times—when the children's innocent voices used to pierce her like needles, and their incessant questions and perpetual company were almost more than she could bear—still, even then, all she did was to run away and hide herself for a little, coming back with a pleasant face and a smooth temper. Why should she scold them, poor lambs? They were all she had to love, or that loved her. And they did love her, with all their boyish hearts.

One day, however—the day before they all left St. Andrews for England, the two elder to go to school, and the younger ones to return with her to their maternal grandmother to London—David said something which wounded her, vexed her, made her almost thankful to be going away.

She was standing by the laurel bush, which somehow had for her a strange fascination, and her hand was on the letter-box which the boys and Mr. Roy had made. There was a childish pleasure in touching it or any thing he had touched.

"I hope grandmamma won't take away that box," said Archy. "She ought to keep it in memory of us and of Mr. Roy. How cleverly he made it! Wasn't he clever, now, Miss Williams?"

"Yes," she answered, and no more.

"I've got a better letter-box than yours," said little Davie, mysteriously. "Shall I show it to you, Miss Williams? And perhaps," with a knowing look—the mischievous lad! and yet he was more loving and lovable than all the rest, Mr. Roy's favorite, and hers—"perhaps you might even find a letter in it. Cook says she has seen you many

a time watching for a letter from your sweetheart. Who is he?"

"I have none. Tell cook she should not talk such nonsense to little boys," said the governess, gravely. But she felt hot from head to foot, and turning, walked slowly indoors. She did not go near the laurel bush again.

After that, she was almost glad to get away, among strange people and strange places, where Robert Roy's name had never been heard. The familiar places—hallowed as no other spot in this world could ever be—passed out of sight, and in another week her six months' happy life at St. Andrews had vanished, "like a dream when one awaketh."

Had she awaked? Or was her daily, outside life to be henceforward the dream, and this the reality?

THE POET AND THE POEM.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Upon the city called the Friends'
The light of waking spring
Fell vivid as the shadow thrown
Far from the gleaming wing
Of a great golden bird, that fled
Before us loitering.

In hours before the spring, how light
The pulse of heaviest feet,
And quick the slowest hopes to stir
To measures fine and fleet!
And warm will grow the bitterest heart
To shelter fancies sweet.

Serenely looks the city down
On her own fret and toil;
She hides a heart of perfect peace
Behind her veins' turmoil—
A breathing-space removed apart
From out their stir and soil.

Our reverent feet that golden day
Stood in a quiet place,
That held repressed I know not what
Of such a poignant grace
As falls, if dumb with life untold,
Upon a human face.

To fashion silence into words
The softest, teach me how!
I know the place is Silence caught
A-dreaming, then and now.
I only know 'twas blue above,
And it was green below.

And where the deepening sunlight found
And held a holy mood,
Lowly and old, of outline quaint,
In mingled brick and wood,
Kissed and caressed by ivy vines,
A nestling cottage stood.

A thing so hidden and so fair,
So pure that it would seem
Hewn out of nothing earthlier
Than a young poet's dream,
Of nothing sadder than the lights
That through the ivies gleam.

"Tell me," I said, while shrill the birds
Sang through the garden space,
To her who guided me—"Tell me
The story of the place."
She lifted, in her Quaker cap,
A peaceful, puzzled face,

Surveyed me with an aged, calm,
And unpoetic eye,
And peacefully, but puzzled half,
Half tolerant, made reply:
"The people come to see that house—
Indeed, I know not why.

"Except thee knows the poem there—
'Twas written long since, yet
His name who wrote it, now—in fact—
I can not seem to get—
His name who wrote that poetry
I always do forget.

"*Hers* was Evangeline; and here,
In sound of Christ Church bell,
She found her lover in this house,
Or so I've heard folks tell;
But most I know is that's her name,
And his was Gabriel.

"I've heard she found him dying, in
The room behind that door
(One of the Friends' old almshouses,
Of course thee's heard before).
Perhaps thee's heard about her, all
That I can tell, and more.

"Thee can believe she found him here,
If thee does so incline;
Folks have their fashions in belief—
That may be one of thine.
I'm sure his name was Gabriel,
And hers Evangeline."

She turned her to her common, worn,
And unpoetic ways,
Nor knew the rare sweet note she struck
Resounding to your praise,
O Poet of our common nights,
And of our care-worn days!

Translator of our golden mood,
And of our leaden hour!
Immortal thus shall poet gauge
The horizon of his power.
Wear in your crown of laurel leaves
This little ivy flower!

And happy be the singer called
To such a lofty lot!
And ever blessèd be the heart
Hid in the simple spot
Where Evangeline was loved and wept,
And Longfellow forgot!

O striving soul! strive gently,
Whate'er thou art or dost,
Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer has been lost;
Truest the work when 'tis the deed,
Not doer, counts for most!

The shadow of the golden wing
Grew deep where'er it fell.
The heart it brooded over will
Remember long and well
Full many a subtle thing, too sweet
Or else too sad to tell.

Forever fall the light of spring
Fair as that day it fell,
Where Evangeline, led by your voice,
O solemn Christ Church bell!
For lovers of all springs, all climes,
At last found Gabriel!

THE WRITER OF THE DECLARATION.

A Familiar Sketch.

By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

IN the winter of 1760 there resided at Williamsburg, in Virginia, a gay young man of about eighteen, called by his intimate friends "Tom Jefferson." He was the son of Peter Jefferson, a respectable planter, and was born in 1743, at his father's estate of "Shadwell," in Albemarle County, whence, after attending one of those rustic academies called "Old Field Schools," he had come to William and Mary College to complete his education.

In person he was not graceful. His figure was tall and thin, and his face, according to an enthusiastic admirer, "angular and far from beautiful." His complexion was sunburned, his hair of a sandy red, and his eyes gray flecked with hazel—an indication generally of intellect. It will thus be seen that young Mr. Tom Jefferson was very far from being an Adonis, and many persons said he was ugly; but the animated expression of his countenance went far to redeem him from the charge. The gray hazel eyes could fill with eloquent and winning light. The angular face, a little hard at first sight, became in moments of excitement a very mirror of the thought or emotion of the brain or heart. The tall, thin frame, incapable apparently of graceful movement, was adapted to every exercise, walking, dancing, and horsemanship. He was devoted to dancing, and even when so old that he could scarcely drag his steps along, mounted and controlled with nerve and skill the most mettlesome thoroughbred. His manners were easy and cordial. He dressed somewhat after the fashion of a beau—in flowered waistcoat, a silk coat, silk stockings confined at the knee by fancifully worked garters, and used powder. In after-years the statesman and President wore severe black, discarded powder and silk stockings, and became the apostle in all things—in costume as in political principles—of a leveling democracy. At Williamsburg in 1760 he dressed in colors, powdered, carried his fine laced hat beneath his arm, bowed low, paid gallant compliments to the fair sex, and danced at every "assembly" held in the capital or the vicinity. In a word, the afterward celebrated Mr. Thomas Jefferson was a beau and "macaroni," had a strong preference apparently for all that was in conflict with his subsequent social theories, laughed, jested, made love to the little belles of the little capital, and was the very last man whom any one would have regarded as the future leader of a great political party and the writer of the Declaration of Independence.

It is good, I think, to have these glimpses of distinguished men as they appeared during their young years and in their private characters. The bronze figure of Jefferson in the Capitol Square at Richmond is so grand and imposing, with the folded arms, the fingers holding the pen, and the massive head drooping forward under the weight, as it were, of mighty meditations, that we are apt to fancy the real man appeared thus to his contemporaries. Very far from it. Young, he was the gayest, wildest, flightiest of students and gallants; old, he was the easiest, most cordial, most familiar of companions, with nothing of the massive or heroic at all about him. It is better to have the real man before us, not the gigantic bronze. The *révolutionnaire*, statesman, embassador, cabinet officer, President, apostle of democracy, and "Sage of Monticello" was a man like ourselves: let us look at him as he was. When a human being belongs to history as Jefferson does, it is desirable to know the truth in regard to him, and as much of his personal and private character as possible. These go to make the actual portrait, and it is this, not the tall figure in bronze or marble, which we most desire.

Let us look, therefore, at young Thomas Jefferson in his characters of student, good companion, and gallant lover, as he shows himself to us in his early letters to his friend Page and others, and as he is seen in other

old memorials. The youth and his surroundings are gay and picturesque, and the details to be given are entertaining. I have collected them from many sources, and they are full of animation, life, and mirth, with a fine flavor of the antique days of old Virginia about them. As you read them the present generation disappears; you float back on the waves of time. If you yield yourself without resistance to the stream, you will see pass before your eyes something like a gay procession of the brilliant figures of other days, when the young men dressed in embroidered coats and gold-threaded waistcoats, and wore fairtop boots and powder; when the youthful damsels tripped along upon their dainty little high-heeled shoes, and flirted their fans decked out with shepherds and shepherdesses tending lazy flocks on the banks of Arcadian streams. It was an Arcady, indeed, that land of *old* Virginia previous to the Revolution, where the sons of the planters living on the great estates had nothing more important to attend to than falling in love, and where the maidens dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and rode with their gallants through the smiling fields, and danced the minuet, and stared with delight at reading in the old *Gazette* the verses chronicling their beauty under the transparent guise of "Chloe," "Daphne," or "Florella." At Williamsburg, when the gallant youths came to think of something more than making love, and seriously contemplated the propriety of arming for their careers in life, there was still the rollicking, fun-loving spirit of the rural circle. The youngsters continued there as at home to pay more attention to cock-fighting, riding thorough-bred horses, and bestowing their society upon the fair sex than to studying Greek and mathematics, or "breaking their heads," as Panurge says, over my lord Coke or Fleetwood. They vexed the souls of professors by "playing at ye billiard-tables," against the collegiate statute made and provided; they surreptitiously "exposed" many a "main of spangles," and systematically beguiled the weary hours of young ladies by the charms of their presence and conversation. Among these was the youth who is the subject of this sketch, and to every clause of an indictment against him for admiring the fair sex, for frequenting their society, and dancing at the balls in the Raleigh, he would have been compelled to plead guilty. His own testimony remains. In one of the old letters written by him at this period, and dated from "Devilsburg" instead of "Williamsburg," he says: "Last night as merry as agreeable company and dancing with Belinda in the Apollo could make me, I never thought the succeeding sun would have seen me so wretched as I now am! Affairs at W. and M. are in the greatest confusion. Walker, M'Clurg, and Wat Jones are expelled *pro tempore*, or, as Horrox softens it, rusticated for a month. Lewis Burwell, Warner Lewis, and one Thompson have fled to escape flagellation." Did the attendance of the youths on the rout at the Raleigh throw things into confusion and raise a commotion? It is impossible to say; but one thing is plain, that young Jefferson was not closeted with his books that evening, but engaged in a task doubtless far more agreeable, that of "dancing with Belinda in the Apollo."

Belinda had another name, given her by her sponsors, this one being only a familiar *sobriquet* invented by her admirer or his friends. Still the youth employs it cautiously. In writing to his friend Jack Page, afterward John Page, Esq., Governor of Virginia, he observes a mysterious and solemn caution. "Belinda," although a *sobriquet*, is far too plain. He will write it in Greek, first, however, reversing the letters, and turning it into *Adnileb*. Then he is filled with distrust, and trembles at the thought that even a nickname with the letters transposed and written in Greek may be identified. "I wish," he says, "I had followed your example and wrote in Latin, and that I had called my dear, *Campana in die*, instead of *Adnileb*," the value of *Campana in die* lying in the fact that it signified *bell in day*, otherwise *Belinda*. The young lady so "dear" to the youth, and very famous in old social annals for her beauty, but still more for her loveliness of character, was Miss Rebecca Burwell, daughter of Lewis Burwell, Esq., of "White Marsh," in Gloucester. Left an orphan at ten years of age, she was taken charge of by President Nelson, her uncle. That Jefferson should have selected from the crowd of little beauties of the period this pious maiden is assuredly a great deal to his credit. She seems to have been the "first love" of the youth, and his letters are full of her. "Dear Will," he writes to a friend, "I have thought of the cleverest plan of life that can be imagined. You exchange your land for Edgehill, or I mine for Fairfields; you marry S—— P——, I marry R——a B——l, join and get a pole chair and a pair of keen horses, practice the law in the same courts, and drive about to all the dances in the country together. How do you like it? Well, I am sorry you are at such a distance I can not hear you answer." Such was the dream of the young student; and doubtless the gray-haired President sometimes looked back to those days, full of joy and sunshine and light-heartedness, to the dances with Belinda, to the music of violins in the Apollo, to the frolics and bright hopes and laughter—looked back with a pensive sadness, perchance with a regret. At first his suit seems to have prospered in some degree. The fair lady, he hoped, would yield herself captive. But the

bird was coy, and averse to the cage of matrimony, however gilded. Ere long the youthful lover begins to write in a rather hopeless strain. There is an attempt at humor and gayety, but the lengthy visage is seen under the assumed smile. He cautiously and nervously approaches the subject of his thoughts after the following cunning fashion: "I have not a syllable to write to you about. Would you that I should write nothing but truth? I tell you I know nothing that is true. Or would you rather that I should write you a pack of lies? Why, unless they were more ingenious than I am able to invent, they would furnish you with little amusement. What can I do, then? Nothing but ask you the news in your world. How have you done since I saw you? How did Nancy look at you when you danced with her at Southall's? Have you any glimmering of hope?" But to find out how *Nancy* looked at his friend *when she danced with him at Southall's* was not the purpose of the letter. Like a lady's postscript, the real substance of the inquiry follows the ostensible. "How does R. B. do?" he adds, in a careless way. "Had I better stay here and do nothing, or go down and do less? or, in other words, had I better stay here while I am here, or go down that I may have the pleasure of sailing up the river again in a full-rigged flat? You must know that as soon as the *Rebecca* (the name I intend to give the vessel above mentioned) is completely finished, I intend to hoist sail and away. I shall visit particularly England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy (where I would buy me a good fiddle), and Egypt, and return through the British Provinces to the northward, home. This, to be sure, would take us two or three years, and if we should not both be cured of love in that time, I think the devil would be in it." In this manner does the downcast lover attempt to hide his "fear of the event," and jest upon the fiddle to be purchased in his love-lorn exile, and about sailing up the river—or, as we would now say, *Salt River* —in a full-rigged *flat*. His fears were prophetic. Whether the *Rebecca* yacht was ever "completely finished," it is impossible to say; but that, instead of staying at home and doing nothing, he went down and did less, is quite plain. After a while he writes: "With regard to the scheme which I proposed to you some time since, I am sorry to tell you it is totally frustrated by Miss R. B.'s marriage with Jacquelin Ambler, which the people here tell me they daily expect. Well, the Lord bless her, I say!" So it ended—the young lady objecting to a union with the gentleman whose fame in time was to extend throughout the world as the author of the Declaration of Independence. And it is somewhat singular that Miss Burwell married Jacquelin Ambler, the Treasurer of Virginia, whose brother Edward married Miss Cary, who discarded Washington, if we are to credit tradition. The famous men were unfortunate.

It is not to be concluded from what is above written that Jefferson was a mere "lover of ladies" and idler. At Williamsburg he studied, for a portion of his course at least, no less than fifteen hours a day. Here, as throughout his life, he appears to have been possessed by that quenchless thirst for knowledge, knowledge, knowledge, which kept his energetic mind eternally on the watch, and under spur for the means of gratifying it. It may have been that the youth, even then, was filled with ambition, and aimed at making a great career for himself; but the more probable hypothesis is that knowledge was sought by him for its own sake alone. His fertile and excitable intellect could never rest during the life of its master. Every thing interested him. In every department of human knowledge he was a restless and determined explorer. The reader familiar with his life will recall, as an extraordinary instance of this, the regular tables which he kept of the Washington markets. During a stormy political period, when his friends and enemies were waging a war of giants for and against him, he regularly and systematically set down in his note-book the dates of the appearance and disappearance of every vegetable in the market. For the eight years of his Presidency, under all the toils and heart-burnings of his position, the appearance of lettuce and asparagus and pease seemed as important a matter as the fate of the nation.

Jefferson was an excellent performer on the violin, and every week a party of musical amateurs, of whom he was one, assembled at Fauquier's palace to play. His fondness for the instrument lasted very nearly throughout his life, and, in spite of the maxim of Lord Chesterfield that no gentleman should play the fiddle, he remained its faithful votary. It consoled him in the weary hours of age, as it had amused him in the bright days of his youth.

At this time, as afterward, he read extensively in the various departments of *belles-lettres* — though rarely a novel. Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Marmontel, Le Sage, and Cervantes exhausted his romantic reading. *Don Quixote* he read twice in his life, and greatly admired, but books of this class were never favorites with him. He laughed at Mrs. Radcliffe later in life, and clung to the classics, in all languages, with immovable tenacity. The great Greek and Latin writers, with Tasso, Metastasio, and the minor Italian poets, were his preference; and in his college days he loved Shenstone, scraps of whose poems were found scribbled over many of his early manuscripts. But while

he was at Williamsburg the god of his literary idolatry was Ossian, then just given to the world. He read and studied the eloquent ravings of Macpherson with vivid admiration. So great was this passion at the time that he resolved to make himself master of the Gaelic tongue, in order to read the poems in the original; and actually wrote to a relative of Macpherson in Scotland, once a resident of Virginia, to procure him a Gaelic grammar and dictionary, and have a copy of the original manuscripts taken and sent to him. "The cost need be no obstacle," he wrote, "the glow of one warm thought" being "worth more than money." "He was not ashamed," he added, "to own that he thought this rude bard of the North the greatest poet that had ever existed." As late as April, 1782, in his fortieth year, he and the Marquis de Chastellux, with a punch-bowl between them at Monticello, contended which should repeat to the other their favorite passages. We may easily fancy with what ardor and enthusiasm the young man insisted, at William and Mary, upon converting his fellow-students to his faith in the "rude bard of the North."

As personal and familiar details are the object of the present paper, let us pass over some years to the circumstances attending the marriage of Thomas Jefferson, Esq., Counselor in the Courts of Law of the Province. The affair was quite a little comedy in some aspects, and ended, as all comedies should, with every body made happy.

"Belinda" had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose, large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a rich soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which was eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful: she rode, danced, and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm heart, and a considerable fortune, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married, in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young counselor or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control. The other story is that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near; there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion; and we find from the bridegroom's note-book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage, and proceed upon their way on horseback. Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Colonel Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello that night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle-path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along through the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Jefferson proceeded to

kindle a fire and do the honors. On a shelf behind some books part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gayly as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest;" and thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, winged with laughter, merriment, and song.

In May, 1765, Jefferson, at that time twenty-two, was standing in the lobby of the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, and heard Patrick Henry in his great speech. The debate, he afterward declared, was "most bloody," and the passionate oratory of Henry produced upon him an effect which he never forgot. "The words of the speaker," he said, writing at the mature age of seventy-seven, "were such as I have never heard from any other man. He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote." The burning accents did not enter indifferent ears. The seed was sown in good soil, and the unknown youth who "listened at the door of the lobby" was to become the co-worker of the great orator in the stormy hours which were rapidly approaching. From this May day of the year 1765 by successive steps the young lawyer ascended, shoulder to shoulder with Patrick Henry, the rugged heights of revolution. No intellect of the epoch, not excepting that of the orator himself, was a more faithful type of the spirit of the times. From the very beginning Jefferson was a child of the Revolution. He may almost be said to have reveled in the tempest which was rushing downward, and his powerful genius for overturning hastened greatly the inevitable contest. By nature and training he was an iconoclast. Reverence for the prerogative of royalty or the privilege of nobility found no place in his intellect. His inexorable logic advanced over political prescription and superstition with a fatal precision. His trenchant pen was destined to overthrow the very bases of authority from the beginning, as well as to sum up and formally announce the principles upon which the new order of things would rest, in the Declaration of Independence.

The events of this exciting period, and Jefferson's connection with them, we have already, in a previous number of this Magazine, dwelt upon at sufficient length; but we can not avoid giving here a more careful consideration to that extraordinary paper, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," which, Jefferson said, procured his attainder in England for treason.

It was the germ of the Declaration. In its glowing sentences the whole spirit of the times was summed up, condensed, and written down as with a pen of iron. It is proper, says the writer, that his Majesty George III. should be informed of the "unwarrantable encroachments and usurpations" of Parliament, without an employment of "those expressions of servility which would persuade his Majesty that we are asking favors and not rights." He is "no more than the chief officer of the people, appointed by the laws, and circumscribed with definite powers to assist in working the great machine of government erected for their use, and consequently subject to their superintendence." The people of Virginia were the descendants of men who "possessed a right, which nature has given to all men, of departing from the country in which chance, not choice, has placed them, of going in quest of new habitations, and of there establishing new societies." The Saxons had come from the North and conquered England. Had their mother country claimed dominion over them still, they would have had too firm a feeling of right "to bow down the sovereignty of their state before such visionary pretensions." America was in the same condition. Her settlements were made "at the expense of individuals, and not of the British public." The settlers expended their own blood and fortune. "For themselves they fought, for themselves they conquered, and for themselves alone they have the right to hold." The writer then passes to a consideration of the wrongs inflicted upon the colonies. These wrongs, he declares, commenced before the great English Revolution. "A family of princes was then on the British throne whose treasonable crimes against their people brought on them afterward the exertion of those sacred and sovereign rights of punishment reserved in the hands of the people for cases of extreme necessity, and judged by the Constitution unsafe to be delegated to any other judicature." These princes had unjustly portioned out the territory of America to their favorites, and saddled the country with every species of onerous legislation. Parliament was the instrument of tyranny; and "the true ground on which we declare these acts void is that the British Parliament has no right to exercise authority over us." The Post-office Act "seems to have had little connection with British convenience, except that of accommodating his Majesty's ministers and favorites with the sale of a lucrative and easy office;" and the act suspending the Legislature of New York is "a phenomenon unknown in nature"—that of one body directing another as "free and independent as itself." "Can any one reason be assigned," he demands, "why 160,000 electors in the island of Great Britain should give law to 4,000,000 in the States of America, every individual of whom is

equal to every individual of *them* in virtue, in understanding, and in bodily strength? Were this to be admitted, instead of being a free people, as we have hitherto supposed, and mean to continue ourselves, we should suddenly be found the slaves, not of one, but of one hundred and sixty thousand tyrants." The Boston people had been "bold in their enmities against the house of Stuart," and were consequently "now devoted to ruin by that unseen hand which governs the momentous affairs of this great empire." The town is to be reduced to beggary by "a few worthless ministerial dependents," who, "by their treacheries, hope to obtain the dignity of British knighthood.....If the pulse of his people shall beat calmly under this experiment, another and another will be tried, till the measure of despotism be filled up..... The cowards who would suffer a countryman to be torn from the bowels of their society in order to be thus offered a sacrifice to Parliamentary tyranny would merit that everlasting infamy now fixed on the authors of the act." Against all these acts of oppression "we do, on behalf of the inhabitants of British America, enter this our solemn and determined protest.....with that freedom of language and sentiment which becomes a free people, claiming their rights as derived from the laws of nature, and not as the gift of their chief magistrate. Let those flatter who fear; it is not an American art.....They know, and will therefore say, that kings are the servants, not the proprietors, of the people.....The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest.....This, sire, is the advice of your great American Council, on the observance of which may perhaps depend your felicity and future fame, and the preservation of that harmony which alone can continue, both to Great Britain and America, the reciprocal advantages of their connection.....The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time; the hand of force may destroy, but can not disjoin them. This, sire, is our last, our determined, resolution."

Thus did the young member of the Virginia Burgesses announce the great principles which lie at the foundation of free government. The Declaration of Independence was only the fuller and more solemn enunciation of the same fundamental idea.

In passing from the youth and early manhood of Jefferson we leave behind the romance of his life—henceforth he is the politician, leveler, freethinker, "apostle of democracy," and President. But he no doubt looked back often on the bright days when he was a student and squire of dames at Williamsburg. In that famous old Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, where he "danced with Belinda" once and was "happy," he sat now with his great contemporaries making history.

Is it fanciful to believe that the member of the House of Burgesses mused and sighed as his gaze dwelt again on the old familiar walls where music once sounded and bright eyes beamed in the happy hours of his youth? The minuet must have played again in his memory, and the laughter of Belinda have drowned the voices of his great associates! A stormier music than the violin's was approaching, and the roar of cannon would soon extinguish the weird laughter; but doubtless he heard it, and thought of his lost youth, as he placed his feet on the rugged path which he was destined to follow thenceforth through life, beginning the great career which made him so famous.

With that after-career the present familiar sketch has nothing to do. From the end of the Revolution to his death Jefferson was a "public man," living in the broad light of publicity, or when not filling great public stations of embassador, cabinet officer, party leader, and President, a retired planter at Monticello, scarcely notable save as an elegant and hospitable host, a devotee of literature, and a skillful and energetic cultivator of the soil. He raised fine horses and improved cattle, managed a large estate with success—though what his activity acquired his lavish hospitality dissipated speedily—carried on an enormous correspondence, through which he drilled his political views into the minds of men of influence in all parts of the country, and died at last, full of years and honors, the head of a great party, the founder of a new system, the world-wide famous "apostle of democracy."

FORGOTTEN.

By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Once, looking through a little sheaf
Of papers stored from girlhood years,
I chanced upon a faded leaf,
And read, half smiling, half in tears,

This legend on the wrapping set
In delicate girl-writing small:
"Never this day, this leaf, forget;"
And, lo! I had forgot it all.

Nor could I think with all my care
What it did ever mean, and so
I slowly let the summer air
Waft it away, and watched it go

With dreaming gaze. And is it thus,
I mused, with this world's joy and grief?
"Never forget," it seems to us,
As I wrote on my little sheaf;

When, lo! without our knowledge, curled
Our scroll of earth; its story small
Comes not into that higher world;
Besides—we have forgot it all!

MODERN DWELLINGS: THEIR CONSTRUCTION, DECORATION, AND FURNITURE.

By H. HUDSON HOLLY.



THE STORY OF THE TILES.—[FROM A PAINTING BY E. WOOD PERRY.]

III.—FURNITURE.

HAVING to some extent treated the subject of modern dwellings, we will now proceed to speak in regard to their furnishing; but before discussing the matter in detail, I wish to make a few remarks upon the subject of household taste in general. That bad taste greatly prevails is only too obvious on visiting nine-tenths of the private dwellings of our city, although in saying so I no doubt incur the displeasure of the mass of ladies who set themselves up as criterions of good taste. Women of fashion especially believe that they possess a large amount of this commodity; but when you ask them how it was acquired, or by what rules they are guided, they will reply that it is intuitive.

It is a very general impression that good taste comes naturally to gentle blood, independent of all training, and that while a young lady is acquiring the accomplishments of music and the languages, she is unconsciously developing that sense of the beautiful which will enable her not only to appreciate the charms of nature, but will

fit her to judge correctly in æsthetic matters. No doubt the discipline and refinement of a liberal education prepare one, in a great measure, for the ready comprehension of art studies; but there is no question that, however well prepared the soil, it can not yield fruit unless the germ be planted; and it is as absurd to suppose that art is indigenous to even the most highly cultured as that one is possessed of the knowledge of medicine or any other abstruse science without serious study and years of preparation. This idea that art is a gift of nature, requiring no special training, is what has led so many persons of intelligence into the mistaken belief that they are authorities in matters of taste; and it is observable that there is no subject upon which you may differ from them, or even suggest a correction, without the hope of forgiveness, until you touch them here. People are usually most sensitive upon subjects concerning which they assume knowledge while they are really ignorant. They usually, in a self-sufficient tone, pronounce themselves competent to decide upon all matters, except, perhaps, law and medicine.

We have already, in a former chapter, alluded to the want of taste manifested in color decoration, and we now wish to call attention to some of the prevailing errors as to furnishing. Dickens, in his description of the Veneering family, stated that their character assimilated with that of their furniture—"they smelt too much of the workshop, and their surface was a trifle sticky." This might apply to much of the modern furniture. It appears thin, "shammy," and new, and, like the Veneerings themselves, is adapted to a new society of the mushroom order. It is pitiable to see those honest men, who are respected and revered in their business circles, made to play the part of buffoon by their wives and daughters, who, like Mrs. Potiphar, believe that, because they have become rich, they are entitled to move in "our best society." The height of their ambition appears to be a span-new house in a fashionable quarter of the town, to make all the display which money can afford, and see that they are not outdone in the elegance of their entertainments nor the richness of their appointments. They dash into an element for which they are entirely unfitted, and show themselves to the worst possible advantage. After procuring the most showy house they can find—one of those built by the yard by some enterprising speculator, who, like the parties we have just described, fancies he knows what is exactly the thing—then the furnishing becomes the all-absorbing question; and the poor man who has labored the best years of his life, to obtain for himself only discomfort, and in his old age is forced to enter a field in which he has had no experience, is dragged here and there, from upholsterers' to china shops, in order to prepare for his first lesson in being fashionable.

First comes the matter of carpets; and how can Madame or Angelina decide upon the best pattern when bale after bale is being unrolled by the indefatigable salesman, whose only variation in their praises is that the last surpasses any he has previously shown; and while they listen to his ceaseless strain that one piece is "unique," another "striking," etc., the bewildered women look from the Brussels to the Tapestry, from the Persian to the Axminster, until their eyes are fairly dazzled by their kaleidoscopic hues. All this while Paterfamilias, wearied with the endless rounds, and disgusted from the beginning at having to leave his plain but comfortable home in Rutgers Street, has stood in patient waiting, and, anxious to bring the matter to an issue, says, "Take the rose pattern," the very one that Angelina a moment before had decried as "a fright." The uncertainty is brought to an end, however, by the clerk's asserting that Mrs. V—— has ordered the Axminster for her parlor, and the Persian for her *boudoir;* and as this lady is the acknowledged leader of the society into which our new friends have effected their entrance, the matter is concluded, and the salesman marches off in triumph.

In this manner is selected most of the furniture throughout. To pronounce a thing "new" or in the "height of the fashion" seems sufficient to procure its instant selection; and the false styles of various countries and different ages are mixed up promiscuously, showing ignorance and bad taste.

Although it may seem heresy in one born and bred in New York to draw comparisons disparaging to his native city, I must say that in New England, and especially in Boston, art education is very far in advance. One mark of its progress is the erection, by a number of public-spirited citizens, of a spacious museum of rich and imposing architecture—not far from its kindred academy, the Institute of Technology—to which the public may have free access, and receive instruction in every branch of illustrative and practical art. It contains valuable collections of antique works. The well-lighted galleries are hung with many elegant paintings, and the library is supplied with choice art publications. There are also apartments for drawing and modeling, and a large lecture-room. It is intended to make this serve in Boston the purposes fulfilled by the South Kensington Museum in England.

Perhaps no industry has suffered more from the want of technical education in our country than the building arts; and although the profession of architecture has shown great progress in the last ten years, the art-

ist has been so lamely seconded by the workmen as sadly to fail of the execution of his design. Until recently it has been next to an impossibility to find art workmen; but the necessity becoming so great, we have been compelled to import artificers from abroad. The influence of their introduction has been already greatly felt, and some genuine work is now beginning to appear. It is natural to suppose, however, that but few of these would come to a new country when their talents are so much better appreciated at home, and the result is, that only the inferior mechanics are willing to emigrate; nor do these meet with much encouragement, as our people have been so poorly educated in such matters that they find good work but lightly estimated.

I remember going to a paper-hanging establishment a short time ago, the proprietor of which, while showing me some designs from the famous Morris Company, of London, mentioned that the public taste was at so low an ebb in this country that it offered but little inducement for their importation. He remarked that the Americans were improving in this direction, however; that a few years ago only the worst designs of the European market passed current. As an example of this, he stated that formerly the figures were so large that it was not an unusual thing to do away with an important door to avoid interfering with the pattern. It has become proverbial among European manufacturers that whatever is not in sufficiently good taste for the home market will do for the United States.

It is not upon mere fancied refinement that an institution like that of Boston, above alluded to, would produce an effect; but its influence has actually a commercial value, as the experience of France will show, where the science of art has merged into every branch of its manufacture. The consequence is that France, notwithstanding the recent ravages it has sustained, is to-day in a better commercial position than any other nation, for all its manufacture is of such artistic character that it holds a mortgage upon other countries, and all the world is compelled to trade there.

Our own Board of Trade is beginning to realize this, and it is now in correspondence with Professor Walter Smith, State director of art education in Massachusetts, as a preliminary step toward memorializing the Legislature in regard to the necessity of a similar institution in New York. The benefits accruing from such an establishment are incalculable, not only to the wealthy, who might visit it for pleasure, but to the mechanic, who would have the advantage of evening schools. There the painter would be instructed in the harmonious blending of colors, and the principles of design practiced among various countries of all ages—a form of education equally useful to the designer of carpets, draperies, and



DINING-ROOM.—[SEE PAGE 225.]

furniture. There the carver—who, perhaps, is well enough able to chisel out an ordinary Corinthian capital, with its eternal acanthus, but who would utterly fail to conceive or execute the spirited and ever-varying forms of Gothic scroll or leaf work—would

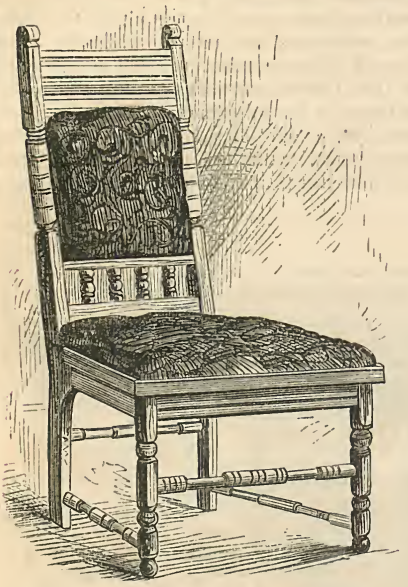


FIG. 1.—HIGH-BACKED CHAIR.

have eye and hand taught to appreciate and work out with feeling and power those graceful lines whose beauty is ever fresh. The plasterer might there acquire the subtle touch of the artistic moulder; the fresco painter would there learn the "grammar of ornament;" the very stone-cutters would be developed into young Ruskins; and the millennium of art might be speedily expected. The cabinet-maker, the glass stainer, the potter, all are nurtured in the love of the beautiful by our lyceum; but simply to enumerate the various trades which would reap its benefits would occupy more space than we can well spare, and it should be remembered, as I have already mentioned, that the advantages of such schools are, in the end, returned to the patrons themselves, from the impetus given to arts of every kind.

In furniture the element of *use* stands first, and intimately connected with this is the quality of durability. The carpenter is compelled to do honest work, to select the best and strongest materials; but with the cabinet-maker deception is easy, and has become habitual. It is really as important that our chairs should hold together as that our walls should stand firm. A cabinet or a sideboard should be of as durable materials and should be as honestly constructed as a piano, the only difference being that frailty in the one case is conspicuously absurd, while in the other the cheat is not only more practicable, but less readily detected. There is no economy in purchasing flimsy furniture. An article that will last one's lifetime costs no more than the many worthless ones that take its place.

One branch on which art knowledge has a special bearing is the treatment of wood. A great evil is a want of honesty in its rendering. Veneering, graining, and marbleizing are shams which ought never to be tolerated. There is really no great advantage in veneered furniture, as ordinarily, at a little extra cost, it may be procured of solid material, and the idea of covering an inferior wood with one of a more expensive character is like Æsop's comparison of the jackass flaunting in the lion's skin. There can be no objection to furniture simply painted; flat colors, if treated in harmony, while looking extremely well, have the power of producing effects which can not be attained in the plain wood. Staining is also an admirable treatment, as it brings out the grain, and, when relieved by certain lines of color, has a pleasing effect.

The arch, a most ingenious contrivance, affording the means of spanning a large space with small pieces, at the same time having great strength, is of the utmost utility in building; but in articles of furniture, where we have no wide space to span, and where wood possesses all the strength required, the use of the arch is evidently misplaced. The folly of this becomes the more

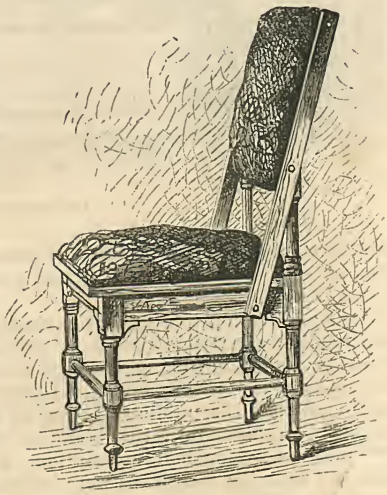


FIG. 2.—SUBSTITUTE FOR A CURVED BACK.

apparent when we observe that the wooden arch is generally composed of a single piece, instead of a number of small ones, and that in order to form it the wood must be cut across the grain throughout the greater portion of its length, whereby its strength

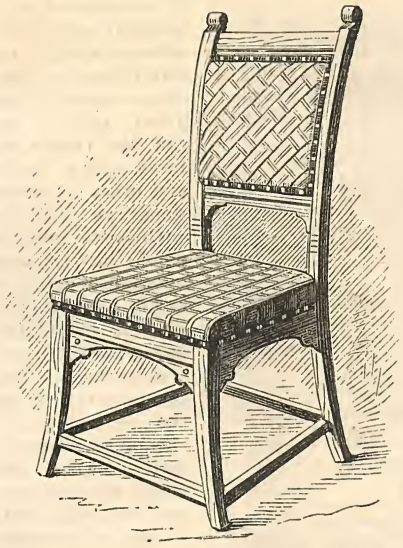


FIG. 3.—SHOWING WOOD CURVED BY STEAM.

is materially diminished. Nothing can be more absurd than the practice of imitating in one material a mode of construction which is only legitimate in another, and of neglecting to avail ourselves of the particular method of utilizing a substance which secures a maximum of desirable results.

The scroll principle has hitherto been exceedingly popular among upholsterers. They have drawn largely from the Louis Quatorze period, in which scroll-work seemed one of the leading features. This style of ornament, in moderation, did well enough. It is supposed that it was originally intended for conventional foliage; but it seems to have struck the peculiar vein of the cabinet-maker, and mechanical appliances, in the shape of jig-saws and carving machines, have been invented to assist in developing these monstrosities, until in their present state, as Sir Charles Eastlake aptly remarks, they resemble a conglomeration of capital G's. They seem to imagine, as Hogarth pronounced a curve to be the line of beauty, it must necessarily be employed, irrespective of constructive principles. It is evident that a curved chair leg, for instance, must be across the grain, rendering the structure weak, as we have before explained.

In Fig. 1 we have attempted to remedy this by showing one we think of equally beautiful design, and carried out constructively. The inconvenience of these curves is not the less apparent. Take, for example, that of the back of a sofa, which is manifestly uncomfortable, as it makes it too high in one place and too low in another to accommodate the shoulders. A curve in a chair back may be somewhat excusable, as it is better adapted to the back of the sitter; yet, as in Fig. 2, it may be seen that this adjustment can be attained in harmony with true principles, and it at the same time commends itself by the honest manner in which it is carried out.

This distortion of the contour is what is called "shaping," and seems to pervade the general design of our modern furniture. The backs of sideboards, drawing-room tables, legs of pianos, marble mantels, and articles in general of household use have all fallen victims to this mania, to that extent that it is not to be wondered at that the people themselves have become satiated with this unwholesome fashion.

There is, sometimes, objection made to straight work on account of its apparent stiffness. If curves are thought necessary, they may sometimes be effected by bending the grain, of which Fig. 3 is an example. This is accomplished by steaming the wood, which, after hardening, is supposed to retain its shape, and some very beautiful curved effects have been produced in this manner without violating the nature of the fibre.

Perhaps one of the most seductive devices for cultivating bad taste is the art of gluing, without which sophistry veneering would never have been invented. By this system, too, the cabinet-maker has been enabled to stick on mouldings, carvings, and raised panels in a manner which never could have been accomplished by natural means. By natural means I mean that all these should be cut in the solid wood, and not tacked or glued on, but the wood should be treated simply as it grows, and its nature in all cases displayed. As an example of this I have shown a stair newel (Fig. 4) in which the panels and ornament are worked out of the solid wood.

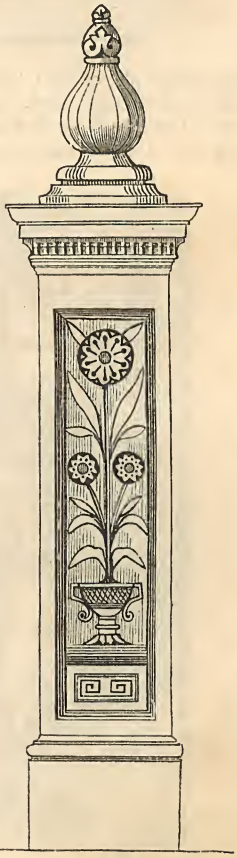


FIG. 4.—STAIR NEWEL.

Another article of furniture in which nearly ev-

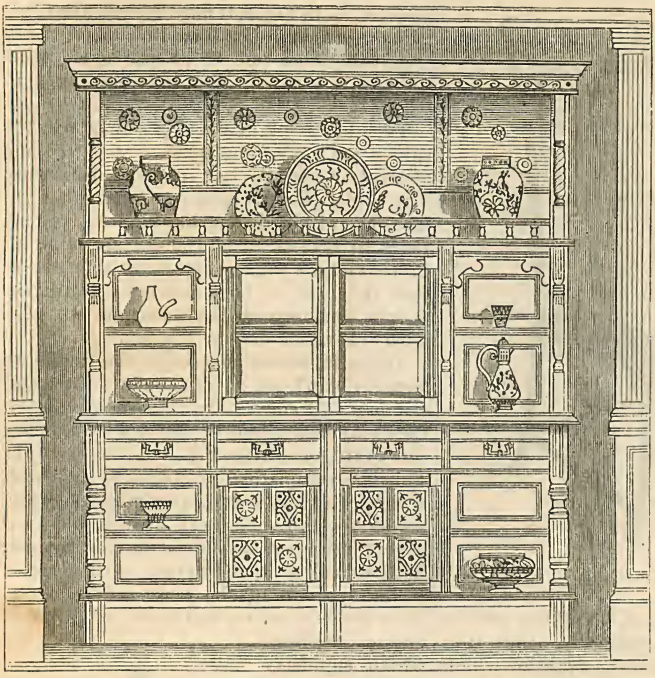


FIG. 5.—SIDEBOARD WITH STAMPED LEATHER ORNAMENTATION.

ery principle of bad taste is illustrated is the modern sideboard. As an improvement upon this, we offer in Fig. 5 a design showing how this useful piece of furniture may be constructed on legitimate principles, whereas usually the scroll-shaping, machine-carving, and glued panels run riot, the cracks, fissures, screw heads, and other imperfections are filled up with putty, and the whole is smeared over with shellac or polish, ostensibly to give it brightness, but in reality to conceal its flaws. This system certainly has the advantage of cheapness, where defective wood and worse workmanship may be hidden with a coat of varnish; but, like the man whose respectability is all on the surface, it is a question whether the deceit will outwear the honest and substantial creation. In the present design the carvings and mouldings are not only worked out in the solid wood, but the absence of screws and glue is apparent, and

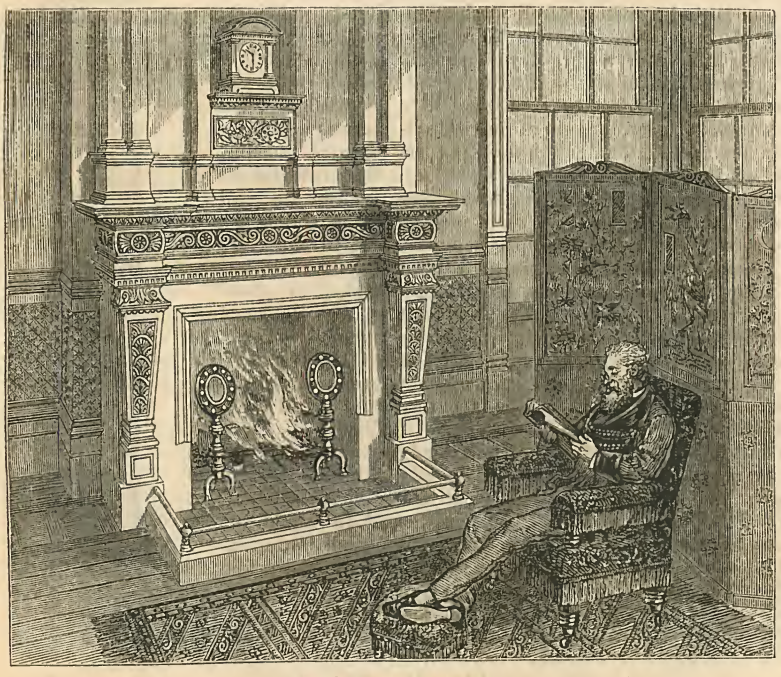


FIG. 6.—MARBLE MANTEL.

stout wooden pins and tenon joints are substituted.

We must especially condemn that appendage usually considered so indispensable to this piece of furniture, the marble top. A sideboard is intended for the deposit of glass and delicate china. Now the idea of having these frail works of art banged down on this unyielding piece of adamant is something revolting in these days of sympathy with ceramic art. Marble tops were originally intended to protect the wood-work from the dampness caused by the water dripping from an ice pitcher, having the effect of spotting the varnish and blistering the veneer. With solid wood no such precaution is necessary; and when this is used, let it be covered with a soft cloth to act as a cushion for these fragile ornaments. The custom of displaying fine china in our rooms as works of art suggests the propriety of providing shelves on the principle of an *étagère* over the sideboard and mantel-piece, which may be covered and backed with leather. This, if of a color complementary to the delf, forms an agreeable background. Stamped leather is to be had of very ornamental designs, and if the spaces



FIG. 8.—SCREEN PANEL.

underneath the shelves are treated on a cove plan, resembling that of a canopy, they present a very attractive appearance, as shown in Figs. 5 and 7.

In regard to marble mantels we have not so much objection to offer, for if they are in reality frame-works to a fire-place where a real fire is to be built, they are preferable, as the heat is apt to damage one of wood. The most we can say against them is the utter poverty usually exhibited in their design; yet marble as a material for this purpose is entitled to much respect.

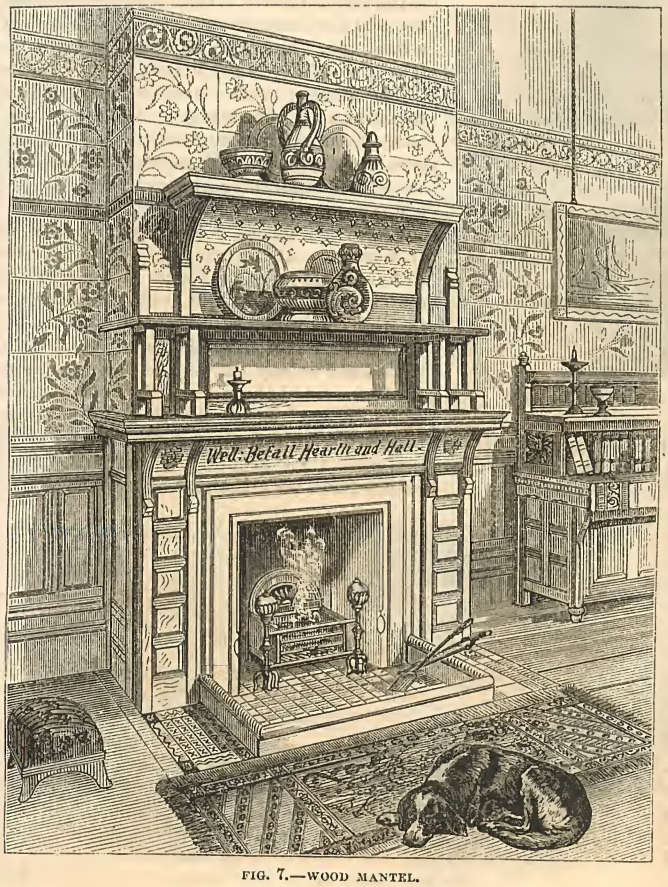


FIG. 7.—WOOD MANTEL.

In Fig. 6 I have prepared a design for a marble mantel somewhat elaborate in character, the style being that common in the sixteenth century.

Fig. 7 is also executed from one of my designs, and shows a wooden mantel of the same period, over which shelves are arranged for knickknacks. In this, it will be observed, the stone border around the fire-place projects beyond the wood-work, shielding it completely from the fire. This border is continued as a coping around the hearth, serving the purpose of a fender. We are especially

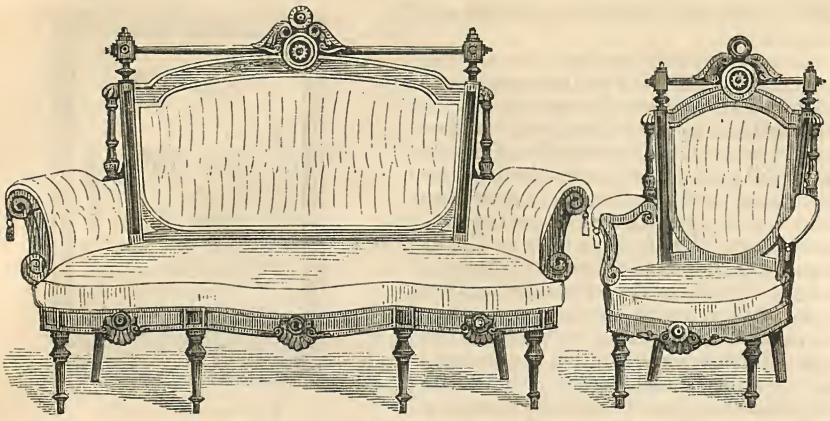


FIG. 9.—SOME EXAMPLES OF MODERN UPHOLSTERY.

happy by this arrangement to defeat the invariable and determined aim of the carpet man, of running the Brussels over the hearth



FIG. 10.—A CHAIR OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

—a system worthy the inspiration of the upholsterer, showing an utter contempt for any thing like open fires.

To speak of "our firesides" seems absurd in these days of furnaces. If we have a fire-place at all, it seldom has a fire in it, and is frequently put up as an unmeaning ornament, without even possessing a flue. It is to be hoped, however, that the furnace will soon be a thing of the past, and the cheerful and cheering fire may again illumine the hearth, around which *literally* we may form our social circle. We can hardly expect to revive, in these days of anthracite, the delightful old custom of wood fires; still, fire-dogs need not be discarded. A clever idea is now in vogue of a grate for burning soft coal, in shape something like a basket, which is set on the andirons in the same manner as we would adjust a back log, which may be lifted off any time that a wood fire is preferred.

The ancient crane has also its tender associations. I remember seeing a very picturesque effect, in the studio of one of our New York artists, of a three-cornered basket, suspended from the crane, in which a genial fire was blazing.

These fire-places were very common in this country about the time of the Revolution, and may yet be found in some of the old colonial houses; and at this time of Centennial reminiscences it would seem a fitting tribute to revive the fashions of those "good old colony days," and see once more the wainscoted chamber of the ancient manor-house, with oaken floors and the traditional old chimney-piece with the quaint pictorial tiles around its border. These scenes have been the theme of many artists

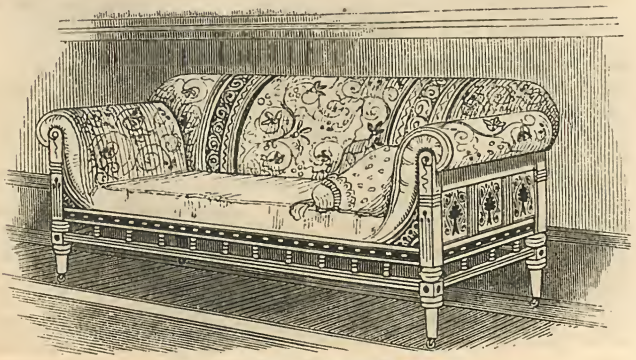


FIG. 11.—A SOFA OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

and poets of the present century, prominent among whom is Mr. E. Wood Perry, whose pictures are mostly drawn from real life. One of these, entitled "Fireside Stories," we have taken the liberty of engraving.

We might, while on the subject of fire-places, mention that in the library or sitting-room the mantel should be placed on the side opposite the windows, so that when facing the fire the reader's back may be toward the light; but in a dining-room it is preferable at the end rather than at the side of the room, for, unless this apartment is more than the ordinary width, it is apt to bring the back of the guest too near the fire, and at the same time interfere with the progress of the waiter.

Screens can often be employed with great advantage as well as effect, and I give an illustration of one in Fig. 6, the panels of which are filled up with embroidery, consisting of flowers and birds. Fig. 8 is one of these panels on a larger scale.

Heretofore it has been the custom to change our furniture with every change of fashion, as a lady would her bonnet; but reviving the styles prevalent at the times of our ancestors may induce some of the lineal descendants of Puritan and Knickerbocker to bring down from the garret some of the long-discarded and forgotten heir-looms, and as at the present Lady Washington tea parties our belles are adorning themselves in dresses and jewels worn by their grandmothers at the receptions of Washington and Lafayette, so, too, it might be appropriate to give the chairs in which the fathers of the republic sat a place of honor in our drawing-rooms, which might put to blush some of the meretricious upholstery of an age of perverted taste. Take, for example, the sofa and chair, as shown in Fig. 9, which are a fair type of modern extravagance, and we think in violation of all correct principles and good taste, and not only have they the appearance of weakness, but are frequently unfit to stand ordinary usage for any length of time. Figs. 10 and 11 are offered as specimens of the reformed school in contrast to Fig. 9.

These magnificent instruments of torture, too delicate for use, too uncomfortable for repose, foster the idea of shutting up our drawing-rooms, except on state occasions, when the conventionalities of the reigning society are carried out in a formal and ceremonious manner. When the entertainment is over, much to the relief of both hosts and guests, the grand room is again closed, and the family seek more home-like apartments in a less pretentious portion of the house, where perhaps some of the ancestral mahogany is still in use.

In some sections of this country, where certain peculiarities of style have for many years prevailed, and seem to have stamped their impression upon the buildings, it seems ridiculous to introduce something utterly new and foreign. For example, in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey there are distinctive local expressions of a thoroughly vernacular character, and if these idiosyncrasies can be accepted by the architect, they may frequently be rendered in a very satisfactory manner, and when their work is completed, it will seem to feel at home amidst the surroundings of its own kindred. In accordance with this idea, I give on page 219 an illustration of a dining-room prepared by me for Mr. Lawrence Waterbury, of Westchester. The style is taken from that of the last century, and is characteristic of some of the old mansions built in that vicinity prior to the Revolution.

Stained glass with legendary decorations is employed in the windows, and the walls and ceilings are treated in harmonious colors. The floor is of inlaid woods, with rugs of Oriental pattern. The dado is of Indian matting; which gives a certain warmth and softness to the room, and seems to take the place of porcelain without that appearance of rigidity which tile or marble is apt to produce. The sideboard and fire-place, more fully illustrated in Figs. 5 and 7, are in accord with the rest of the fittings, and are types of the Jacobean period, common in New York in the time when "the valiant Peter" governed the enterprising colony of New Amsterdam.

We know that high-back chairs have been frequently condemned on the ground that they are old-fashioned and barbarous, and in ill accord with modern notions. That they are old-fashioned and contrary to recent ideas I will admit; but that they are barbarous and unfit for modern usage I dispute. There is something home-like and comfortable in these high backs, as if they were meant to lean upon, without depending entirely upon our spinal column for support. Especially in dining-rooms do they seem to give a sense of protection, not only from currents of air, but from accidents and intrusion on the part of the waiter; for which reason I would recommend that shown in Fig. 1, which is the same as that shown in dining-room interior.

There is no great necessity for the dining table to be of an elaborate design, as it is generally hidden by a cover, but its construction is a matter of much importance. A table standing on four legs is to be recommended in preference to that known as the pedestal style, having but one support in the centre. This not only suggests a sense of insecurity, but is æsthetically wrong; for this pedestal, when used in the ordinary extension-table, must be cut in two, showing two incomplete standards, when the table is extended. Now, this enormity is only en-

dured from the fact that custom sanctions it; but regarding it from an artistic point of view, it is as bad as if a piano leg were divided in the centre. If, therefore, we are compelled to have these "telescopic" tables, let them, by all means, have four legs, and the evil is modified to some extent. Mr. Eastlake, with justice, we think, condemns these rattle-traps altogether as unconstructional, and recommends the old system of two tables, fitted with flap leaves, placed end to end when dinner parties are given, the smaller of which might at other times stand against the wall. Square tables we consider preferable to round, as from these the cloth hangs in more graceful folds, and the corners are valuable for room.

Dining-rooms, as a general thing, should be treated dark, so that their walls may form an agreeable background against which the table with its viands may have prominence. A white table-cloth is usually too glaring in its effect, and out of keeping with the surroundings. A cream tint, for general purpose, does better, and conveys a feeling of harmony and repose.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER I.

"THE Golden Star," Homburg, was a humble hotel, not used by gay gamblers, but by modest travelers.

At two o'clock, 8th June, 1870, there were two strangers in the *salle à manger*, seated at small tables a long way apart, and wholly absorbed in their own business.

One was a lady, of about twenty-four years old, who, in the present repose of her features, looked comely, sedate, and womanly, but not the remarkable person she really was. Her forehead high and white, but a little broader than sculptors affect; her long hair, coiled tight in a great many smooth snakes upon her snowy nape, was almost flaxen, yet her eyebrows and long lashes not pale, but a reddish-brown; her gray eyes large and profound; her mouth rather large, beautifully shaped, amiable, and expressive, but full of resolution; her chin a little broad, her neck and hands admirably white and polished. She was an Anglo-Dane—her father English.

If you ask me what she was doing, why—hunting; and had been, for some days, in all the inns of Homburg. She had the visitors' book, and was going through the names of the whole year, and studying each to see whether it looked real or assumed. Interspersed were flippant comments and verses, adapted to draw a smile of amusement or contempt; but this hunter passed them all over as nullities; the steady pose of her head, the glint of her deep eye, and the set of her fine lips showed a soul not to be diverted from its object.

The traveler at her back had a map of the district, and blank telegrams, one of which he filled in every now and then, and scribbled a hasty letter to the same address. He was a sharp-faced, middle-aged man of business; Joseph Ashmead, operatic and theatrical agent—at his wits' end: a female singer at the Homburg Opera had fallen really ill; he was commissioned to replace her, and had only thirty hours to do it in. So he was hunting—a singer. What the lady was hunting can never be known, unless she should choose to reveal it.

Karl, the waiter, felt bound to rouse these abstracted guests and stimulate their appetites. He affected, therefore, to look on them as people who had not yet breakfasted, and tripped up to Mr. Ashmead with a bill of fare, rather scanty.

The busiest Englishman can eat, and Ashmead had no objection to snatch a mouthful; he gave his order in German with an English accent. But the lady, when appealed to, said, softly, in pure German, "I will wait for the *table d'hôte*."

"The *table d'hôte!* It wants four hours to that."

The lady looked Karl full in the face, and said, slowly and very distinctly, "Then, I—will—wait—four—hours."

These simple words, articulated firmly, and in a contralto voice of singular volume and sweetness, sent Karl skipping; but their effect on Mr. Ashmead was more remarkable: he started up from his chair, with an exclamation, and bent his eyes eagerly on the melodious speaker. He could only see her back hair and her figure; but apparently this quick-eared gentleman had also quick eyes, for he said, aloud, in English, "Her hair, too—it must be;" and he came hurriedly toward her. She caught a word or two, and turned and saw him. "Ah!" said she, and rose, but without taking her hand from the book.

"It is!" cried Ashmead. "It is!"

"Yes, Mr. Ashmead," said the lady, coloring a little, but in pure English, and with a composure not easily disturbed; "it is Ina Klosking."

"What a pleasure!" cried Ashmead; "and what a surprise! Ah, madam, I never hoped to see you again. When I heard you had left the Munich Opera so sudden, I said, 'There goes one more bright star, quenched forever.' And you to desert us—you, the risingest singer in Germany!"

"Mr. Ashmead!"

"You can't deny it. You know you were."

The lady, thus made her own judge, seem-

ed to reflect a moment, and said, "I was a well-grounded musician, thanks to my parents; I was a very hard-working singer; and I had the advantage of being supported in my early career by a gentleman of judgment and spirit, who was a manager at first, and brought me forward, afterward a popular agent, and talked managers into a good opinion of me."

"Ah, madam," said Ashmead, tenderly, "it is a great pleasure to hear this from you, and spoken with that mellow voice, which would charm a rattlesnake; but what would my zeal and devotion have availed, if you had not been a born singer?"

"Why—yes," said Ina, thoughtfully; "I was a singer." But she seemed to say this, not as a thing to be proud of, but only because it happened to be true; and indeed it was a peculiarity of this woman that she appeared nearly always to think—if but for half a moment—before she spoke, and to say things, whether about herself or others, only because they were the truth. The reader, who shall condescend to bear this in mind, will possess some little clew to the color and effect of her words as spoken. Often, where they seem simple and commonplace on paper, they were weighty by their extraordinary air of truthfulness, as well as by the deep music of her mellow, bell-like voice.

"Oh, you do admit that," said Mr. Ashmead, with a chuckle; "then why jump off the ladder so near the top? Oh, of course I know—the old story; but you might give twenty-two hours to love, and still spare a couple to music."

"That seems a reasonable division," said Ina, naïvely. "But" (apologetically) "he was jealous."

"Jealous!—more shame for him! I'm sure no lady in public life was ever more discreet."

"No, no; he was only jealous of the public."

"And what had the poor public done?"

"Absorbed me, he said."

"Why, he could take you to the opera, and take you home from the opera, and, during the opera, he could make one of the public, and applaud you as loud as the best."

"Yes, but rehearsals!—and—embracing the Tenor."

"Well, but only on the stage."

"Oh, Mr. Ashmead, where else does one embrace the Tenor?"

"And was that a grievance? Why, I'd embrace fifty Tenors—if I was paid proportionable."

"Yes, but he said I embraced one poor stick, with a fervor—an abandon. Well, I dare say I did; for if they had put a gate post in the middle of the stage, and it was in my part to embrace the thing, I should have done it honestly, for love of my art, and not of a post. The next time I had to embrace the poor stick, it was all I could do not to pinch him savagely."

"And turn him to a counter-tenor—make him squeak."

Ina Klosking smiled for the first time. Ashmead too chuckled at his own wit, but turned suddenly grave the next moment, and moralized. He pronounced it desirable, for the interests of mankind, that a great and rising singer should not love out of the business; outsiders were wrong-headed and absurd, and did not understand the true artist. However, having discoursed for some time in this strain, he began to fear it might be unpalatable to her; so he stopped abruptly, and said, "But there—what is done, is done. We must make the best of it: and you mustn't think I meant to run *him* down. He loves you in his way. He must be a noble fellow, or he never could have won such a heart as yours. He won't be jealous of an old fellow like me, though I love you too, in my humdrum way, and always did. You must do me the honor to present me to him at once."

Ina stared at him, but said nothing.

"Oh," continued Ashmead, "I shall be busy till evening; but I will ask him and you to dine with me at the Kursaal, and then adjourn to the Royal Box. You are a Queen of Song, and that is where you and he shall sit, and nowhere else."

Ina Klosking was changing color all this time, and cast a grateful but troubled look on him. "My kind old faithful friend!" said she; then shook her head. "No, we are not to dine with you; nor sit together at the opera in Homburg."

Ashmead looked a little chagrined. "So be it," he said, dryly. "But, at least, introduce me to him. I'll try and overcome his prejudices."

"It is not even in my power to do that."

"Oh, I see. I'm not good enough for him," said Ashmead, bitterly.

"You do yourself injustice, and him too," said Ina, courteously.

"Well, then?"

"My friend," said she, deprecatingly, "he is not here."

"Not here? That is odd. Well, then, you will be dull till he comes back. Come without him, at all events, to the opera."

She turned her tortured eyes away. "I have not the heart."

This made Ashmead look at her more attentively. "Why, what is the matter?" said he. "You are in trouble. I declare you are trembling, and your eyes are filling. My poor lady—in Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

"Hush," said Ina; "not so loud." Then she looked him in the face a little while, blushed, hesitated, faltered, and at last laid

one white hand upon her bosom, that was beginning to heave, and said, with patient dignity, "My old friend—I—am—deserted."

Ashmead looked at her with amazement and incredulity. "Deserted!" said he, faintly. "You—deserted!"

"Yes," said she, "deserted; but perhaps not forever." Her noble eyes filled to the brim, and the tears stood ready to run over.

"Why, the man must be an idiot!" shouted Ashmead.

"Hush! not so loud. That waiter is listening: let me come to your table."

She came and sat down at his table, and he sat opposite her. They looked at each other. He waited for her to speak. With all her fortitude, her voice faltered under the eye of sympathy.

"You are my old friend," she said. "I'll try and tell you all." But she could not all in a moment, and the two tears trickled over and ran down her cheeks; Ashmead saw them, and burst out, "The villain! the villain!"

"No, no," said she, "do not call him that. I could not bear it. Believe me, he is no villain." Then she dried her eyes, and said, resolutely, "If I am to tell you, you must not apply harsh words to him. They would close my mouth at once, and close my heart."

"I won't say a word," said Ashmead, submissively; "so tell me all."

Ina reflected a moment, and then told her tale. Dealing with longer sentences, she now betrayed her foreign half.

"Being alone so long," said she, "has made me reflect more than in all my life before, and I now understand many things that at the time I could not. He to whom I have given my love, and resigned the art in which I was advancing—with your assistance—is by nature impetuous and inconstant. He was born so; and I the opposite. His love for me was too violent to last forever in any man, and it soon cooled in him, because he is inconstant by nature. He was jealous of the public: he must have all my heart and all my time, and so he wore his own passion out. Then his great restlessness, having now no chain, became too strong for our happiness. He pined for change, as some wanderers pine for a fixed home. Is it not strange? I, a child of the theatre, am at heart domestic. He, a gentleman and a scholar, born, bred, and fitted to adorn the best society, is by nature a Bohemian."

"One word: is there another woman?"

"No, not that I know of. Heaven forbid!" said Ina. "But there is something very dreadful: there is gambling. He has a passion for it, and I fear I wearied him by my remonstrances. He dragged me about from one gambling place to another, and I saw that if I resisted, he would go without me. He lost a fortune while we were together, and I do really believe he is ruined, poor dear."

Ashmead suppressed all signs of ill temper, and asked, grimly, "Did he quarrel with you then?"

"Oh no! he never said an unkind word to me; and I was not always so forbearing, for I passed months of torment. I saw that affection, which was my all, gliding gradually away from me: and the tortured will cry out. I am not an ungoverned woman, but sometimes the agony was intolerable, and I complained. Well, that agony, I long for it back; for now I am desolate."

"Poor soul! How could a man have the heart to leave you? how could he have the face?"

"Oh, he did not do it shamelessly. He left me for a week, to visit friends in England. But he wrote to me from London. He had left me at Berlin. He said that he did not like to tell me before parting, but I must not expect to see him for six weeks; and he desired me to go to my mother, in Denmark. He would send his next letter to me there. Ah! he knew I should need my mother when his second letter came. He had planned it all, that the blow might not kill me. He wrote to tell me he was a ruined man, and he was too proud to let me support him: he begged my pardon for his love, for his desertion, for ever having crossed my brilliant path like a dark cloud. He praised me, he thanked me, he blessed me; but he left me: it was a beautiful letter; but it was the death-warrant of my heart. I was abandoned."

Ashmead started up and walked very briskly, with a great appearance of business requiring vast dispatch, to the other end of the *salle;* and there, being out of Ina's hearing, he spoke his mind to a candlestick with three branches: "D—n him! Heartless, sentimental scoundrel, d—n him! D—n him!"

Having relieved his mind with this pious ejaculation, he returned to Ina at a reasonable pace, and much relieved, and was now enabled to say, cheerfully: "Let us take a business view of it. He is gone—gone of his own accord. Give him your blessing—I have *given* him mine—and forget him."

"Forget him! Never while I live. Is that your advice? Oh, Mr. Ashmead! and the moment I saw your friendly face I said to myself, 'I am no longer alone: here is one that will help me.'"

"And so I will; you may be sure of that," said Ashmead, eagerly. "What is the business?"

"The business is, to find him. That is the first thing."

"But he is in England."

"Oh no; that was eight months ago. He could not stay eight months in any coun-

try; besides, there are no gambling houses there."

"And have you been eight months searching Europe for this madman?"

"No; at first pride and anger were strong, and I said, 'Here I stay till he comes back to me and to his senses.'"

"Brava!"

"Yes, but month after month went by, carrying away my pride and my anger, and leaving my affection undiminished. At last I could bear it no longer; so, as he would not come to his senses—"

"You took leave of yours, and came out on a wild-goose chase," said Ashmead, but too regretfully to affront her.

"It *was*," said Ina; "I feel it. But it is not one *now*, because I have got *you* to assist me with your experience and ability. You will find him for me, somehow or other. I know you will."

Let a woman have ever so little guile, she must have tact, if she is a true woman. Now tact, if its etymology is to be trusted, implies a fine sense and power of touch; so, in virtue of her sex, she pats a horse before she rides him, and a man before she drives him. There, ladies—there is an indictment in two counts; traverse either of them, if you can.

Joseph Ashmead, thus delicately but effectually manipulated, swelled with gratified vanity, and said, "You are quite right; you can't do this sort of thing yourself—you want an agent."

"Of course I do."

"Well, you have got one. Now let me see: fifty to one, he is not at Homburg at all. If he is, he most likely stays at Frankfort. He is a swell, is he not?"

"Swell!" said the Anglo-Dane, puzzled. "Not that I am aware of." She was strictly on her guard against vituperation of her beloved scamp.

"Pooh, pooh," said Ashmead; "of course he is, and not the sort to lodge in Homburg."

"Then behold my incompetence!" said Ina.

"But *the* place to look for him is the gambling saloon. Been there?"

"Oh no."

"Then you must."

"What!—Me!—Alone?"

"No; with your agent."

"Oh, my friend; I said you would find him."

"What a woman! She will have it he is in Homburg. And suppose we do find him, and you should not be welcome?"

"I shall not be unwelcome. *I shall be a change.*"

"Shall I tell you how to draw him to Homburg, wherever he is?" said Ashmead, very demurely.

"Yes, tell me that."

"And do *me* a good turn into the bargain?"

"Is it possible? can I be so fortunate?"

"Yes; and, *as you say*, it *is* a slice of luck to be able to kill two birds with one stone. Why, consider—the way to recover a man is not to run after him, but to make him run to you: it is like catching moths; you don't run out into the garden after them; you light the candle and open the window, and *they* do the rest—as he will."

"Yes, yes; but what am I to do for *you*?" asked Ina, getting a little uneasy and suspicious.

"What, didn't I tell you?" said Ashmead, with cool effrontery. "Why, only to sing for me in this little opera, that is all." And he put his hands in his pockets, and awaited thunder-claps.

"Oh, that is all, is it?" said Ina, panting a little, and turning two great reproachful eyes on him.

"That is all," said he, stoutly. "Why, what attracted him at first? Wasn't it your singing, the admiration of the public, the bouquets and bravas? What caught the moth once will catch it again—'moping' won't. And surely you will not refuse to draw him merely because you can pull me out of a fix into the bargain. Look here: I have undertaken to find a singer by to-morrow night; and what chance is there of my getting even a third-rate one? Why, the very hour I have spent so agreeably talking to you has diminished my chance."

"Oh," said Ina, "this is *driving* me into your net."

"I own it," said Joseph, cheerfully; "I'm quite unscrupulous, because I know you will thank me afterward."

"The very idea of going back to the stage makes me tremble," said Ina.

"Of course it does; and those who tremble succeed. In a long experience I never knew an instance to the contrary. It is the conceited fools, who feel safe, that are in danger."

"What is the part?"

"One you know—Siebel in Gounod's *Faust*."

"Excuse me, I do not know it."

"Why, every body knows it."

"You mean every body has heard it sung. I know neither the music nor the words, and I can not sing incorrectly even for you."

"Oh, you can master the airs in a day, and the cackle in half an hour."

"I am not so expeditious. If you are serious, get me the book—oh! he calls the poet's words the cackle!—and the music of the part directly, and borrow me the score."

"Borrow you the score! Ah! that shows the school you were bred in. I gaze at you with admiration."

"Then please don't, for we have not a moment to waste. You have terrified me out of my senses. Fly!"

"Yes, but before I fly there is something to be settled—salary!"

"As much as they will give."

"Of course; but give me a hint."

"No, no; you will get me some money, for I am poor. I gave all my savings to my dear mother, and settled her on a farm in dear old Denmark. But as I really sing for *you* more than for Homburg, make no difficulties. Above all, do not discuss salary with me. Settle it and draw it for me, and do not let me hear any more about that. I am on thorns."

He soon found the director, and told him, excitedly, there was a way out of his present difficulty. Ina Klosking was in the town. He had implored her to return to the Opera. She had refused at first; but he had used all his influence with her, and at last had obtained a half promise on conditions—a two months' engagement, certain parts, which he specified out of his own head; salary a hundred thalers per night, and a half clear benefit on her last appearance.

The director demurred to the salary.

Ashmead said he was mad: she was the German Alboni, her low notes like a trumpet, and the compass of a mezzo-soprano besides.

The director yielded, and drew up the engagement in duplicate. Ashmead then borrowed the music and came back to the inn triumphant. He waved the agreement over his head, then submitted it to her. She glanced at it, made a wry face, and said, "Two months! I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Not worth your while to do it for less," said Ashmead. "Come," said he, authoritatively, "you have got a good bargain every way: so sign."

She lifted her head and looked at him like a lioness, at being ordered.

Ashmead replied by putting the paper before her and giving her the pen.

She cast one more reproachful glance, then signed like a lamb.

"Now," said she, turning fretful, "I want a piano."

"You shall have one," said he, coaxingly. He went to the landlord and inquired if there was a piano in the house.

"Yes, there is one," said he.

"And it is mine," said a sharp female voice.

"May I beg the use of it?"

"No," said the lady; a tall, bony spinster. "I can not have it strummed on and put out of tune by every body."

"But this is not every body. The lady I want it for is a professional musician. Top of the tree."

"The hardest strummers going."

"But, mademoiselle, this lady is going to sing at the opera. She *must* study. She *must* have a piano."

"But" (grimly) "she need not have mine."

"Then she must leave the hotel."

"Oh" (haughtily), "*that* is as she pleases."

Ashmead went to Ina Klosking in a rage and told her all this, and said he would take her to another hotel kept by a Frenchman: these Germans were bears. But Ina Klosking just shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Take me to her."

He did so; and she said, in German, "Madam, I can quite understand your reluctance to have your piano strummed. But as your hotel is quiet and respectable, and I am unwilling to leave it, will you permit me to play to you, and then you shall decide whether I am worthy to stay or not."

The spinster drank those mellow accents, colored a little, looked keenly at the speaker, and, after a moment's reflection, said, half sullenly, "No, madam, you are polite. I must risk my poor piano. Be pleased to come with me."

She then conducted them to a large unoccupied room on the first floor, and unlocked the piano, a very fine one, and in perfect tune.

Ina sat down and performed a composition then in vogue.

"You play correctly, madam," said the spinster; "but your music — what stuff! Such things are null. They vex the ear a little, but they never reach the mind."

Ashmead was wroth, and could hardly contain himself; but the Klosking was amused, and rather pleased. "Mademoiselle has positive tastes in music," said she; "all the better."

"Yes," said the spinster, "most music is mere noise. I hate and despise forty-nine compositions out of fifty; but the fiftieth I adore. Give me something simple, with a little soul in it—if you can."

Ina Klosking looked at her, and observed her age and her dress, the latter old-fashioned. She said, quietly, "Will mademoiselle do me the honor to stand before me? I will sing her a trifle my mother taught me."

The spinster complied, and stood erect and stiff, with her arms folded. Ina fixed her deep eyes on her, playing a liquid prelude all the time; then swelled her chest and sang the old Venetian canzonet, "Il pescatore dell' onda." It is a small thing, but there is no limit to the genius of song. The Klosking sang this trifle with a voice so grand, sonorous, and sweet, and, above all, with such feeling, taste, and purity, that somehow she transported her hearers to Venetian waters, moon-lit, and thrilled them to the heart, while the great glass chandelier kept ringing very audibly, so true, massive, and vibrating were her tones in that large empty room.

At the first verse that cross-grained spinster, with real likes and dislikes, put a bony hand quietly before her eyes. At the last she made three strides, as a soldier marches, and fell all of a piece, like a wooden mannequin, on the singer's neck. "Take my piano," she sobbed, "for you have taken the heart out of my body."

Ina returned her embrace, and did not conceal her pleasure. "I am very proud of such a conquest," said she.

From that hour Ina was the landlady's pet. The room and piano were made over to her, and being in a great fright at what she had undertaken, she studied and practiced her part night and day. She made Ashmead call a rehearsal next day, and she came home from it wretched and almost hysterical.

She summoned her slave Ashmead; he stood before her with an air of hypocritical submission.

"The Flute was not at rehearsal, Sir," said she, severely, "nor the Oboe, nor the Violoncello."

"Just like 'em," said Ashmead, tranquilly.

"The Tenor is a quavering stick. He is one of those who think that an unmanly trembling of the voice represents every manly passion."

"Their name is legion."

"The Soprano is insipid. And they are all imperfect—contentedly imperfect. How can people sing incorrectly? It is like lying."

"That is what makes it so common. He! he!"

"I do not desire wit, but consolation. I believe you are Mephistopheles himself in disguise; for ever since I signed that diabolical compact you made me, I have been in a state of terror, agitation, misgiving, and misery—and I thank and bless you for it; for these thorns and nettles they lacerate me, and make me live. They break the dull lethargic agony of utter desolation."

Then, as her nerves were female nerves, and her fortitude female fortitude, she gave way, for once, and began to cry patiently.

Ashmead the practical went softly away, and left her, as we must leave her for a time, to battle her distractions with one hand, and her sorrow with the other.

CHAPTER II.

In the Hotel Russie, at Frankfort, there was a grand apartment, lofty, spacious, and richly furnished, with a broad balcony overlooking the Platz, and roofed, so to speak, with colored sun-blinds, which softened the glare of the Rhineland sun to a rosy and mellow delight.

In the veranda, a tall English gentleman was leaning over the balcony, smoking a cigar, and being made love to by a fair young lady. Her light gray eyes dwelt on him in a way to magnetize a man; and she purred pretty nothings at his ear, in a soft tone she reserved for males. Her voice was clear, loud, and rather high-pitched whenever she spoke to a person of her own sex: a comely English blonde, with pale eyelashes; a keen, sensible girl; and not a downright wicked one—only born artful. This was Fanny Dover; and the tall gentleman—whose relation she was, and whose wife she resolved to be in one year, three years, or ten, according to his power of resistance—was Harrington Vizard, a Barkfordshire squire, with twelve thousand acres, and a library.

As for Fanny, she had only two thousand pounds in all the world; so compensating Nature endowed her with a fair complexion, gray, mesmeric eyes, art, and resolution—qualities that often enable a poor girl to conquer landed estates, with their male incumbrances.

Beautiful and delicate—on the surface—as was Miss Dover's courtship of her first cousin once removed, it did not strike fire. It neither pleased nor annoyed him; it fell as dead as a lantern firing on an iceberg. Not that he disliked her, by any means. But he was thirty-two, had seen the world, and had been unlucky with women. So he was now a *divorcé*, and a declared woman-hater; railed on them, and kept them at arms-length, Fanny Dover included. It was really comical to see with what perfect coolness and cynical apathy he parried the stealthy advances of this cat-like girl, a mistress in the art of pleasing, when she chose.

Inside the room, on a couch of crimson velvet, sat a young lady of rare and dazzling beauty. Her face was a long but perfect oval, pure forehead, straight nose, with exquisite nostrils, coral lips, and ivory teeth. But what first struck the beholder were her glorious dark eyes, and magnificent eyebrows as black as jet. Her hair was really like a raven's dark purple wing.

These beauties, in a stern character, might have inspired awe; the more so as her form and limbs were grand and statuesque for her age; but all was softened down to sweet womanhood by long silken lashes, often lowered, and a gracious face that blushed at a word—blushed little, blushed much, blushed pinky, blushed pink, blushed roseate, blushed rosy; and, I am sorry to say, blushed crimson, and even scarlet, in the course of those events I am about to record, as unblushing as turnip, and cool as cucumber. This scale of blushes arose not out of modesty alone, but out of the wide range of her sensibility. On hearing of a noble deed, she blushed warm approbation; at a worthy sentiment, she blushed heart-felt sympathy. If you said a thing at the fire that might hurt some person at the farthest window, she would blush for fear it should be overheard, and cause pain.

In short, it was her peculiarity to blush readily for matters quite outside herself, and to show the male observer (if any) the amazing sensibility, apart from egotism, that sometimes adorns a young, high-minded woman, not yet hardened by the world.

This young lady was Zoe Vizard, daughter of Harrington's father, by a Greek mother, who died when she was twelve years of age. Her mixed origin showed itself curiously: in her figure and face she was all Greek, even to her hand, which was moulded divinely, but as long and large as befitted her long, grand, antique arm; but her mind was Northern; not a grain of Greek subtlety in it. Indeed, she would have made a poor hand at dark deceit, with a transparent face and eloquent blood, that kept coursing from her heart to her cheeks and back again, and painting her thoughts upon her countenance.

Having installed herself, with feminine instinct, in a crimson couch that framed her to perfection, Zoe Vizard was at work—embroidering. She had some flowers, and their leaves, lying near her on a little table, and, with colored silks, chenille, etc., she imitated each flower and its leaf very adroitly without a pattern. This was clever, and, indeed, rather a rare talent; but she lowered her head over this work with a demure, beaming complacency embroidery alone never yet excited without external assistance. Accordingly, on a large stool, or little ottoman, at her feet, but at a respectful distance, sat a young man, almost her match in beauty, though in quite another style. In height about five feet ten, broad-shouldered, clean-built, a model of strength, agility, and grace. His face fair, fresh, and healthy-looking, his large eyes hazel, the crisp curling hair on his shapely head a wonderful brown in the mass, but with one thin streak of gold above the forehead, and all the loose hairs glittering golden; a short-clipped mustache saved him from looking too feminine, yet did not hide his expressive mouth; he had white hands, as soft and supple as a woman's, a mellow voice, and a winning tongue. This dangerous young gentleman was gazing softly on Zoe Vizard, and mesmerizing her, and purring in her ear, and she was conscious of his gaze, without looking at him, and was sipping the honey, and showed it, by seeming more absorbed in her work than girls ever really are.

Matters, however, had not gone openly very far. She was still on her defense; so, after imbibing his flatteries demurely a long time, she discovered, all in one moment, that they were unwelcome. "Dear me, Mr. Severne," said she, "you do nothing but pay compliments."

"How can I help it, sitting here?" inquired he.

"There, there," said she; then, quietly, "Does it never occur to you that only foolish people are pleased with flatteries?"

"I have heard that; but I don't believe it. I know it makes me awfully happy whenever you say a kind word of me."

"That is far from proving your wisdom," said Zoe; "and, instead of dwelling on my perfections, which do not exist, I wish you would *tell* me things."

"What things?"

"How can I tell till I hear them? Well, then, things about yourself."

"That is a poor subject."

"Let me be the judge."

"Oh, there are lots of fellows who are always talking about themselves. Let me be an exception."

This answer puzzled Zoe, and she was silent, and put on a cold look. She was not accustomed to be refused any thing reasonable.

Severne examined her closely, and saw he was expected to obey her. He then resolved to prepare, in a day or two, an autobiography full of details, that should satisfy Zoe's curiosity, and win her admiration and her love. But he could not do it all in a moment, because his memory of his real life obstructed his fancy. Meantime he operated a diversion. He said, "Set a poor fellow an example. Tell me something about *yourself;* since I have the bad taste, and the presumption, to be interested in you, and can't help it. Did you spring from the foam of the Archipelago? or are you descended from Bacchus and Ariadne?"

"If you want sensible answers, ask sensible questions," said Zoe, trying to frown him down with her black brows; but her sweet cheek would tint itself, and her sweet mouth smile and expose much intercoral ivory.

"Well, then," said he, "I will ask you a prosaic question, and I only hope you won't think it impertinent. How—ever—did such a strangely assorted party as yours come to travel together? And, if Vizard has turned woman-hater, as he pretends, how comes he to be at the head of a female party, who are not *all* of them—" he hesitated.

"Go on, Mr. Severne; not all of them, what?" said Zoe, prepared to stand up for her sex.

"Not perfect."

"That is a very cautious statement, and—there—you are as slippery as an eel, there is no getting hold of you. Well, never mind, I will set you an example of communicativeness, and reveal this mystery hidden as yet from mankind."

"Speak, dread queen; thy servant heareth."

"Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Severne, you amuse *me.*"

"You only interest *me,*" was the soft reply.

Zoe blushed pink, but turned it off. "Then why do you not attend to my interesting narrative, instead of— Well, then, it began with my asking the dear fellow to take me a tour, especially to Rome."

"You wanted to see the statues of your ancestors, and shame them."

"Much obliged; I was not quite such a goose. I wanted to see the Tiber, and the Colosseum, and Trajan's pillar, and the Tarpeian rock, and the one everlasting city that binds ancient and modern history together."

She flashed her great eyes on him, and he was dumb. She had risen above the region of his ideas. Having silenced her commentator, she returned to her story. "Well, dear Harrington said 'yes' directly. So then I told Fanny; and she said, 'Oh, do take me with you!' Now of course I was only too glad to have Fanny; she is my relation, and my friend."

"Happy girl!"

"Be quiet, please. So I asked Harrington to let me have Fanny with us, and you should have seen his face. What, he travel with a couple of us! he said. I don't see why I should tell you what the monster said."

"Oh yes, please do."

"You won't go telling any body else, then?"

"Not a living soul, upon my honor."

"Well, then, he said"—she began to blush like a rose—"that he looked on me as a mere female in embryo; I had not yet developed the vices of my sex. But Fanny Dover was a ripe flirt, and she would set me flirting, and how could he manage the pair. In short, Sir, he refused to take us, and gave his reasons, such as they were, poor dear! Then I had to tell Fanny. Then she began to cry, and told me to go without her. But I would not do that, when I had once asked her. Then she clung round my neck, and kissed me, and begged me to be cross and sullen, and tire out dear Harrington."

"That is like her."

"How do you know?" said Zoe, sharply.

"Oh, I have studied her character."

"When, pray?" said Zoe, ironically, yet blushing a little, because her secret meaning was, "You are always at my apron-strings, and have no time to fathom Fanny."

"When I have nothing better to do; when you are out of the room."

"Well, I shall be out of the room very soon, if you say another word."

"And serve me right, too. I am a fool to talk, when you allow me to listen."

"He is incorrigible!" said Zoe, pathetically. "Well, then, I refused to pout at Harrington. It is not as if he had no reason to distrust women, poor dear fellow. I invited Fanny to stay a month with us; and, when once she was in the house, she soon got over me, and persuaded me to play sad, and showed me how to do it. So we wore long faces, and sweet resignation, and were never cross, but kept turning tearful eyes upon our victim."

"Ha! ha! How absurd of Vizard to tell you that two women would be too much for one man!"

"No, it was the truth; and girls are artful creatures, especially when they put their heads together. But hear the end of all our cunning. One day, after dinner, Harrington asked us to sit opposite him; so we did, and felt guilty. He surveyed us in silence a little while, and then he said: 'My young friends, you have played your little game pretty well, especially you, Zoe, that are a novice in the fine arts compared with Miss Dover.' Histrionic talent ought to be rewarded; he would relent, and take us abroad, on one condition: there must be a chaperon. 'All the better,' said we hypocrites, eagerly; 'and who?'

"'Oh, a person equal to the occasion, an old maid as bitter against men as ever grapes were sour. She would follow us up stairs, down stairs, and into my lady's chamber. She would have an eye at the key-hole by day, and an ear by night, when we went up to bed and talked over the events of our frivolous day.' In short, he enumerated our duenna's perfections till our blood ran cold; and it was ever so long before he would tell us who it was—Aunt Maitland. We screamed with surprise. They are like cat and dog, and never agree, except to differ. We sought an explanation of this strange choice. He obliged us. 'It was not for his gratification he took the old cat, it was for us. She would relieve him of a vast responsibility. The vices of her character would prove too strong for the little faults of ours, which were only volatility, frivolity, and a propensity to flirtation,' etc., etc., etc."

"I seem to hear Harrington talking," said Severne. "What on earth makes him so hard upon women? Would you mind telling me that?"

"Never ask me that question again," said Zoe, with sudden gravity.

"Well, I won't; I'll get it out of him."

"If you say a word to him about it, I shall be shocked and offended."

She was pale and red by turns; but Severne bowed his head with a respectful submission that disarmed her directly. She turned her head away, and Severne, watching her, saw her eyes fill.

"How is it," said she, thoughtfully, and looking away from him, "that men leave out their sisters when they sum up womankind? Are not we women too? My poor brother quite forgets he has got one woman who will never, never desert nor deceive him; dear, darling fellow!" And with these three last words she rose, and kissed the tips of her fingers, and waved the kiss to Vizard with that

free magnitude of gesture which belonged to antiquity: it struck the Anglo-Saxon flirt at her feet with amazement. Not having good enough under his skin to sympathize with that pious impulse, he first stagnated a little while, and then, not to be silent altogether, made his little, stale, commonplace comment on what she had told him. "Why, it is like a novel."

"A very unromantic one," replied Zoe.

"I don't know that. I have read very interesting novels with fewer new characters than this: there's a dark beauty, and a fair, and a duenna with an eagle eye and an aquiline nose."

"Hush!" said Zoe, "that is her room," and pointed to a chamber door that opened into the apartment.

Oh, marvelous female instinct! The duenna in charge was, at that moment, behind that very door, and her eye and her ear at the key-hole, turn about.

Severne continued his remarks, but in a lower voice.

"Then there's a woman-hater, and a man-hater: good for dialogue."

Now this banter did not please Zoe; so she fixed her eyes upon Severne, and said: "You forget the principal figure—a mysterious young gentleman who looks nineteen, and is twenty-nine, and was lost sight of in England nine years ago. He has been traveling ever since, and wherever he went he flirted; we gather so much, from his accomplishment in the art; fluent, not to say voluble, at times, but no egotist; for he never tells you any thing about himself, nor even about his family, still less about the numerous *affaires de cœur* in which he has been engaged. Perhaps he is reserving it all for the third volume."

The attack was strong and sudden, but it failed. Severne, within the limits of his experience, was a consummate artist, and this situation was not new to him. He cast one gently reproachful glance on her, then lowered his eyes to the carpet, and kept them there. "Do you think," said he, in a low, dejected voice, "it can be any pleasure to a man to relate the follies of an idle, aimless life—and to you, who have given me higher aspirations, and made me awfully sorry I can not live my whole life over again? I can't bear to think of the years I have wasted," said he; "and how can I talk to you, whom I reverence, of the past follies I despise? No, pray don't ask me to risk your esteem. It is too dear to me."

Then this artist put in practice a little manœuvre he had learned, of compressing his muscles and forcing a little unwilling water into his eyes. So, at the end of his pretty little speech, he raised two gentle, imploring eyes, with half a tear in each of them. To be sure, nature assisted his art for once; he did bitterly regret, but out of pure egotism, the years he had wasted, and wished with all his heart he had never known any woman but Zoe Vizard.

The combination of art and sincerity was too much for the guileless and inexperienced Zoe. She was grieved at the pain she had given, and rose to retire; for she felt they were both on dangerous ground; but, as she turned away, she made a little deprecating gesture, and said, softly, "Forgive me."

That soft tone gave Severne courage, and that gesture gave him an opportunity. He seized her hand, murmured, "Angel of goodness!" and bestowed a long, loving kiss on her hand that made it quiver under his lips.

"Oh!" cried Miss Maitland, bursting into the room at the nick of time, yet feigning amazement.

Fanny heard the ejaculations, and whipped away from Harrington, into the window. Meantime Zoe had snatched her hand away from Severne.

But both young ladies were one moment too late. The eagle eye of a terrible old maid had embraced the entire situation, and they saw she had.

Harrington Vizard, Esq., smoked on, with his back to the group. But the rest were a picture: the mutinous face and keen eyes of Fanny Dover, bristling with defense, at the window — Zoe, blushing crimson, and newly started away from her too-enterprising wooer; and the tall, thin, grim old maid, standing stiff, as sentinel, at the bedroom door, and gimleting both her charges alternately with steel-gray orbs: she seemed like an owl, all eyes and beak.

When the chaperon had fixed the situation thoroughly, she stalked erect into the room, and said, very expressively, "I am afraid I disturb you."

Zoe, from crimson, blushed scarlet, and hung her head; but Fanny was ready.

"La! aunt," said she, ironically, and with pertness infinite, "you know you are always welcome. Where ever have you been all this time? We were afraid we had lost you."

Aunt fired her pistol in reply: "I was not far off—most fortunately."

Zoe, finding that, even under crushing circumstances, Fanny had fight in her, glided instantly to her side, and Aunt Maitland opened battle all round.

"May I ask, Sir," said she to Severne, with a horrible smile, "what you were doing when I came in?"

Zoe clutched Fanny, and both awaited Mr. Severne's reply for one moment of keen anxiety.

"My dear Miss Maitland," said that able young man, very respectfully, yet with a sort of cheerful readiness, as if he were delighted at her deigning to question him, "to tell you the truth, I was admiring Miss Vizard's diamond ring."

Fanny tittered; Zoe blushed again at such a fib and such *aplomb*.

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Maitland. "You were admiring it very close, Sir."

"It is like herself—it will bear inspection."

This was wormwood to Miss Maitland. "Even in our ashes live their wonted fires;" and, though she was sixty, she disliked to hear a young woman praised. She bridled, then returned to the attack.

"Next time you wish to inspect it, you had better ask her *to take it off* and show you."

"May I, Miss Maitland?" inquired the ingenuous youth. "She would not think that a liberty?"

His mild effrontery staggered her for a moment, and she glared at him, speechless; but soon recovered, and said, bitterly, "Evidently *not*." With this she turned her back on him rather ungraciously, and opened fire on her own sex.

"Zoe!" (sharply).

"Yes, aunt!" (faintly).

"Tell your brother—if he can leave off smoking—I wish to speak to him."

Zoe hung her head, and was in no hurry to bring about the proposed conference.

While she deliberated, says Fanny, with vast alacrity, "I'll tell him, aunt."

"Oh, Fanny!" murmured Zoe, in a reproachful whisper.

"All right!" whispered Fanny, in reply, and whipped out on to the balcony. "Here's Aunt Maitland wants to know if you ever leave off smoking;" and she threw a most aggressive manner into the query.

The big man replied, composedly, "Tell her I do—at meals and prayers; but I always sleep with a pipe in my mouth—heavily insured."

"Well, then, you mustn't; for she has something very particular to say to you, when you've done smoking."

"Something particular? That means something disagreeable. Tell her I shall be smoking all day to-day."

Fanny danced into the room, and said, "He says he shall be smoking all day *under the circumstances*."

Miss Maitland gave this faithful messenger the look of a basilisk, and flounced to her own room. The young ladies instantly stepped out on the balcony, and got one on each side of Harrington, with the feminine instinct of propitiation; for they felt sure the enemy would tell, soon or late.

"What does the old cat want to talk to me about?" said Harrington, lazily, to Fanny.

It was Zoe who replied.

"Can't you guess, dear?" said she, tenderly—"our misconduct." Then she put her head on his shoulder, as much as to say, "But we have a more lenient judge here."

"As if I could not see *that* without her assistance!" said Harrington Vizard. (Puff!) At which comfortable reply Zoe looked very rueful, and Fanny burst out laughing.

Soon after this, Fanny gave Zoe a look, and they retired to their rooms; and Zoe said she would never come out again, and Fanny must stay with her. Fanny felt sure *ennui* would thaw that resolve in a few hours; so she submitted, but declared it was absurd, and the very way to give a perfect trifle importance.

"Kiss your hand!" said she, disdainfully—"that is nothing. If I was the man, I'd have kissed both your cheeks long before this."

"And then I should have boxed your ears and made you cry," said Zoe, with calm superiority.

So she had her way, and the deserted Severne felt dull, but was too good a general to show it. He bestowed his welcome company on Mr. Vizard, walked with him, talked with him, and made himself so agreeable, that Vizard, who admired him greatly, said to him, "What a good fellow you are to bestow your sunshine on me! I began to be afraid those girls had got you, and tied you to their apron-strings altogether."

"Oh no!" said Severne. "They are charming; but, after all, one can't do without a male friend: there are so few things that interest ladies. Unless you can talk red-hot religion, you are bound to flirt with them a little. To be sure, they look shy—if you do; but, if you don't—"

"They *are* bored, whereas they only *looked* shy. I know 'em. Call another subject, please."

"Well, I will; but perhaps it may not be so agreeable a one."

"That is very unlikely," said the woman-hater, dryly.

"Well, it is Tin. I'm rather short. You see, when I fell in with you at Monaco, I had no idea of coming this way: but meeting with an old college friend—what a tie college is, isn't it? There is nothing like it. When you have been at college with a man, you seem never to wear him out, as you do the acquaintances you make afterward."

"That's very true," said Vizard, warmly.

"Isn't it? Now, for instance, if I had only known you of late years, I should feel awfully shy of borrowing a few hundreds of you—for a month or two."

"I don't know why you should, old fellow."

"I should, though. But having been at college together makes all the difference. I don't mind telling you that I have never been at Homburg without taking a turn at the table, and I am grizzling awfully now at not having sent to my man of business for funds."

"How much do you want? that is the only question."

"Glad to hear it," thought Severne. "Well, let me see, you can't back your luck with less than five hundred."

"Well, but we have been out two months; I am afraid I haven't so much left. Just let me see." He took out his pocket-book, and examined his letter of credit. "Do you want it to-day?"

"Why, yes; I do."

"Well, then, I am afraid you can only have three hundred. But I will telegraph Herries, and funds will be here to-morrow afternoon."

"All right," said Severne.

Vizard took him to the bank, and exhausted his letter of credit; then to the telegraph office, and telegraphed Herries to enlarge his credit at once. He handed Severne the three hundred pounds. The young man's eye flashed, and it cost him an effort not to snatch them and wave them over his head with joy; but he controlled himself, and took them like twopence half-penny. "Thank you, old fellow," said he. Then, still more carelessly, "Like my I O U?"

"As you please," said Vizard, with similar indifference; only real.

After he had got the money, Severne's conversational powers relaxed—short answers, long reveries.

Vizard observed, stopped short, and eyed him. "I remember something," said he, "and I am afraid you are a gambler; if you are, you won't be good for much till you have lost that three hundred. It will be a dull evening for me, without you: I know what I'll do—I'll take my hen-party to the opera at Homburg. There are stalls to be got here. I'll get one for you, on the chance of your dropping in."

The stalls were purchased, and the friends returned at once to the hotel, to give the ladies timely intimation. They found Fanny and Zoe seated, rather disconsolate, in the apartment Zoe had formally renounced. At sight of the stall tickets, the pair uttered joyful cries, looked at each other, and vanished.

"You won't see *them* any more till dinner-time," said Vizard. "They will be discussing dress, selecting dress, trying dresses, and changing dresses, for the next three hours." He turned round while speaking, and there was Severne slipping away to his own bedroom.

Thus deserted on all sides, he stepped into the balcony and lighted a cigar. While he was smoking it he observed an English gentleman with a stalwart figure and a beautiful brown beard, standing on the steps of the hotel. "Halloo!" said he, and hailed him. "Hy! Uxmoor! is that you?"

Lord Uxmoor looked up, and knew him. He entered the hotel, and the next minute the waiter ushered him into Vizard's sitting-room.

Lord Uxmoor, like Mr. Vizard, was a landed proprietor in Barkfordshire. The county is large, and they lived too many miles apart to visit; but they met, and agreed, at elections and county business, and had a respect for each other.

Meeting at Frankfort, these two found plenty to say to each other about home; and as Lord Uxmoor was alone, Vizard asked him to dine. "You will balance us," said he; "we are terribly overpetticoated, and one of them is an old maid. We generally dine at the *table d'hôte*, but I have ordered dinner *here* to-day. We are going to the opera at Homburg. You are not obliged to do that, you know. You are in for a bad dinner, that is all."

"To tell the truth," said Lord Uxmoor, "I don't care for music."

"Then you deserve a statue for not pretending to love it. I adore it, for my part; and I wish I were going alone, for my hens will be sure to cackle *mal à propos*, and spoil some famous melody with talking about it, and who sung it in London, instead of listening to it, and thanking God for it, in deep silence."

Lord Uxmoor stared a little at this sudden sally, for he was unacquainted with Vizard's one eccentricity, having met him only on county business, at which he was extra rational, and passed for a great scholar. He really did suck good books as well as cigars.

After a few more words, they parted till dinner-time.

Lord Uxmoor came to his appointment, and found his host and Miss Maitland, whom he knew; and he was in languid conversation with them, when a side door opened, and in walked Fanny Dover, fair and bright, in Cambridge blue, her hair well dressed by Zoe's maid in the style of the day. Lord Uxmoor rose, and received his fair countrywoman with respectful zeal: he had met her once before. She, too, sparkled with pleasure at meeting a Barkfordshire squire with a long pedigree, purse, and beard, three things she admired greatly.

In the midst of this, in glided Zoe, and seemed to extinguish every body, and even to pale the lights, with her dark, yet sunlike beauty. She was dressed in a creamy-white satin that glinted like mother-of-pearl, its sheen and glory unfrittered with a single idiotic trimming; on her breast a large diamond cross. Her head was an Athenian sculpture—no chignon, but the tight coils of antiquity; at their side one diamond star sparkled vivid flame, by its contrast with those polished ebon snakes.

Lord Uxmoor was dazzled, transfixed, at the vision, and bowed very low when Vizard introduced him in an off-hand way, saying, "My sister, Miss Vizard—but I dare say you have met her at the county balls."

"I have never been so fortunate," said Uxmoor, humbly.

"I have," said Zoe; "that is, I saw you waltzing with Lady Betty Gore, at the race ball, two years ago."

"What!" said Vizard, alarmed. "Uxmoor, were you waltzing with Lady Betty Gore?"

"You have it on too high an authority for me to contradict."

Finding Zoe was to be trusted as a county chronicle, Vizard turned sharply to her and said, "And was he flirting with her?"

Zoe colored a little, and said, "Now, Harrington, how can I tell?"

"You little hypocrite," said Vizard, "who can tell better?"

At this retort Zoe blushed high, and the water came into her eyes.

Nobody minded that but Uxmoor, and Vizard went on to explain, "That Lady Betty Gore is as heartless a coquette as any in the county, and don't you flirt with her, or you will get entangled."

"You disapprove her," said Uxmoor, coolly; "then I give her up forever." He looked at Zoe while he said this, and felt how easy it would be to resign Lady Betty and a great many more for this peerless creature. He did not mean her to understand what was passing in his mind; he did not know how subtle and observant the most innocent girl is in such matters. Zoe blushed, and drew away from him. Just then Ned Severne came in, and Vizard introduced him to Uxmoor with great geniality and pride. The charming young man was in a black surtout, with a blue scarf, the very tint for his complexion.

The girls looked at one another, and in a moment Fanny was elected Zoe's agent. She signaled Severne, and when he came to her she said, for Zoe, "Don't you know we are going to the opera at Homburg?"

"Yes, I know," said he, "and I hope you will have a pleasanter evening than I shall."

"You are not coming with us?"

"No," said he, sorrowfully.

"You had better," said Fanny, with a deal of quiet point, more, indeed, than Zoe's pride approved.

"Not if Mr. Severne has something more attractive," said she, turning palish and pinkish by turns.

All this went on *sotto voce*, and Uxmoor, out of good-breeding, entered into conversation with Miss Maitland and Vizard. Severne availed himself of this diversion, and fixed his eyes on Zoe, with an air of gentle reproach, then took a letter out of his pocket, and handed it to Fanny. She read it, and gave it to Zoe.

It was dated from "The Golden Star," Homburg.

"Dear Ned,—I am worse to-day, and all alone. Now and then I almost fear I may not pull through. But perhaps that is through being so hipped. Do come and spend this evening with me like a good, kind fellow.

"Telegraph reply. S. T."

"Poor fellow," said Ned; "my heart bleeds for him."

Zoe was affected by this, and turned liquid and loving eyes on "dear Ned." But Fanny stood her ground. "Go to 'S. T.' to-morrow morning, but don't desert 'Z. V.' and 'F. D.' to-night." Zoe smiled.

"But I have telegraphed!" objected Ned.

"Then telegraph again—*not*," said Fanny, firmly.

Now this was unexpected. Severne had set his heart upon *rouge et noir*, but still he was afraid of offending Zoe; and, besides, he saw Uxmoor with his noble beard and brown eyes, casting rapturous glances at her. "Let Miss Vizard decide," said he. "Don't let me be so unhappy as to offend her twice in one day."

Zoe's pride and goodness dictated her answer, in spite of her wishes. She said, in a low voice, "Go to your sick friend."

"There," said Severne.

"I hear," said Fanny. "She means, 'go;' but you will repent it."

"I mean what I say," said Zoe, with real dignity. "It is my habit." And the next moment she quietly left the room.

She sat down in her bedroom, mortified and alarmed. What! had it come to this, that she felt her heart turn cold, just because that young man said he could not accompany her—on a single evening? Then first she discovered that it was for him she had dressed, and had for once beautified her beauty—for *him;* that with Fanny she had dwelt upon the delights of the music, but had secretly thought of appearing publicly on *his* arm, and dazzling people by their united and contrasted beauty.

She rose, all of a sudden, and looked keenly at herself in the glass, to see if she had not somehow overrated her attractions. But the glass was re-assuring; it told her not one man in a million could go to a sick friend that night, when he might pass the evening by her side, and visit his friend early in the morning. Best loved is best served. Tears of mortified vanity were in her eyes; but at the glass she smiled through them. Then she dried them carefully, and went back to the dining-room, radiant, to all appearance.

Dinner was just served, and her brother, to do honor to the new-comer, waved his sister to a seat by Lord Uxmoor. He looked charmed at the arrangement, and showed a great desire to please her, but at first was unable to find good topics. After several timid overtures on his part, she assisted him, out of good nature. She knew, by report, that he was a very benevolent young man,

bent on improving the homes, habits, wages, and comforts of the agricultural poor. She led him to this, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his homely but manly face lighted and was elevated by the sympathy she expressed in these worthy objects. He could not help thinking, "What a Lady Uxmoor this would make! She and I and her brother might leaven the county."

And all this time she would not even bestow a glance on Severne. She was not an angel. She had said, "Go to your sick friend;" but she had not said, "I will smart alone—if you *do*."

Severne sat by Fanny, and seemed dejected, but, as usual, polite and charming. She was smilingly cruel; regaled him with Lord Uxmoor's wealth and virtues, and said he was an excellent match, and all she-Barkfordshire pulling caps for him. Severne only sighed; he offered no resistance; and at last she could not go on nagging a handsome fellow, who only sighed, so she said, "Well, *there;* I advise you to join us before the opera is over, that is all."

"I will, I will!" said he, eagerly. "Oh, thank you!"

Dinner was dispatched rather rapidly, because of the opera.

When the ladies got their cloaks and lace scarfs to put over their heads coming home, the party proved to be only three, and the tickets five; for Miss Maitland pleaded headache.

On this, Lord Uxmoor said, rather timidly, he should like to go.

"Why, you said you hated music!" said Vizard.

Lord Uxmoor colored. "I recant," said he, bluntly; and every body saw what had operated his conversion. That is a pun.

It is half an hour, by rail, from Frankfort to Homburg, and the party could not be seated together. Vizard bestowed Zoe and Lord Uxmoor in one carriage, Fanny and Severne in another, and himself and a cigar in a third. Severne sat gazing piteously on Fanny Dover, but never said a word. She sat and eyed him satirically for a good while, and then she said, cheerfully, "Well, Mr. Severne, how do you like the turn things are taking?"

"Miss Dover, I am very unhappy."

"Serves you right."

"Oh, pray don't say that. It is on you I depend."

"On me, Sir! What have I to do with your flirtations?"

"No; but you are so clever, and so good. If, for once, you will take a poor fellow's part with Miss Vizard, behind my back; oh, please do—pray do!" and, in the ardor of entreaty, he caught Fanny's white hand and kissed it with warm but respectful devotion. Indeed, he held it, and kissed it again and again, till Fanny, though she rather liked it, was going to ask him satirically whether he had not almost done with it, when at last he contrived to squeeze out one of his little hysterical tears, and drop it on her hand.

Now the girl was not butter, like some of her sex; far from it: but neither was she wood; indeed, she was not old enough for that: so this crocodile tear won her for the time being. "There, there," said she; "don't be a baby. I'll be on your side tonight; only, if you care for her, come and look after her yourself. Beautiful women with money won't stand neglect, Mr. Severne; and why should they? They are not like poor me; they have got the game in their hands."

The train stopped. Vizard's party drove to the opera, and Severne ordered a cab to "the Golden Star," meaning to stop it and get out; but, looking at his watch, he found it wanted half an hour to gambling time, so he settled to have a cup of coffee first, and a cigar. With this view he let the man drive him to "the Golden Star."

LORD MACAULAY AND HIS FRIENDS.*—(*Concluded.*)

MACAULAY'S letters to his father and sisters are delightful reading, abounding as they do in racy anecdotes of men and books, places and events. We learn of his whereabouts in July, 1826, less than a year after the publication of his notable paper on Milton, and of a visitor who called upon him. He was at York, and as he was changing his neckcloth, which his wig had disarranged, his landlady knocked at the door of his room and told him a Mr. Smith wished to see him. Of all names by which men are called, there is none which gives a less determinate idea to the mind than that of Smith. Smith! was he on the circuit? queried the young barrister, who did not know half the names of his companions. Was he a special agent from London, a York attorney coming to be preyed upon, a beggar coming to prey on, a barber to solicit the dressing of his wig, or a collector for the Jews' Society? This Smith was neither; for, when Macaulay went down, he beheld the Smith of all the Smiths—Sydney Smith, *alias* Peter Plymley. Macaulay must have met him before, though there is no trace of it in his correspondence, for he wrote that he had forgotten his very existence until he discovered the queer contrast between his black coat and his snow-white head, and

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, Member of Parliament for Hawick District of Burghs. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the equally curious contrast between the clerical size of his person and the most unclerical wit, whim, and petulance of his eye. They shook hands and talked politics. Then Sydney Smith invited Macaulay to visit him at his house, and he agreed to do so. For just what he was, and the work he had to do, think what we may of both now, this fat, humorsome parson was one of the most notable men in all Great Britain. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should seek out the new and brilliant contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, which owed its existence to him as much as to any man; for it was he who proposed it to Jeffrey and Brougham, as we all remember, in the eighth or ninth story of Jeffrey's residence in Buccleugh Place, and proposed the motto, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," which was too near the truth to pass muster; so a graver one was substituted in its place, from Publius Syrus, of whom neither had read a line. This was when Macaulay was in his cradle. When the little lad was playing amidst the wilderness of gorse bushes, poplars, and gravel-pits of Clapham Common, Smith was evening preacher at the Foundling Hospital, which, you will remember, was close by the Macaulay residence, in Great Ormond Street; and a little later, when the boy offered to bring a glass of old spirits to good old Hannah More, he delivered a series of lectures on moral philosophy—of all subjects in the world: lectures which were manufactured so cleverly they took every body in, blocking up Albemarle Street with the concourse of carriages, and filling the Royal Institution to overflowing—the lecture-room, the lobbies, the stairway, the steps of the area. Every body went to hear him; wits like himself, parsons not like himself—for all England had not his fellow; philosophers, lords, Lord Holland and his set; and, among others, bright little Miss Berry, fair and forty, friend of dead old Horace Walpole, who bought a new bonnet to be *en règle* when she went to hear his lecture "On the Sublime," and composed an Ode on the circumstance, in imitation of an Ode by Mr. Thomas Gray, another friend of Walpole's, "On a distant Prospect of Eton College." A year or two later, when Master Macaulay was entreating to be allowed to stay out of school after dinner, he wrote, in a little cottage near Reading, a series of letters on the Irish question, the effect of which was like a spark of fire on a train of gunpowder. "Who is Peter Plymley?" all asked, the government included; and whatever may have been suspected, the men in power could learn nothing. Such was the early career of this letter-writer, lecturer, parson, wit, and hearty good fellow, who went to York to ask Macaulay to visit him, and who had but lately returned from France: from Paris, where he met Dumont, Cuvier, Talleyrand, Sismondi; and from Calais, where he stopped at Dessein's, as every body did then, where he ordered a dinner by the *carte*, of which he could not make out a word, and where he remembered, no doubt, another English parson, who had once preached in York, and who had stopped at Dessein's, sixty odd years before, on a sentimental journey—Rev. Lawrence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*.

Five days after his invitation, Macaulay was at Bradford, the parish of Sydney Smith, and was writing thence to his father. It was three or four miles out of any frequented road. "Fifteen years ago," the parson said to his visitor, as he alighted at the gate of his shrubbery, "I was taken up in Piccadilly and set down here. There was no house and no garden; nothing but a bare field." He set to work and built what Macaulay thought was the very neatest, most commodious, and most appropriate rectory he ever saw. All the decorations were in a peculiarly clerical style, grave, simple, and Gothic. The bed-chambers were excellent, and excellently fitted up; the sitting-rooms were handsome, and the grounds pretty. Besides Macaulay, Tindal and Parke, two of the best lawyers, best scholars, and best men in England, were present. They passed a pleasant evening, had a good dinner, and told many amusing stories. After breakfast the next morning, Peter Plymley and Tristram Merton walked to church together. The church was not at all in keeping with the rectory. It was a miserable little hovel, with a wooden belfry; but it was well filled with decent people, who took very much to their pastor. He had studied to fit himself for his place; was a respectable apothecary, and liberal of his skill, his medicines, his soup, and his wine among the sick. He preached a very queer sermon, the son of our dissenting abolitionist thought, the first half being too familiar, and the last half too florid, though not without some ingenuity of thought and expression. The next morning Sydney Smith took Macaulay back to York. "We parted with many assurances of good-will. I have really taken a great liking to him. He is full of wit, humor, and shrewdness. He is not one of those show talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions. It seems to be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours every day. His notions of law, government, and trade are surprisingly clear and just. His misfortune is to have chosen a profession at once above him and below him. Zeal would have made him a prodigy; formality and bigotry would have made him a bishop; but he could neither rise to the duties of his order nor stoop to its degradations. He praised my articles in the *Edinburgh Review* with a warmth I am will-

ing to believe sincere, because he qualified his compliments with several very sensible cautions. The great danger, he said, was that of taking a tone of too much asperity and contempt in controversy. I believe he is right, and I shall try to mend."

Fortune smiled upon Lord Macaulay, even when she seemed to frown. If his father had not sent him to Cambridge when he thought himself wealthy, he could not have become a Fellow of Trinity, and if he had not written in *Knight's Quarterly* against the wish of his father, it is not likely that his contributions would have been sought for the *Edinburgh Review*. His literary ability and his fellowship were of use to him now. His fellowship brought him in nearly three hundred pounds a year, and the *Edinburgh Review* almost as much again. In January, 1828, Lord Lyndhurst made him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. The emoluments of his office made up his income, during the three years he held it, to about a thousand pounds a year. Eleven years before this, when he was a youth of seventeen, he had made a journey into Scotland with his parents. Brougham gave them a letter to Jeffrey, who entertained them hospitably, but was not at all at his ease, and was apparently so terrified by the religious reputation of Zachary Macaulay that he seemed afraid to utter a joke. Master Macaulay must have had a dull time, for they traveled from manse to manse, and always came in for very long prayers and expositions. We may be sure that he did not care to revisit Scotland in the same serious way, but in his own way, and at his own time. It came shortly after he was made a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and was enjoyed highly, as a letter which he wrote to his mother shows. He begins by remarking that his expedition to Edinburgh had given him so much to say that unless he writes of some of it before he returns home, he will talk them all to death, and be voted a bore in every house he visits. Then he commences with Jeffrey, whose person he had almost forgotten, and says he should not wonder if he were to forget it again. He had twenty faces, almost as unlike each other as his father's to Mr. Wilberforce's, and infinitely more unlike to each other than those of near relations often are. When quiescent, reading a paper or hearing a conversation in which he takes no interest, his countenance shows no indication whatever of intellectual superiority of any kind. But as soon as he is interested and opens his eyes on you, the change is like magic. There is a flash in his glance, a violent contortion in his frown, an exquisite humor in his sneer, and a sweetness and brilliancy in his smile beyond any thing that he ever witnessed. A person who had seen him in only one state would not know him if he saw him in another. The mere outline of his face was insignificant; the expression was every thing; and such power and variety of expression he had never seen in any human countenance, not even in that of the most celebrated actors. He could conceive that Garrick might have been like him. He had seen several portraits of Garrick, none resembling another, and he had heard Hannah More speak of the extraordinary variety of countenance by which he was distinguished, and of the unequaled radiance and penetration of his eye. The voice and delivery of Jeffrey resembled his face. He possessed considerable power of mimicry, and rarely told a story without imitating several different accents. His familiar tone, his declamatory tone, and his pathetic tone were different things. Sometimes Scotch predominated in his pronunciation; sometimes it was imperceptible. Sometimes his utterance was snappish and quick to the last degree; sometimes it was remarkable for rotundity and mellowness. In one thing he was always the same, and that was the warmth of his domestic affections. The flow of his kindness was inexhaustible. Not five minutes passed without some fond expression or caressing gesture to his wife or his daughter. He had fitted up a study for himself, but he never went into it. Law papers, reviews, whatever he had to write, he wrote in the drawing-room, or in his wife's boudoir. When he went to other parts of the country on a retainer, he took them in a carriage with him. Macaulay was surprised to see a man so keen and sarcastic, so much of a scoffer, pouring himself out with such simplicity and tenderness in all sorts of affectionate nonsense. He had never seen any thing of the sort at Clapham, Cadogan Place, or Great Ormond Street. Throughout a journey they made together to Perth, a *partie carrée*, this domestic Proteus kept up a sort of mock quarrel with his daughter, attacked her about novel reading, laughed her into a pet, kissed her out of it, and laughed her into it again. It was no wonder that they adored him. His conversation was, like his countenance and voice, of immense variety; sometimes plain and unpretending; sometimes whimsically brilliant and rhetorical. He was a shrewd observer, and so fastidious that many stood in awe of him when in his company. Though not altogether free from affectation himself, he had a peculiar loathing for it in other people, and a great talent for discovering and exposing it. He had a particular contempt, in which his guest heartily concurred, for the *fadaises* of blue-stocking literature, for the mutual flattery of coteries, the handing about of *vers de société*, and all the other nauseous trickeries of the Sewards, Hayleys, and Sothebys. Perhaps he had not escaped the opposite extreme, and was not a little desirous to appear a man of the world, or an

easy, careless gentleman, rather than a distinguished writer. When he and his guest were alone, he talked much and well on literary topics: his kindness and hospitality were beyond description. Macaulay liked every thing at Jeffrey's house in Moray Place except the hours. They were never up till ten, and never retired till at least two hours after midnight. Jeffrey never went to bed till sleep came upon him overpoweringly, and never rose till forced up by business or hunger. He was extremely well, but very hypochondriac, filling his letters with lamentations about his maladies. "I really think that he is, on the whole, the youngest-looking man of fifty that I know, at least when he is animated." Such was Macaulay's first pen portrait of Francis Jeffrey, and such is its life that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, we still see the man, clad in his habit as he lived. The painter, it should be remembered, did not pen this for publicity, but merely to interest his mother and sisters.

Macaulay wrote some articles on Mill, which attracted the attention of Lord Lansdowne, who wished to be the means of first introducing their writer into public life by proposing to him to stand for a vacant seat at Calne. He expressly added that it was his high moral and private character which had determined him to make the offer, and he desired in no respect to influence his votes. We find Macaulay, early in February, 1830, at Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne, ready to pay his constituents a visit. He communicated the news to one of his sisters, who was staying at Mr. Wilberforce's, and she flew into his study, and put the letter into his hands. He read it with much emotion, and said, "Your father has had great trials, obloquy, bad health, many anxieties: one must feel as if Tom were given him for a recompense." Macaulay was elected, and on the 5th of April addressed the House of Commons on the second reading of a bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities. Sir James Mackintosh rose with him, but he obtained the floor, and though Sir James took part in the debate that followed, it was not, he said, to supply any defects in the speech of his honorable friend, for there were none that he could find, but principally to absolve his own conscience. Macaulay's success in political life was equal to his success in literature; and when, less than a year later, he made the first of his speeches on Reform, the Speaker sent for him when he sat down, and told him that in all his long experience he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement. Sir Thomas Denman, the Attorney-General, who rose later in the discussion, said that the orator's words tingled in the ears of all who heard them, and would last in their memories as long as they had memories. Sir Robert Peel said that portions of the speech were as beautiful as any thing that he had ever heard or read. The names of Fox, Burke, and Canning were in all mouths that evening.

Among the earliest economical reforms undertaken by the government at this time was a searching revision of English bankruptcy jurisdiction, in the course of which Macaulay's commissionership was swept away. He was now a poor man; for a member of Parliament who has others besides himself to think of is not rich on sixty or seventy pounds a quarter from his writing, and a college income which would last only a few months longer. When his fame as an orator was at its highest, he had to sell the gold medals which he gained at Cambridge, but he never was in debt, and he never for an instant prostituted his pen. When the fierce debates of twelve or fifteen hours were over, he walked home by daylight to his chamber, made his supper on a cheese, which was a present from a Wiltshire constituent, and a glass of audit ale, which reminded him that he was still a fellow of Trinity. A journal kept by his sister at this period is filled with anecdotes of his activity, his good nature, his jokes, and his puns. Mamma asked him for franks, that she might send his speech to Hannah More, who, though of high Tory principles, was very fond of Tom, and had left him in her will all her valuable library. "Oh no," he said, "don't send it; if you do, she'll cut me off with a prayer-book." Hannah More died about two years after this little skit of Macaulay's, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, and was at once done to death by her pious and bungling biographers. Farewell, kindly old English gentlewoman! Your poems and plays and novels and goody books may be forgotten, but you will be remembered for your early love and life-long friendship for Macaulay.

The best society in London threw open its doors to the brilliant orator. He was sought and admired by men of wit and women of fashion. Lansdowne House was honored by his presence, and we know whom he met within its walls on an evening toward the end of June, 1831. He met the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mansfield, all the Barings and the Fitzclarences, Sydney Smith, and Sir James Macdonald. He was shaking hands with this gentleman, when he heard a command behind them, "Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay." They turned, and there sat a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the air of Queen Elizabeth. "Macaulay, let me introduce you to Lady Holland." Her ladyship was gracious beyond description, and asked him to dine and take a bed at Holland House on the next Tuesday. He accepted the dinner, but declined the bed, though he

repented that he did so, he wrote to sister Hannah. Tuesday came and went, and was followed by another letter to Hannah. He had been to Holland House. He had taken a glass coach and been borne through a fine avenue of elms to the great entrance at the end of Phillimore Place. The house was delightful, the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style. It contained a considerable number of large and comfortable rooms, rich with antique carving and gilding, but carpeted and furnished with all the skill of modern upholstery. The library was a very long room, as long as the gallery at Rothley Temple, with little cabinets for study branching out of it, snugly fitted up, and looking out on beautiful grounds. Almost every thing that one ever wished to read could be found in the library. Nobody was there when he arrived except Lord Russell, an old House of Commons friend, with whom he had some pleasant talk. In a little while Allen came in—Allen, whom Sydney Smith introduced to Lord Holland over twenty years before, who was warden of Dulwich College, and who lived almost entirely at Holland House. Other gentlemen dropped in, and a chat ensued, until my lady put in her appearance. They sat down to dinner in a fine long room, the wainscots of which were rich with gilded coronets, roses, and portcullises. There were present, besides Lord Russell, Lords Albemarle, Alvanley, and Mahon; Cradock, who was Wellington's aid in 1815; and others whose names Macaulay did not catch. What was more to the purpose, there was a most excellent dinner. Lord Holland had dinner by himself on account of his gout, but after dinner he was wheeled in and placed near Macaulay, who found him extremely amusing and good-natured. Later in the evening Macaulay had a long talk with Lady Holland about the antiquities of the house, and about the purity of the English language, whereon she thought herself a critic. Macaulay wished that the word "constituency" were admissible. "I am glad you put that word in," said her ladyship. "I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is 'talented,' and 'influential,' and 'gentlemanly.' I never could break Sheridan of 'gentlemanly,' though he allowed it to be wrong." ("Gentlemanly" still survives, and "talented" also, though Coleridge called it a vile and barbarous vocable, and declared that such pieces of slang came from America.) They talked about "talents" and its history. He said that it first appeared in theological writing, that it was a metaphor taken from the parable in the New Testament, and that it had gradually passed from the vocabulary of divinity into common use. He challenged her to find it in any classical writers on general subjects before the Restoration, or even before the year 1700. She seemed surprised by this theory, never having heard, so far as he could judge, of the parable of the talents. He admitted to Hannah that she was a woman of considerable talent and great literary acquirements. She was exceedingly gracious to him, but there was a haughtiness in her courtesy which surprised him even after all he had heard of her. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she kept her guests. It was to one, "Go," and he went, and to another, "Do this," and it was done. "Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay." "Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it." "Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Bonaparte." When Macaulay's coach came, Lady Holland made him promise that he would, on the first fine morning, walk out to breakfast with them and see the grounds. Then, after drinking a glass of iced lemonade, he took his leave, much amused and pleased.

Much has been written about Holland House, its inmates and visitors; the Princess Marie Liechtenstein published two years ago a brace of illustrated volumes about it; but neither in those volumes nor in what we have read elsewhere do we find so graphic and spirited a sketch of Holland House and its imperious mistress as in this careless, off-hand letter of Lord Macaulay's.

Just before his first visit to Holland House, Macaulay met a man of letters who advised him to write no more reviews, but to publish separate works. "You may do any thing, Mr. Macaulay," he said. This gentleman of sixty-eight had known some of the most famous of the Holland House set—Fox, Grattan, and Talleyrand, Burke, Porson, Horne Tooke, Lord Erskine, Scott, Lord Grenville, and Wellington. The son of a London banker, and a banker himself, he had taken early to verse, printing his notions on Superstition in his twenty-second year, a companion-piece to Akenside's best-known poem in his twenty-ninth year, and a poem about pretty Miss Jacqueline ("with her nose aquiline"), in a volume with one of Lord Byron's poems, in his fiftieth year. Six years later he published his meditations on Human Life, and had in hand now a series of blank-verse sketches of Italy. He was such a cadaverous-looking person that when he was in Paris with his friend Moore, he was scarcely distinguished from him as Monsieur Mort; and his friend Alvanley asked him once, when a common acquaintance set up a coach, why he did not set up a hearse! He was wealthy, had a fine house in St. James's Place filled with pictures, books, *bric-à-brac*, and he gave select breakfasts. He had a caustic wit, a bitter tongue, and while he is said to have done good in an unobtrusive way, was a cynic and a brute. Such was Samuel Rogers, as we know him from many sources, among the latest from Chorley's au-

tobiography; but not from Lord Macaulay's letters, for old Timon spoke of him with friendliness and to him with affection. He put Macaulay in such a good humor with him that he paid him a handsome compliment in a review he was writing. It was not undeserved, but he confessed to Hannah that he could not understand the popularity of his poetry. It was pleasant and flowing enough, less monotonous than most imitations of Pope and Goldsmith, and called up many agreeable images and recollections. How such men as Lord Holland, Lord Byron, Hobhouse, and others of high intellectual rank could place him, as they did, above Southey, Moore, even Scott himself, he could not conceive. A few days later, in dining out, he met Rogers and Sydney Smith, and they would not come in contact. If one had possession of the company, the other was silent; and the one who had possession was always Sydney Smith. Sometimes, however, the company divided, and each of them had a small congregation. He had a good deal of talk with both, for in whatever they disagreed, they agreed in treating him with marked kindness. Nothing, he said, could present a more striking contrast to the rapid, laughing utterance and the rector-like amplitude and rubicundity of Sydney than the low, slow, emphatic tone and the corpse-like face of Samuel. His conversation was remarkably polished and artificial; what he said seemed to have been long meditated, and might be published with little correction. His clerical rival talked from the influence of the moment, and his fun was inexhaustible. Lord Macaulay's description of Sydney Smith's conversation reminds us of a *bonmot* of Sainte-Beuve at the expense of Humboldt, that he had such a thirst for talk (not for conversation), he so arranged as to be interrupted with difficulty, and had the art of never leaving off. It was not long before Sydney Smith found the same fault with Macaulay, whom he pitied for missing some of his bright things, and once praised behind his back for his brilliant flashes of silence.

About three weeks after the date of the letter wherein he mentioned a review in which he introduced a compliment to Rogers, Macaulay met the writer of the book he had reviewed. A dapper little man of fifty-two, he was the son of a Dublin grocer. He had made a nice translation of the Odes of the old wine-bibber of Teos; had belittled himself by publishing a volume of amatory verse—sad young Catullus; had been noticed by the Prince of Wales; and had supped with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He had traveled in the United States, and found the tone of society low; had returned to England, and had a bloodless duel with an eminent critic who pronounced his amatory verse a public nuisance, and had challenged a young nobleman who had chaffed him in a satire. He had written a number of popular Irish songs, married the daughter of an Irish actor, lampooned the Prince Regent, and scribbled some twopenny rhymes about a post-bag. He had also written a long poem, in prose and verse, for a large sum of money, about the beautiful Princess Tulip-Cheek, daughter of the Emperor Aurengzebe, who made a journey from Delhi to Coolburga surrounded by Mogul, rajahs, lords, soldiers, and attendants, watched over by the Grand Nazir Fadladeen, and sung to by a young minstrel named Feramorz; a florid epiclet about a veiled prophet, peris, fire-worshipers, and the light of the harem, which the entrancing princess was soon to be, for the singer Feramorz was no less than Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia. He had doffed his turban, dropped his chibouque, shut up his Eastern "cram" books, and gone to Paris, where he wrote some fudge about a family of that name; had put on the gloves for a memorial for Crib, the bruiser, and gone in a post-chaise to Venice, where he was entertained by the nobleman he once challenged. He had returned to France, and written a poem about the affections of the angelic existences, a memoir of a stony Irish captain, a life of a dissolute Irish dramatist and orator, and a life of one of England's greatest poets. Light-headed and light-hearted, gay, volatile, exuberant, brilliant, and satirical, to what shall we liken this bustling little man of genius? A bee flying from flower to flower, sipping the sweets of all, but staying by none? A humming-bird of the boudoir, insignificant but pretty, chirping its tiny melodies? Men admired him for his stings, and women adored him for his songs. To what shall we liken Anacreon-Little-Tom Moore? He kept a journal all his life for the benefit of his family, and it is buried deep in the eight-storied sepulchre into which his friend Lord John Russell shoved his cold remains. If the reader wishes to see this journal, and will open the ponderous jaws of this sepulchre, he will find a mention of Macaulay. It is under the date of June 26, 1831, and fills but a few lines. We shall not quote it, it is so jejune, but give the substance of it in the nervous words of Lord Macaulay, who was not journalizing for the benefit of his family, but simply writing a letter to amuse his sister Hannah. He had breakfasted again with Rogers, and the party was a remarkable one—Lord John Russell, Tom Moore, Tom Campbell, and Luttrell. An odd incident took place after breakfast while they were standing at the window and looking into the Green Park. Some one was talking about diners-out. "Ay," said Campbell,

"'Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons.'"

Tom Moore asked where the line was.

"Don't you know?" said Campbell. "Not I," said Moore. "Surely," said Campbell, "it's your own." "I never saw it in my life," said Moore. "It is in one of your best things in the *Times*," said Campbell. Moore denied it. Whereupon Macaulay put in his claim, and said it was his. They made him repeat the lines, and were vociferous in praise of them.

Tom Moore then said, oddly enough: "There is another poem in the *Times* that I should like to know the author of, 'A Parson's Account of his Journey to the Cambridge Election.'" Macaulay laid claim to that also. "That is curious," said Moore. "I begged Barnes to tell me who wrote it. He said that he had received it from Cambridge, and touched it up himself, and pretended that all the best strokes were his. I believed that he was lying, because I never knew him to make a good joke in my life. And now the murder's out."

They asked Macaulay whether he had put any thing else in the *Times*. Nothing, he said, except the "Sortes Virgilianæ," which Lord John remembered well. He had never mentioned the "Cambridge Journey" or the Georgics to any but his own family.

Moore and Rogers and Lady Holland figure, singly or together, in the correspondence of Lord Macaulay for the next two or three years. Moore was excessively pleased with his review of his life of Byron, and so, no doubt, was Rogers for the compliment paid to his poetry. Lady Holland was in a terrible taking about the cholera, and was very cantankerous, and treated Allen like a negro slave. "Mr. Allen, go into my drawing-room and bring my reticule." "Mr. Allen, go and see what can be the matter that they do not bring up dinner." "Mr. Allen, there is not turtle soup enough for you; you must take gravy soup or none." The man was not to be pitied, Macaulay thought, for he had an independent income, and if he could stoop to be ordered about like a footman, he could not much blame my lady for the contempt with which she treated him. As the months and years went by, she grew worse and worse. She went to Rogers's, with Allen, in so bad a humor that they were all forced to rally and make common cause against her. There was not a person at table to whom she was not rude, and none were inclined to submit. Rogers sneered, Sydney made merciless sport of her, Tom Moore looked excessively impertinent, Bobus (Sydney's brother Robert) put her down with simple straightforward rudeness, and Macaulay treated her with the coldest civility. Her ladyship was the better for this discipline. She overwhelmed Macaulay with attentions, and he discovered the cause of her ill humor as far as he was concerned. She was in a rage at his article on Walpole, being intimate with the Waldegraves, to whom the manuscripts belonged, and for whose benefit the letters were published. Lord Holland told Macaulay, in an aside, that he agreed with him, but that they had better not discuss the subject. Miss Berry, too, resented the Walpole article so much that Sir Stratford Canning advised its writer not to go near her; but she came round, and sent him a pressing invitation, as did also her ladyship. "A note, and, by my life, from Lady Holland! 'Dear Mr. Macaulay, pray wrap yourself very warm, and come to us on Wednesday.' No, my good lady. I am engaged on Wednesday to dine at the Albion Tavern with the directors of the East India Company, now my servants, next week, I hope, to be my masters." Macaulay's appointment as a member of the Supreme Council of India was a dreadful blow to Lady Holland. He had an extraordinary scene with her, and he confesses to sister Hannah that if she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years before, she would have turned his head. She was hysterical about his going, cried, raved, and called him her dear, dear Macaulay. "You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good to them. They are always making a tool of you—last session about the slaves, and now sending you to India." He always did his best to keep his temper with her, for three reasons—because she was a woman, because she was unhappy in her health and in the circumstances of her position, and because she had a real kindness for him. But at last she said something about his sister Hannah. This was too much, and he was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she spoke out again. "I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, dear Macaulay. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. Nobody has such a temper as you. I have said so a hundred times; I said so to Allen only this morning. I am sure you will bear with my weakness. I shall never see you again." She cried, and he cooled. It was not alone to him, he heard, that she ran on in this way. She stormed at the ministers for letting him go, and became so violent at one of her dinners that even Lord Holland, best-natured of men, could not command himself. "Don't talk such nonsense, my lady. What, the devil! Can we tell a gentleman who has a claim upon us that he must lose his only chance of getting an independence, in order that he may come and talk to you on an evening?"

Lady Holland, Thomas Moore, Samuel Rogers, Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Hannah More—these were a few of the many friends of the manhood and boyhood of that fine-natured man, deep-read scholar, brilliant writer, and eloquent orator, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Lord Macaulay.

THE BRYANT VASE.

A VERY good history of mankind might be made from the study of vases, since these vessels, perhaps more than any other works of art, show the utilities, tastes, and fancies of the various ages of the human race. In their simplest and rudest forms they seem to have been the first lispings of the art spirit among men, and while the hollowed hand, the eggshell, the nut, and the gourd may have suggested the form, the plastic clay, which unbidden takes the shape of the foot and hardens in the sunshine, furnished the material of the primitive pottery which is found among the remains of aboriginal tribes. The great nations that have won such name and left such monuments in sculpture and architecture have not despised these less pretending forms of art, and the vases of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and Italy seem to have been a kind of compend of all artistic work, and to have abridged into a microcosm the talents and the lessons that were presented on a grander scale in statues and temples, bass-reliefs and paintings. The household life of nations is illustrated with especial fullness and minuteness by vases, and as they are seen to best effect by a near view, so they express well the near aspects of society, and perpetuate family traditions, habits, and affections. In fact, the familiar pitcher belongs to the order of vases, and in losing one of its handles it has not lost its birthright.

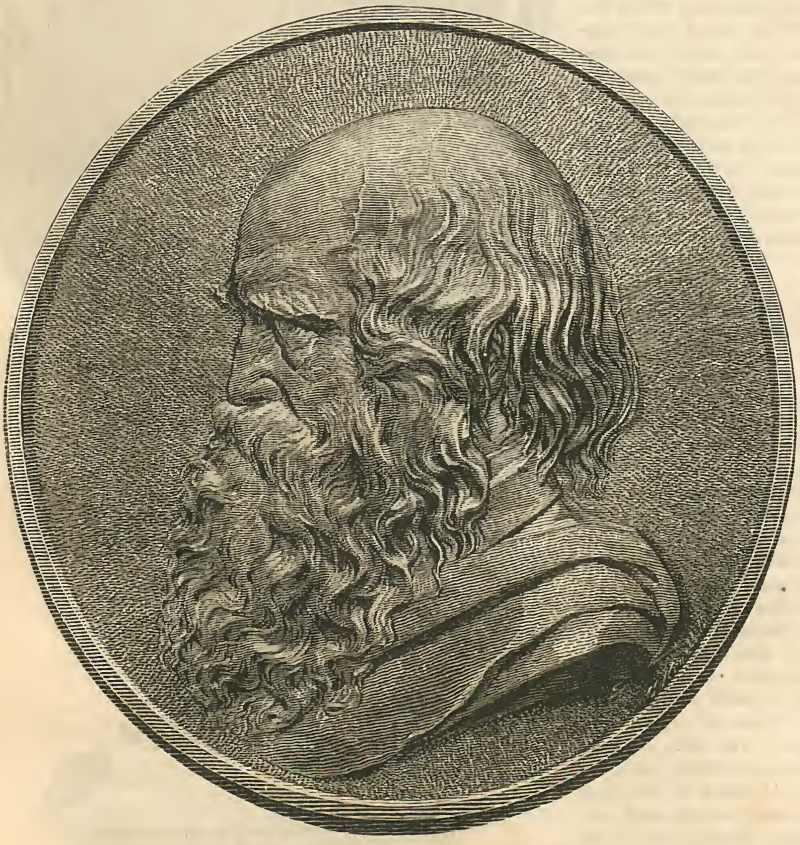
It is very easy to see how it was that they began in the most obvious uses and rose into beautiful art. Eating and drinking are surely very ancient usages, and it is not easy to eat or drink without some vessel to hold the food and bever-



DESIGN OF THE BRYANT VASE.

age, even if they are the simplest pottage and milk. The rudest bowl, jar, or pitcher is virtually a vase, and suggests some record or ornamentation upon its surface. In fact, whenever a man eats or drinks he tends to talk, and to wish to make the vessels that he uses speak their purpose and record his remembrance or his mind. It is an instinct of our being to express ourselves, and when penmanship was unknown and printing was inconceivable, the sympathetic clay invited confidence, received confessions, embodied fancies; and pottery that began in prose soon became the poetry which, in graceful forms and ornaments, inscriptions and imagery, spoke of faith and love, memory and hope, from heart to heart and from age to age. Household affections, public spirit, social festivity, patriotism and religion—these are all expressed in vases; and without laying much stress upon the present prospects of reviving the custom of cremation and cinerary urns, it is clear to us that vases are now having new importance in our social usages as well as in our taste; and while new designs are constantly made by artists of ability, the masterpieces of ancient skill are now reproduced and circulated as never before on earth. The Wedgwoods, Minton, Copeland, Spode, and other masters of pottery have been art educators of the age, especially of the English-speaking race, and there are few regions in the backwoods of America or Australia that have not been visited, cheered, and instructed by their beautiful works.

There is good reason to believe that as soon as men learned how to work in metals their choice skill was used in making vases, especially in bronze and gold and silver; and the explanation of our having comparatively so few specimens of ancient vases in the precious metals is to be found, not so much in their never having been made, as in their too great attractiveness to the robber and the conqueror, and in the temptation to melt them up into money. It was not only the rude hands of Goths and Vandals that did this work of destruction, but the great name of Benvenuto Cellini has part in the shameful record. In some respects he was a good deal of a pagan, and



MEDALLION—PORTRAIT BUST OF BRYANT.

while reverent toward the old classic art, he had no love for the traditions and monuments of Christian art, which so abounded in costly and exquisite works of gold and silver and jewels. It is a strange fact that by his hand the precious treasures of old church plate, which had been gathered by the popes for centuries, and upon which the old masters of the craft had bestowed their labors with entire devotion, and for which the faithful had paid countless sums as pious oblations, were all relentlessly consigned to the melting-pot to relieve the temporary distress of the pontiff, Clement VII. The result was a mass of gold weighing 200 pounds. But what exquisite vessels and rich settings of gems were sacrificed in order to yield that heap of vulgar spending-money!

It is not well for us now to follow the ready temptation to sketch the progress of the revival of gold and silver work in the Italian Renaissance, and in the recent awakening of the art spirit in metal-work, especially in France, where the name of Vechte is spoken in the same breath with that of Benvenuto Cellini among the masters of that kind of work, and in England, where such recent specimens of silver-work as the Milton shield, the Abyssinian trophy, and Helicon vase have won for the silversmith the lost honors which he shared with painters and sculptors and architects in the days of Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Donatello. Our business is with the piece of silver-work now before us, to tell its story, describe its construction, and illustrate its lessons.

It was thought by the friends of William Cullen Bryant in this city that some tribute of respect was due to him when he reached eighty years of age, and the suggestion was made by one among them that a commemorative vase, of appropriate original design and choice workmanship, would be the best form of the intended tribute, especially since Mr. Bryant did not need any material aid, and, moreover, the sculptor and painter and engraver and publisher had already conspicuously paid their respects to him. Our leading artists and men of taste were consulted, and the plan of a commemorative vase was approved and acted upon. A committee of



MEDALLION—POETRY CONTEMPLATING NATURE.



MEDALLION—THE JOURNALIST.

twenty-five gentlemen of New York and Brooklyn took the matter into their charge, and associated with them prominent citizens of other parts of the country, from Boston to San Francisco. The committee waited upon Mr. Bryant at his home in this city upon the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, November 3, 1874, and after an address by Mr. Jonathan Sturges, who represented so well the best type of old New York citizenship, the written testimonial of respect with its large list of signers was presented, and Mr. Bryant made an appropriate and memorable reply. We need not publish these documents again, as the address and the reply were soon after given in the "Easy Chair" of this Magazine. The occasion was remarkable from the representative character of the company that met together, and from the interest of the interview. The leading elements in our business, culture, government, and religion were well represented, and Mr. Bryant and his guests had good reason to be happy in each other.

As the vase required much time for its completion, no effort was made to have it ready for presentation then, but immediately afterward effective measures were taken to carry out the assurance contained in the address by completing the subscription of five thousand dollars, and securing the best design. The field of competition was thrown open to the *whole* craft of silversmiths, and while the first attempts showed crudeness and inexperience, and not a few persons declared it to be impossible for our designers and workmen to make a first-class work of ideal and historical art such as would be fit for presentation to the patriarch of American letters, the final result removed all these misgivings, and the fine designs that were offered at the closing competition in February, 1875, put all fears at rest, and proved that our silversmiths were up to the best standard of their guild, and that, with full preparation and fair notice, they can do as good work in their way as is done any where in the world. All the designs were creditable to their authors, and the specimens of modeling in wax and of casting and chasing in metal-work were interesting and encouraging. The design of Mr. Whitehouse, of the house of Tiffany and Co., was accepted unanimously,

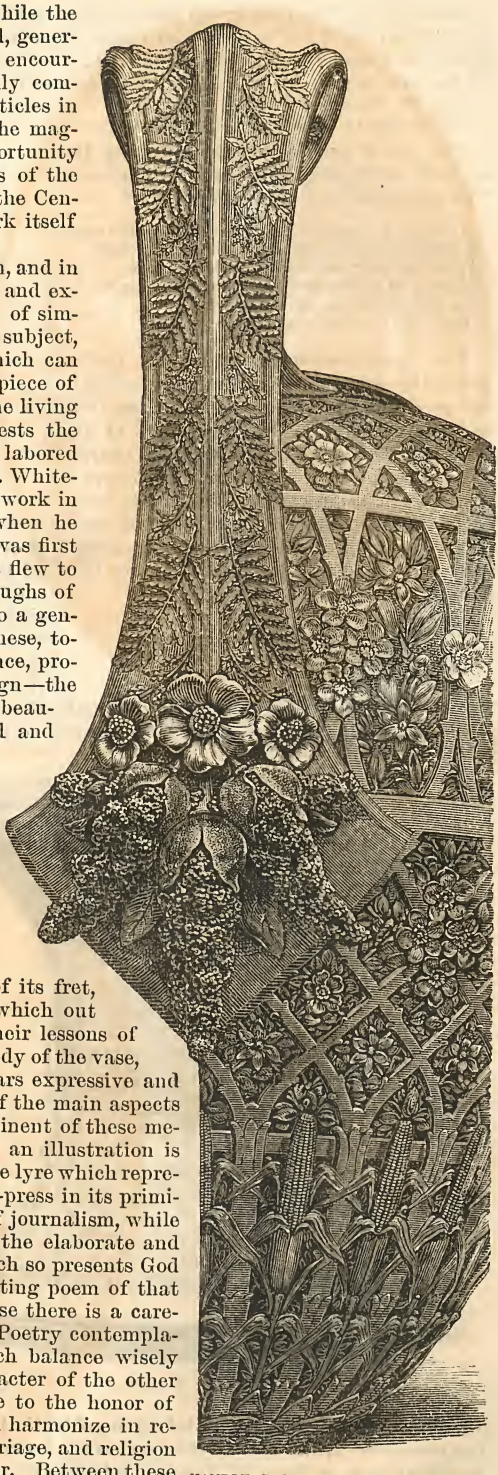


MEDALLION—TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

alike from its beauty and its fitness, while the other designs were carefully examined, generously appreciated, and the public were encouraged to study their merits by friendly comments from the committee, and by articles in the newspapers and illustrations in the magazines. Our readers have now an opportunity to judge for themselves of the merits of the successful design, and the visitors at the Centennial Exposition are seeing the work itself with their own eyes.

It is not a very ambitious production, and in its severity of form and in its careful and exquisite details there is a combination of simplicity and beauty which belongs to the subject, and which ventures upon no point which can not be thoroughly worked out. This piece of silver means William Cullen Bryant, the living father of our literature, and it suggests the America in which he has lived and labored and sung. The artist, Mr. James H. Whitehouse, well expressed the spirit of his work in his remarks before the committee, when he said: "When the Bryant testimonial was first mentioned to me, my thoughts at once flew to the country—to the crossing of the boughs of trees, to the plants and flowers, and to a general contemplation of Nature; and these, together with a certain Homeric influence, produced in my mind the germ of the design—the form of a Greek vase, with the most beautiful American flowers growing round and entwining themselves gracefully about it, each breathing its own particular story as it grew."

Thus it is that the vase is entirely covered with a fretwork formed of apple branches and their blossoms, or a delicate basket-work from the apple-tree, which so well expresses Mr. Bryant's poetry in its fragrant bloom and its wholesome fruit. Beneath this fretwork, and forming the finer lines of its fret, are the primrose and the amaranth, which out of the lips of their loveliness speak their lessons of inspiration and of immortality. The body of the vase, which is thus formed and enriched, bears expressive and elaborate medallions of the poet, and of the main aspects of his life and works. The most prominent of these medallions is the portrait bust, of which an illustration is given on page 246. Above his head is the lyre which represents his art, and below is the printing-press in its primitive form, which suggests his career of journalism, while more prominent still, farther below, is the elaborate and beautiful design of the water-fowl, which so presents God over Nature in the charming and exalting poem of that name. On the opposite side of the vase there is a carefully designed and executed study of Poetry contemplating Nature—two female figures, which balance wisely the somewhat severely masculine character of the other designs, and give their womanly grace to the honor of the poet whose life and works so well harmonize in respect for woman, and for the home, marriage, and religion that give her the best defense and power. Between these two principal medallions there are on each side two groups illustrating scenes in the poet's life, making four



HANDLE, SHOWING PART OF THE BODY OF THE VASE.

groups in all. The first group presents him in company with his father, who points to Homer as a model in poetic composition:

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses."

The next group presents him as the student of Nature, such as he appears in "Thanatopsis" or "A Forest Hymn:"

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature."

The third design illustrates his life as journalist, and the fourth represents him in his good old age as translator of the Iliad and the Odyssey. The lower part of the bowl bears ornamentation from the characteristic products of American agriculture—cotton and Indian corn. The neck is encircled with primrose and ivy in token of youth and old age, while the "fringed gentian" suggests the grave thought from its blue petals:

"I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart."

The famous line, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," is also given here in the



NECK OF THE VASE.

form of an ornamental border inlaid in gold. The ornament at the foot of the bowl is the water-lily, the emblem of fluency and eloquence. The handles are richly decorated with the fern, the cotton, and Indian corn, while the bobolink represents the whole tribe of his fellow-singers, and does honor to the poet and to his humorous verse on "Robert of Lincoln" from his perch. The base bears the lyre, the crossed pens, and



THE WATER-FOWL.

broken shackles, which so represent the poet as patriot and emancipator. The idea of justice as the animating motive of his public career is given in the vigorous handling of the Rudbeckia flower, which is the type of that virtue, and this idea gains power from the book without a name, and which from its prominent place can be none other than the Book of books.

Such are the form and features of this memorial vase, and, as in a graceful and spirited man, they make one whole, and the various parts indicate the dominating spirit. The robe of flower-work, with its cincture of medallions, the golden fillet emblazoned with the name of Truth, the arms that hold the emblems of the nation's wealth, the corn and water-lilies at the foot, the solid base with the lyre and broken chain, the bird, the two typical flowers, the printing-press, and the Bible—all these details gather around the life which they express, and make this piece of silver a work of ideal and historical art. As a whole, the work has a look of simplicity, and seems easy of execution, yet the process was very laborious and costly; and a careful examination of its various stages and methods, with the help of the best judges and books, justifies the opinion that industrial art in America has taken some steps forward by this tribute, and that success in this instance is likely to tell upon the whole future of the silversmith's craft among us.



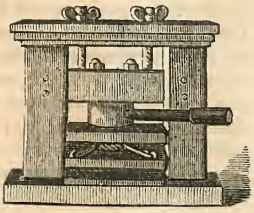
MEDALLION—FATHER AND SON.

An effect quite as showy to the careless eye could have been produced at far less cost of time and money. The surface of the bowl could have been engraved in florid style with striking contrasts of light and shade, silver and gold, and the medallions could have been cast from the wax in which they were modeled. But this would not be the high art which comes to us from the silversmiths of Greece, and which Cellini and his associates have made classic in the New Ages. Art is high and true in proportion as it rises above material mechanism, and uses the living power of the human thought and touch; and this vase is thoroughly and intensely human in this sense. The flat solid plate of silver was all that the workman had to begin with; and this plate, first with wooden mallets and then upon the arm of an anvil with hammers, was beaten into the form of the bowl, not without great care and long labor. Then began the nicest and most difficult part of the task—working out from the surface by the *repoussé* process the flowers and projecting portions of the design according to the model in wax which had already been made of the whole. Taking our own ignorance as some measure of the general knowledge of readers as to this subject, we may venture upon a little account of this *repoussé* work. What are called the formative processes in all metal-working may be classed under five heads—casting, beating hot, beating cold, electrotyping, and cutting away by erasive tools. All these methods to a certain extent have been employed in this vase; but the chief method has been that of beating cold, or the *repoussé* system, of which Cellini was such a master, and which the greatest metal sculptor of the present day, Morel Ladeuil, has reproduced with such effect as to make it the part alike of wisdom and of modesty for other artists to follow it, as the makers of this vase have done.*



RUDBECKIA.

The *repoussé* style begins its task by working the surface from within outward by means of snarling-irons, which have two horns very much like those of an anvil, and, like an anvil, they rest upon a block. One of these horns is made to touch the proper point on the inner surface of the vase, and the blow is given not directly upon this horn, but upon that opposite, which, when struck with skill, sends its vibrations to the other horn, which is in contact with the metal. By these vibrations the surface is raised to the due elevation so gradually and yet so vigorously as to secure the result without breaking or weakening the metal. When the bowl is thus shaped from within to the requisite form for the intended projections, it is filled with a composition of



PRINTING-PRESS.

* The greatest piece of silver-work—the Helicon vase—which has been produced in our day is from this artist's hand, and the art labor upon the work cost some thirty thousand dollars. The time spent upon it was six years. The sculptor of the medallions of the Bryant vase was once a fellow-artist with Ladeuil.

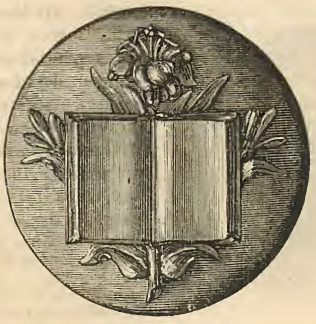


THE STUDENT OF NATURE.

pitch and other ingredients; and then the workman changes his course, and begins his more difficult task of working the projecting surface into due form from the outside. In this way all this exquisite flower-work was produced, and every blossom and leaf, every ear of corn, lily, and primrose, was wrought by the eye and hand of the artist, and each thing bears the mark of his mind and his touch. The work requires generally several repetitions of the process, and the bowl is emptied and filled again. The medallions were made in the same way, instead of being cast from the wax, which is much the easiest way, but does not leave the same fine lines and vital expression. In some parts of the work, as in the handles, whose form and figures did not allow *repoussé* work, casting was resorted to, the designs being modeled in wax from studies of natural objects.

To a novice in these matters, like the writer, the progress of this vase has been a continual surprise. He knew nothing at all of the details and various processes of the work, and in his simplicity he supposed that the chief value of silver plate was in the metal itself, and that it would be a generous division to allow as much for the work as for the material. But the truth is that the material is of very little cost in comparison with the labor bestowed upon first-class silver-work —of less cost relatively than the sculptor's marble or the cabinet-maker's wood. Cellini could work an ounce of silver into such exquisite form as to make golden ducats contemptible in comparison; and our own best silver-workers show specimens of exquisite workmanship, in which the metal bears to the work very much the relation that the canvas bears to the painter's masterpiece. It is safe to say that the cost of this vase, which is far beyond what the makers receive for it, is some forty or fifty times the price of the silver of which it is made, so much is there of mind and so little of matter in its composition. There is a full year's work of the best workmen, with the help of the artist who designed and of the master who superintended the work. This surely is a gift which the American people need not be ashamed to offer, and which our venerable poet can receive with a just pride in the years and the country which it commemorates, and in the grateful sentiment and exquisite workmanship which it embodies in a form that makes the silver and gold from our mines combine Greek culture with Christian faith, and lifts this tribute to a man into a monument of the life of the age and of the mind of the nation.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.



LILY AND BIBLE.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XV.

REVERBERATIONS.

AS he walked on, and out of Madge's sight, she passed out of his mind also —or, more probably, subsided into its lower depths; for it is not to be supposed that a lover like Garth could ever forget his mistress, even for a moment, especially after so sweet a parting. Certain it is, however, that she ceased to be actively present to his thoughts, which became occupied with less agreeable subjects. His step quickened, and his down-turned face worked silently, as he hurried toward the forest. The moon hung low over the valley, pallid still, though promising sumptuous brilliancy later on. The wind appeared to be veering toward the north; it came cool across the young man's cheek, with a whisper prophetic of the Indian summer's departure and of winter's imminent onset. Already the slumberous haze was melting from the air, and the edges of the ghostly moon stood forth sharp and clear. The aspect of the twilight woods was full of a solemn grandeur more impressive than all the sunlight and color of glowing noonday.

But Garth was not at present attuned either to beauty or grandeur. His look was inward on the cheerless jungle of his own perturbed and irritated spirit. The day had gone ill with him—he had been checked and vexed at every turn. He seemed fated to tilt against the might of fate; he could not prosper; his best efforts but helped against himself. Yet not his will, but the circumstances, were evil; and he only could know how bafflingly the threads were tangled.

Nevertheless, if we regard the matter from a rational point of view, what was there in particular to complain of? Madge was kind; and as for Elinor, what had Garth to do with her? Or supposing him to feel a friendly interest in her—a sort of artistic sympathy, perhaps—what had she done or suffered that he could have wished otherwise? Her betrothal to his uncle ought to have had his warm approval, not only on account of the worldly prudence of the match, but because, being betrothed himself, he was bound to desire and promote a like happy state of things between all his unattached acquaintances. His conversation with Elinor in the wood had been unconventional enough, to be sure; but she had taken his roughness and oddity in very good part, and had even seemed more kindly disposed toward him at the end of their interview than at the beginning. With his uncle he was certainly on the best of terms; and finally, he had that morning come to a knowledge of certain facts, which he was not then at liberty to make public, but which, in due time, could not fail to have an important and fortunate bearing upon the worldly position of more than one of this day's picnickers. Here, surely, was a state of things rather apt to banish ill humor than to invite it.

But Garth, like many other persons, was careless of logic in his ill humors. In setting out for the picnic he had anticipated a certain pleasure, which the turn of events had denied him. The fact was, he had allowed himself, in defiance of reason and prudence, not only to feel an undue concern as to Elinor's future, but even to indulge a positive aversion from the idea of her union with Golightley. The contemplation of such a match irritated the fastidious artist like a discord; Elinor's pure fine tone would be destroyed by intimate association with a good-hearted and gentlemanly, but not profound nor truly delicate, person like his uncle; who, on the other hand, was probably drawn to Elinor more through benevolence than by the magnet of reciprocal and appreciative love: admired her in a friendly, superficial sort of way, and would marry her in order to keep her and her mother in comfortable circumstances. Now Elinor, so Garth presumed to think, was very far from cherishing an ideal affection for Golightley, and would be induced to accept him merely out of consideration for the well-being of Mrs. Tenterden. Here, then, was a lamentable state of things: a sacrifice of art to convenience almost as bad in its way as Garth's own mercenary transactions regarding his picture. There was urgent need of a *deus ex machinâ* to set matters right.

Precisely such a divine expedient, as Garth conceived it, was provided in the news which he had received that morning. This news must be kept secret for a time; but when events had begun to work, Elinor —if she had not already compromised her liberty—would find herself free to act without reference to any thing but her own highest wishes. Accordingly, it had been Garth's intention to drop such hints to her respecting what was to come as might serve to put her on her guard against prematurely en-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

tering into an unnecessary bondage. He promised himself the gratification of enacting the part of liberator; for as such, by a venial poetic license, might the bearer of good tidings be considered: so that, although he could not throw off his own fetters, the pleasure of emancipation by proxy might at least be his. During the drive to the picnic ground in the hay-rigging he had been revolving how much of his private information he might with safety reveal to Elinor; and whether, under the circumstances, he would not be justified in declaring to her the whole matter (under bonds of strict confidence), should it appear that nothing short of this could save her. He watched her manner toward Golightley with more than his customary attention, and came to the conclusion that there was no present occasion for anxiety: and even when, after the accident which unseated his uncle's hat, Elinor accepted the latter's invitation to accompany him the rest of the way on foot, Garth felt no misgiving. A bare hint, whenever opportunity offered, would suffice; or perhaps he might safely let things take their own course, and the truth come out at its own leisure and convenience, without any meddling on his part whatever.

But, alas! as he led the horses to the brook, the musical outpouring of the lady's voice fell upon his ears, carrying with it a sudden conviction that the mischief had been done—a conviction which, however unreasonable its genesis, his subsequent question proved true. Hereupon he had lost his temper, and had half a mind to revenge himself by letting Elinor know just how much her precipitation had cost her. He thought better of this, however, partly because he was not naturally spiteful, and partly, it must be admitted, because he no longer felt quite certain whether his interpretation of the mutual sentiments of the affianced ones had been correct. How humiliating should it turn out that they were romantically in love with each other after all! This new misgiving did not tend to restore the young man's serenity, for it added to his disappointment the sting of ridicule. This was the first time he had purposed interfering with the affairs of other people, and he was heartily resolved to hold aloof from all such ventures in future. And yet, could Elinor be really happy? Had he so totally misread her? Something within him refused to believe it, however sturdy his external cynicism.

Meanwhile he was deep in the forest, and not far distant from the upper dam on the mill stream, at which point he meant to begin his search for the lost letter. He was bent upon either finding it, or at the least satisfying himself that it was beyond the reach of any body else. Having read it through two or three times, he was sufficiently familiar for all practical purposes with its contents; but it would never do to risk its falling into strange hands. Its first lines had contained an italicized injunction to keep what followed a secret from every one, save his father. The writer, indeed, could he have known that Golightley and Elinor were in Urmsworth, would probably have admitted them as confidants likewise; nor could Garth clearly understand why silence should be strictly enjoined at all. Nevertheless, such being the demand, he was bound to respect it; and it was much easier to do so this evening than had been the case twelve hours before. Under ordinary circumstances, no one was less prone than Garth to communicate himself to other people; and the present circumstances, if they had ever been extraordinary, had ceased to be so now.

Respecting the disappearance of the letter, Garth reasoned that if, as Madge seemed to think, it had fallen in the little rivulet, and were not caught among the roots and brambles that projected from the banks, or among the stones and other inequalities of the bottom, it must have been carried on to the mill stream, which, again, would probably convey it as far as the upper dam, where, the water being low, it could easily be found amidst the collected sedge and rubbish. It was quite possible, however—the letter being without its envelope, and written on thin foreign paper—that the action of the water and the friction of the banks had torn or dissolved the troublesome thing beyond hope of discovery or recognition. If his search proved unfruitful, Garth wisely made up his mind to believe that this catastrophe had taken place, and so bother himself no further about the matter. But his private expectation was that the missing letter was all this time lying quietly on the margin of the spring beneath the maple. Beside that spring was his hunt to end; and should he be unsuccessful up to that point, there would be all the more likelihood of his coming upon his quarry there. The spring, in short, was left to the last as a sort of tidbit. A less imaginative man than Garth would probably have made it the starting-place; but to a temperament like his, it was easier working up toward a hope than hazarding the possibility of being obliged to work away from it.

Between three and four hours later, weary and half famished, Garth arrived at the spring. He stood a moment, glancing keenly and anxiously about, then flung himself down with a groan, and quaffed a long draught of the cool water. His feet and clothes were wet from wading in the mill stream, and his hands and face were scratched by twigs and brambles. He had not found what he sought, though his search

had been far more minute and painstaking than he had had any intention of making it at starting. But he had proved to his own satisfaction that not so much as a scrap of the letter was either in the stream or in the rivulet. It could not have been dropped by the spring at all. Madge must have been mistaken. At any rate, it was folly to think of pursuing the quest any further. The letter was lost, and nothing was left but to hope that it was as much lost to the rest of the world as to its owner.

Once or twice that night the shadow of a suspicion had crossed Garth's mind that Madge might know more about the matter than she had seen fit to tell. He remembered how Golightley and Mrs. Tenterden had rallied him on receiving foreign letters, and had jestingly advised Madge to keep a more jealous watch upon him. She had laughed and betrayed no disturbance, it was true; but might she not have felt more than she showed? And Garth had openly admitted having the letter, and had not denied that it was from a female correspondent. Surely lovers had been jealous on far lighter grounds than this!

But he put away the suspicion indignantly, so often as it occurred. Madge was not like other women: her faith was as pure as her honor. She could not be jealous, for she was herself incapable of giving cause for jealousy. And even jealousy would not have tempted her to commit such a paltry act as the purloining of a letter. Moreover, supposing her to have been guilty of the theft, could she have afterward behaved toward him with such affection and confidence?—could she have wished him success in his search, and have kissed him at parting? It was not in human nature! Whatever might be Madge's failings, she was as ingenuous, as transparent, and as true as she was beautiful. Whatever other charges might be brought against her, she was unassailable here; and no force of circumstantial evidence should ever bring Garth to believe otherwise.

Having drunk his fill, the young man turned over on his back, and lay gazing upward at the purple sky. The moon, now more than half-way up the vault, shone with transcendent brilliance. Only the brightest stars ventured to show their faces. The penciled shadow of the trees uprose on every side, and as the northerly breeze whispered through them, their dark leaves detached themselves from their summer foothold and zigzagged reluctantly earthward. They fell without sound upon the bosom of the earth which brought them forth—fell continually, like dusky tears, although, so barren seemed the branches, it was a marvel whence so many fell. The great woods were steeped in overwhelming silence; the liquid bubbling of the spring, almost inaudible in the daytime, now resounded loudly through the stillness. How ghastly white the lifeless moonlight lay!

It lent a death-like pallor to Garth's face, as he reclined motionless and with closed eyes upon the turf, his arms flung out, and one knee half drawn up. From time to time slight shiverings passed through him; but he was not conscious of cold, nor even of being hungry. He only felt overpowered by an invincible drowsiness.

At length he seemed to himself to be passing through phases of character not his own, yet allied to his in so intimate a manner that he could not tell where the difference began or ended. Some exceeded in one way, some fell short in another; but in each there was a vital connection with a central essence within himself, compelling him to recognize them not so much as fellow-beings or brothers merely, as other selves. They were partial, ill-balanced types of growth; but viewed in the aggregate, they took on an aspect of unity and symmetry, suggesting the idea of but a single more complete individual, who, as might be expected, owned a manifold more comprehensive affinity with Garth than did either one of the component personalities. In fact, were it not for the absence of a nameless and indescribable something which he knew could belong to himself alone, this compound figure might have stood for the actual Garth. As it was, it rather appeared to represent the successive steps in a development which had been proceeding through centuries, and was now gathering itself up for a culmination and a crisis. Garth felt that he was reading the story of one life progressing through several generations, and that the final chapters of that book were written in his own heart and brain. At the same time, as happens illogically in dreams, he was a living actor in the tale from the beginning—the central figure, through all its variations, emotions, deeds, and purposes. And withal, he was the spectator and critic, curious and thoughtful, but quite detached from that which he must criticise.

"How shall this profit you?" asked the critic. "The past can not alter; and may not the risk of rehearsing its many evils more than annul the help of its few goods? Dare you hazard the full living presence of both?"

"Yes," replied the reader, after a short pause; "for I believe there's as much good as evil in the world, after all; and God made us of the same stuff that He once wore Himself."

"Begin, then," said the other; "but I doubt."

The actor donned his *rôle*. A passionate, headstrong youth, hard held in the leash of rigid discipline. An ambitious, haughty, not ungenerous soul, with chords of tender-

ness vibrating ever and anon amidst its sternness; yearning to dare, to achieve, and to be free. Pride of self-will, narrowing and hampering where it seemed to liberate. A manly friendship poisoned by jealous love to hatred; degrading enmity; and at last, the inevitable outbreak of devilish fury, and the tragic end. Then the actor vanished; the critic smiled; but the reader sighed, and muttered, half aloud, "Did you see? In the moment while he stood with his finger on the trigger the image of his past life glanced before him like a path of many turnings—some to the right, some to the left—and power was given him, if he would, to abstain. For half a breath the issue was in doubt."

"Yes, time was given him to choose good or evil," returned the critic, coldly, "and he chose deliberately. Yet good was easier for him than for those that come after him, weighted with his sins in addition to their own."

"The worst was, that as soon as he had done the murder he was not sorry," said the reader. "He expected to repent; for just before doing the deed he had felt a horror and shrinking at it. But the doing hardened him."

"Yes; it is always safest to repent previous to the act. Once done, it becomes a part of yourself, and crowds out remorse," remarked the critic. "Well, have you spirits to proceed?"

"Poor Eleanor! she was most deeply wronged, for he made his love of her the pretext for the crime which must either degrade or destroy her. It is well she died."

"The child's teeth were set on edge, nevertheless; and the later Eleanors may not die so well. Here comes our actor in his new part. Take heed that your sympathy be as deep as humanity, but not much deeper."

"Ay, there's more fire in him, but less light," murmured the reader, as he read; "not so many waverings toward good, and more downright power for evil. How intimately I have sometimes felt him! What gloomy, intolerant eyes the fellow has, and what a sinister, dangerous heart! Yet not altogether bad, either: see—he can love a friend!"

"But there comes the new Eleanor," said the critic, quietly.

"How sad—and yet just! They spring together like spark and tinder, but only the evil in them embraces. Could not he have chosen a pure woman at least, if murder must be done for her? No; he can not love what is innocent; and he would be apter to sully innocence than to be uplifted by it. Murder—oh, he is ripe for it! and they seal their guilty union with the blood of the dead man. There is a terrible beauty and delight in it! How sweet and close can evil affections cling! See how he loves her, and she him! one would think his murder annulled her adultery, and left both clean."

"This life seems to probe you to the quick," remarked the critic, with a grim smile. "Such men carry captive the flesh and blood, and a good part of the soul into the bargain. He bears the stamp of the race deep and fresh. If you approve of him as much as you sympathize with him, there is no need of our carrying this experiment any further."

"Let it go on," returned the reader, passing his hand across his eyes and sighing heavily; "and do you take heed that your criticism become not so dispassionate as to do the work of temptation."

"This next phase promises to be less interesting—a sort of lull in the storm," the critic observed. "Yes, the Urmson type, strictly speaking, slumbers through this generation. The representative seems to be a harmless person enough, with no very marked traits either way. Most of the bad has been left out of him, but there is little or nothing to fill its place. His chief use and reason is as a receptacle in which the hot blood may cool somewhat ere flowing further. But he will hardly purify it much."

"Nothing stands quite still," replied the reader, bending earnestly over the page. "If he does not lose power, he gains it. He is a grave, thoughtful man, with blue eyes, who follows the sea and travels widely and looks much at men. Who can say what prudence and sobriety may not help to do? Besides, would God have put him there for nothing?"

"It is quite out of my province to consider that question," replied the other, indifferently. "We must remember, however, that when the soil lies fallow, it becomes as fertile for noxious plants as for wholesome ones. But the Eleanor of this generation gives some ground for encouragement. She is neither injured nor injurious, and may, perhaps, contrive to pour a few extra drops of sane and healthful blood into her child's veins, which may help his descendants, if not him. Turn the leaf, and let us see."

Once more the actor lived and breathed before them, and the absorbed reader's pulse seemed almost to chime with his. The mystic drama was now approaching the present daylight. The man-child grew apace, and displayed with threatening vividness every light and shade that individualized the race. He was vehement, adventurous, ireful, and lawless; with great capacities, silences, and energies; passionate in his affinities, and fatal in his hatreds. Withal there was in him a strange power of secrecy and reticence—a kind of profound, rugged cunning, not incompatible with gruff outspokenness and stalwart courage. The resolution and strength of manhood were singularly min-

gled with a romantic grace and picturesqueness of manner and aspect that belonged to youth. He was born to quell men and lead them, and to master women with a subtle power, against which their cajoleries, evasions, jealousies, and whims availed but little; but he was born without aim or law in life, misleading himself, and wrecking others; fickle, because his heart lay too deep beneath the surface to rule the surface currents.

"We are growing," remarked the critic; "nothing is lost here, and much has been amplified. It is fitting he comes in time of war and anarchy. Methinks I recognize a rough nakedness which later times rather have clothed than altered. Well, this revelation instructs you, no doubt, but does it arm and hearten you?"

"How will it be with those two women?" muttered the reader, with labored breath. "Is this to be a culmination of all the wrongs and ills? There is a terrible medley and mistake. And see! blood again. I shall be choked with blood before my time. How can this prosper? What strength or fortune could fight off such a curse?"

"Our blue-eyed sailor, then, has been of no value, after all?"

"Yes; it is not so desperate as it seemed," returned the reader, after a more deliberate study. "He told with the rest. This one is a sailor too; and though his fate is so ill-favored, it is the misfortune of his inheritance, rather than his direct purpose, that does his crimes. But for what happened before he began, he would not have fallen into so dismal a slough."

"That excuse can hardly be more valid for him than for every other sinner," said the critic, shaking his head. "If we were all Adams and Eves, we should be very harmless, no doubt, but very empty and uninteresting. On the other hand, the burden of inheritance, besides working out through us its own good and evil, sets the wheels in motion whereby we do good and evil on our private responsibility. It seems to be a necessary condition of our existing as men and women at all. This present impersonation has certainly laid himself open to being called worse names than any of his predecessors, and I'm not sure that he doesn't deserve them. If he had a good record instead of a bad one, he would not be likely to ascribe the merit to his ancestors."

"It would perhaps belong neither to his ancestors nor to him," said the reader. "You give hard measure."

"To myself along with the rest, you know," returned the critic, with a smile. "But there is a phase or two still to come?"

"This is the wholesome flower!" exclaimed the reader, reverently. "He is rooted in our muddy earth, but what a tint and fragrance Heaven has given him!"

"We may infer from the fact of his existence how serious our danger was. It must be an ugly atmosphere, truly, that needs so powerful a perfume to sweeten it!"

"Yet it is congenial—it finds much to sympathize with; and it dissipates what is foul by dint of a force composed of familiar human influences. There is nothing strange nor arbitrary in it."

"It will not, however, suffice for the final regeneration of the race," affirmed the critic. "The evil is only put to flight, not taken up and transformed into good. We must be fairly fought and conquered with our own weapons, else the fatal issue is but postponed. Such men as this can only raise the contest into a higher sphere, where both sides will engage with a fury more many-sided and enlightened, but therefore more intense and unsparing. I doubt whether it would not have been more prudent to have joined battle on a less comprehensive footing. Now, at all events, there will be no appeal from the victory, fall it on which side it will. There are no forces in reserve, nor any avenues of retreat. But here comes our actor in his final representation. Verily, a rare performer! He seems to do something more than hold the mirror up to nature."

The reader made no response, being, perhaps, too much carried away by the life-likeness of the spectacle. A personality filled to the brim with the traits and impulses of six generations, walking with unsteady balance between light and darkness. Prayers follow him; but those who would fain guide him dare not interfere, lest a touch too much or too little should mar all. When he glances heavenward, his feet stumble and err; yet were he to turn his eyes downward, might not his steps likewise tend thither? He follows a vision of beauty through all forms of life; but what, save experience, can teach him how to make his choice? He can not quench his thirst with any drink less noble than true Olympian nectar; but how many a poisonous draught sparkles and tastes as well! And there can be no safe inertia, no wise phlegmatic indifference for him; he lives at every pore; he must act, inwardly or outwardly, for good or for ill.

The critic here sharpens his eyes and leans forward, for the scene grows indistinct and obscure. The drama threatens to come to an untimely conclusion. There are confusion and uncertainty and doubtful omens. There is going to and fro, sighing, and laughter. Round two opposing centres at length all the turmoil converges. Which shall prevail? Were the choice any longer free, the issue might be less in doubt; but the chooser is hampered and compromised; and shall he be forsworn? No; come what may, to this side he pins his faith. Where all lights

seem false, here, at least, is foot-hold. But even as he reaches his hands to cling, the stronghold in which he trusted melts away. He gropes aghast; pitfalls open beneath his feet, and unholy shapes rush forward to overthrow him. Now the stage is nearly dark; yet a note of celestial music breathes through the troubled air. What gracious goddess sheds a radiance along his path, and shields him from harmful clutches in the silvery folds of her enchanted veil?

The critic turns away, yawning discontentedly. All this is outside of his province, which comprises only things visible and understandable. This foggy conclusion invalidates the significance of the entire drama. Unless there be prophecy in the reverberations of the past, here has been a great waste of time and expectation.

Garth opened his eyes. It seemed to him that he had slept a sleep, in comparison with the length of which the twenty years' stupor of Rip Van Winkle was as an after-dinner nap. Nevertheless, the night did not appear to be much further advanced than when he first lay down; the moon still hung about half-way up the sky, and cast the narrow shadows of the trees across his face. As he gazed upward, however, a floating film of silvery gray seemed to intervene between his eyes and the large star which held its lustre directly overhead. It hovered almost within his grasp, supported upon the light northern breeze. It sank yet lower and lower, and gently settled over his face. A delicate, scarcely perceptible fragrance emanated from its soft semi-transparent folds. What was it? Half disbelieving in the material reality of the vision, which rather seemed of a piece with the strange dream whose influence was still upon him, the young man passed his hand over his features and grasped a gauzy silken substance, which crushed together in his fingers like a cobweb. He sat up to examine it, and was presently convinced that it was nothing else but Elinor's veil, which had escaped him that afternoon, only to deliver itself up unasked at night. Whether it had been wandering about in the upper air all the mean time, or had tarried on the top of some tree, whence the veering wind had dislodged it and brought it back, was impossible to say. At all events, Garth felt —without troubling himself to consider why—that the coincidence was an agreeable one. He had missed the thing he came to seek, and this filmy veil, with its evanescent perfume, had floated down upon him like a tender benediction while he slept. It was not his cue, at the moment, to moralize over the incident, or draw symbolic meanings from it; he was content to take it as it came; and as for the veil itself, he put it in his pocket. Rising then to his feet, he became for the first time aware of his famished and chilled condition. His head, however, was hot, and his throat dry. Though not easily subject to colds, it was evident that he had caught a pretty severe one this time. Buttoning his coat over his chest, he set off along the ghostly wood path at a rapid pace, his long inky shadow silently keeping step with him, like an evil recollection. His thoughts, disordered by his dream, by the fever in his head and the chill in his blood, wandered hither and thither between past and future without aim or continuity.

If one thing were clearer than another, it was the conviction which possessed Garth that he had nothing to do with picnics. He had attended—or, rather, had set out to attend—two only in his life, and they had brought him ill luck both times. It was no doubt providential that circumstances, or his own instinct, had kept him back from going to any more. Perhaps he was to take this experience as a hint that society was not wholesome for him. If so, the outlook was unpromising for poor Madge, in whose scheme of happiness society was an almost vital element. She was fully resolved on making him the husband of a woman of fashion; nay, upon improving him into a fashionable man! A fashionable man: Garth tried to imagine himself as such; but the image either altogether eluded him, or changed into some one else, with whom he was noway compatible.

As he hastened on, it crossed his mind how he had fled down this same path on that picnic night ten or twelve years before, leaving what he believed was the dead body of his enemy outstretched on the same turf whence he himself had just arisen. He had looked forward then to the jail and the gallows; and had rushed, instead, into the soft embrace of Madge. Could a more pleasing disappointment be imagined? And yet, might not the honest grip of the gallows have saved him many a trouble and anxiety, against which Madge's arms, however loving, could not protect him? or did the future which lay before him now present, on the whole, a more inviting aspect than had confronted him on that terror-stricken night of boyhood? Then the dead had come to life; but now the death was in the life, and would not out. In childhood troubles grow out of the earth, and can, at the worst, be trampled down; but in after-life they descend from the clouds, and are not so simply to be managed.

COQUETTE.

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all.
All's one to her: above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

T. B. Aldrich.

NOMINATING THE PRESIDENT.

NATIONAL conventions for the nomination of party candidates for President and Vice-President, and the building of platforms of political principles, are peculiarly an American device and custom. No other country exhibits these tumultuous and excited assemblies, sprung from the town caucuses and State conferences of the land. They are the necessary result of the constitutional method of choosing the Chief Magistrate; and although they have not always been in vogue, but are modern in their invention, they have proved to be, on the whole, the best way of selecting candidates, and thus concentrating the strength of the several parties on a single name. One who has ever attended a national convention in which there was a contest on the nominations will not easily forget the excitement attending its proceedings, the peculiar American traits it exhibited, the characteristic speeches and stratagems, the inspiring harangues, the sudden wave of enthusiasm rolling over and "capturing" the convention when its decision was on the eve of being made. It is a scene full of infectious emotion. It is the caldron of American politics heated to the boiling-point. Within it is every variety and style of politician, from the veteran war-horse of the party and the ponderous big-browed Senator, to the ardent young aspirant for legislative honors, the village pet or genius. You will find among the delegates the votaries of every profession and almost every calling. When the convention is called to order, you may be sure that some clerical delegate in white neck-tie will be forth-coming to open its proceedings with prayer. Of lawyers there is sure to be a legion, seeking to persuade with glib tongue and the "jury droop," and to carry their points by strategies of an eloquence with which the bar has made them familiar. Prosperous doctors, with a taste for fancy politics, will not be wanting; political professors will be seen, spectacled and dogmatic, in the throng. Here, too, you will not fail to observe nabobs of commerce, well fed, with shining bald heads and bushy side whiskers and heavy watch chains; men of weight always, from whom the sinews of the political war to ensue are confidently expected, and whose preferences, therefore, it is well to consider. Bluff farmers appear, with very decided convictions, uttered in an equally decided dialect; railroad kings and lobbyists and county oracles have their share in the noise and in the contest.

There is always a peculiar tone to a national convention, differing from that of other public bodies—a general emulation in the utterance of patriotic sentiments and in the indulgence of spread-eagle speeches. Motions are made with rhetorical exordiums; names are proposed with "glowing tributes," each orator leading up to the name of his favorite by an ascending series of rhetorical points, so that the climax may provoke an echo in the thundering plaudits of the house. Often dramatic episodes occur, especially when the name of some unthought-of candidate is sprung upon the convention so skillfully as to impel it to a sudden nomination. In such a body many amusing and stirring incidents can not fail to occur, and the spectator becomes as much absorbed in the proceedings, whether he be a politician or not, as in a thrilling play at the theatre.

In view of the conventions which are to meet the present year, it will perhaps be interesting to give a sketch of those which have already been held in the course of our political history; for such a sketch will deal with familiar names, the fate of famous ambitions, and what may be called the romance of our politics.

At the formation of the government the law provided that the person having the highest number of electoral votes should be President, and the person having the next highest, Vice-President, of the United States. This rule was found to operate sometimes to defeat the will of the people. It once made Aaron Burr, who was the Republican candidate for Vice-President, the rival of Jefferson, the candidate of that party for President. These two received an equal number of votes, the voters intending that Jefferson should have the first place and Burr the second. The election being thrown into the House of Representatives, it was for a long time not improbable that Burr might, as a result of this state of affairs, attain the Presidency. Jefferson was, however, finally chosen, according to the evident popular will. The other way in which the law operated to the reversal of the popular will was where there were two candidates of opposite parties, the majority would choose the President, indeed, but the opposition candidate would receive the next highest number of votes for President, and so become Vice-President. This was the case when John Adams was chosen to the chief place, and Jefferson, his opponent, chosen by this method Vice-President. The law was in consequence altered, so that the Electoral Colleges should specifically designate their choice for the two offices.

Our Presidents and Vice-Presidents were at first nominated by caucuses composed of the Senators and members of the House of Representatives belonging to each party. This caucus system, although we often see it decried by English writers and papers, was really derived by our early politicians from England. It became the habit of the Parliamentary leaders of the Whigs and Tories, soon after the revolution of 1688, to meet at taverns or club-houses in order to provide

discipline for the party ranks, to discuss and decide on measures, and even on special votes, and to designate the *personnel* of new ministries. Many an entertaining story of these conclaves, which often partook of a festive and literary as well as deliberative character, has come down to us in the writings of Addison, Steele, Hervey, and Horace Walpole; and although they were not known as "caucuses," they were such in form and in purpose.

Even before the Revolution, American politics had taken a distinct party shape, and what were virtually caucuses were held in the quaint old inns of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, on the part both of the Tories and the patriots. It was often decided in these conferences who should be sent to the General Court, who should be made colonel of militia, who should be delegated to the Continental Congress. At the "Green Dragon," in Boston, notable conferences of the caucus order were wont to be held, in which Hancock, Adams, Otis, and Warren were leading and inspiring spirits.

For the first three Presidential elections, however, there were no nominating caucuses of Congressmen, for the reason that the candidates were very clearly designated by the events of the Revolutionary and Constitution-forming period. The will of the young nation was already demonstrated so clearly that caucuses were useless. Certain men were so pre-eminent that the general voice proclaimed them candidates. Washington was chosen with one accord, and by the aid of no political conclave or party machinery; and although, when his first term approached its end, there had grown up a serious opposition to his Federalist sympathies, and especially to the paramount influence of Hamilton, no attempt was made to set up a rival candidate. By the time the third election, that of 1796, came round, however, the Republican opposition had become strong enough to contest the country. But even now there was no need of a caucus. John Adams, the Vice-President, was clearly the most eminent Federalist after Washington; nor was Jefferson's position as the founder, chief, and guide of the Republican party less well established. These two, therefore, naturally took position as candidates. The result of the election betrayed that the parties had nearly equal strength; for while Adams had 71 electoral votes, Jefferson had 68.

It was in the year 1800, when a successor was to be chosen to President Adams, that the first caucus recorded in our history was held. It met at Philadelphia, was called by the Republican opposition, and comprised thirty-seven members of the Lower House and nine Senators. There was nothing very strict or formal about the meeting. These gentlemen met to discuss candidates, very likely in one of those coffee-houses which early Congressmen used to frequent in the Quaker City, and there seems to have been no very sharp rivalry for the places on the ticket. The caucus was of one accord that Jefferson should be presented to the people for the Presidency; and although there was some opposition to Burr, the New York representatives insisted that he should be taken for Vice-President, to carry the Empire State and to checkmate Hamilton. The Federalists, who were generally favorable to giving Adams a second chance, accepted him as their candidate, only to see him defeated by the Republican chief, while Charles Cotesworth Pinckney was their unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President. Jefferson's administration was so brilliant and successful that no caucusing was done when the period came for his re-election. There is scarcely a doubt that he, like Washington, might have had a third term by simply accepting it; but, again like Washington, he saw too clearly the evil precedent that this would establish, to gratify his ambition to the country's injury.

The first caucus in which there was a contest was held in January, 1808. Jefferson was about to retire from the Presidency. It was certain that the nominee of his party would be elected. Virginia, that had already furnished two out of the three Presidents, supplied the rival candidates to the Republican caucus. One was James Madison, who, having begun as a Federalist, had become a strong political adherent of Jefferson, and was now Secretary of State. The other was Colonel Monroe, who had been minister to France. The caucus comprised ninety-four Senators and members, and Madison was nominated by 83 votes, George Clinton, the then Vice-President, receiving a renomination for that office. For a second term Madison received a unanimous caucus nomination in 1812, and Elbridge Gerry was named for the Vice-Presidency, after it had been offered and declined by John Langdon, of New Hampshire.

Great dissatisfaction with the caucus system had now grown up. The monopoly of the Presidency by Virginia was bitterly complained of, especially by New York, which had a favorite candidate in De Witt Clinton. It was seen that the Congressional caucuses were controlled by Virginia influences, and that that State still desired to supply Presidents to the country. Still the Republicans adhered to the caucus system a while longer. A caucus to nominate Madison's successor met in the Representatives' Hall on the 16th of March, 1816, 119 members attending. Nineteen Republicans refused to be present, from dislike of the caucus method. Henry Clay, then the leader of the House, was opposed to caucus nominations, but consented to go to the meeting, where

he offered a resolution that a caucus nomination was not expedient. The motion was voted down; and now, amidst much excitement, an informal ballot was taken. Monroe, Secretary of State, was the Virginia and administration candidate, and received 65 votes; William H. Crawford, of Georgia, the choice of those Republicans who were opposed to the Virginia succession, received 54 votes; and Monroe was nominated. For Vice-President, Daniel D. Tompkins had 85 votes, and Simon Snyder 30; and Tompkins, a New York rival of De Witt Clinton, was chosen. There was great discontent among the defeated faction, and at one moment it seemed probable that they would coalesce with the Federalists. The latter supported Rufus King and John Eager Howard for the two offices, and, after an exciting contest, the Monroe ticket was chosen by 183 electoral votes against 34 for Mr. King. Mr. Clay gave his support to Monroe.

In 1820 the hostility to the caucus system had become so formidable in the ranks of the Republican party that it was resolved that no nomination should be made. This proved in the sequel a wise forbearance; for Mr. Monroe was re-elected by every electoral vote but one, that one being cast by Mr. Plumer, of New Hampshire, for John Quincy Adams, on the ground that it was dangerous to give a President a unanimous vote. We now reach the period which witnessed the final struggle between "King Caucus" and his enemies.

As Monroe's second term approached its end, it became evident that a sharp contest for the Chief Magistrate's chair was about to ensue. Several eminent men loomed up as aspirants, each with a strong force of followers. There was the polished and genial Crawford, of Georgia, who had already been put forward to oppose Monroe. There was the eloquent and chivalrous Harry Clay, the ablest of Speakers and the most dashing of party leaders. There was rough-hewn Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans. There was, finally, John Quincy Adams, scholarly and vigorous, who now occupied the office of Secretary of State. Against the protest of a large number of Republicans, a caucus was called to make choice of one of these four. Only sixty-eight members attended, but some of them brought proxies of absent Republicans. After a vain attempt to procure an adjournment, Mr. Van Buren induced the caucus to proceed to a nomination. A ballot being taken, resulted as follows: William H. Crawford, 64; John Quincy Adams, 10; Andrew Jackson, 1; Nathaniel Macon, 1. A ballot for Vice-President resulted in the nomination of the venerable Albert Gallatin. The sequel soon proved that this result of the caucus system was distasteful to the mass of the dominant party in the country. Every where appeared protests against it. The Republicans in the Massachusetts Legislature nominated John Quincy Adams, and this nomination was confirmed by the Legislatures of New Hampshire, Maine, and Rhode Island, and by conventions in several other States. Tennessee put General Jackson into the field, and Kentucky named Henry Clay; so that there were four candidates, all professed adherents of the administration party. The result, as is well known, was that there was no choice by the people, and the election of President and Vice-President devolved upon the House of Representatives. Mr. Clay was a leading member of that body; and when it was found that he cast his influence in favor of Adams, and that immediately upon the latter's election Clay was appointed Secretary of State, loud accusations of a bargain were made by the disappointed Jackson men.

General Jackson became the candidate of that section of the Republicans who took up a position of opposition to the Adams administration, and who now assumed the name of "Democrats;" and when election year came around again, in 1828, there was no need of caucus or convention to nominate him. He triumphed in the Electoral Colleges by a vote of 178 to 83.

It was in the year 1831 that the first national conventions to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President met. The example was set, curiously enough, not by either of the regular political parties, but by the faction which came into existence solely to oppose the secret order of Masonry. It is worth while to notice that it was this movement which gave an opening to the public careers of two men who afterward rose, one to the Presidency, the other to the Senate and the Secretaryship of State. These were William H. Seward and Millard Fillmore. The Antimasonic party grew out of the excitement produced by the mysterious disappearance of William Morgan, a member of the order who was supposed to have divulged its secrets. In September, 1831, a national convention of this party assembled at Baltimore. John M'Lean, of Ohio, since judge of the United States Supreme Court, was adopted as their candidate for the Presidency, but he promptly declined. The convention then tendered the nomination to the famous Maryland lawyer, William Wirt, formerly Attorney-General, who accepted it; and Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, was added to the ticket as candidate for Vice-President.

The caucus system was now evidently extinct; no party would have dared to attempt its revival. The system of national conventions, exemplified by the Antimasons, was seen to be the only feasible substitute. As the supporters of Jackson now called themselves "Democrats," so his opponents adopted the designation of "National Re-

publicans." The latter party was first in the field to call a national convention, and this convention met at Baltimore in December, 1831. Its session was brief, for public opinion had already marked out Henry Clay as its candidate. Clay was nominated on the first ballot, and John Sergeant was given the second place on the ticket. Thus the opposition to Jackson, which was strenuous and hot, was yet divided at the start of the race between Clay and Wirt.

The Legislature of New Hampshire issued the first call at this time for a Democratic National Convention—the first of that long series of powerful and exciting conclaves which have so often designated our rulers since. This body met in May, 1832. The Democracy rallied in large numbers at Baltimore, which may be called the City of Conventions, as well as of Monuments, so often has it been chosen for their meeting-place. General Lucas, of Ohio, was chosen president. One of the first motions passed by this convention was to adopt the famous two-thirds rule, which more than once afterward did deadly work with the aspirations of statesmen. The form of this rule as adopted at Baltimore was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That each State be entitled, in the nomination to be made of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, to a number of votes equal to the number that they will be entitled to in the Electoral Colleges under the new apportionment in voting for President and Vice-President, and that two-thirds of the whole number of votes in the convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."

There was no doubt at all of the renomination of President Jackson; and the wording of the first part of this resolution is explained by the fact that the contest was upon the nominee for Vice-President. John C. Calhoun had occupied this office, but had separated from the Jackson party, and had become the apostle of nullification. On the other hand, Martin Van Buren, one of the shrewdest of politicians, and the President's most familiar friend, had been rejected for minister to England by the Whig Senate. General Jackson was understood to be very desirous that Van Buren should have the second place on the ticket; and as the convention was composed largely of Jackson's adherents, Van Buren was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 203 votes, to 49 for Philip Barbour, of Virginia, and 26 for Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.

The result of the campaign thus inaugurated by the first national conventions in our history was terribly disastrous to Mr. Clay, and was the second of the long series of his defeats in attempting to reach the Presidency. General Jackson was re-elected by 219 electoral votes; Mr. Clay had but 49; Wirt carried Vermont's 7 votes; Pennsylvania cast its vote for William Wilkins; and South Carolina voted for John Floyd, of Virginia. Martin Van Buren was abundantly consoled for the rejection by the Senate of his nomination as envoy to London, for he became Vice-President, and was already designated as the favorite of General Jackson for the succession to the executive chair.

General Jackson's political policy was of so bold and aggressive a character that toward its close all who were not his submissive supporters had been driven into opposition. Some time before the period of a new Presidential election, General Jackson not only intimated to his followers his wish that the Democratic nominations should be made by a national convention, but that his successor in the executive chair should be the Vice-President, Mr. Van Buren. There was great opposition to Mr. Van Buren in the Democratic ranks; and his opponents were resolved not to go into the convention, but to concentrate their support on another candidate. As has been seen, the Legislatures of the States had been in the habit of making nominations for the Presidency for some years. Indeed, after the cessation of the Congressional caucus system, this had generally been the method by which candidates had first been brought before the country, though afterward sometimes formally named by the national conventions. This method was now adopted alike by the opponents and by the friends of Mr. Van Buren—by his opponents as a substitute for a convention, and by his friends in order to strengthen the decision of the Democratic Convention when it met.

Early in the year 1835 the Tennessee Legislature nominated Hugh L. White, one of the Senators from that State, a pure and venerable man. He was the chief of those who had broken away from General Jackson, and opposed the succession of Van Buren; and this nomination was confirmed by the Alabama Legislature and the Tennessee delegation in Congress. Mississippi nominated Van Buren. Meanwhile the Whigs, who had as yet held no national conventions, had not been idle. They hoped to profit by the dissensions in the Democratic ranks; and early in the year a large Whig public meeting at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, placed General William Henry Harrison in nomination. Then a Whig caucus in Ohio presented the name of John M'Lean of that State; and the Whigs of the Massachusetts Legislature put their Titan, Daniel Webster, into the field.

Such was the state of the campaign when the Democratic Convention, six hundred strong, assembled in Baltimore in May. It was not an interesting convention, for it included only the devoted adherents of General Jackson, and its work had been already laid out for it at the White House. On the first ballot Mr. Van Buren was unanimously nominated for President. A brief

struggle ensued on the Vice-Presidency, which was claimed by the Virginia delegation for William C. Rives. But Colonel Richard M. Johnson was nominated, in accordance with General Jackson's wish.

The course of events during Van Buren's Presidency was such as to cause people to look forward with keen interest not only to the election, but to the nominating conventions, of 1840. The bright prospects before the Whigs brought several rivals to the front as candidates for their nomination; for the first time the two giants of that party, Webster and Clay, were face to face as antagonists. It was seen that it would be at last necessary for this party, which had hitherto looked upon national conventions as a Democratic device, to adopt this system of choosing a candidate, or else submit to defeat in consequence of rival Legislative nominations. The first convention, however, held in view of the election of 1840 was that of the Abolitionists, who met at Warsaw in November, 1839, and selected James G. Birney, of Michigan, and Francis J. Lemoyne, of Pennsylvania, as their candidates for President and Vice-President.

Then came the first and memorable Whig National Convention, which assembled at Harrisburg in December, 1839. It was a remarkable body, comprising an unusual number of distinguished men, and full of party zeal; there seemed to be a consciousness in the breasts of all that they were about to choose the next President, the first Whig occupant of the chair. Its proceedings were awaited with the keenest anxiety at New York and at Washington. The friends of the gallant and eloquent Clay were especially sanguine; and although it seemed probable when the convention gathered that there would be some contest, Clay and his friends thought the result assured. Clay had just made a stirring speech at Buffalo, beseeching his party to take his name out of the way if it presented the least obstacle in the way of unanimity. The convention met, four hundred delegates being present. Governor Barbour, of Virginia, presided, and in his opening speech he announced as the Whig creed, "One Presidential term, the integrity of public servants, the safety of the public money, and the general good of the people." The organization effected, the convention proceeded, amidst intense excitement, to take an informal ballot. This resulted in a small plurality for Henry Clay. The politicians who opposed his nomination, on the ground that the Antimasons and anti-tariff Whigs would not support him, now began to work like beavers among the delegates. Besides Mr. Clay, the candidates voted for were Generals Scott and Harrison. A few votes were cast for Mr. Webster, but his friends held him back in the hope that the other candidates would kill each other off and make a way for him. The first formal ballot showed Mr. Clay still slightly leading; the next proved that he was weakening. Twenty-four ballots were taken, when, General Scott having been killed off, and Webster's friends having at last cast their whole strength against Clay and in favor of General Harrison, the "hero of Tippecanoe" was nominated. The last ballot stood, for Harrison, 148; for Clay, 90; and for Scott, 16.

This event was a most bitter blow to Henry Clay. When he heard of his defeat, he gave way to ungoverned rage, declared his friends faithless and worthless, complained that he was always nominated when there was no chance, and always deserted when there was, and swore that he would bid adieu forever to public life, in which there was neither gratitude nor honor. Happily for his party and his own fame, this determination was but momentary, and gave way when the excitement of defeat had passed.

The Democratic National Convention met at Baltimore in May, 1840, and Governor William Carroll, of Maryland, was made its president. Twenty-one States were represented in it. This body assembled under very discouraging circumstances, for the temper of the country had already betrayed itself as enthusiastically favorable to the Whig ticket. President Van Buren was, however, after some opposition, renominated by resolution—a mode which had not before been adopted. It was this convention which first framed a "platform" of party principles—an example which has been followed ever since. This platform embodied a declaration in favor of State rights, and against internal improvements and a high tariff, asserted the necessity of economy in the government, opposed a national bank, and asserted the broadest principle of suffrage and citizenship.

The defeat of Van Buren was decreed by the tone of public feeling long before election day; but the Democrats did not yield till after a gallant struggle. The "log-cabin" and "hard-cider" campaign of 1840, with its squibs, pasquinades, and caricatures, its barbecues and torch-light processions, is, perhaps, the most noted in our political history.

The Whigs only sowed victory to reap disaster. The death of Harrison, the defection of Tyler, and the turbulent politics of the latter's Presidency revived the hopes and the energies of the Democrats, still more or less inspired by "Old Hickory" from his retreat at the Hermitage. The apparent demoralization of the Whigs brought an unusual number of candidates for the Democratic nomination into the field; and when the convention met at Baltimore in May, 1844, its action was awaited with anxious suspense by the party it represented. The friends of ex-President Van Buren mustered

in large force, and confidently expected to secure his nomination. Others were scarcely less sanguine. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was the choice of some of the Western, and John C. Calhoun of some of the Southern, States; Kentucky hoped to secure ex-Vice-President Richard M. Johnson as the candidate, and Pennsylvania presented the name of James Buchanan. Colonel Wright, of Pennsylvania, was chosen president of the convention, which contained 325 delegates, entitled to 226 votes. The first motion made was intended by the opponents of Van Buren to shut him out from the nomination. It was to adopt the rule requiring two-thirds of the votes cast to make a choice. There was a long and bitter contest over this motion, but it was finally carried. Then the convention, amidst a hubbub of agitation, proceeded to ballot. On the first ballot Mr. Van Buren polled 146, a majority of all the votes cast, but not two-thirds. On the second he fell to a plurality; on the third he dropped still lower; on the fifth Cass passed him, and received a plurality; on the seventh Cass had a majority, but not two-thirds. The convention now adjourned to the next day. During the night Calhoun effected a stratagem which was to take all the existing candidates out of the field. Van Buren's friends, enraged at his defeat, and resolved to kill Cass at all hazards, agreed with the Tennessee delegates, who were prompted by Calhoun, to support James K. Polk after the next ballot. When the convention met, and a ballot was taken, the vote stood, for Van Buren, 104; for Cass, 114; for Polk, 44; and on the next ballot the whole Van Buren and a large portion of the Cass party went over to Polk, nominating him by a vote of 232, to 29 for Cass, 2 for Van Buren, 1 for Calhoun, and 1 for Marcus Morton. The convention then nominated Silas Wright for Vice-President; but he declined, and George M. Dallas replaced him on the ticket. A platform of principles, much like the former, was adopted.

The Whigs met in convention at Baltimore, and now once more the friends of Clay had it all their own way. The great Kentuckian was nominated by acclamation. A short struggle ensued on the nomination for Vice-President. The candidates were Millard Fillmore, John Davis, of Massachusetts, and Theodore Frelinghuysen, the latter finally succeeding. But Clay, to his intense disappointment and the despair of his devoted supporters, lost the State of New York by an imprudent letter, and Polk became President after an exciting contest.

The war with Mexico ensued, and provided a number of military as well as civil candidates for the parties in 1848. Most prominent among these were General Winfield Scott and General Zachary Taylor, the one an old Whig, the other "innocent of politics."

The Whig Convention, called the "Slaughter-house Convention," from the deadly havoc it made with great Whig names, met at Philadelphia in June, 1848. Once more, and now for the last time, the friends of Henry Clay made a desperate rally in his behalf. Webster, too, was avowedly in the field, and, as in 1840, the rivalry of these giants was destined to prove the political ruin of both. The military candidates, Taylor and Scott, were both denounced as unfit for the Presidency; and a fifth aspirant appeared in the person of Judge M'Lean, of Ohio. But the conflict between Webster and Clay was exceedingly factious and bitter. The friends of the former said that Clay had twice had his chance, and that a long debt was now due to the "Expounder of the Constitution." Clay's friends insisted that he should be the standard-bearer of the Whigs just once more. Such was the state of feeling when the first ballot was taken. It resulted thus: General Taylor, 111; Henry Clay, 97; Daniel Webster, 21; General Scott, 46; Judge M'Lean, 2. A second ballot being equally ineffectual, the convention adjourned. The next morning a ballot was again taken, with similar results. A second ballot showed these figures: General Taylor, 171; Mr. Clay, 30; General Scott, 63; Mr. Webster, 12. The hero of Buena Vista was thus nominated, to the intense chagrin both of Clay and Webster, the latter of whom declared, in a petulant moment, that it was "a nomination not fit to be made." Millard Fillmore was nominated for Vice-President by one of those sudden, happily conceived speeches which have not seldom captured conventions, his name being presented by John A. Collier, of New York.

The other two conventions of that year present little of interest. A Free-soil Convention, held at Utica late in June, put ex-President Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams in the field. The Democratic Convention had been held at Baltimore in January, with ex-Speaker Andrew Stevenson as president. The two-thirds rule was again adopted. The quarrel of Van Buren and the "Softs," with Dickinson and the "Hards," in New York, resulted in the nomination of Lewis Cass for President on the fourth ballot, he receiving 179 votes, against 38 for Levi Woodbury, 33 for James Buchanan, and 3 for General Worth. General William O. Butler was named for Vice-President, and a platform was adopted. The defection of the Van Buren Free-soilers defeated Cass, and Taylor and Fillmore were chosen.

Both the conventions of 1852 were remarkable bodies, the fields of sharp and uncertain contests between eminent aspirants, the results of both of which were surprises to the country. Both were held in the month of June, and both at Baltimore. The Demo-

crats came together first, rallying nearly three hundred delegates. Four men of first-class ability, and each with a strong following, were ranged as rival candidates. These were General Cass, whose friends claimed for him a renomination; James Buchanan, who had now become a perpetual candidate; Stephen A. Douglas, then rising to be the Democratic leader in the Senate; and William L. Marcy, who had been Polk's Secretary of War. No less than forty-nine ballots were taken. On the first Cass had 117; Buchanan, 93; Douglas, 20; and Marcy, 27. Cass rose for a while and then fell, and after several days of balloting, Virginia suddenly cast her vote for Franklin Pierce, who was thereupon nominated in a fit of abrupt enthusiasm. The struggle in the Whig Convention was even more prolonged. Senator Evans, of Maine, presided over it. The contest lay between Fillmore, Scott, and Webster. On the first ballot Fillmore had 132; Scott, 131; Webster, 29. Fifty-three attempts were then made, and the fifty-third ballot resulted in the nomination of Winfield Scott by the following vote: Scott, 159; Fillmore, 112; Webster, 21. This was the death-blow of Daniel Webster, who did not survive it till the end of the year. The Free-soilers nominated John P. Hale and George W. Julian. The Know-Nothings, then just organizing, put Jacob Brown in the field; an "Abolition" Convention named William Goodell; and a "Southern Rights" Convention paid a similar compliment to George M. Troupe, of Georgia. Thus there were six tickets in the field; but Pierce carried the Union like a whirlwind, completely routing Scott, who only secured the votes of the four States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Since Monroe's time there had not been so complete a party victory.

The campaign of 1856 was especially notable as that in which the Republican party, rising on the ruins of the Whigs, contested the Presidency as a national organization; comparatively little interest attached to the Democratic Convention, by which it was nearly certain that James Buchanan would be made the candidate. The convention met at Cincinnati on the 2d of June. Buchanan's principal rival was President Pierce. The first ballot resulted in 135 votes for Buchanan, 122 for Pierce, 33 for Douglas, and 5 for Cass. After several ballots Pierce's supporters passed over to Douglas, when the vote stood, Buchanan, 168; Douglas, 121; Cass, 6. Finally, on the seventeenth ballot, Buchanan received the unanimous nomination. John C. Breckinridge was nominated on the second ballot for Vice-President.

The first Republican Convention met at Philadelphia on the 17th of June. Over a thousand delegates made their appearance, and Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, was chosen president. Many names of eminent Free-soilers appeared as candidates for the nomination. The strongest seemed that of William H. Seward; but he had formidable competitors in Salmon P. Chase, N. P. Banks, John M'Lean, Charles Sumner, and John C. Fremont. But the convention made quick work of the aspirants, and promptly showed its preference for an "available" man. On the first ballot John C. Fremont had 359 votes; John M'Lean, 196; Sumner, 2; and there was one vote each for Banks and Seward. On the second ballot Fremont was nominated by a unanimous vote. The candidates for the Vice-Presidential nomination were William L. Dayton, Abraham Lincoln, David Wilmot, Preston King, Charles Sumner, Thomas H. Ford, Cassius M. Clay, and many others; on the second ballot William L. Dayton was chosen. The convention made a long platform, and adjourned with enthusiastic hopes of victory.

The defeat of the Republicans in 1856 was really a Bunker Hill, presaging triumph four years afterward. When the election of 1860 approached, that party had waxed stronger as the result of events, and the manifest dissensions of its opponents made it highly probable that the Republican candidates would succeed. There were two wings in the Democratic party, those who sustained and those who opposed the "Little Giant" of the West, Stephen A. Douglas. When the Democratic Convention met in Institute Hall, Charleston, on the 23d of April, 1860, it was evident that the struggle would be a long and severe one. The Southern delegates were mostly resolved that Douglas should not be the candidate; the West was enthusiastically in his favor. For seven days the contest went on over the platform to be adopted, and it was not till the afternoon of the eighth day that a ballot was reached. The vote was proceeded with amidst intense excitement, and its result was as follows: Douglas, 145½; James Guthrie, 35½; Daniel S. Dickinson, 7; R. M. T. Hunter, 42; Andrew Johnson, 12; Joseph Lane, 6; Jefferson Davis, 1½; Isaac Toucey, 2½; Pierce, 1. For three days the convention balloted ineffectually, Douglas leading with 150½ till the twenty-third ballot, when he gained two; on the thirty-sixth ballot he fell to 151½, which he continued to poll until the fifty-seventh ballot. Failing to nominate him by the necessary two-thirds vote, the convention adjourned in despair, to meet in Baltimore on the 18th of June.

Before it re-assembled, the Republican Convention had met at Chicago, May 16, and made its choice. Here Mr. Seward was at first the strongest candidate. Having made their platform, the delegates proceeded to vote as follows: Seward, 173; Lincoln, 102; Bates, 48; Cameron, 50; Chase, 49; M'Lean, 12; Dayton, 14; Collamer, 10.

The greatest excitement now prevailed, and it was seen that the struggle was between Seward and Lincoln. On the second ballot the latter gained very largely, Pennsylvania casting her votes for him. This ballot stood, Seward, 184; Lincoln, 181; Chase, 42; Bates, 35. On the third, Lincoln had gone up to 231, and Seward fallen to 180. This settled the contest, and Lincoln was then unanimously nominated. The struggle for Vice-President was brief, for Hannibal Hamlin was chosen on the second ballot, Cassius M. Clay being his chief competitor.

The Southern Democrats, who had seceded from the Charleston Convention, met at Richmond early in June, but adjourned daily to await events at Baltimore. At the re-assembled convention at Baltimore, Douglas was at last nominated by 181 votes, to 7 for Breckinridge and 5 for Guthrie. Then the seceders lost no time in putting Breckinridge and Lane into the field.

The "Constitutional Union" party, comprised of old Whigs and Know-Nothings, held a convention at Baltimore in May, and selected John Bell and Edward Everett as their candidates.

The subsequent conventions are in the recollection of most of our readers; and we have occupied so much space in our rapid sketch of these interesting bodies down to the rebellion that there is none in which to detail those which have followed. Lincoln was renominated, with Andrew Johnson for Vice-President, in 1864, his opponent being General M'Clellan. Both nominations were foregone conclusions, and hence comparatively little interest attached to the bodies which made them. The same was the case with the fore-ordained nomination and renomination of General Grant in 1868 and 1872, the interest in the Republican Conventions of those years centring upon the contests for Vice-President. The Democratic Convention which nominated Horatio Seymour at New York in 1868 was an exciting, though not a very eventful one, as it already seemed certain that Grant would be elected. The "Liberal Republican" Convention which met at Cincinnati in 1872 was watched with deep interest. The contest there was between Charles Francis Adams, Lyman Trumbull, and Horace Greeley; and when the latter was finally nominated, the Democrats had only to meet and adopt their old foe of the *Tribune* as their candidate.

The conventions which are about to meet to select candidates for the "Centennial" Presidency promise to be unusually exciting, as on neither side does one man stand forth so prominently above his competitors as to relieve the nominating bodies of a contest.

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DANIEL DERONDA.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," "Scenes of Clerical Life," etc.

BOOK V.—MORDECAI.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Were uneasiness of conscience measured by extent of crime, human history had been different, and one should look to see the contrivers of greedy wars and the mighty marauders of the money market in one troop of self-lacerating penitents with the meaner robber and cut-purse, and the murderer that doth his butchery in small with his own hand. No doubt wickedness hath its rewards to distribute; but whoso wins in this devil's game must needs be baser, more cruel, more brutal, than the order of this planet will allow for the multitude born of woman, the most of these carrying a form of conscience—a fear which is the shadow of justice, a pity which is the shadow of love—that hindereth from the prize of serene wickedness, itself difficult of maintenance in our composite flesh.

ON the 29th of December Deronda knew that the Grandcourts had arrived at the Abbey, but he had had no glimpse of them before he went to dress for dinner. There had been a splendid fall of snow, allowing the party of children the rare pleasures of snow-balling and snow-building, and in the Christmas holidays the Mallinger girls were content with no amusement unless it were joined in and managed by "cousin," as they had always called Deronda. After that out-door exertion he had been playing billiards, and thus the hours had passed without his dwelling at all on the prospect of meeting Gwendolen at dinner. Nevertheless that prospect was interesting to him, and when, a little tired and heated with working at amusement, he went to his room before the half-hour bell had rung, he began to think of it with some speculation on the sort of influence her marriage with Grandcourt would have on her, and on the probability that there would be some discernible shades of change in her manner since he saw her at Diplow, just as there had been since his first vision of her at Leubronn.

"I fancy there are some natures one could see growing or degenerating every day, if one watched them," was his thought. "I suppose some of us go on faster than others; and I am sure she is a creature who keeps strong traces of any thing that has once impressed her. That little affair of the necklace, and the idea that somebody thought her gambling wrong, had evidently bitten into her. But such impressibility tells both ways: it may

drive one to desperation as soon as to any thing better. And whatever fascinations Grandcourt may have for capricious tastes—good heavens! who can believe that he would call out the tender affections in daily companionship? One might be tempted to horsewhip him for the sake of getting some show of passion into his face and speech. I'm afraid she married him out of ambition—to escape poverty. But why did she run out of his way at first? The poverty came after, though. Poor thing! she may have been urged into it. How can one feel any thing else than pity for a young creature like that—full of unused life, ignorantly rash—hanging all her blind expectations on that remnant of a human being!"

Doubtless the phrases which Deronda's meditation applied to the bridegroom were the less complimentary for the excuses and pity in which it clad the bride. His notion of Grandcourt as a "remnant" was founded on no particular knowledge, but simply on the impression which ordinary polite intercourse had given him that Grandcourt had worn out all his natural healthy interest in things.

In general, one may be sure that whenever a marriage of any mark takes place, male acquaintances are likely to pity the bride, female acquaintances the bridegroom: each, it is thought, might have done better; and especially where the bride is charming, young gentlemen on the scene are apt to conclude that she can have no real attachment to a fellow so uninteresting to themselves as her husband, but has married him on other grounds. Who under such circumstances pities the husband? Even his female friends are apt to think his position retributive: he should have chosen some one else. But perhaps Deronda may be excused that he did not prepare any pity for Grandcourt, who had never struck acquaintances as likely to come out of his experiences with more suffering than he inflicted; whereas for Gwendolen, young, headlong, eager for pleasure, fed with the flattery which makes a lovely girl believe in her divine right to rule—how quickly might life turn from expectancy to a bitter sense of the irremediable! After what he had seen of her, he must have had rather dull feelings not to have looked forward with some interest to her entrance into the room. Still, since the honey-moon was already three weeks in the distance, and Gwendolen had been enthroned not only at Ryelands, but at Diplow, she was likely to have composed her countenance with suitable manifestation or concealment, not being one who would indulge the curious by a helpless exposure of her feelings.

A various party had been invited to meet the new couple: the old aristocracy was represented by Lord and Lady Pentreath; the old gentry by young Mr. and Mrs. Fitzadam, of the Worcestershire branch of the Fitzadams; politics and the public good, as specialized in the cider interest, by Mr. Fenn, member for West Orchards, accompanied by his two daughters; Lady Mallinger's family by her brother, Mr. Raymond, and his wife; the useful bachelor element by Mr. Sinker, the eminent counsel, and by Mr. Vandernoodt, whose acquaintance Sir Hugo had found pleasant enough at Leubronn to be adopted in England.

All had assembled in the drawing-room before the new couple appeared. Meanwhile the time was being passed chiefly in noticing the children —various little Raymonds, nephews and nieces of Lady Mallinger's, with her own three girls, who were always allowed to appear at this hour. The scene was really delightful—enlarged by full-length portraits with deep backgrounds, inserted in the cedar paneling—surmounted by a ceiling that glowed with the rich colors of the coats of arms ranged between the sockets—illuminated almost as much by the red fire of oak boughs as by the pale wax-lights—stilled by the deep-piled carpet and by the high English breeding that subdues all voices; while the mixture of ages, from the white-haired Lord and Lady Pentreath to the four-year-old Edgar Raymond, gave a varied charm to the living groups. Lady Mallinger, with fair matronly roundness and mildly prominent blue eyes, moved about in her black velvet, carrying a tiny white dog on her arm as a sort of finish to her costume; the children were scattered among the ladies, while most of the gentlemen were standing rather aloof conversing with that very moderate vivacity observable during the long minutes before dinner. Deronda was a little out of the circle in a dialogue fixed upon him by Mr. Vandernoodt, a man of the best Dutch blood imported at the revolution: for the rest, one of those commodious persons in society who are nothing particular themselves, but are understood to be acquainted with the best in every department; close-clipped, pale-eyed, *nonchalant*, as good a foil as could well be found to the intense coloring and vivid gravity of Deronda.

He was talking of the bride and bridegroom, whose appearance was being waited for. Mr. Vandernoodt was an industrious gleaner of personal details, and could probably tell every thing about a great philosopher or physicist except his theories or discoveries: he was now implying that he had learned many facts about Grandcourt since meeting him at Leubronn.

"Men who have seen a good deal of life don't always end by choosing their wives so well. He has had rather an anecdotic history—gone rather deep into pleasures, I fancy, lazy as he is. But of course you know all about him."

"No, really," said Deronda, in an indifferent tone. "I know little more of him than that he is Sir Hugo's nephew."

But now the door opened, and deferred any satisfaction of Mr. Vandernoodt's communicativeness.

The scene was one to set off any figure of distinction that entered on it, and certainly when Mr. and Mrs. Grandcourt entered, no beholder could deny that their figures had distinction. The bridegroom had neither more nor less easy perfection of costume, neither more nor less well-cut impassibility of face, than before his marriage. It was to be supposed of him that he would put up with nothing less than the best in outward equipment, wife included; and the wife on his arm was what he might have been expected to choose. "By George, I think she's handsomer, if any thing!" said Mr. Vandernoodt. And Deronda was of the same opinion, but he said nothing. The white silk and diamonds—it may seem strange, but she did wear the diamonds on her neck, in her ears, in her hair—might have something to do with the new imposingness of her beauty, which flashed on him as more unquestionable, if not more thoroughly satisfactory, than when he had first seen her at the gaming table. Some faces which are peculiar in their

beauty are like original works of art: for the first time they are almost always met with question. But in seeing Gwendolen at Diplow, Deronda had discerned in her more than he had expected of that tender appealing charm which we call womanly. Was there any new change since then? He distrusted his impressions; but as he saw her receiving greetings with what seemed a proud cold quietude and a superficial smile, there seemed to be at work within her the same demonic force that had possessed her when she took him in her resolute glance and turned away a loser from the gaming table. There was no time for more of a conclusion—no time even for him to give his greeting—before the summons to dinner.

He sat not far from opposite to her at table, and could sometimes hear what she said in answer to Sir Hugo, who was at his liveliest in conversation with her; but though he looked toward her with the intention of bowing, she gave him no opportunity of doing so for some time. At last Sir Hugo, who might have imagined that they had already spoken to each other, said, "Deronda, you will like to hear what Mrs. Grandcourt tells me about your favorite, Klesmer."

Gwendolen's eyelids had been lowered, and Deronda, already looking at her, thought he discovered a quivering reluctance as she was obliged to raise them and return his unembarrassed bow and smile, her own smile being one of the lip merely. It was but an instant, and Sir Hugo continued without pause,

"The Arrowpoints have condoned the marriage, and he is spending the Christmas with his bride at Quetcham."

"I suppose he will be glad of it for the sake of his wife, else I dare say he would not have minded keeping at a distance," said Deronda.

"It's a sort of troubadour story," said Lady Pentreath, an easy, deep-voiced old lady; "I'm glad to find a little romance left among us. I think our young people now are getting too worldly-wise."

"It shows the Arrowpoints' good sense, however, to have adopted the affair, after the fuss in the papers," said Sir Hugo. "And disowning your only child because of a *mésalliance* is something like disowning your one eye: every body knows it's yours, and you have no other to make an appearance with."

"As to *mésalliance*, there's no blood on any side," said Lady Pentreath. "Old Admiral Arrowpoint was one of Nelson's men, you know—a doctor's son. And we all know how the mother's money came."

"If there were any *mésalliance* in the case, I should say it was on Klesmer's side," said Deronda.

"Ah, you think it is a case of the immortal marrying the mortal. What is your opinion?" said Sir Hugo, looking at Gwendolen.

"I have no doubt that Herr Klesmer thinks himself immortal. But I dare say his wife will burn as much incense before him as he requires," said Gwendolen. She had recovered any composure that she might have lost.

"Don't you approve of a wife burning incense before her husband?" said Sir Hugo, with an air of jocoseness.

"Oh yes," said Gwendolen, "if it were only to make others believe in him." She paused a moment, and then said, with more gayety, "When Herr Klesmer admires his own genius, it will take off some of the absurdity if his wife says Amen."

"Klesmer is no favorite of yours, I see," said Sir Hugo.

"I think very highly of him, I assure you," said Gwendolen. "His genius is quite above my judgment, and I know him to be exceedingly generous."

She spoke with the sudden seriousness which is often meant to correct an unfair or indiscreet sally, having a bitterness against Klesmer in her secret soul which she knew herself unable to justify. Deronda was wondering what he should have thought of her if he had never heard of her before: probably that she put on a little hardness and defiance by way of concealing some painful consciousness—if, indeed, he could imagine her manners otherwise than in the light of his suspicion. But why did she not recognize him with more friendliness?

Sir Hugo, by way of changing the subject, said to her, "Is not this a beautiful room? It was part of the refectory of the Abbey. There was a division made by those pillars and the three arches, and afterward they were built up. Else it was half as large again originally. There used to be rows of Benedictines sitting where we are sitting. Suppose we were suddenly to see the lights burning low and the ghosts of the old monks rising behind all our chairs!"

"Please don't!" said Gwendolen, with a playful shudder. "It is very nice to come after ancestors and monks, but they should know their places and keep under-ground. I should be rather frightened to go about this house all alone. I suppose the old generations must be angry with us because we have altered things so much."

"Oh, the ghosts must be of all political parties," said Sir Hugo. "And those fellows who wanted to change things while they lived, and couldn't do it, must be on our side. But if you would not like to go over the house alone, you will like to go in company, I hope. You and Grandcourt ought to see it all. And we will ask Deronda to go round with us. He is more learned about it than I am." The Baronet was in the most complaisant of humors.

Gwendolen stole a glance at Deronda, who must have heard what Sir Hugo said, for he had his face turned toward them helping himself to an *entrée;* but he looked as impassive as a picture. At the notion of Deronda's showing her and Grandcourt the place which was to be theirs, and which she with painful emphasis remembered might have been his (perhaps, if others had acted differently), certain thoughts had rushed in—thoughts often repeated within her, but now returning on an occasion embarrassingly new; and she was conscious of something furtive and awkward in her glance, which Sir Hugo must have noticed. With her usual readiness of resource against betrayal, she said, playfully, "You don't know how much I am afraid of Mr. Deronda."

"How's that? Because you think him too learned?" said Sir Hugo, whom the peculiarity of her glance had not escaped.

"No. It is ever since I first saw him at Leubronn. Because when he came to look on at the roulette table, I began to lose. He cast an evil-eye on my play. He didn't approve it. He has told me so. And now whatever I do before him, I am afraid he will cast an evil-eye upon it."

"Gad! I'm rather afraid of him myself when he doesn't approve," said Sir Hugo, glancing at Deronda; and then turning his face toward Gwendolen, he said, less audibly, "I don't think ladies generally object to have his eyes upon them." The Baronet's small chronic complaint of facetiousness was at this moment almost as annoying to Gwendolen as it often was to Deronda.

"I object to any eyes that are critical," she said, in a cool high voice, with a turn of her neck. "Are there many of these old rooms left in the Abbey?"

"Not many. There is a fine cloistered court with a long gallery above it. But the finest bit of all is turned into stables. It is part of the old church. When I improved the place I made the most of every other bit; but it was out of my reach to change the stables, so the horses have the benefit of the fine old choir. You must go and see it."

"I shall like to see the horses as well as the building," said Gwendolen.

"Oh, I have no stud to speak of. Grandcourt will look with contempt at my horses," said Sir Hugo. "I've given up hunting, and go on in a jog-trot way, as becomes an old gentleman with daughters. The fact is, I went in for doing too much at this place. We all lived at Diplow for two years while the alterations were going on. Do you like Diplow?"

"Not particularly," said Gwendolen, with indifference. One would have thought that the young lady had all her life had more family seats than she cared to go to.

"Ah! it will not do after Ryelands," said Sir Hugo, well pleased. "Grandcourt, I know, took it for the sake of the hunting. But he found something so much better there," added the Baronet, lowering his voice, "that he might well prefer it to any other place in the world."

"It has one attraction for me," said Gwendolen, passing over this compliment with a chill smile, "that it is within reach of Offendene."

"I understand that," said Sir Hugo, and then let the subject drop.

What amiable baronet can escape the effect of a strong desire for a particular possession? Sir Hugo would have been glad that Grandcourt, with or without reason, should prefer any other place to Diplow; but inasmuch as in the pure process of wishing we can always make the conditions of our gratification benevolent, he did wish that Grandcourt's convenient disgust for Diplow should not be associated with his marriage of this very charming bride. Gwendolen was much to the Baronet's taste, but, as he observed afterward to Lady Mallinger, he should never have taken her for a young girl who had married beyond her expectations.

Deronda had not heard much of this conversation, having given his attention elsewhere, but the glimpses he had of Gwendolen's manner deepened the impression that it had something newly artificial.

Later, in the drawing-room, Deronda, at somebody's request, sat down to the piano and sang. Afterward Mrs. Raymond took his place; and on rising he observed that Gwendolen had left her seat, and had come to this end of the room, as if to listen more fully, but was now standing with her back to every one, apparently contemplating a fine cowled head carved in ivory which hung over a small table. He longed to go to her and speak. Why should he not obey such an impulse, as he would have done toward any other lady in the room? Yet he hesitated some moments, observing the graceful lines of her back, but not moving.

If you have any reason for not indulging a wish to speak to a fair woman, it is a bad plan to look long at her back: the wish to see what it screens becomes the stronger. There may be a very sweet smile on the other side. Deronda ended by going to the end of the small table, at right angles to Gwendolen's position; but before he could speak she had turned on him no smile, but such an appealing look of sadness, so utterly different from the chill effort of her recognition at table, that his speech was checked. For what was an appreciable space of time to both, though the observation of others could not have measured it, they looked at each other—she seeming to take the deep rest of confession, he with an answering depth of sympathy that neutralized other feelings.

"Will you not join in the music?" he said, by way of meeting the necessity for speech.

That her look of confession had been involuntary was shown by that just perceptible shake and change of countenance with which she roused herself to reply, calmly, "I join in it by listening. I am fond of music."

"Are you not a musician?"

"I have given a great deal of time to music. But I have not talent enough to make it worth while. I shall never sing again."

"But if you are fond of music, it will always be worth while in private, for your own delight. I make it a virtue to be content with my middlingness," said Deronda, smiling; "it is always pardonable, so that one does not ask others to take it for superiority."

"I can not imitate you," said Gwendolen, recovering her tone of artificial vivacity. "To be middling with me is another phrase for being dull. And the worst fault I have to find with the world is that it is dull. Do you know, I am going to justify gambling in spite of you. It is a refuge from dullness."

"I don't admit the justification," said Deronda. "I think what we call the dullness of things is a disease in ourselves. Else how could any one find an intense interest in life? And many do."

"Ah, I see! The fault I find in the world is my own fault," said Gwendolen, smiling at him. Then, after a moment, looking up at the ivory again, she said, "Do *you* never find fault with the world or with others?"

"Oh yes. When I am in a grumbling mood."

"And hate people? Confess you hate them when they stand in your way—when their gain is your loss? That is your own phrase, you know."

"We are often standing in each other's way when we can't help it. I think it is stupid to hate people on that ground."

"But if they injure you and could have helped it?" said Gwendolen, with a hard intensity unaccountable in incidental talk like this.

Deronda wondered at her choice of subjects. A painful impression arrested his answer a moment, but at last he said, with a graver, deeper intonation, "Why, then, after all, I prefer my place to theirs."

"There I believe you are right," said Gwendo-

len, with a sudden little laugh, and turned to join the group at the piano.

Deronda looked round for Grandcourt, wondering whether he followed his bride's movements with any attention; but it was rather undiscerning in him to suppose that he could find out the fact. Grandcourt had a delusive mode of observing whatever had an interest for him, which could be surpassed by no sleepy-eyed animal on the watch for prey. At that moment he was plunged in the depth of an easy-chair, being talked to by Mr. Vandernoodt, who apparently thought the acquaintance of such a bridegroom worth cultivating; and an incautious person might have supposed it safe to telegraph secrets in front of him, the common prejudice being that your quick observer is one whose eyes have quick movements. Not at all. If you want a respectable witness who will see nothing inconvenient, choose a vivacious gentleman, very much on the alert, with two eyes wide open, a glass in one of them, and an entire impartiality as to the purpose of looking. If Grandcourt cared to keep any one under his power, he saw them out of the corners of his long narrow eyes, and if they went behind him, he had a constructive process by which he knew what they were doing there. He knew perfectly well where his wife was, and how she was behaving. Was he going to be a jealous husband? Deronda imagined that to be likely; but his imagination was as much astray about Grandcourt as it would have been about an unexplored continent where all the species were peculiar. He did not conceive that he himself was a likely object of jealousy, or that he should give any pretext for it; but the suspicion that a wife is not happy naturally leads one to speculate on the husband's private deportment; and Deronda found himself after one o'clock in the morning in the rather ludicrous position of sitting up severely holding a Hebrew grammar in his hands (for somehow, in deference to Mordecai, he had begun to study Hebrew), with the consciousness that he had been in that attitude nearly an hour, and had thought of nothing but Gwendolen and her husband. To be an unusual young man means for the most part to get a difficult mastery over the usual, which is often like the sprite of ill luck you pack up your goods to escape from, and see grinning at you from the top of your luggage van. The peculiarities of Deronda's nature had been acutely touched by the brief incidents and words which made the history of his intercourse with Gwendolen; and this evening's slight addition had given them an importunate recurrence. It was not vanity—it was ready sympathy—that had made him alive to a certain appealingness in her behavior toward him; and the difficulty with which she had seemed to raise her eyes to bow to him, in the first instance, was to be interpreted now by that unmistakable look of involuntary confidence which she had afterward turned on him under the consciousness of his approach.

"What is the use of it all?" thought Deronda, as he threw down his grammar, and began to undress. "I can't do any thing to help her—nobody can—if she has found out her mistake already. And it seems to me that she has a dreary lack of the ideas that might help her. Strange and piteous to think what a centre of wretchedness a delicate piece of human flesh like that might be, wrapped round with fine raiment, her ears pierced for gems, her head held loftily, her mouth all smiling pretense, the poor soul within her sitting in sick distaste of all things! But what do I know of her? There may be a demon in her to match the worst husband, for what I can tell. She was clearly an ill-educated, worldly girl: perhaps she is a coquette."

This last reflection, not much believed in, was a self-administered dose of caution, prompted partly by Sir Hugo's much-contemned joking on the subject of flirtation. Deronda resolved not to volunteer any *tête-à-tête* with Gwendolen during the few days of her stay at the Abbey; and he was capable of keeping a resolve in spite of much inclination to the contrary.

But a man can not resolve about a woman's actions, least of all about those of a woman like Gwendolen, in whose nature there was a combination of proud reserve with rashness, of perilously poised terror with defiance, which might alternately flatter and disappoint control. Few words could less represent her than "coquette." She had a native love of homage, and belief in her own power; but no cold artifice for the sake of enslaving. And the poor thing's belief in her power, with her other dreams before marriage, had often to be thrust aside now like the toys of a sick child, which it looks at with dull eyes, and has no heart to play with, however it may try.

The next day at lunch Sir Hugo said to her, "The thaw has gone on like magic, and it's so pleasant out-of-doors just now—shall we go and see the stables and the other old bits about the place?"

"Yes, pray," said Gwendolen. "You will like to see the stables, Henleigh?" she added, looking at her husband.

"Uncommonly," said Grandcourt, with an indifference which seemed to give irony to the word, as he returned her look. It was the first time Deronda had seen them speak to each other since their arrival, and he thought their exchange of looks as cold and official as if it had been a ceremony to keep up a charter. Still, the English fondness for reserve will account for much negation; and Grandcourt's manners with an extra veil of reserve over them might be expected to present the extreme type of the national taste.

"Who else is inclined to make the tour of the house and premises?" said Sir Hugo. "The ladies must muffle themselves: there is only just about time to do it well before sunset. You will go, Dan, won't you?"

"Oh yes," said Deronda, carelessly, knowing that Sir Hugo would think any excuse disobliging.

"All meet in the library, then, when they are ready—say, in half an hour," said the Baronet. Gwendolen made herself ready with wonderful quickness, and in ten minutes came down into the library in her sables, plume, and little thick boots. As soon as she entered the room she was aware that some one else was there: it was precisely what she had hoped for. Deronda was standing with his back toward her at the far end of the room, and was looking over a newspaper. How could little thick boots make any noise on an Axminster carpet? And to cough would have seemed an intended signaling, which her pride could not condescend to; also, she felt bashful about walking up to him and letting him know that she was there, though it was her hunger to speak to him which had set her imagination on

constructing this chance of finding him, and had made her hurry down, as birds hover near the water which they dare not drink. Always uneasily dubious about his opinion of her, she felt a peculiar anxiety to-day, lest he might think of her with contempt, as one triumphantly conscious of being Grandcourt's wife, the future lady of this domain. It was her habitual effort now to magnify the satisfactions of her pride, on which she nourished her strength; but somehow Deronda's being there disturbed them all. There was not the faintest touch of coquetry in the attitude of her mind toward him: he was unique to her among men, because he had impressed her as being not her admirer but her superior: in some mysterious way he was becoming a part of her conscience, as one woman whose nature is an object of reverential belief may become a new conscience to a man.

And now he would not look round and find out that she was there! The paper crackled in his hand, his head rose and sank, exploring those stupid columns, and he was evidently stroking his beard, as if this world were a very easy affair to her. Of course all the rest of the company would soon be down, and the opportunity of her saying something to efface her flippancy of the evening before would be quite gone. She felt sick with irritation—so fast do young creatures like her absorb misery through invisible suckers of their own fancies—and her face had gathered that peculiar expression which comes with a mortification to which tears are forbidden.

At last he threw down the paper and turned round.

"Oh, you are there already," he said, coming forward a step or two. "I must go and put on my coat."

He turned aside and walked out of the room. This was behaving quite badly. Mere politeness would have made him stay to exchange some words before leaving her alone. It was true that Grandcourt came in with Sir Hugo immediately after, so that the words must have been too few to be worth any thing. As it was, they saw him walking from the library door.

"A—you look rather ill," said Grandcourt, going straight up to her, standing in front of her, and looking into her eyes. "Do you feel equal to the walk?"

"Yes, I shall like it," said Gwendolen, without the slightest movement, except this of the lips.

"We could put off going over the house, you know, and only go out-of-doors," said Sir Hugo, kindly, while Grandcourt turned aside.

"Oh dear no!" said Gwendolen, speaking with determination; "let us put off nothing. I want a long walk."

The rest of the walking party—two ladies and two gentlemen besides Deronda—had now assembled; and Gwendolen, rallying, went with due cheerfulness by the side of Sir Hugo, paying apparently an equal attention to the commentaries Deronda was called upon to give on the various architectural fragments, and to Sir Hugo's reasons for not attempting to remedy the mixture of the undisguised modern with the antique—which, in his opinion, only made the place the more truly historical. On their way to the buttery and kitchen they took the outside of the house, and paused before a beautiful pointed doorway, which was the only old remnant in the east front.

"Well, now, to my mind," said Sir Hugo, "that is more interesting standing as it is in the middle of what is frankly four centuries later, than if the whole front had been dressed up in a pretense of the thirteenth century. Additions ought to smack of the time when they are made, and carry the stamp of their period. I wouldn't destroy any old bits, but that notion of reproducing the old is a mistake, I think. At least, if a man likes to do it, he must pay for his whistle. Besides, where are you to stop along that road—making loopholes where you don't want to peep, and so on? You may as well ask me to wear out the stones with kneeling; eh, Grandcourt?"

"A confounded nuisance," drawled Grandcourt. "I hate fellows wanting to howl litanies—acting the greatest bores that have ever existed."

"Well, yes, that's what their romanticism must come to," said Sir Hugo, in a tone of confidential assent—"that is, if they carry it out logically."

"I think that way of arguing against a course because it may be ridden down to an absurdity would soon bring life to a stand-still," said Deronda. "It is not the logic of human action, but of a roasting-jack, that must go on to the last turn when it has been once wound up. We can do nothing safely without some judgment as to where we are to stop."

"I find the rule of the pocket the best guide," said Sir Hugo, laughingly. "And as for most of your new-old building, you had need hire men to scratch and chip it all over artistically to give it an elderly-looking surface; which at the present rate of labor would not answer."

"Do you want to keep up the old fashions, then, Mr. Deronda?" said Gwendolen, taking advantage of the freedom of grouping to fall back a little, while Sir Hugo and Grandcourt went on.

"Some of them. I don't see why we should not use our choice there as we do elsewhere, or why either age or novelty by itself is an argument for or against. To delight in doing things because our fathers did them is good if it shuts out nothing better; it enlarges the range of affection, and affection is the broadest basis of good in life."

"Do you think so?" said Gwendolen, with a little surprise. "I should have thought you cared most about ideas, knowledge, wisdom, and all that."

"But to care about *them* is a sort of affection," said Deronda, smiling at her sudden *naïveté*. "Call it attachment, interest, willingness to bear a great deal for the sake of being with them and saving them from injury. Of course it makes a difference if the objects of interest are human beings; but generally in all deep affections the objects are a mixture—half persons and half ideas—sentiments and affections flow in together."

"I wonder whether I understand that," said Gwendolen, putting up her chin in her old saucy manner. "I believe I am not very affectionate; perhaps you mean to tell me that is the reason why I don't see much good in life."

"No, I did *not* mean to tell you that; but I admit that I should think it true if I believed what you say of yourself," said Deronda, gravely.

Here Sir Hugo and Grandcourt turned round and paused.

"I never can get Mr. Deronda to pay me a compliment," said Gwendolen. "I have quite a curiosity to see whether a little flattery can be extracted from him."

"Ah!" said Sir Hugo, glancing at Deronda, "the fact is, it is hopeless to flatter a bride. We give it up in despair. She has been so fed on sweet speeches that every thing we say seems tasteless."

"Quite true," said Gwendolen, bending her head and smiling. "Mr. Grandcourt won me by neatly turned compliments. If there had been one word out of place, it would have been fatal."

"Do you hear that?" said Sir Hugo, looking at the husband.

"Yes," said Grandcourt, without change of countenance. "It is a deucedly hard thing to keep up, though."

All this seemed to Sir Hugo a natural playfulness between such a husband and wife; but Deronda wondered at the misleading alternations in Gwendolen's manner, which at one moment seemed to invite sympathy by child-like indiscretion, at another to repel it by proud concealment. He tried to keep out of her way by devoting himself to Miss Juliet Fenn, a young lady whose profile had been so unfavorably decided by circumstances over which she had no control that Gwendolen some months ago had felt it impossible to be jealous of her. Nevertheless, when they were seeing the kitchen—a part of the original building in perfect preservation—the depth of shadow in the niches of the stone walls and groined vault, the play of light from the huge glowing fire on polished tin, brass, and copper, the fine resonance that came with every sound of voice or metal, were all spoiled for Gwendolen, and Sir Hugo's speech about them was made rather importunate, because Deronda was discoursing to the other ladies and kept at a distance from her. It did not signify that the other gentlemen took the opportunity of being near her: of what use in the world was their admiration while she had an uneasy sense that there was some standard in Deronda's mind which measured her into littleness? Mr. Vandernoodt, who had the mania of always describing one thing while you were looking at another, was quite intolerable with his insistence on Lord Blough's kitchen, which he had seen in the north.

"Pray don't ask us to see two kitchens at once. It makes the heat double. I must really go out of it," she cried at last, marching resolutely into the open air, and leaving the others in the rear. Grandcourt was already out, and as she joined him he said,

"I wondered how long you meant to stay in that damned place"—one of the freedoms he had assumed as a husband being the use of his strongest epithets. Gwendolen, turning to see the rest of the party approach, said,

"It was certainly rather too warm in one's wraps."

They walked on the gravel across a green court, where the snow still lay in islets on the grass, and in masses on the boughs of the great cedar and the crenelated coping of the stone walls, and then into a larger court, where there was another cedar, to find the beautiful choir long ago turned into stables, in the first instance perhaps after an impromptu fashion by troopers, who had a pious satisfaction in insulting the priests of Baal and the images of Ashtaroth, the queen of heaven. The exterior—its west end, save for the stable door, walled in with brick and covered with ivy—was much defaced, maimed of finial and gargoyle, the friable limestone broken and fretted, and lending its soft gray to a powdery dark lichen; the long windows, too, were filled in with brick as far as the springing of the arches, the broad clear-story windows with wire or ventilating blinds. With the low wintry afternoon sun upon it, sending shadows from the cedar boughs, and lighting up the touches of snow remaining on every ledge, it had still a scarcely disturbed aspect of antique solemnity, which gave the scene in the interior rather a startling effect; though, ecclesiastical or reverential indignation apart, the eyes could hardly help dwelling with pleasure on its piquant picturesqueness. Each finely arched chapel was turned into a stall, where in the dusty glazing of the windows there still gleamed patches of crimson, orange, blue, and palest violet; for the rest, the choir had been gutted, the floor leveled, paved, and drained according to the most approved fashion, and a line of loose boxes erected in the middle: a soft light fell from the upper windows on sleek brown or gray flanks and haunches; on mild equine faces looking out with active nostrils over the varnished brown boarding; on the hay hanging from racks where the saints once looked down from the altarpieces, and on the pale golden straw scattered or in heaps; on a little white-and-liver-colored spaniel making his bed on the back of an elderly hackney, and on four ancient angels, still showing signs of devotion like mutilated martyrs—while over all, the grand pointed roof, untouched by reforming wash, showed its lines and colors mysteriously through veiling shadow and cobweb, and a hoof now and then striking against the boards seemed to fill the vault with thunder, while outside there was the answering bay of the blood-hounds.

"Oh, this is glorious!" Gwendolen burst forth, in forgetfulness of every thing but the immediate impression: there had been a little intoxication for her in the grand spaces of courts and building, and the fact of her being an important person among them. "This *is* glorious! Only I wish there were a horse in every one of the boxes. I would ten times rather have these stables than those at Ryelands."

But she had no sooner said this than some consciousness arrested her, and involuntarily she turned her eyes toward Deronda, who oddly enough had taken off his felt hat, and stood holding it before him as if they had entered a room or an actual church. He, like others, happened to be looking at her, and their eyes met—to her intense vexation, for it seemed to her that by looking at him she had betrayed the reference of her thoughts, and she felt herself blushing: she exaggerated the impression that even Sir Hugo as well as Deronda would have of her bad taste in referring to the possession of any thing at the Abbey: as for Deronda, she had probably made him despise her. Her annoyance at what she imagined to be the obviousness of her confusion robbed her of her usual facility in carrying it off by playful speech, and turning up her face to look at the roof, she wheeled away in that attitude. If any had noticed her blush as significant, they had certainly not interpreted it by the secret windings and recesses of her feeling. A blush is no language: only a dubious flag-signal which may mean either of two contradictories. Deronda alone had a faint guess at some part of

her feeling; but while he was observing her, he was himself under observation.

"Do you take off your hat to the horses?" said Grandcourt, with a slight sneer.

"Why not?" said Deronda, covering himself. He had really taken off the hat automatically, and if he had been an ugly man, might doubtless have done so with impunity: ugliness having naturally the air of involuntary exposure, and beauty, of display.

Gwendolen's confusion was soon merged in the survey of the horses, which Grandcourt politely abstained from appraising, languidly assenting to Sir Hugo's alternate depreciation and eulogy of the same animal, as one that he should not have bought when he was younger, and piqued himself on his horses, but yet one that had better qualities than many more expensive brutes.

"The fact is, stables dive deeper and deeper into the pocket nowadays, and I am very glad to have got rid of that *démangeaison*," said Sir Hugo, as they were coming out.

"What is a man to do, though?" said Grandcourt. "He must ride. I don't see what else there is to do. And I don't call it riding to sit astride a set of brutes with every deformity under the sun."

This delicate diplomatic way of characterizing Sir Hugo's stud did not require direct notice; and the Baronet feeling that the conversation had worn rather thin, said to the party generally, "Now we are going to see the cloister—the finest bit of all—in perfect preservation: the monks might have been walking there yesterday."

But Gwendolen had lingered behind to look at the kenneled blood-hounds, perhaps because she felt a little dispirited; and Grandcourt waited for her.

"You had better take my arm," he said, in his low tone of command; and she took it.

"It's a great bore being dragged about in this way, and no cigar," said Grandcourt.

"I thought you would like it."

"Like it?—one eternal chatter. And encouraging those ugly girls—inviting one to meet such monsters. How that *fat* Deronda can bear looking at her—"

"Why do you call him a *fat?* Do you object to him so much?"

"Object? no. What do I care about his being a *fat?* It's of no consequence to me. I'll invite him to Diplow again if you like."

"I don't think he would come. He is too clever and learned to care about *us*," said Gwendolen, thinking it useful for her husband to be told (privately) that it was possible for him to be looked down upon.

"I never saw that make much difference in a man. Either he is a gentleman, or he is not," said Grandcourt.

That a new husband and wife should snatch a moment's *tête-à-tête* was what could be understood and indulged; and the rest of the party left them in the rear till, re-entering the garden, they all paused in that cloistered court where, among the falling rose petals thirteen years before, we saw a boy becoming acquainted with his first sorrow. This cloister was built of harder stone than the church, and had been in greater safety from the wearing weather. It was a rare example of a northern cloister with arched and pillared openings not intended for glazing, and the delicately wrought foliage of the capitals seemed still to carry the very touches of the chisel. Gwendolen had dropped her husband's arm and joined the other ladies, to whom Deronda was noticing the delicate sense which had combined freedom with accuracy in the imitation of natural forms.

"I wonder whether one oftener learns to love real objects through their representations, or the representations through the real objects," he said, after pointing out a lovely capital made by the curled leaves of greens, showing their reticulated under side with the firm gradual swell of its central rib. "When I was a little fellow these capitals taught me to observe, and delight in, the structure of leaves."

"I suppose you can see every line of them with your eyes shut," said Juliet Fenn.

"Yes. I was always repeating them, because for a good many years this court stood for me as my only image of a convent, and whenever I read of monks and monasteries, this was my scenery for them."

"You must love this place very much," said Miss Fenn, innocently, not thinking of inheritance. "So many homes are like twenty others. But this is unique, and you seem to know every cranny of it. I dare say you could never love another home so well."

"Oh, I carry it with me," said Deronda, quietly, being used to all possible phases of this thought. "To most men their early home is no more than a memory of their early years, and I'm not sure but they have the best of it. The image is never marred. There's no disappointment in memory, and one's exaggerations are always on the good side."

Gwendolen felt sure that he spoke in that way out of delicacy to her and Grandcourt—because he knew they must hear him; and that he probably thought of her as a selfish creature who only cared about possessing things in her own person. But whatever he might say, it must have been a secret hardship to him that any circumstances of his birth had shut him out from the inheritance of his father's position; and if he supposed that she exulted in her husband's taking it, what could he feel for her but scornful pity? Indeed, it seemed clear to her that he was avoiding her, and preferred talking to others—which nevertheless was not kind in him.

With these thoughts in her mind, she was prevented by a mixture of pride and timidity from addressing him again, and when they were looking at the rows of quaint portraits in the gallery above the cloisters, she kept up her air of interest and made her vivacious remarks without any direct appeal to Deronda. But at the end she was very weary of her assumed spirits, and as Grandcourt turned into the billiard-room, she went to the pretty boudoir which had been assigned to her, and shut herself up to look melancholy at her ease. No chemical process shows a more wonderful activity than the transforming influence of the thoughts we imagine to be going on in another. Changes in theory, religion, admirations, may begin with a suspicion of dissent or disapproval, even when the grounds of disapproval are but matter of searching conjecture.

Poor Gwendolen was conscious of an uneasy, transforming process—all the old nature shaken to its depths, its hopes spoiled, its pleasures perturbed, but still showing wholeness and strength

in the will to re-assert itself. After every new shock of humiliation she tried to adjust herself and seize her old supports—proud concealment; trust in new excitements that would make life go by without much thinking; trust in some deed of reparation to nullify her self-blame and shield her from a vague, ever-visiting dread of some horrible calamity; trust in the hardening effect of use and wont that would make her indifferent to her miseries.

Yes—miseries. This beautiful, healthy young creature, with her two-and-twenty years and her gratified ambition, no longer felt inclined to kiss her fortunate image in the glass; she looked at it with wonder that she could be so miserable. One belief which had accompanied her through her unmarried life as a self-cajoling superstition, encouraged by the subordination of every one about her—the belief in her own power of dominating—was utterly gone. Already, in seven short weeks, which seemed half her life, her husband had gained a mastery which she could no more resist than she could have resisted the benumbing effect from the touch of a torpedo. Gwendolen's will had seemed imperious in its small girlish sway; but it was the will of a creature with a large discourse of imaginative fears: a shadow would have been enough to relax its hold. And she had found a will like that of a crab or a boa-constrictor which goes on pinching or crushing without alarm at thunder. Not that Grandcourt was without calculation of the intangible effects which were the chief means of mastery; indeed, he had a surprising acuteness in detecting that situation of feeling in Gwendolen which made her proud and rebellious spirit dumb and helpless before him.

She had burned Lydia Glasher's letter with an instantaneous terror lest other eyes should see it, and had tenaciously concealed from Grandcourt that there was any other cause of her violent hysterics than the excitement and fatigue of the day: she had been urged into an implied falsehood. "Don't ask me—it was my feeling about every thing—it was the sudden change from home." The words of that letter kept repeating themselves, and hung on her consciousness with the weight of a prophetic doom. "I am the grave in which your chance of happiness is buried as well as mine. You had your warning. You have chosen to injure me and my children. He had meant to marry me. He would have married me at last, if you had not broken your word. You will have your punishment. I desire it with all my soul. Will you give him this letter to set him against me and ruin us more—me and my children? Shall you like to stand before your husband with these diamonds on you, and these words of mine in his thoughts and yours? Will he think you have any right to complain when he has made you miserable? You took him with your eyes open. The willing wrong you have done me will be your curse."

The words had nestled their venomous life within her, and stirred continually the vision of the scene at the Whispering Stones. That scene was now like an accusing apparition: she dreaded that Grandcourt should know of it—so far out of her sight now was that possibility she had once satisfied herself with, of speaking to him about Mrs. Glasher and her children, and making them rich amends. Any endurance seemed easier than the mortal humiliation of confessing that she knew all before she married him, and in marrying him had broken her word. For the reasons by which she had justified herself when the marriage tempted her, and all her easy arrangement of her future power over her husband to make him do better than he might be inclined to do, were now as futile as the burned-out lights which set off a child's pageant. Her sense of being blameworthy was exaggerated by a dread both definite and vague. The definite dread was lest the veil of secrecy should fall between her and Grandcourt, and give him the right to taunt her. With the reading of that letter had begun her husband's empire of fear.

And her husband all the while knew it. He had not, indeed, any distinct knowledge of her broken promise, and would not have rated highly the effect of that breach on her conscience; but he was aware not only of what Lush had told him about the meeting at the Whispering Stones, but also of Gwendolen's concealment as to the cause of her sudden illness. He felt sure that Lydia had inclosed something with the diamonds, and that this something, whatever it was, had at once created in Gwendolen a new repulsion for him and a reason for not daring to manifest it. He did not greatly mind, or feel as many men might have felt, that his hopes in marriage were blighted: he had wanted to marry Gwendolen, and he was not a man to repent. Why should a gentleman whose other relations in life are carried on without the luxury of sympathetic feeling be supposed to require that kind of condiment in domestic life? What he chiefly felt was that a change had come over the conditions of his mastery, which, far from shaking it, might establish it the more thoroughly. And it was established. He judged that he had not married a simpleton unable to perceive the impossibility of escape, or to see alternative evils: he had married a girl who had spirit and pride enough not to make a fool of herself by forfeiting all the advantages of a position which had attracted her; and if she wanted pregnant hints to help her in making up her mind properly, he would take care not to withhold them.

Gwendolen, indeed, with all that gnawing trouble in her consciousness, had hardly for a moment dropped the sense that it was her part to bear herself with dignity, and appear what is called happy. In disclosure of disappointment or sorrow she saw nothing but a humiliation which would have been vinegar to her wounds. Whatever her husband might come at last to be to her, she meant to wear the yoke so as not to be pitied. For she did think of the coming years with presentiment: she was frightened at Grandcourt. The poor thing had from her girlish sauciness of superiority passed over this inert specimen of personal distinction into an amazed perception of her former ignorance about the possible mental attitude of a man toward the woman he sought in marriage—of her present ignorance as to what their life with each other might turn into. For novelty gives immeasurableness to fear, and fills the early time of all sad changes with phantoms of the future. Her little coquetries, voluntary or involuntary, had told on Grandcourt during courtship, and formed a medium of communication between them, showing him in the light of a creature such as she could understand and man-

age: but marriage had nullified all such interchange, and Grandcourt had become a blank uncertainty to her in every thing but this, that he would do just what he willed, and that she had neither devices at her command to determine his will nor any rational means of escaping it.

What had occurred between them about her wearing the diamonds was typical. One evening, shortly before they came to the Abbey, they were going to dine at Brackenshaw Castle. Gwendolen had said to herself that she would never wear those diamonds: they had horrible words clinging and crawling about them, as from some bad dream, whose images lingered on the perturbed sense. She came down dressed in her white, with only a streak of gold and a pendant of emeralds, which Grandcourt had given her, round her neck, and little emerald stars in her ears.

Grandcourt stood with his back to the fire and looked at her as she entered.

"Am I altogether as you like?" she said, speaking rather gayly. She was not without enjoyment in this occasion of going to Brackenshaw Castle with her new dignities upon her, as men whose affairs are sadly involved will enjoy dining out among persons likely to be under a pleasant mistake about them.

"No," said Grandcourt.

Gwendolen felt suddenly uncomfortable, wondering what was to come. She was not unprepared for some struggle about the diamonds; but suppose he were going to say, in low contemptuous tones, "You are not in any way what I like." It was very bad for her to be secretly hating him; but it would be much worse when he gave the first sign of hating her.

"Oh, mercy!" she exclaimed, the pause lasting till she could bear it no longer. "How am I to alter myself?"

"Put on the diamonds," said Grandcourt, looking straight at her with his narrow glance.

Gwendolen paused in her turn, afraid of showing any emotion, and feeling that nevertheless there was some change in her eyes as they met his. But she was obliged to answer, and said, as indifferently as she could, "Oh, please not. I don't think diamonds suit me."

"What you think has nothing to do with it," said Grandcourt, his *sotto voce* imperiousness seeming to have an evening quietude and finish, like his toilet. "I wish you to wear the diamonds."

"Pray excuse me; I like these emeralds," said Gwendolen, frightened in spite of her preparation. That white hand of his which was touching his whisker was capable, she fancied, of clinging round her neck and threatening to throttle her; for her fear of him, mingling with the vague foreboding of some retributive calamity which hung about her life, had reached a superstitious point.

"Oblige me by telling me your reason for not wearing the diamonds when I desire it," said Grandcourt. His eyes were still fixed upon her, and she felt her own eyes narrowing under them as if to shut out an entering pain.

Of what use was the rebellion within her? She could say nothing that would not hurt her worse than submission. Turning slowly and covering herself again, she went to her dressing-room. As she reached out the diamonds, it occurred to her that her unwillingness to wear them might have already raised a suspicion in Grandcourt that she had some knowledge about them which he had not given her. She fancied that his eyes showed a delight in torturing her. How could she be defiant? She had nothing to say that would touch him—nothing but what would give him a more painful grasp on her consciousness.

"He delights in making the dogs and horses quail: that is half his pleasure in calling them his," she said to herself, as she opened the jewel-case with a shivering sensation. "It will come to be so with me; and I shall quail. What else is there for me? I will not say to the world, 'Pity me.'"

She was about to ring for her maid, when she heard the door open behind her. It was Grandcourt who came in.

"You want some one to fasten them," he said, coming toward her.

She did not answer, but simply stood still, leaving him to take out the ornaments and fasten them as he would. Doubtless he had been used to fasten them on some one else. With a bitter sort of sarcasm against herself, Gwendolen thought, "What a privilege this is, to have robbed another woman of!"

"What makes you so cold?" said Grandcourt, when he had fastened the last ear-ring. "Pray put plenty of furs on. I hate to see a woman come into a room looking frozen. If you are to appear as a bride at all, appear decently."

This marital speech was not exactly persuasive, but it touched the quick of Gwendolen's pride, and forced her to rally. The words of the bad dream crawled about the diamonds still, but only for her: to others they were brilliants that suited her perfectly, and Grandcourt inwardly observed that she answered to the rein.

"Oh yes, mamma, quite happy," Gwendolen had said on her return to Diplow. "Not at all disappointed in Ryelands. It is a much finer place than this—larger in every way. But don't you want some more money?"

"Did you not know that Mr. Grandcourt left me a letter on your wedding-day? I am to have eight hundred a year. He wishes me to keep Offendene for the present, while you are at Diplow. But if there were some pretty cottage near the park at Ryelands, we might live there without much expense, and I should have you most of the year, perhaps."

"We must leave that to Mr. Grandcourt, mamma."

"Oh, certainly. It is exceedingly handsome of him to say that he will pay the rent for Offendene till June. And we can go on very well—without any man-servant except Crane, just for out-of-doors. Our good Merry will stay with us, and help me to manage every thing. It is natural that Mr. Grandcourt should wish me to live in a good style of house in your neighborhood, and I can not decline. So he said nothing about it to you?"

"No; he wished me to hear it from you, I suppose."

Gwendolen, in fact, had been very anxious to have some definite knowledge of what would be done for her mother, but at no moment since her marriage had she been able to overcome the difficulty of mentioning the subject to Grandcourt. Now, however, she had a sense of obligation which would not let her rest without saying to him, "It is very good of you to provide for mamma. You took a great deal on yourself in marrying a girl who had nothing but relations belonging to her."

Grandcourt was smoking, and only said, carelessly, "Of course I was not going to let her live like a gamekeeper's mother."

"At least he is not mean about money," thought Gwendolen, "and mamma is the better off for my marriage."

She often pursued the comparison between what might have been, if she had not married Grandcourt, and what actually was, trying to persuade herself that life generally was barren of satisfaction, and that if she had chosen differently, she might now have been looking back with a regret as bitter as the feeling she was trying to argue away. Her mother's dullness, which used to irritate her, she was at present inclined to explain as the ordinary result of women's experience. True, she still saw that she would "manage differently from mamma;" but her management now only meant that she would carry her troubles with spirit, and let none suspect them. By-and-by she promised herself that she should get used to her heart-sores, and find excitements that would carry her through life, as a hard gallop carried her through some of the morning hours. There was gambling: she had heard stories at Leubronn of fashionable women who gambled in all sorts of ways. It seemed very flat to her at this distance, but perhaps if she began to gamble again, the passion might awake. Then there was the pleasure of producing an effect by her appearance in society: what did celebrated beauties do in town when their husbands could afford display? All men were fascinated by them: they had a perfect equipage and toilet, walked into public places, and bowed, and made the usual answers, and walked out again: perhaps they bought china, and practiced accomplishments. If she could only feel a keen appetite for those pleasures—could only believe in pleasure as she used to do! Accomplishments had ceased to have the exciting quality of promising any pre-eminence to her; and as for fascinated gentlemen—adorers who might hover round her with languishment, and diversify married life with the romantic stir of mystery, passion, and danger which her French reading had given her some girlish notion of—they presented themselves to her imagination with the fatal circumstance that, instead of fascinating her in return, they were clad in her own weariness and disgust. The admiring male, rashly adjusting the expression of his features and the turn of his conversation to her supposed tastes, had always been an absurd object to her, and at present seemed rather detestable. Many courses are actually pursued—follies and sins both convenient and inconvenient—without pleasure or hope of pleasure; but to solace ourselves with imagining any course beforehand, there must be some foretaste of pleasure in the shape of appetite; and Gwendolen's appetite had sickened. Let her wander over the possibilities of her life as she would, an uncertain shadow dogged her. Her confidence in herself and her destiny had turned into remorse and dread; she trusted neither herself nor her future.

This hidden helplessness gave fresh force to the hold Deronda had from the first taken on her mind, as one who had an unknown standard by which he judged her. Had he some way of looking at things which might be a new footing for her—an inward safeguard against possible events which she dreaded as stored-up retribution? It is one of the secrets in that change of mental poise which has been fitly named conversion, that to many among us neither heaven nor earth has any revelation till some personality touches theirs with a peculiar influence, subduing them into receptiveness. It had been Gwendolen's habit to think of the persons around her as stale books, too familiar to be interesting. Deronda had lit up her attention with a sense of novelty: not by words only, but by imagined facts, his influence had entered into the current of that self-suspicion and self-blame which awakens a new consciousness.

"I wish he could know every thing about me without my telling him," was one of her thoughts, as she sat leaning over the end of a couch, supporting her head with her hand, and looking at herself in a mirror—not in admiration, but in a sad kind of companionship. "I wish he knew that I am not so contemptible as he thinks me—that I am in deep trouble, and want to be something better if I could." Without the aid of sacred ceremony or costume, her feelings had turned this man, only a few years older than herself, into a priest—a sort of trust less rare than the fidelity that guards it. Young reverence for one who is also young is the most coercive of all: there is the same level of temptation, and the higher motive is believed in as a fuller force—not suspected to be a mere residue from weary experience.

But the coercion is often stronger on the one who takes the reverence. Those who trust us educate us. And perhaps in that ideal consecration of Gwendolen's, some education was being prepared for Deronda.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Rien ne pèse tant qu'un secret;
Le porter loin est difficile aux dames:
Et je sçais mesme sur ce fait
Bon nombre d'hommes qui sont femmes."
—La Fontaine.

Meanwhile Deronda had been fastened and led off by Mr. Vandernoodt, who wished for a brisker walk, a cigar, and a little gossip. Since we can not tell a man his own secrets, the restraint of being in his company often breeds a desire to pair off in conversation with some more ignorant person, and Mr. Vandernoodt presently said:

"What a washed-out piece of cambric Grandcourt is! But if he is a favorite of yours, I withdraw the remark."

"Not the least in the world," said Deronda.

"I thought not. One wonders how he came to have a great passion again; and he must have had—to marry in this way. Though Lush, his old chum, hints that he married this girl out of obstinacy. By George! it was a very accountable obstinacy. A man might make up his mind to marry her without the stimulus of contradiction. But he must have made himself a pretty large drain of money, eh?"

"I know nothing of his affairs."

"What! not of the other establishment he keeps up?"

"Diplow? Of course. He took that of Sir Hugo. But merely for the year."

"No, no: not Diplow; Gadsmere. Sir Hugo knows, I'll answer for it."

Deronda said nothing. He really began to feel

some curiosity, but he foresaw that he should hear what Mr. Vandernoodt had to tell, without the condescension of asking.

"Lush would not altogether own to it, of course. He's a confidant and go-between of Grandcourt's. But I have it on the best authority. The fact is, there's another lady with four children at Gadsmere. She has had the upper hand of him these ten years and more, and by what I can understand has it still—left her husband for him, and used to travel with him every where. Her husband's dead now: I found a fellow who was in the same regiment with him, and knew this Mrs. Glasher before she took wing. A fiery dark-eyed woman—a noted beauty at that time—he thought she was dead. They say she has Grandcourt under her thumb still, and it's a wonder he didn't marry her, for there's a very fine boy, and I understand Grandcourt can do absolutely as he pleases with the estates. Lush told me as much as that."

"What right had he to marry this girl?" said Deronda, with disgust.

Mr. Vandernoodt, adjusting the end of his cigar, shrugged his shoulders and put out his lips.

"*She* can know nothing of it," said Deronda, emphatically. But that positive statement was immediately followed by an inward query—"Could she have known any thing of it?"

"It's rather a piquant picture," said Mr. Vandernoodt—"Grandcourt between two fiery women. For depend upon it this light-haired one has plenty of devil in her. I formed that opinion of her at Leubronn. It's a sort of Medea and Creüsa business. Fancy the two meeting! Grandcourt is a new kind of Jason: I wonder what sort of a part he'll make of it. It's a dog's part at best. I think I hear Ristori now, saying, 'Jasone! Jasone!' These fine women generally get hold of a stick."

"Grandcourt can bite, I fancy," said Deronda. "He is no stick."

"No, no; I meant Jason. I can't quite make out Grandcourt. But he's a keen fellow enough—uncommonly well built too. And if he comes into all this property, the estates will bear dividing. This girl, whose friends had come to beggary, I understand, may think herself lucky to get him. I don't want to be hard on a man because he gets involved in an affair of that sort. But he might make himself more agreeable. I was telling him a capital story last night, and he got up and walked away in the middle. I felt inclined to kick him. Do you suppose that is inattention or insolence, now?"

"Oh, a mixture. He generally observes the forms; but he doesn't listen much," said Deronda. Then, after a moment's pause, he went on, "I should think there must be some exaggeration or inaccuracy in what you have heard about this lady at Gadsmere."

"Not a bit, depend upon it; it has all lain snug of late years. People have forgotten all about it. But there the nest is, and the birds are in it. And I know Grandcourt goes there. I have good evidence that he goes there. However, that's nobody's business but his own. The affair has sunk below the surface."

"I wonder you could have learned so much about it," said Deronda, rather dryly.

"Oh, there are plenty of people who knew all about it; but such stories get packed away like old letters. They interest me. I like to know the manners of my time—contemporary gossip, not antediluvian. These Dryasdust fellows get a reputation by raking up some small scandal about Semiramis or Nitocris, and then we have a thousand and one poems written upon it by all the warblers, big and little. But I don't care a straw about the *faux pas* of the mummies. You do, though. You are one of the historical men—more interested in a lady when she's got a rag face and skeleton toes peeping out. Does that flatter your imagination?"

"Well, if she had any woes in her love, one has the satisfaction of knowing that she's well out of them."

"Ah, you are thinking of the Medea, I see."

Deronda then chose to point to some giant oaks worth looking at in their bareness. He also felt an interest in this piece of contemporary gossip, but he was satisfied that Mr. Vandernoodt had no more to tell about it.

Since the early days when he tried to construct the hidden story of his own birth, his mind had perhaps never been so active in weaving probabilities about any private affair as it had now begun to be about Gwendolen's marriage. This unavowed relation of Grandcourt's—could she have gained some knowledge of it, which caused her to shrink from the match—a shrinking finally overcome by the urgence of poverty? He could recall almost every word she had said to him, and in certain of these words he seemed to discern that she was conscious of having done some wrong—inflicted some injury. His own acute experience made him alive to the form of injury which might affect the unavowed children and their mother. Was Mrs. Grandcourt, under all her determined show of satisfaction, gnawed by a double, a treble headed grief—self-reproach, disappointment, jealousy? He dwelt especially on all the slight signs of self-reproach: he was inclined to judge her tenderly, to excuse, to pity. He thought he had found a key now by which to interpret her more clearly: what magnifying of her misery might not a young creature get into who had wedded her fresh hopes to old secrets! He thought he saw clearly enough now why Sir Hugo had never dropped any hint of this affair to him; and immediately the image of this Mrs. Glasher became painfully associated with his own hidden birth. Gwendolen knowing of that woman and her children, marrying Grandcourt, and showing herself contented, would have been among the most repulsive of beings to him; but Gwendolen tasting the bitterness of remorse for having contributed to their injury was brought very near to his fellow-feeling. If it were so, she had got to a common plane of understanding with him on some difficulties of life which a woman is rarely able to judge of with any justice or generosity; for, according to precedent, Gwendolen's view of her position might easily have been no other than that her husband's marriage with her was his entrance on the path of virtue, while Mrs. Glasher represented his forsaken sin. And Deronda had naturally some resentment on behalf of the Hagars and Ishmaels.

Undeniably Deronda's growing solicitude about Gwendolen depended chiefly on her peculiar manner toward him; and I suppose neither man nor woman would be the better for an utter insensibility to such appeals. One sign that his interest in her had changed its footing was that he dis-

missed any caution against her being a coquette setting snares to involve him in a vulgar flirtation, and determined that he would not again evade any opportunity of talking with her. He had shaken off Mr. Vandernoodt, and got into a solitary corner in the twilight; but half an hour was long enough to think of those possibilities in Gwendolen's position and state of mind; and on forming the determination not to avoid her, he remembered that she was likely to be at tea with the other ladies in the drawing-room. The conjecture was true; for Gwendolen, after resolving not to go down again for the next four hours, began to feel, at the end of one, that in shutting herself up she missed all chances of seeing and hearing, and that her visit would only last two days more. She adjusted herself, put on her little air of self-possession, and going down, made herself resolutely agreeable. Only ladies were assembled, and Lady Pentreath was amusing them with a description of a drawing-room under the Regency, and the figure that was cut by ladies and gentlemen in 1819, the year she was presented—when Deronda entered.

"Shall I be acceptable?" he said. "Perhaps I had better go back and look for the others. I suppose they are in the billiard-room."

"No, no; stay where you are," said Lady Pentreath. "They were all getting tired of me; let us hear what *you* have to say."

"That is rather an embarrassing appeal," said Deronda, drawing up a chair near Lady Mallinger's elbow at the tea-table. "I think I had better take the opportunity of mentioning our songstress," he added, looking at Lady Mallinger —"unless you have done so."

"Oh, the little Jewess!" said Lady Mallinger. "No, I have not mentioned her. It never entered my head that any one here wanted singing lessons."

"All ladies know some one else who wants singing lessons," said Deronda. "I have happened to find an exquisite singer"—here he turned to Lady Pentreath. "She is living with some ladies who are friends of mine—the mother and sisters of a man who was my chum at Cambridge. She was on the stage at Vienna; but she wants to leave that life, and maintain herself by teaching."

"There are swarms of those people, aren't there?" said the old lady. "Are her lessons to be very cheap or very expensive? Those are the two baits I know of."

"There is another bait for those who hear her," said Deronda. "Her singing is something quite exceptional, I think. She has had such first-rate teaching—or rather first-rate instinct with her teaching—that you might imagine her singing all came by nature."

"Why did she leave the stage, then?" said Lady Pentreath. "I'm too old to believe in first-rate people giving up first-rate chances."

"Her voice was too weak. It is a delicious voice for a room. You who put up with my singing of Schubert would be enchanted with hers," said Deronda, looking at Mrs. Raymond. "And I imagine she would not object to sing at private parties or concerts. Her voice is quite equal to that."

"I am to have her in my drawing-room when we go up to town," said Lady Mallinger. "You shall hear her then. I have not heard her myself yet; but I trust Daniel's recommendation. I mean my girls to have lessons of her."

"Is it a charitable affair?" said Lady Pentreath. "I can't bear charitable music."

Lady Mallinger, who was rather helpless in conversation, and felt herself under an engagement not to tell any thing of Mirah's story, had an embarrassed smile on her face, and glanced at Deronda.

"It is a charity to those who want to have a good model of feminine singing," said Deronda. "I think every body who has ears would benefit by a little improvement on the ordinary style. If you heard Miss Lapidoth"—here he looked at Gwendolen—"perhaps you would revoke your resolution to give up singing."

"I should rather think my resolution would be confirmed," said Gwendolen. "I don't feel able to follow your advice of enjoying my own middlingness."

"For my part," said Deronda, "people who do any thing finely always inspirit me to try. I don't mean that they make me believe I can do it as well. But they make the thing, whatever it may be, seem worthy to be done. I can bear to think my own music not good for much, but the world would be more dismal if I thought music itself not good for much. Excellence encourages one about life generally; it shows the spiritual wealth of the world."

"But then if we can't imitate it?—it only makes our own life seem the tamer," said Gwendolen, in a mood to resent encouragement founded on her own insignificance.

"That depends on the point of view, I think," said Deronda. "We should have a poor life of it if we were reduced for all our pleasure to our own performances. A little private imitation of what is good is a sort of private devotion to it, and most of us ought to practice art only in the light of private study—preparation to understand and enjoy what the few can do for us. I think Miss Lapidoth is one of the few."

"She must be a very happy person, don't you think?" said Gwendolen, with a touch of sarcasm, and a turn of her neck toward Mrs. Raymond.

"I don't know," answered the independent lady; "I must hear more of her before I said that."

"It may have been a bitter disappointment to her that her voice failed her for the stage," said Juliet Fenn, sympathetically.

"I suppose she's past her best, though," said the deep voice of Lady Pentreath.

"On the contrary, she has not reached it," said Deronda. "She is barely twenty."

"And very pretty," interposed Lady Mallinger, with an amiable wish to help Deronda. "And she has very good manners. I'm sorry she is a bigoted Jewess; I should not like it for any thing else, but it doesn't matter in singing."

"Well, since her voice is too weak for her to scream much, I'll tell Lady Clementina to set her on my nine granddaughters," said Lady Pentreath; "and I hope she'll convince eight of them that they have not voice enough to sing any where but at church. My notion is that many of our girls nowadays want lessons not to sing."

"I have had my lessons in that," said Gwendolen, looking at Deronda. "You see Lady Pentreath is on my side."

While she was speaking, Sir Hugo entered with some of the other gentlemen, including Grandcourt, and, standing against the group at the low tea-table, said,

"What imposition is Deronda putting on you ladies—slipping in among you by himself?"

"Wanting to pass off an obscurity on us as better than any celebrity," said Lady Pentreath—"a pretty singing Jewess who is to astonish these young people. You and I, who heard Catalani in her prime, are not so easily astonished."

Sir Hugo listened with his good-humored smile as he took a cup of tea from his wife, and then said, "Well, you know, a Liberal is bound to think that there have been singers since Catalani's time."

"Ah, you are younger than I am. I dare say you are one of the men who ran after Alcharisi. But she married off and left you all in the lurch."

"Yes, yes; it's rather too bad when these great singers marry themselves into silence before they have a crack in their voices. And the husband is a public robber. I remember Leroux saying, 'A man might as well take down a fine peal of church bells and carry them off to the steppes,'" said Sir Hugo, setting down his cup and turning away; while Deronda, who had moved from his place to make room for others, and felt that he was not in request, sat down a little apart. Presently he became aware that, in the general dispersion of the group, Gwendolen had extricated herself from the attentions of Mr. Vandernoodt and had walked to the piano, where she stood apparently examining the music which lay on the desk. Will any one be surprised at Deronda's concluding that she wished him to join her? Perhaps she wanted to make amends for the unpleasant tone of resistance with which she had met his recommendation of Mirah, for he had noticed that her first impulse often was to say what she afterward wished to retract. He went to her side and said, "Are you relenting about the music, and looking for something to play or sing?"

"I am not looking for any thing, but I *am* relenting," said Gwendolen, speaking in a submissive tone.

"May I know the reason?"

"I should like to hear Miss Lapidoth and have lessons from her, since you admire her so much—that is, of course, when we go to town. I mean lessons in rejoicing at her excellence and my own deficiency," said Gwendolen, turning on him a sweet open smile.

"I shall be really glad for you to see and hear her," said Deronda, returning the smile in kind.

"Is she as perfect in every thing else as in her music?"

"I can't vouch for that exactly. I have not seen enough of her. But I have seen nothing in her that I could wish to be different. She has had an unhappy life. Her troubles began in early childhood, and she has grown up among very painful surroundings. But I think you will say that no advantages could have given her more grace and truer refinement."

"I wonder what sort of troubles hers were?"

"I have not any very precise knowledge. But I know that she was on the brink of drowning herself in despair."

"And what hindered her?" said Gwendolen, quickly, looking at Deronda.

"Some ray or other came, which made her feel that she ought to live—that it was good to live," he answered, quietly. "She is full of piety, and seems capable of submitting to any thing when it takes the form of duty."

"Those people are not to be pitied," said Gwendolen, impatiently. "I have no sympathy with women who are always doing right. I don't believe in their great sufferings." Her fingers moved quickly among the edges of the music.

"It is true," said Deronda, "that the consciousness of having done wrong is something deeper, more bitter. I suppose we faulty creatures can never feel so much for the irreproachable as for those who are bruised in the struggle with their own faults. It is a very ancient story, that of the lost sheep, but it comes up afresh every day."

"That is a way of speaking—it is not acted on, it is not real," said Gwendolen, bitterly. "You admire Miss Lapidoth because you think her blameless, perfect. And you know you would despise a woman who had done something you thought very wrong."

"That would depend entirely on her own view of what she had done," said Deronda.

"You would be satisfied if she were very wretched, I suppose?" said Gwendolen, impetuously.

"No, not satisfied—full of sorrow for her. It was not a mere way of speaking. I did not mean to say that the finer nature is not more adorable; I meant that those who would be comparatively uninteresting beforehand may become worthier of sympathy when they do something that awakens in them a keen remorse. Lives are enlarged in different ways. I dare say some would never get their eyes opened if it were not for a violent shock from the consequences of their own actions. And when they are suffering in that way one must care for them more than for the comfortably self-satisfied." Deronda forgot every thing but his vision of what Gwendolen's experience had probably been, and urged by compassion, let his eyes and voice express as much interest as they would.

Gwendolen had slipped on to the music-stool, and looked up at him with pain in her long eyes, like a wounded animal asking help.

"Are you persuading Mrs. Grandcourt to play to us, Dan?" said Sir Hugo, coming up and putting his hand on Deronda's shoulder with a gentle admonitory pinch.

"I can not persuade myself," said Gwendolen, rising.

Others had followed Sir Hugo's lead, and there was an end of any liability to confidences for that day. But the next was New-Year's Eve; and a grand dance, to which the chief tenants were invited, was to be held in the picture-gallery above the cloister—the sort of entertainment in which numbers and general movement may create privacy. When Gwendolen was dressing, she longed, in remembrance of Leubronn, to put on the old turquois necklace for her sole ornament; but she dared not offend her husband by appearing in that shabby way on an occasion when he would demand her utmost splendor. Determined to wear the memorial necklace somehow, she wound it thrice round her wrist and made a bracelet of it—having gone to her room to put it on just before the time of entering the ball-room.

It was always a beautiful scene, this dance on New-Year's Eve, which had been kept up by family tradition as nearly in the old fashion as inexorable change would allow. Red carpet was laid down for the occasion; hot-house plants and evergreens were arranged in bowers at the extremities and in every recess of the gallery; and

the old portraits, stretching back through generations even to the pre-portraying period, made a piquant line of spectators. Some neighboring gentry, major and minor, were invited; and it was certainly an occasion when a prospective master and mistress of Monk's and King's Topping might see their future glory in an agreeable light, as a picturesque provincial supremacy with a rent-roll personified by the most prosperous-looking tenants. Sir Hugo expected Grandcourt to feel flattered by being asked to the Abbey at a time which included this festival in honor of the family estate; but he also hoped that his own hale appearance might impress his successor with the probable length of time that would elapse before the succession came, and with the wisdom of preferring a good actual sum to a minor property that must be waited for. All present, down to the least important farmer's daughter, knew that they were to see "young Grandcourt," Sir Hugo's nephew, the presumptive heir and future Baronet, now visiting the Abbey with his bride after an absence of many years; any coolness between uncle and nephew having, it was understood, given way to a friendly warmth. The bride opening the ball with Sir Hugo was necessarily the cynosure of all eyes; and less than a year before, if some magic mirror could have shown Gwendolen her actual position, she would have imagined herself moving in it with a glow of triumphant pleasure, conscious that she held in her hands a life full of favorable chances which her cleverness and spirit would enable her to make the best of. And now she was wondering that she could get so little joy out of the exaltation to which she had been suddenly lifted, away from the distasteful petty empire of her girlhood, with its irksome lack of distinction and superfluity of sisters. She would have been glad to be even unreasonably elated, and to forget every thing but the flattery of the moment; but she was like one courting sleep, in whom thoughts insist like willful tormentors.

Wondering in this way at her own dullness, and all the while longing for an excitement that would deaden importunate aches, she was passing through files of admiring beholders in the country-dance with which it was traditional to open the ball, and was being generally regarded by her own sex as an enviable woman. It was remarked that she carried herself with a wonderful air, considering that she had been nobody in particular, and without a farthing to her fortune: if she had been a duke's daughter, or one of the royal princesses, she could not have taken the honors of the evening more as a matter of course. Poor Gwendolen! It would by-and-by become a sort of skill in which she was automatically practiced, to bear this last great gambling loss with an air of perfect self-possession.

The next couple that passed were also worth looking at. Lady Pentreath had said, "I shall stand up for one dance, but I shall choose my partner. Mr. Deronda, you are the youngest man; I mean to dance with you. Nobody is old enough to make a good pair with me. I must have a contrast." And the contrast certainly set off the old lady to the utmost. She was one of those women who are never handsome till they are old, and she had had the wisdom to embrace the beauty of age as early as possible. What might have seemed harshness in her features when she was young, had turned now into a satisfactory strength of form and expression which defied wrinkles, and was set off by a crown of white hair; her well-built figure was well covered with black drapery, her ears and neck comfortably caressed with lace, showing none of those withered spaces which one would think it a pitiable condition of poverty to expose. She glided along gracefully enough, her dark eyes still with a mischievous smile in them as she observed the company. Her partner's young richness of tint against the flattened hues and rougher forms of her aged head had an effect something like that of a fine flower against a lichenous branch. Perhaps the tenants hardly appreciated this pair. Lady Pentreath was nothing more than a straight, active old lady: Mr. Deronda was a familiar figure regarded with friendliness; but if he had been the heir, it would have been regretted that his face was not as unmistakably English as Sir Hugo's.

Grandcourt's appearance when he came up with Lady Mallinger was not impeached with foreignness: still the satisfaction in it was not complete. It would have been matter of congratulation if one who had the luck to inherit two old family estates had had more hair, a fresher color, and a look of greater animation; but that fine families dwindled off into females, and estates ran together into the single heirship of a mealy-complexioned male, was a tendency in things which seemed to be accounted for by a citation of other instances. It was agreed that Mr. Grandcourt could never be taken for any thing but what he was—a born gentleman; and that, in fact, he looked like an heir. Perhaps the person least complacently disposed toward him at that moment was Lady Mallinger, to whom going in procession up this country-dance with Grandcourt was a blazonment of herself as the infelicitous wife who had produced nothing but daughters, little better than no children, poor dear things, except for her own fondness and for Sir Hugo's wonderful goodness to them. But such inward discomfort could not prevent the gentle lady from looking fair and stout to admiration, or her full blue eyes from glancing mildly at her neighbors. All the mothers and fathers held it a thousand pities that she had not had a fine boy, or even several—which might have been expected, to look at her when she was first married.

The gallery included only three sides of the quadrangle, the fourth being shut off as a lobby or corridor: one side was used for dancing, and the opposite side for the supper table, while the intermediate part was less brilliantly lit, and fitted with comfortable seats. Later in the evening Gwendolen was in one of these seats, and Grandcourt was standing near her. They were not talking to each other: she was leaning backward in her chair, and he against the wall; and Deronda, happening to observe this, went up to ask her if she had determined not to dance any more. Having himself been doing hard duty in this way among the guests, he thought he had earned the right to sink for a little while into the background, and he had spoken little to Gwendolen since their conversation at the piano the day before. Grandcourt's presence would only make it the easier to show that pleasure in talking to her even about trivialities which would be a sign of friendliness; and he fancied that her face looked blank. A smile beamed over it as she saw him coming, and she

raised herself from her leaning posture. Grandcourt had been grumbling at the *ennui* of staying so long in this stupid dance, and proposing that they should vanish: she had resisted on the ground of politeness—not without being a little frightened at the probability that he was silently angry with her. She had her reason for staying, though she had begun to despair of the opportunity for the sake of which she had put the old necklace on her wrist. But now at last Deronda had come.

"Yes; I shall not dance any more. Are you not glad?" she said, with some gayety. "You might have felt obliged humbly to offer yourself as a partner, and I feel sure you have danced more than you like already."

"I will not deny that," said Deronda, "since you have danced as much as you like."

"But will you take trouble for me in another way, and fetch me a glass of that fresh water?"

It was but a few steps that Deronda had to go for the water. Gwendolen was wrapped in the lightest, softest of white woolen burnouses, under which her hands were hidden. While he was gone she had drawn off her glove, which was finished with a lace ruffle, and when she put up her hand to take the glass and lifted it to her mouth, the necklace-bracelet, which in its triple winding adapted itself clumsily to her wrist, was necessarily conspicuous. Grandcourt saw it, and saw that it was attracting Deronda's notice.

"What is that hideous thing you have got on your wrist?" said the husband.

"That?" said Gwendolen, composedly, pointing to the turquoises, while she still held the glass; "it is an old necklace that I like to wear. I lost it once, and some one found it for me."

With that she gave the glass again to Deronda, who immediately carried it away, and on returning, said, in order to banish any consciousness about the necklace,

"It is worth while for you to go and look out at one of the windows on that side. You can see the finest possible moonlight on the stone pillars and carving, and shadows waving across it in the wind."

"I should like to see it. Will you go?" said Gwendolen, looking up at her husband.

He cast his eyes down at her, and saying, "No, Deronda will take you," slowly moved from his leaning attitude, and slowly walked away.

Gwendolen's face for a moment showed a fleeting vexation: she resented this show of indifference toward her. Deronda felt annoyed, chiefly for her sake; and with a quick sense that it would relieve her most to behave as if nothing peculiar had occurred, he said, "Will you take my arm and go, while only servants are there?" He thought that he understood well her action in drawing his attention to the necklace: she wished him to infer that she had submitted her mind to rebuke—her speech and manner had from the first fluctuated toward that submission—and that she felt no lingering resentment. Her evident confidence in his interpretation of her appealed to him as a peculiar claim.

When they were walking together, Gwendolen felt as if the annoyance which had just happened had removed another film of reserve from between them, and she had more right than before to be as open as she wished. She did not speak, being filled with the sense of silent confidence, until they were in front of the window looking out on the moon-lit court. A sort of bower had been made round the window, turning it into a recess. Quitting his arm, she folded her hands in her burnous, and pressed her brow against the glass. He moved slightly away, and held the lapels of his coat with his thumbs under the collar as his manner was: he had a wonderful power of standing perfectly still, and in that position reminded one sometimes of Dante's *spiriti magni con occhi tardi e gravi*. (Doubtless some of these danced in their youth, doubted of their own vocation, and found their own times too modern.) He abstained from remarking on the scene before them, fearing that any indifferent words might jar on her: already the calm light and shadow, the ancient steadfast forms, had aloofness enough from those inward troubles which he felt sure were agitating her. And he judged aright: she would have been impatient of polite conversation. The incidents of the last minute or two had receded behind former thoughts which she had imagined herself uttering to Deronda, and which now urged themselves to her lips. In a subdued voice she said,

"Suppose I had gambled again, and lost the necklace again, what should you have thought of me?"

"Worse than I do now."

"Then you are mistaken about me. You wanted me not to do that—not to make my gain out of another's loss in that way—and I have done a great deal worse."

"I can imagine temptations," said Deronda. "Perhaps I am able to understand what you mean. At least I understand self-reproach." In spite of preparation, he was almost alarmed at Gwendolen's precipitancy of confidence toward him, in contrast with her habitual resolute concealment.

"What should you do if you were like me—feeling that you were wrong and miserable, and dreading every thing to come?" It seemed that she was hurrying to make the utmost use of this opportunity to speak as she would.

"That is not to be amended by doing one thing only, but many," said Deronda, decisively.

"What?" said Gwendolen, hastily, moving her brow from the glass and looking at him.

He looked full at her in return, with what she thought was severity. He felt that it was not a moment in which he must let himself be tender, and flinch from implying a hard opinion.

"I mean there are many thoughts and habits that may help us to bear inevitable sorrow. Multitudes have to bear it."

She turned her brow to the window again, and said, impatiently, "You must tell me, then, what to think and what to do; else why did you not let me go on doing as I liked, and not minding? If I had gone on gambling I might have won again, and I might have got not to care for any thing else. You would not let me do that. Why shouldn't I do as I like, and not mind? Other people do." Poor Gwendolen's speech expressed nothing very clearly except her irritation.

"I don't believe you would ever get not to mind," said Deronda, with deep-toned decision. "If it were true that baseness and cruelty made an escape from pain, what difference would that make to people who can't be quite base or cruel? Idiots escape some pain; but you can't be an idiot. Some may do wrong to another without remorse; but suppose one does feel remorse? I

believe you could never lead an injurious life—all reckless lives are injurious, pestilential—without feeling remorse." Deronda's unconscious fervor had gathered as he went on: he was uttering thoughts which he had used for himself in moments of painful meditation.

"Then tell me what better I can do," said Gwendolen, insistently.

"Many things. Look on other lives besides your own. See what their troubles are, and how they are borne. Try to care about something in this vast world besides the gratification of small selfish desires. Try to care for what is best in thought and action—something that is good apart from the accidents of your own lot."

For an instant or two Gwendolen was mute. Then, again moving her brow from the glass, she said,

"You mean that I am selfish and ignorant."

He met her fixed look in silence before he answered, firmly,

"You will not go on being selfish and ignorant."

She did not turn away her glance or let her eyelids fall, but a change came over her face—that subtle change in nerve and muscle which will sometimes give a child-like expression even to the elderly: it is the subsidence of self-assertion.

"Shall I lead you back?" said Deronda, gently, turning and offering her his arm again. She took it silently, and in that way they came in sight of Grandcourt, who was walking slowly near their former place. Gwendolen went up to him and said, "I am ready to go now. Mr. Deronda will excuse us to Lady Mallinger."

"Certainly," said Deronda. "Lord and Lady Pentreath disappeared some time ago."

Grandcourt gave his arm in silent compliance, nodding over his shoulder to Deronda, and Gwendolen too only half turned to bow and say, "Thanks." The husband and wife left the gallery and paced the corridors in silence. When the door had closed on them in the boudoir, Grandcourt threw himself into a chair and said, with under-toned peremptoriness, "Sit down." She, already in the expectation of something unpleasant, had thrown off her burnous with nervous unconsciousness, and immediately obeyed. Turning his eyes toward her, he began:

"Oblige me in future by not showing whims like a mad-woman in a play."

"What do you mean?" said Gwendolen.

"I suppose there is some understanding between you and Deronda about that thing you have on your wrist. If you have any thing to say to him, say it. But don't carry on a telegraphing which other people are supposed not to see. It's damnably vulgar."

"You can know all about the necklace," said Gwendolen, her angry pride resisting the nightmare of fear.

"I don't want to know. Keep to yourself whatever you like." Grandcourt paused between each sentence, and in each his speech seemed to become more preternaturally distinct in its inward tones. "What I care to know, I shall know without your telling me. Only you will please to behave as becomes my wife. And not make a spectacle of yourself."

"Do you object to my talking to Mr. Deronda?"

"I don't care two straws about Deronda, or any other conceited hanger-on. You may talk to him as much as you like. He is not going to take my place. You are my wife. And you will either fill your place properly—to the world and to me—or you will go to the devil."

"I never intended any thing but to fill my place properly," said Gwendolen, with bitterest mortification in her soul.

"You put that thing on your wrist, and hid it from me till you wanted him to see it. Only fools go into that deaf-and-dumb talk, and think they're secret. You will understand that you are not to compromise yourself. Behave with dignity. That's all I have to say."

With that last word Grandcourt rose, turned his back to the fire, and looked down on her. She was mute. There was no reproach that she dared to fling at him in return for these insulting admonitions, and the very reason she felt them to be insulting was that their purport went with the most absolute dictate of her pride. What she would least like to incur was the making a fool of herself and being compromised. It was futile and irrelevant to try and explain that Deronda too had only been a monitor—the strongest of all monitors. Grandcourt was contemptuous, not jealous; contemptuously certain of all the subjection he cared for. Why could she not rebel, and defy him? She longed to do it. But she might as well have tried to defy the texture of her nerves and the palpitation of her heart. Her husband had a ghostly army at his back, that could close round her wherever she might turn. She sat in her splendid attire, like a white image of helplessness, and he seemed to gratify himself with looking at her. She could not even make a passionate exclamation, or throw up her arms, as she would have done in her maiden days. The sense of his scorn kept her still.

"Shall I ring?" he said, after what seemed to her a long while. She moved her head in assent, and after ringing he went to his dressing-room.

Certain words were gnawing within her. "The willing wrong you have done me will be your curse." As he closed the door, the bitter tears rose, and the gnawing words provoked an answer: "Why did you put your fangs into me and not into him?" It was uttered in a whisper, as the tears came up silently. But immediately she pressed her handkerchief against her eyes, and checked her tendency to sob.

The next day, recovered from the shuddering fit of this evening scene, she determined to use the charter which Grandcourt had scornfully given her, and to talk as much as she liked with Deronda: but no opportunities occurred, and any little devices she could imagine for creating them were rejected by her pride, which was now doubly active. Not toward Deronda himself—she was curiously free from alarm lest he should think her openness wanting in dignity: it was part of his power over her that she believed him free from all misunderstanding as to the way in which she appealed to him: or, rather, that he should misunderstand her had never entered into her mind. But the last morning came, and still she had never been able to take up the dropped thread of their talk, and she was without devices. She and Grandcourt were to leave at three o'clock. It was too irritating that after a walk in the grounds had been planned in Deronda's hearing, he did not present himself to join in it. Grandcourt was gone with Sir Hugo to King's Topping to see the old manor-house; others of the gentlemen

were shooting; she was condemned to go and see the decoy and the water-fowl, and every thing else that she least wanted to see, with the ladies, with old Lord Pentreath and his anecdotes, with Mr. Vandernoodt and his admiring manners. The irritation became too strong for her: without premeditation, she took advantage of the winding road to linger a little out of sight, and then set off back to the house, almost running when she was safe from observation. She entered by a side door, and the library was on her left hand; Deronda, she knew, was often there; why might she not turn in there as well as into any other room in the house? She had been taken there expressly to see the illuminated family tree, and other remarkable things—what more natural than that she should like to look in again? The thing most to be feared was that the room would be empty of Deronda, for the door was ajar. She pushed it gently, and looked round it. He was there, writing busily at a distant table, with his back toward the door (in fact, Sir Hugo had asked him to answer some constituents' letters which had become pressing). An enormous log fire, with the scent of russia from the books, made the great room as warmly odorous as a private chapel in which the censers have been swinging. It seemed too daring to go in—too rude to speak and interrupt him; yet she went in on the noiseless carpet, and stood still for two or three minutes, till Deronda, having finished a letter, pushed it aside for signature, and threw himself back to consider whether there were any thing else for him to do, or whether he could walk out for the chance of meeting the party which included Gwendolen, when he heard her voice saying, "Mr. Deronda."

It was certainly startling. He rose hastily, turned round, and pushed away his chair with a strong expression of surprise.

"Am I wrong to come in?" said Gwendolen.

"I thought you were far on your walk," said Deronda.

"I turned back," said Gwendolen.

"Do you not intend to go out again? I could join you now, if you would allow me."

"No; I want to say something, and I can't stay long," said Gwendolen, speaking quickly in a subdued tone, while she walked forward and rested her arms and muff on the back of the chair he had pushed away from him. "I want to tell you that it is really so—I can't help feeling remorse for having injured others. That was what I meant when I said that I had done worse than gamble again and pawn the necklace again—something more injurious, as you called it. And I can't alter it. I am punished, but I can't alter it. You said I could do many things. Tell me again. What should you do, what should you feel, if you were in my place?"

The hurried directness with which she spoke, the absence of all her little airs, as if she were only concerned to use the time in getting an answer that would guide her, made her appeal unspeakably touching.

Deronda said, "I should feel something of what you feel—deep sorrow."

"But what would you try to do?" said Gwendolen, with urgent quickness.

"Order my life so as to make any possible amends, and keep away from doing any sort of injury again," said Deronda, catching her sense that the time for speech was brief.

"But I can't—I can't; I must go on," said Gwendolen, in a passionate loud whisper. "I have thrust out others—I have made my gain out of their loss—tried to make it—tried. And I must go on. I can't alter it."

It was impossible to answer this instantaneously. Her words had confirmed his conjecture, and the situation of all concerned rose in swift images before him. His feeling for those who had been "thrust out" sanctioned her remorse; he could not try to nullify it, yet his heart was *full of pity* for her. But as soon as he could he answered, taking up her last words,

"That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing. But if you submitted to that, as men submit to maiming or a life-long incurable disease?—and made the unalterable wrong a reason for more effort toward a good that may do something to counterbalance the evil? One who has committed irremediable errors may be scourged by that consciousness into a higher course than is common. There are many examples. Feeling what it is to have spoiled one life may well make us long to save other lives from being spoiled."

"But you have not wronged any one, or spoiled any lives," said Gwendolen, hastily. "It is only others who have wronged *you*."

Deronda colored slightly, but said, immediately, "I suppose our keen feeling for ourselves might end in giving us a keen feeling for others, if, when we are suffering acutely, we were to consider that others go through the same sharp experience. That is a sort of remorse before commission. Can't you understand that?"

"I think I do—now," said Gwendolen. "But you were right—I *am* selfish. I have never thought much of any one's feelings, except my mother's. I have not been fond of people.—But what can I do?" she went on, more quickly. "I must get up in the morning and do what every one else does. It is all like a dance set beforehand. I seem to see all that can be—and I am tired and sick of it. And the world is all confusion to me"—she made a gesture of disgust. "You say I am ignorant. But what is the good of trying to know more, unless life were worth more?"

"This good," said Deronda, promptly, with a touch of indignant severity, which he was inclined to encourage as his own safeguard: "life *would* be worth more to you: some real knowledge would give you an interest in the world beyond the small drama of personal desires. It is the curse of your life—forgive me—of so many lives, that all passion is spent in that narrow round, for want of ideas and sympathies to make a larger home for it. Is there any single occupation of mind that you care about with passionate delight, or even independent interest?"

Deronda paused, but Gwendolen, looking startled and thrilled as by an electric shock, said nothing, and he went on, more insistently,

"I take what you said of music for a small example—it answers for all larger things—you will not cultivate it for the sake of a private joy in it. What sort of earth or heaven would hold any spiritual wealth in it for souls pauperized by inaction? If one firmament has no stimulus for our attention and awe, I don't see how four would have it. We should stamp every possible world with the flatness of our own inanity—which is necessarily impious, without faith or fellowship.

The refuge you are needing from personal trouble is the higher, the religious life, which holds an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities. The few may find themselves in it simply by an elevation of feeling; but for us who have to struggle for our wisdom, the higher life must be a region in which the affections are clad with knowledge."

The half-indignant remonstrance that vibrated in Deronda's voice came, as often happens, from the habit of inward argument with himself rather than from severity toward Gwendolen; but it had a more beneficent effect on her than any soothings. Nothing is feebler than the indolent rebellion of complaint; and to be roused into self-judgment is comparative activity. For the moment she felt like a shaken child—shaken out of its wailings into awe, and she said, humbly,

"I will try. I will think."

They both stood silent for a minute, as if some third presence had arrested them—for Deronda too was under that sense of pressure which is apt to come when our own winged words seem to be hovering around us—till Gwendolen began again:

"You said affection was the best thing, and I have hardly any—none about me. If I could, I would have mamma; but that is impossible. Things have changed to me so—in such a short time. What I used not to like, I long for now. I think I am almost getting fond of the old things now they are gone." Her lip trembled.

"Take the present suffering as a painful letting in of light," said Deronda, more gently. "You are conscious of more beyond the round of your own inclinations—you know more of the way in which your life presses on others, and their life on yours. I don't think you could have escaped the painful process in some form or other."

"But it is a very cruel form," said Gwendolen, beating her foot on the ground with returning agitation. "I am frightened at every thing. I am frightened at myself. When my blood is fired I can do daring things—take any leap; but that makes me frightened at myself." She was looking at nothing outside her; but her eyes were directed toward the window, away from Deronda, who, with quick comprehension, said,

"Turn your fear into a safeguard. Keep your dread fixed on the idea of increasing that remorse which is so bitter to you. Fixed meditation may do a great deal toward defining our longing or dread. We are not always in a state of strong emotion, and when we are calm we can use our memories and gradually change the bias of our fear, as we do our tastes. Take your fear as a safeguard. It is like quickness of hearing. It may make consequences passionately present to you. Try to take hold of your sensibility, and use it as if it were a faculty, like vision." Deronda uttered each sentence more urgently; he felt as if he were seizing a faint chance of rescuing her from some indefinite danger.

"Yes, I know; I understand what you mean," said Gwendolen, in her loud whisper, not turning her eyes, but lifting up her small gloved hand and waving it in deprecation of the notion that it was easy to obey that advice. "But if feelings rose—there are some feelings—hatred and anger—how can I be good when they keep rising? And if there came a moment when I felt stifled and could bear it no longer—" She broke off, and with agitated lips looked at Deronda, but the expression on his face pierced her with an entirely new feeling. He was under the baffling difficulty of discerning that what he had been urging on her was thrown into the pallid distance of mere thought before the outburst of her habitual emotion. It was as if he saw her drowning while his limbs were bound. The pained compassion which was spread over his features as he watched her, affected her with a compunction unlike any she had felt before, and in a changed, imploring tone, she said,

"I am grieving you. I am ungrateful. You *can* help me. I will think of every thing. I will try. Tell me—it will not be a pain to you that I have dared to speak of my trouble to you? You began it, you know, when you rebuked me." There was a melancholy smile on her lips as she said that, but she added, more entreatingly, "It will not be a pain to you?"

"Not if it does any thing to save you from an evil to come," said Deronda, with strong emphasis; "otherwise, it will be a lasting pain."

"No—no—it shall not be. It may be—it shall be better with me because I have known you." She turned immediately, and quitted the room.

When she was on the first landing of the staircase, Sir Hugo passed across the hall on his way to the library, and saw her. Grandcourt was not with him.

Deronda, when the Baronet entered, was standing in his ordinary attitude, grasping his coat collar, with his back to the table, and with that indefinable expression by which we judge that a man is still in the shadow of a scene which he has just gone through. He moved, however, and began to arrange the letters.

"Has Mrs. Grandcourt been in here?" said Sir Hugo.

"Yes, she has."

"Where are the others?"

"I believe she left them somewhere in the grounds."

After a moment's silence, in which Sir Hugo looked at a letter without reading it, he said, "I hope you are not playing with fire, Dan—you understand me."

"I believe I do, Sir," said Deronda, after a slight hesitation, which had some repressed anger in it. "But there is nothing answering to your metaphor—no fire, and therefore no chance of scorching."

Sir Hugo looked searchingly at him, and then said, "So much the better. For between ourselves, I fancy there may be some hidden gunpowder in that establishment."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Aspern. Pardon, my lord—I speak for Sigismund.
Fronsberg. For him? Oh, ay—for him I always hold
A pardon safe in bank, sure he will draw
Sooner or later on me. What his need?
Mad project broken? fine mechanic wings
That would not fly? durance, assault on watch,
Bill for Epernay, not a crust to eat?
Aspern. Oh, none of these, my lord; he has escaped
From Circe's herd, and seeks to win the love
Of your fair ward Cecilia; but would win
First your consent. You frown.
Fronsberg. Distinguish words.
I said I held a pardon, not consent.

In spite of Deronda's reasons for wishing to be in town again—reasons in which his anxiety for

Mirah was blent with curiosity to know more of the enigmatic Mordecai—he did not manage to go up before Sir Hugo, who preceded his family that he might be ready for the opening of Parliament on the 6th of February. Deronda took up his quarters in Park Lane, aware that his chambers were sufficiently tenanted by Hans Meyrick. This was what he expected; but he found other things not altogether according to his expectations.

Most of us remember Retzsch's drawing of destiny in the shape of Mephistopheles playing at chess with man for his soul—a game in which we may imagine the clever adversary making a feint of unintended moves so as to set the beguiled mortal on carrying his defensive pieces away from the true point of attack. The fiend makes preparation his favorite object of mockery, that he may fatally persuade us against our best safeguard: he even meddles so far as to suggest our taking out water-proofs when he is well aware the sky is going to clear, foreseeing that the imbecile will turn this delusion into a prejudice against water-proofs, instead of giving a closer study to the weather signs. It is a peculiar test of a man's metal when, after he has painfully adjusted himself to what seems a wise provision, he finds all his mental precaution a little beside the mark, and his excellent intentions no better than miscalculated dovetails, accurately cut from a wrong starting-point. His magnanimity has got itself ready to meet misbehavior, and finds quite a different call upon it. Something of this kind happened to Deronda.

His first impression was one of pure pleasure and amusement at finding his sitting-room transformed into an *atelier* strewed with miscellaneous drawings and with the contents of two chests from Rome, the lower half of the windows darkened with baize, and the blonde Hans in his weird youth as the presiding genius of the littered place —his hair longer than of old, his face more whimsically creased, and his high voice as usual getting higher under the excitement of rapid talk. The friendship of the two had been kept up warmly since the memorable Cambridge time, not only by correspondence, but by little episodes of companionship abroad and in England, and the original relation of confidence on one side and indulgence on the other had been developed in practice, as is wont to be the case where such spiritual borrowing and lending has been well begun.

"I knew you would like to see my casts and antiquities," said Hans, after the first hearty greetings and inquiries, "so I didn't scruple to unlade my chests here. But I've found two rooms at Chelsea not many hundred yards from my mother and sisters, and I shall soon be ready to hang out there—when they've scraped the walls and put in some new lights. That's all I'm waiting for. But you see I don't wait to begin work: you can't conceive what a great fellow I'm going to be. The seed of immortality has sprouted within me."

"Only a fungoid growth, I dare say—a crowing disease in the lungs," said Deronda, accustomed to treat Hans in brotherly fashion. He was walking toward some drawings propped on the ledge of his book-cases; five rapidly sketched heads—different aspects of the same face. He stood at a convenient distance from them, without making any remark. Hans, too, was silent for a minute, took up his palette, and began touching the picture on his easel.

"What do you think of them?" he said at last.

"The full face looks too massive; otherwise the likenesses are good," said Deronda, more coldly than was usual with him.

"No, it is not too massive," said Hans, decisively. "I have noted that. There is always a little surprise when one passes from the profile to the full face. But I shall enlarge her scale for Berenice. I am making a Berenice series—look at the sketches along there—and now I think of it, you are just the model I want for the Agrippa." Hans, still with pencil and palette in hand, had moved to Deronda's side while he said this; but he added, hastily, as if conscious of a mistake, "No, no, I forgot; you don't like sitting for your portrait, confound you! However, I've picked up a capital Titus. There are to be five in the series. The first is Berenice clasping the knees of Gessius Florus and beseeching him to spare her people; I've got that on the easel. Then this, where she is standing on the Xystus with Agrippa, entreating the people not to injure themselves by resistance."

"Agrippa's legs will never do," said Deronda.

"The legs are good realistically," said Hans, his face creasing drolly; "public men are often shaky about the legs—'Their legs, the emblem of their various thought,' as somebody says in the *Rehearsal*."

"But these are as impossible as the legs of Raphael's Alcibiades," said Deronda.

"Then they are good ideally," said Hans. "Agrippa's legs were possibly bad. I idealize that and make them impossibly bad. Art, my Eugenius, must intensify. But never mind the legs now: the third sketch in the series is Berenice exulting in the prospect of being Empress of Rome, when the news has come that Vespasian is declared Emperor, and her lover Titus his successor."

"You must put a scroll in her mouth, else people will not understand that. You can't tell that in a picture."

"It will make them feel their ignorance, then —an excellent æsthetic effect. The fourth is Titus sending Berenice away from Rome after she has shared his palace for ten years—both reluctant, both sad—*invitus invitam*, as Suetonius hath it. I've found a model for the Roman brute."

"Shall you make Berenice look fifty? She must have been that."

"No, no; a few mature touches to show the lapse of time. Dark-eyed beauty wears well, hers particularly. But now, here is the fifth: Berenice seated lonely on the ruins of Jerusalem. That is pure imagination. That is what ought to have been—perhaps was. Now see how I tell a pathetic negative. Nobody knows what became of her: that is finely indicated by the series coming to a close. There is no sixth picture." Here Hans pretended to speak with a gasping sense of sublimity, and drew back his head with a frown, as if looking for a like impression on Deronda. "I break off in the Homeric style. The story is chipped off, so to speak, and passes with a ragged edge into nothing—*le néant;* can any thing be more sublime, especially in French? The vulgar would desire to see her corpse and burial—perhaps her will read and her clothes distributed. But now come and look at this on the easel. I have made some way there."

"That beseeching attitude is really good," said Deronda, after a moment's contemplation. "You have been very industrious in the Christmas holidays; for I suppose you have taken up the subject since you came to London." Neither of them had yet mentioned Mirah.

"No," said Hans, putting touches to his picture; "I made up my mind to the subject before. I take that lucky chance for an augury that I am going to burst on the world as a great painter. I saw a splendid woman in the Trastevere—the grandest women there are half Jewesses—and she set me hunting for a fine situation of a Jewess at Rome. Like other men of vast learning, I ended by taking what lay on the surface. I'll show you a sketch of the Trasteverina's head when I can lay my hands on it."

"I should think she would be a more suitable model for Berenice," said Deronda, not knowing exactly how to express his discontent.

"Not a bit of it. The model ought to be the most beautiful Jewess in the world, and I have found her."

"Have you made yourself sure that she would like to figure in that character? I should think no woman would be more abhorrent to her. Does she quite know what you are doing?"

"Certainly. I got her to throw herself precisely into this attitude. Little mother sat for Gessius Florus, and Mirah clasped her knees." Here Hans went a little way off and looked at the effect of his touches.

"I dare say she knows nothing about Berenice's history," said Deronda, feeling more indignation than he would have been able to justify.

"Oh yes, she does—ladies' edition. Berenice was a fervid patriot, but was beguiled by love and ambition into attaching herself to the archenemy of her people. Whence the Nemesis. Mirah takes it as a tragic parable, and cries to think what the penitent Berenice suffered as she wandered back to Jerusalem and sat desolate amidst desolation. That was her own phrase. I couldn't find in my heart to tell her I invented that part of the story."

"Show me your Trasteverina," said Deronda, chiefly in order to hinder himself from saying something else.

"Shall you mind turning over that folio?" said Hans. "My studies of heads are all there. But they are in confusion. You will perhaps find her next to a crop-eared under-graduate."

After Deronda had been turning over the drawings a minute or two, he said,

"These seem to be all Cambridge heads and bits of country. Perhaps I had better begin at the other end."

"No; you'll find her about the middle. I emptied one folio into another."

"Is this one of your under-graduates?" said Deronda, holding up a drawing. "It's an unusually agreeable face."

"That? Oh, that's a man named Gascoigne—Rex Gascoigne. An uncommonly good fellow; his upper lip, too, is good. I coached him before he got his scholarship. He ought to have taken honors last Easter. But he was ill, and has had to stay up another year. I must look him up. I want to know how he's going on."

"Here she is, I suppose," said Deronda, holding up the sketch of the Trasteverina.

"Ah," said Hans, looking at it rather contemptuously, "too coarse. I was unregenerate then."

Deronda was silent while he closed the folio, leaving the Trasteverina outside. Then grasping his coat collar, and turning toward Hans, he said, "I dare say my scruples are excessive, Meyrick, but I must ask you to oblige me by giving up this notion."

Hans threw himself into a tragic attitude, and screamed, "What! my series—my immortal Berenice series? Think of what you are saying, man—destroying, as Milton says, not a life, but an immortality. Wait before you answer, that I may deposit the implements of my art and be ready to uproot my hair."

Here Hans laid down his pencil and palette, threw himself backward into a great chair, and hanging limply over the side, shook his long hair half over his face, lifted his hooked fingers on each side of his head, and looked up with comic terror at Deronda, who was obliged to smile as he said,

"Paint as many Berenices as you like, but I wish you could feel with me—perhaps you will, on reflection—that you should choose another model."

"Why?" said Hans, standing up, and looking serious again.

"Because she may get into such a position that her face is likely to be recognized. Mrs. Meyrick and I are anxious for her that she should be known as an admirable singer. It is right, and she wishes it, that she should make herself independent. And she has excellent chances. One good introduction is secured already. And I am going to speak to Klesmer. Her face may come to be very well known, and—well, it is useless to attempt to explain, unless you feel as I do. I believe that if Mirah saw the circumstances clearly, she would strongly object to being exhibited in this way—to allowing herself to be used as a model for a heroine of this sort."

As Hans stood with his thumbs in the belt of his blouse listening to this speech, his face showed a growing surprise melting into amusement, that at last would have its way in an explosive laugh; but seeing that Deronda looked gravely offended, he checked himself to say, "Excuse my laughing, Deronda. You never gave me an advantage over you before. If it had been about any thing but my own pictures, I should have swallowed every word because you said it. And so you actually believe that I should get my five pictures hung on the line in a conspicuous position, and carefully studied by the public? Zounds, man! cider-cup and conceit never gave me half such a beautiful dream. My pictures are likely to remain as private as the utmost hypersensitiveness could desire."

Hans turned to paint again as a way of filling up awkward pauses. Deronda stood perfectly still, recognizing his mistake as to publicity, but also conscious that his repugnance was not much diminished. He was the reverse of satisfied, either with himself or with Hans; but the power of being quiet carries a man well through moments of embarrassment. Hans had a reverence for his friend which made him feel a sort of shyness at Deronda's being in the wrong; but it was not in his nature to give up any thing readily, though it were only a whim—or, rather, especially if it were a whim, and he presently went on, painting the while:

"But even supposing I had a public rushing after my pictures as if they were a railway series including nurses, babies, and bonnet-boxes, I can't see any justice in your objection. Every painter worth remembering has painted the face he admired most, as often as he could. It is a part of his soul that goes out into his pictures. He diffuses its influence in that way. He puts what he hates into a caricature. He puts what he adores into some sacred, heroic form. If a man could paint the woman he loves a thousand times as the *Stella Maris* to put courage into the sailors on board a thousand ships, so much the more honor to her. Isn't that better than painting a piece of staring immodesty and calling it by a worshipful name?"

"Every objection can be answered if you take broad ground enough, Hans: no special question of conduct can be properly settled in that way," said Deronda, with a touch of peremptoriness. "I might admit all your generalities, and yet be right in saying you ought not to publish Mirah's face as a model for Berenice. But I give up the question of publicity. I was unreasonable there." Deronda hesitated a moment. "Still, even as a private affair, there might be good reasons for your not indulging yourself too much in painting her from the point of view you mention. You must feel that her situation at present is a very delicate one; and until she is in more independence, she should be kept as carefully as a bit of Venetian glass, for fear of shaking her out of the safe place she is lodged in. Are you quite sure of your own discretion? Excuse me, Hans. My having found her binds me to watch over her. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," said Hans, turning his face into a good-humored smile. "You have the very justifiable opinion of me that I am likely to shatter all the glass in my way, and break my own skull into the bargain. Quite fair. Since I got into the scrape of being born, every thing I have liked best has been a scrape either for myself or somebody else. Every thing I have taken to heartily has somehow turned into a scrape. My painting is the last scrape; and I shall be all my life getting out of it. You think now I shall get into a scrape at home. No; I am regenerate. You think I must be over head and ears in love with Mirah. Quite right; so I am. But you think I shall scream and plunge and spoil every thing. There you are mistaken — excusably, but transcendently mistaken. I have undergone baptism by immersion. Awe takes care of me. Ask the little mother."

"You don't reckon a hopeless love among your scrapes, then?" said Deronda, whose voice seemed to get deeper as Hans's went higher.

"I don't mean to call mine hopeless," said Hans, with provoking coolness, laying down his tools, thrusting his thumbs into his belt, and moving away a little, as if to contemplate his picture more deliberately.

"My dear fellow, you are only preparing misery for yourself," said Deronda, decisively. "She would not marry a Christian, even if she loved him. Have you heard her—of course you have —heard her speak of her people and her religion?"

"That can't last," said Hans. "She will see no Jew who is tolerable. Every male of that race is insupportable—'insupportably advancing' —his nose."

"She may rejoin her family. That is what she longs for. Her mother and brother are probably strict Jews."

"I'll turn proselyte if she wishes it," said Hans, with a shrug and a laugh.

"Don't talk nonsense, Hans. I thought you professed a serious love for her," said Deronda, getting heated.

"So I do. You think it desperate, but I don't."

"I know nothing; I can't tell what has happened. We must be prepared for surprises. But I can hardly imagine a greater surprise to me than that there should have seemed to be any thing in Mirah's sentiments for you to found a romantic hope on." Deronda felt that he was too contemptuous.

"I don't found my romantic hopes on a woman's sentiments," said Hans, perversely inclined to be the merrier when he was addressed with gravity. "I go to science and philosophy for my romance. Nature designed Mirah to fall in love with me. The amalgamation of races demands it; the mitigation of human ugliness demands it; the affinity of contrasts assures it. I am the utmost contrast to Mirah—a bleached Christian, who can't sing two notes in tune. Who has a chance against me?"

"I see now; it was all *persiflage*. You don't mean a word of what you say, Meyrick," said Deronda, laying his hand on Meyrick's shoulder, and speaking in a tone of cordial relief. "I was a wiseacre to answer you seriously."

"Upon my honor I do mean it, though," said Hans, facing round and laying his left hand on Deronda's shoulder, so that their eyes fronted each other closely. "I am at the confessional. I meant to tell you as soon as you came. My mother says you are Mirah's guardian, and she thinks herself responsible to you for every breath that falls on Mirah in her house. Well, I love her—I worship her—I won't despair—I mean to deserve her."

"My dear fellow, you can't do it," said Deronda, quickly.

"I should have said, I mean to try."

"You can't keep your resolve, Hans. You used to resolve what you would do for your mother and sisters."

"You have a right to reproach me, old fellow," said Hans, gently.

"Perhaps I am ungenerous," said Deronda, not apologetically, however. "Yet it can't be ungenerous to warn you that you are indulging mad, Quixotic expectations."

"Who will be hurt but myself, then?" said Hans, putting out his lip. "I am not going to say any thing to her, unless I felt sure of the answer. I dare not ask the oracles: I prefer a cheerful caliginosity, as Sir Thomas Browne might say. I would rather run my chance there and lose, than be sure of winning any where else. And I don't mean to swallow the poison of despair, though you are disposed to thrust it on me. I am giving up wine, so let me get a little drunk on hope and vanity."

"With all my heart, if it will do you any good," said Deronda, loosing Hans's shoulder, with a little push. He made his tone kindly, but his words were from the lip only. As to his real feeling he was silenced.

He was conscious of that peculiar irritation which will sometimes befall the man whom others

are inclined to trust as mentor—the irritation of perceiving that he is supposed to be entirely off the same plane of desire and temptation as those who confess to him. Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless: as if those were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistakes. Throughout their friendship Deronda had been used to Hans's egotism, but he had never before felt intolerant of it: when Hans, habitually pouring out his own feelings and affairs, had never cared for any detail in return, and, if he chanced to know any, had soon forgotten it, Deronda had been inwardly as well as outwardly indulgent—nay, satisfied. But now he noted with some indignation, all the stronger because it must not be betrayed, Hans's evident assumption that for any danger of rivalry or jealousy in relation to Mirah, Deronda was as much out of the question as the angel Gabriel. It is one thing to be resolute in placing one's self out of the question, and another to endure that others should perform that exclusion for us. He had expected that Hans would give him trouble: what he had not expected was that the trouble would have a strong element of personal feeling. And he was rather ashamed that Hans's hopes caused him uneasiness in spite of his well-warranted conviction that they would never be fulfilled. They had raised an image of Mirah changing; and however he might protest that the change would not happen, the protest kept up the unpleasant image. Altogether, poor Hans seemed to be entering into Deronda's experience in a disproportionate manner—going beyond his part of rescued prodigal, and rousing a feeling quite distinct from compassionate affection.

When Deronda went to Chelsea he was not made as comfortable as he ought to have been by Mrs. Meyrick's evident release from anxiety about the beloved but inealculable son. Mirah seemed livelier than before, and for the first time he saw her laugh. It was when they were talking of Hans, he being naturally the mother's first topic. Mirah wished to know if Deronda had seen Mr. Hans going through a sort of character piece without changing his dress.

"He passes from one figure to another as if he were a bit of flame, where you fancied the figures without seeing them," said Mirah, full of her subject; "he is so wonderfully quick. I used never to like comic things on the stage—they were dwelt on too long; but all in one minute Mr. Hans makes himself a blind bard, and then Rienzi addressing the Romans, and then an opera dancer, and then a desponding young gentleman—I am sorry for them all, and yet I laugh, all in one." Here Mirah gave a little laugh that might have entered into a song.

"We hardly thought that Mirah could laugh till Hans came," said Mrs. Meyrick, seeing that Deronda, like herself, was observing the pretty picture.

"Hans seems in great force just now," said Deronda, in a tone of congratulation. "I don't wonder at his enlivening you."

"He's been just perfect ever since he came back," said Mrs. Meyrick, keeping to herself the next clause—"if it will but last."

"It is a great happiness," said Mirah, "to see the son and brother come into this dear home. And I hear them all talk about what they did together when they were little. That seems like heaven, to have a mother and brother who talk in that way. I have never had it."

"Nor I," said Deronda, involuntarily.

"No?" said Mirah, regretfully. "I wish you had. I wish you had had every good." The last words were uttered with a serious ardor as if they had been part of a litany, while her eyes were fixed on Deronda, who, with his elbow on the back of his chair, was contemplating her by the new light of the impression she had made on Hans, and the possibility of her being attracted by that extraordinary contrast. It was no more than what had happened on each former visit of his, that Mirah appeared to enjoy speaking of what she felt very much as a little girl fresh from school pours forth spontaneously all the long-repressed chat for which she has found willing ears. For the first time in her life Mirah was among those whom she entirely trusted, and her original visionary impression that Deronda was a divinely sent messenger hung about his image still, stirring always anew the disposition to reliance and openness. It was in this way she took what might have been the injurious flattery of admiring attention into which her helpless dependence had been suddenly transformed: every one around her watched for her looks and words, and the effect on her was simply that of having passed from a stifling imprisonment into an exhilarating air which made speech and action a delight. To her mind it was all a gift from others' goodness. But that word of Deronda's implying that there had been some lack in his life which might be compared with any thing she had known in hers, was an entirely new inlet of thought about him. After her first expression of sorrowful surprise she went on:

"But Mr. Hans said yesterday that you thought so much of others you hardly wanted any thing for yourself. He told us a wonderful story of Bouddha giving himself to the famished tigress to save her and her little ones from starving. And he said you were like Bouddha. That is what we all imagine of you."

"Pray don't imagine that," said Deronda, who had lately been finding such suppositions rather exasperating. "Even if it were true that I thought so much of others, it would not follow that I had no wants for myself. When Bouddha let the tigress eat him he might have been very hungry himself."

"Perhaps if he was starved he would not mind so much about being eaten," said Mab, shyly.

"Please don't think that, Mab; it takes away the beauty of the action," said Mirah.

"But if it were true, Mirah?" said the rational Amy, having a half-holiday from her teaching; "you always take what is beautiful as if it were true."

"So it is," said Mirah, gently. "If people have thought what is the most beautiful and the best thing, it must be true. It is always there."

"Now, Mirah, what *do* you mean?" said Amy.

"I understand her," said Deronda, coming to the rescue. "It is a truth in thought, though it may never have been carried out in action. It lives as an idea. Is that it?" He turned to Mirah, who was listening with a blind look in her lovely eyes.

"It must be that, because you understand me, but I can not quite explain," said Mirah, rather abstractedly, still searching for some expression.

"But *was* it beautiful for Bouddha to let the tiger eat him?" said Amy, changing her ground. "It would be a bad pattern."

"The world would get full of fat tigers," said Mab.

Deronda laughed, but defended the myth. "It is like a passionate word," he said; "the exaggeration is a flash of fervor. It is an extreme image of what is happening every day—the transmutation of self."

"I think I can say what I mean now," said Mirah, who had not heard the intermediate talk. "When the best thing comes into our thoughts, it is like what my mother has been to me. She has been just as really with me as all the other people about me—often more really with me."

Deronda, inwardly wincing under this illustration, which brought other possible realities about that mother vividly before him, presently turned the conversation by saying: "But we must not get too far away from practical matters. I came, for one thing, to tell of an interview I had yesterday, which I hope Mirah will find to have been useful to her. It was with Klesmer, the great pianist."

"Ah?" said Mrs. Meyrick, with satisfaction. "You think he will help her?"

"I hope so. He is very much occupied, but has promised to fix a time for receiving and hearing Miss Lapidoth, as we must learn to call her"—here Deronda smiled at Mirah—"if she consents to go to him."

"I shall be very grateful," said Mirah, calmly. "He wants to hear me sing, before he can judge whether I ought to be helped."

Deronda was struck with her plain sense about these matters of practical concern.

"It will not be at all trying to you, I hope, if Mrs. Meyrick will kindly go with you to Klesmer's house."

"Oh no, not at all trying. I have been doing that all my life—I mean, told to do things that others may judge of me. And I have gone through a bad trial of that sort. I am prepared to bear it, and do some very small thing. Is Klesmer a severe man?"

"He is peculiar, but I have not had experience enough of him to know whether he would be what you would call severe. I know he is kind-hearted—kind in action, if not in speech."

"I have been used to be frowned at and not praised," said Mirah.

"By-the-bye, Klesmer frowns a good deal," said Deronda, "but there is often a sort of smile in his eyes all the while. Unhappily he wears spectacles, so you must catch him in the right light to see the smile."

"I shall not be frightened," said Mirah. "If he were like a roaring lion, he only wants me to sing. I shall do what I can."

"Then I feel sure you will not mind being invited to sing in Lady Mallinger's drawing-room," said Deronda. "She intends to ask you next month, and will invite many ladies to hear you, who are likely to want lessons from you for their daughters."

"How fast we are mounting!" said Mrs. Meyrick, with delight. "You never thought of getting grand so quickly, Mirah."

"I am a little frightened at being called Miss Lapidoth," said Mirah, coloring with a new uneasiness. "Might I be called Cohen?"

"I understand you," said Deronda, promptly. "But, I assure you, you must not be called Cohen. The name is inadmissible for a singer. This is one of the trifles in which we must conform to vulgar prejudice. We could choose some other name, however—such as singers ordinarily choose—an Italian or Spanish name, which would suit your *physique*." To Deronda just now the name Cohen was equivalent to the ugliest of yellow badges.

Mirah reflected a little, anxiously, then said, "No. If Cohen will not do, I will keep the name I have been called by. I will not hide myself. I have friends to protect me. And now—if my father were very miserable and wanted help—no," she said, looking at Mrs. Meyrick, "I should think then that he was perhaps crying as I used to see him, and had nobody to pity him, and I had hidden myself from him. He had none belonging to him but me. Others that made friends with him always left him."

"Keep to what you feel right, my dear child," said Mrs. Meyrick. "*I* would not persuade you to the contrary." For her own part, she had no patience or pity for that father, and would have left him to his crying.

Deronda was saying to himself, "I am rather base to be angry with Hans. How can he help being in love with her? But it is too absurdly presumptuous for him even to frame the idea of appropriating her, and a sort of blasphemy to suppose that she could possibly give herself to him."

What would it be for Daniel Deronda to entertain such thoughts? He was not one who could quite naïvely introduce himself where he had just excluded his friend, yet it was undeniable that what had just happened made a new stage in his feeling toward Mirah. But apart from other grounds for self-repression, reasons both definite and vague made him shut away that question as he might have shut up a half-opened writing that would have carried his imagination too far and given too much shape to presentiments. Might there not come a disclosure which would hold the missing determination of his course? What did he really know about his origin? Strangely in these latter months, when it seemed right that he should exert his will in the choice of a destination, the passion of his nature had got more and more locked by this uncertainty. The disclosure might bring its pain—indeed, the likelihood seemed to him to be all on that side; but if it helped him to make his life a sequence which would take the form of duty—if it saved him from having to make an arbitrary selection where he felt no preponderance of desire? Still more he wanted to escape standing as a critic outside the activities of men, stiffened into the ridiculous attitude of self-assigned superiority. His chief tether was his early inwrought affection for Sir Hugo, making him gratefully deferential to wishes with which he had little agreement; but gratitude had been sometimes disturbed by doubts which were near reducing it to a fear of being ungrateful. Many of us complain that half our birthright is sharp duty: Deronda was more inclined to complain that he was robbed of this half; yet he accused himself, as he would have accused another, of being weakly self-conscious and wanting in resolve. He was the reverse of that type painted for us in Faulconbridge and Edmund of Gloster, whose

coarse ambition for personal success is inflamed by a defiance of accidental disadvantages. To Daniel, the words Father and Mother had the altar-fire in them; and the thought of all closest relations of our nature held still something of the mystic power which had made his neck and ears burn in boyhood. The average man may regard this sensibility on the question of birth as preposterous and hardly credible; but with the utmost respect for his knowledge as the rock from which all other knowledge is hewn, it must be admitted that many well-proved facts are dark to the average man, even concerning the action of his own heart and the structure of his own retina. A century ago he and all his forefathers had not had the slightest notion of that electric discharge by means of which they had all wagged their tongues mistakenly, any more than they were awake to the secluded anguish of exceptional sensitiveness into which many a carelessly begotten child of man is born.

Perhaps the ferment was all the stronger in Deronda's mind because he had never had a confidant to whom he could open himself on these delicate subjects. He had always been leaned on instead of being invited to lean. Sometimes he had longed for the sort of friend to whom he might possibly unfold his experience: a young man like himself who sustained a private grief, and was not too confident about his own career; speculative enough to understand every moral difficulty, yet socially susceptible, as he himself was, and having every outward sign of equality either in bodily or in spiritual wrestling—for he had found it impossible to reciprocate confidences with one who looked up to him. But he had no expectation of meeting the friend he imagined. Deronda's was not one of those quiveringly poised natures that lend themselves to second-sight.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

There be who hold that the deeper tragedy were a Prometheus Bound not *after* but *before* he had well got the celestial fire into the *νάρθηξ* whereby it might be conveyed to mortals: thrust by the Kratos and Bia of instituted methods into a solitude of despised ideas, fastened in throbbing helplessness by the fatal pressure of poverty and disease—a solitude where many pass by, but none regard.

"Second-sight" is a flag over disputed ground. But it is matter of knowledge that there are persons whose yearnings, conceptions—nay, traveled conclusions—continually take the form of images which have a foreshadowing power: the deed they would do starts up before them in complete shape, making a coercive type; the event they hunger for or dread rises into vision with a seed-like growth, feeding itself fast on unnumbered impressions. They are not always the less capable of the argumentative process, nor less sane than the commonplace calculators of the market: sometimes it may be that their natures have manifold openings, like the hundred-gated Thebes, where there may naturally be a greater and more miscellaneous inrush than through a narrow beadle-watched portal. No doubt there are abject specimens of the visionary, as there is a minim mammal which you might imprison in the finger of your glove. That small relative of the elephant has no harm in him; but what great mental or social type is free from specimens whose insignificance is both ugly and noxious? One is afraid to think of all that the genus "patriot" embraces; or of the elbowing there might be at the day of judgment for those who ranked as Authors, and brought volumes either in their hands or on trucks.

This apology for inevitable kinship is meant to usher in some facts about Mordecai, whose figure had bitten itself into Deronda's mind as a new question which he felt an interest in getting answered. But the interest was no more than a vaguely expectant suspense: the consumptive-looking Jew, apparently a fervid student of some kind, getting his crust by a quiet handicraft, like Spinoza, fitted into none of Deronda's anticipations.

It was otherwise with the effect of their meeting on Mordecai. For many winters, while he had been conscious of an ebbing physical life, and a widening spiritual loneliness, all his passionate desire had concentred itself in the yearning for some young ear into which he could pour his mind as a testament, some soul kindred enough to accept the spiritual product of his own brief, painful life as a mission to be executed. It was remarkable that the hopefulness which is often the beneficent illusion of consumptive patients was in Mordecai wholly diverted from the prospect of bodily recovery, and carried into the current of this yearning for transmission. The yearning, which had panted upward from out of overwhelming discouragements, had grown into a hope—the hope into a confident belief, which, instead of being checked by the clear conception he had of his hastening decline, took rather the intensity of expectant faith in a prophecy which has only brief space to get fulfilled in.

Some years had now gone since he had first begun to measure men with a keen glance, searching for a possibility which became more and more a distinct conception. Such distinctness as it had at first was reached chiefly by a method of contrast: he wanted to find a man who differed from himself. Tracing reasons in that self for the rebuffs he had met with and the hinderances that beset him, he imagined a man who would have all the elements necessary for sympathy with him, but in an embodiment unlike his own: he must be a Jew, intellectually cultured, morally fervid—in all this a nature ready to be plenished from Mordecai's; but his face and frame must be beautiful and strong, he must have been used to all the refinements of social life, his voice must flow with a full and easy current, his circumstances be free from sordid need: he must glorify the possibilities of the Jew, not sit and wander as Mordecai did, bearing the stamp of his people amidst the signs of poverty and waning breath. Sensitive to physical characteristics, he had, both abroad and in England, looked at pictures as well as men, and in a vacant hour he had sometimes lingered in the National Gallery in search of paintings which might feed his hopefulness with grave and noble types of the human form, such as might well belong to men of his own race. But he returned in disappointment. The instances are scattered but thinly over the galleries of Europe, in which the fortune or selection even of the chief masters has given to Art a face at once young, grand, and beautiful, where, if there is any melancholy, it is no feeble passivity, but enters into the foreshadowed capability of heroism.

Some observant persons may perhaps remember his emaciated figure, and dark eyes deep in their sockets, as he stood in front of a picture that had touched him either to new or habitual meditation: he commonly wore a cloth cap with black fur round it, which no painter would have asked him to take off. But spectators would be likely to think of him as an odd-looking Jew who probably got money out of pictures; and Mordecai, when he noticed them, was perfectly aware of the impression he made. Experience had rendered him morbidly alive to the effect of a man's poverty and other physical disadvantages in cheapening his ideas, unless they are those of a Peter the Hermit who has a tocsin for the rabble. But he was too sane and generous to attribute his spiritual banishment solely to the excusable prejudices of others: certain incapacities of his own had made the sentence of exclusion; and hence it was that his imagination had constructed another man who would be something more ample than the second soul bestowed, according to the notion of the Cabalists, to help out the insufficient first—who would be a blooming human life, ready to incorporate all that was worthiest in an existence whose visible, palpable part was burning itself fast away. His inward need for the conception of this expanded, prolonged self was reflected as an outward necessity. The thoughts of his heart (that ancient phrase best shadows the truth) seemed to him too precious, too closely inwoven with the growth of things, not to have a further destiny. And as the more beautiful, the stronger, the more executive self took shape in his mind, he loved it beforehand with an affection half identifying, half contemplative and grateful.

Mordecai's mind wrought so constantly in images that his coherent trains of thought often resembled the significant dreams attributed to sleepers by waking persons in their most inventive moments; nay, they often resembled genuine dreams in their way of breaking off the passage from the known to the unknown. Thus, for a long while, he habitually thought of the Being answering to his need as one distantly approaching or turning his back toward him, darkly painted against a golden sky. The reason of the golden sky lay in one of Mordecai's habits. He was keenly alive to some poetic aspects of London; and a favorite resort of his, when strength and leisure allowed, was to some one of the bridges, especially about sunrise or sunset. Even when he was bending over watch wheels and trinkets, or seated in a small upper room looking out on dingy bricks and dingy cracked windows, his imagination spontaneously planted him on some spot where he had a far-stretching scene; his thought went on in wide spaces; and whenever he could, he tried to have in reality the influences of a large sky. Leaning on the parapet of Blackfriars Bridge, and gazing meditatively, the breadth and calm of the river, with its long vista half hazy, half luminous, the grand dim masses or tall forms of buildings which were the signs of world-commerce, the on-coming of boats and barges from the still distance into sound and color, entered into his mood and blent themselves indistinguishably with his thinking, as a fine symphony to which we can hardly be said to listen makes a medium that bears up our spiritual wings. Thus it happened that the figure representative of Mordecai's longing was mentally seen darkened by the excess of light in the aerial background. But in the inevitable progress of his imagination toward fuller detail he ceased to see the figure with its back toward him. It began to advance, and a face became discernible; the words youth, beauty, refinement, Jewish birth, noble gravity, turned into hardly individual but typical form and color: gathered from his memory of faces seen among the Jews of Holland and Bohemia, and from the paintings which revived that memory. Reverently let it be said of this mature spiritual need that it was akin to the boy's and girl's picturing of the future beloved; but the stirrings of such young desire are feeble compared with the passionate current of an ideal life straining to embody itself, made intense by resistance to imminent dissolution. The visionary form became a companion and auditor, keeping a place not only in the waking imagination, but in those dreams of lighter slumber of which it is truest to say, "I sleep, but my heart is awake"—when the disturbing trivial story of yesterday is charged with the impassioned purpose of years.

Of late the urgency of irredeemable time, measured by the gradual choking of life, had turned Mordecai's trust into an agitated watch for the fulfillment that must be at hand. Was the bell on the verge of tolling, the sentence about to be executed? The deliverer's footstep must be near —the deliverer who was to rescue Mordecai's spiritual travail from oblivion, and give it an abiding-place in the best heritage of his people. An insane exaggeration of his own value, even if his ideas had been as true and precious as those of Columbus or Newton, many would have counted this yearning, taking it as the sublimer part for a man to say, "If not I, then another," and to hold cheap the meaning of his own life. But the fuller nature desires to be an agent, to create, and not merely to look on: strong love hungers to bless, and not merely to behold blessing. And while there is warmth enough in the sun to feed an energetic life, there will still be men to feel, "I am lord of this moment's change, and will charge it with my soul."

But with that mingling of inconsequence which belongs to us all, and not unhappily, since it saves us from many effects of mistake, Mordecai's confidence in the friend to come did not suffice to make him passive, and he tried expedients, pathetically humble, such as happened to be within his reach, for communicating something of himself. It was now two years since he had taken up his abode under Ezra Cohen's roof, where he was regarded with much good-will as a compound of workman, dominie, vessel of charity, inspired idiot, man of piety, and (if he were inquired into) dangerous heretic. During that time little Jacob had advanced into knickerbockers, and into that quickness of apprehension which has been already made manifest in relation to hardware and exchange. He had also advanced in attachment to Mordecai, regarding him as an inferior, but liking him none the worse, and taking his helpful cleverness as he might have taken the services of an enslaved Djinn. As for Mordecai, he had given Jacob his first lessons, and his habitual tenderness easily turned into the teacher's fatherhood. Though he was fully conscious of the spiritual distance between the parents and himself, and would never have attempted any communication to them from his peculiar world, the boy moved

him with that idealizing affection which merges the qualities of the individual child in the glory of childhood and the possibilities of a long future. And this feeling had drawn him on, at first without premeditation, and afterward with conscious purpose, to a sort of outpouring in the ear of the boy which might have seemed wild enough to any excellent man of business who overheard it. But none overheard when Jacob went up to Mordecai's room on a day, for example, in which there was little work to be done, or at an hour when the work was ended, and after a brief lesson in English reading or in numeration, was induced to remain standing at his teacher's knees, or chose to jump astride them, often to the patient fatigue of the wasted limbs. The inducement was perhaps the mending of a toy, or some little mechanical device in which Mordecai's well-practiced finger-tips had an exceptional skill; and with the boy thus tethered, he would begin to repeat a Hebrew poem of his own, into which years before he had poured his first youthful ardors for that conception of a blended past and future which was the mistress of his soul, telling Jacob to say the words after him.

"The boy will get them engraved within him," thought Mordecai; "it is a way of printing."

None readier than Jacob at this fascinating game of imitating unintelligible words; and if no opposing diversion occurred, he would sometimes carry on his share in it as long as the teacher's breath would last out. For Mordecai threw into each repetition the fervor befitting a sacred occasion. In such instances, Jacob would show no other distraction than reaching out and surveying the contents of his pockets; or drawing down the skin of his cheeks to make his eyes look awful, and rolling his head to complete the effect; or alternately handling his own nose and Mordecai's as if to test the relation of their masses. Under all this the fervid reciter would not pause, satisfied if the young organs of speech would submit themselves. But most commonly a sudden impulse sent Jacob leaping away into some antic or active amusement, when, instead of following the recitation, he would return upon the foregoing words most ready to his tongue, and mouth or gabble, with a seesaw suited to the action of his limbs, a verse on which Mordecai had spent some of his too scanty heart's blood. Yet he waited with such patience as a prophet needs, and began his strange printing again undiscouraged on the morrow, saying inwardly,

"My words may rule him some day. Their meaning may flash out on him. It is so with a nation—after many days."

Meanwhile Jacob's sense of power was increased and his time enlivened by a store of magical articulation with which he made the baby crow, or drove the large cat into a dark corner, or promised himself to frighten any incidental Christian of his own years. One week he had unfortunately seen a street mountebank, and this carried off his muscular imitativeness in sad divergence from New Hebrew poetry after the model of Jehuda ha-Levi. Mordecai had arrived at a fresh passage in his poem; for as soon as Jacob had got well used to one portion, he was led on to another, and a fresh combination of sounds generally answered better in keeping him fast for a few minutes. The consumptive voice, originally a strong high barytone, with its variously mingling hoarseness, like a haze amidst illuminations, and its occasional incipient gasp, had more than the usual excitement, while it gave forth Hebrew verses with a meaning something like this:

"Away from me the garment of forgetfulness,
Withering the heart;
The oil and wine from presses of the Goyim,
Poisoned with scorn.
Solitude is on the sides of Mount Nebo,
In its heart a tomb:
There the buried ark and golden cherubim
Make hidden light:
There the solemn faces gaze unchanged,
The wings are spread unbroken:
Shut beneath in silent awful speech
The Law lies graven.
Solitude and darkness are my covering,
And my heart a tomb;
Smite and shatter it, O Gabriel!
Shatter it as the clay of the founder
Around the golden image."

In the absorbing enthusiasm with which Mordecai had intoned rather than spoken this last invocation, he was unconscious that Jacob had ceased to follow him and had started away from his knees; but pausing he saw, as by a sudden flash, that the lad had thrown himself on his hands with his feet in the air, mountebank fashion, and was picking up with his lips a bright farthing which was a favorite among his pocket treasures. This might have been reckoned among the tricks Mordecai was used to, but at this moment it jarred him horribly, as if it had been a Satanic grin upon his prayer.

"Child! child!" he called out with a strange cry that startled Jacob to his feet, and then he sank backward with a shudder, closing his eyes.

"What?" said Jacob, quickly. Then, not getting an immediate answer, he pressed Mordecai's knees with a shaking movement, in order to rouse him. Mordecai opened his eyes with a fierce expression in them, leaned forward, grasped the little shoulders, and said, in a quick, hoarse whisper,

"A curse is on your generation, child. They will open the mountain and drag forth the golden wings and coin them into money, and the solemn faces they will break up into ear-rings for wanton women! And they shall get themselves a new name, but the angel of ignominy, with the fiery brand, shall know them, and their heart shall be the tomb of dead desires that turn their life to rottenness."

The aspect and action of Mordecai were so new and mysterious to Jacob—they carried such a burden of obscure threat—it was as if the patient, indulgent companion had turned into something unknown and terrific: the sunken dark eyes and hoarse accents close to him, the thin grappling fingers, shook Jacob's little frame into awe, and while Mordecai was speaking he stood trembling with a sense that the house was tumbling in and they were not going to have dinner any more. But when the terrible speech had ended and the pinch was relaxed, the shock resolved itself into tears; Jacob lifted up his small patriarchal countenance and wept aloud. This sign of childish grief at once recalled Mordecai to his usual gentle self: he was not able to speak again at present, but with a maternal action he drew the curly head toward him and pressed it tenderly against his breast. On this Jacob, feeling the danger well-nigh over, howled at ease, beginning to imitate his own performance and improve upon it—a sort of transition from impulse into art often observable. Indeed, the next day

he undertook to terrify Adelaide Rebekah in like manner, and succeeded very well.

But Mordecai suffered a check which lasted long, from the consciousness of a misapplied agitation; sane as well as excitable, he judged severely his moments of aberration into futile eagerness, and felt discredited with himself. All the more his mind was strained toward the discernment of that friend to come, with whom he would have a calm certainty of fellowship and understanding.

It was just then that, in his usual mid-day guardianship of the old book-shop, he was struck by the appearance of Deronda, and it is perhaps comprehensible now why Mordecai's glance took on a sudden eager interest as he looked at the new-comer: he saw a face and frame which seemed to him to realize the long-conceived type. But the disclaimer of Jewish birth was for the moment a backward thrust of double severity, the particular disappointment tending to shake his confidence in the more indefinite expectation. Nevertheless, when he found Deronda seated at the Cohens' table, the disclaimer was for the moment nullified: the first impression returned with added force, seeming to be guaranteed by this second meeting under circumstances more peculiar than the former; and in asking Deronda if he knew Hebrew, Mordecai was so possessed by the new inrush of belief that he had forgotten the absence of any other condition to the fulfillment of his hopes. But the answering "No" struck them all down again, and the frustration was more painful than before. After turning his back on the visitor that Sabbath evening, Mordecai went through days of a deep discouragement, like that of men on a doomed ship who, having strained their eyes after a sail, and beheld it with rejoicing, behold it never advance, and say, "Our sick eyes make it." But the long-contemplated figure had come as an emotional sequence of Mordecai's firmest theoretic convictions; it had been wrought from the imagery of his most passionate life; and it inevitably re-appeared—re-appeared in a more specific self-asserting form than ever. Deronda had that sort of resemblance to the preconceived type which a finely individual bust or portrait has to the more generalized copy left in our minds after a long interval: we renew our memory with delight, but we hardly know with how much correction. And now his face met Mordecai's inward gaze as if it had always belonged to the awaited friend, raying out, moreover, some of that influence which belongs to breathing flesh; till by-and-by it seemed that discouragement had turned into a new obstinacy of resistance, and the ever-recurrent vision had the force of an outward call to disregard counter-evidence, and keep expectation awake. It was Deronda now who was seen in the often painful night-watches, when we are all liable to be held with the clutch of a single thought—whose figure, never with its back turned, was seen in moments of soothed reverie or soothed dozing, painted on that golden sky which was the doubly blessed symbol of advancing day and of approaching rest.

Mordecai knew that the nameless stranger was to come and redeem his ring; and, in spite of contrary chances, the wish to see him again was growing into a belief that he should see him. In the January weeks he felt an increasing agitation of that subdued hidden quality which hinders nervous people from any steady occupation on the eve of an anticipated change. He could not go on with his printing of Hebrew on little Jacob's mind, or with his attendance at a weekly club, which was another effort of the same forlorn hope: something else was coming. The one thing he longed for was to get as far as the river, which he could do but seldom and with difficulty. He yearned with a poet's yearning for the wide sky, the far-reaching vista of bridges, the tender and fluctuating lights on the water, which seems to breathe with a life that can shiver and mourn, be comforted and rejoice.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fällen!
Wenn du lange dich gequälet
Weiss er gleich wo dir es fehlet;
Auch auf Beifall darfst du hoffen,
Denn er weiss wo du's getroffen."
—Goethe: *Westöstlicher Divan.*

Momentous things happened to Deronda the very evening of that visit to the small house at Chelsea, when there was the discussion about Mirah's public name. But, for the family group there, what appeared to be the chief sequence connected with it occurred two days afterward. About four o'clock wheels paused before the door, and there came one of those knocks with an accompanying ring which serve to magnify the sense of social existence in a region where the most enlivening signals are usually those of the muffin man. All the girls were at home, and the two rooms were thrown together to make space for Kate's drawing, as well as a great length of embroidery which had taken the place of the satin cushions—a sort of *pièce de résistance* in the courses of needle-work, taken up by any clever fingers that happened to be at liberty. It stretched across the front-room picturesquely enough, Mrs. Meyrick bending over it at one corner, Mab in the middle, and Amy at the other end. Mirah, whose performances in point of sewing were on the make-shift level of the tailor-bird's, her education in that branch having been much neglected, was acting as reader to the party, seated on a camp-stool; in which position she also served Kate as model for a title-page vignette, symbolizing a fair public absorbed in the successive volumes of the Family Tea-table. She was giving forth with charming distinctness the delightful Essay of Elia, "The Praise of Chimney-Sweeps," and all were smiling over the "innocent blacknesses," when the imposing knock and ring called their thoughts to loftier spheres, and they looked up in wonderment.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Meyrick; "can it be Lady Mallinger? Is there a grand carriage, Amy?"

"No—only a hansom cab. It must be a gentleman."

"The Prime Minister, I should think," said Kate, dryly. "Hans says the greatest man in London may get into a hansom cab."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Mab. "Suppose it should be Lord Russell!"

The five bright faces were all looking amused, when the old maid-servant, bringing in a card, distractedly left the parlor door open, and there was seen bowing toward Mrs. Meyrick a figure

quite unlike that of the respected Premier—tall and physically impressive even in his kid and kerseymere, with massive face, flamboyant hair, and gold spectacles; in fact, as Mrs. Meyrick saw from the card, *Julius Klesmer*.

Even embarrassment could hardly have made the "little mother" awkward, but, quick in her perceptions, she was at once aware of the situation, and felt well satisfied that the great personage had come to Mirah instead of requiring her to come to him, taking it as a sign of active interest. But when he entered, the rooms shrank into closets, the cottage piano, Mab thought, seemed a ridiculous toy, and the entire family existence as petty and private as an establishment of mice in the Tuileries. Klesmer's personality, especially his way of glancing round him, immediately suggested vast areas and a multitudinous audience, and probably they made the usual scenery of his consciousness, for we all of us carry on our thinking in some habitual *locus* where there is a presence of other souls, and those who take in a larger sweep than their neighbors are apt to seem mightily vain and affected. Klesmer was vain, but not more so than many contemporaries of heavy aspect, whose vanity leaps out and startles one like a spear out of a walking-stick; as to his carriage and gestures, these were as natural to him as the length of his fingers; and the rankest affectation he could have shown would have been to look diffident and demure. While his grandiose air was making Mab feel herself a ridiculous toy to match the cottage piano, he was taking in the details around him with a keen and thoroughly kind sensibility. He remembered a home no larger than this on the outskirts of Bohemia; and in the figurative Bohemia too he had had large acquaintance with the variety and romance which belong to small incomes. He addressed Mrs. Meyrick with the utmost deference.

"I hope I have not taken too great a freedom. Being in the neighborhood, I ventured to save time by calling. Our friend Mr. Deronda mentioned to me an understanding that I was to have the honor of becoming acquainted with a young lady here—Miss Lapidoth."

Klesmer had really discerned Mirah in the first moment of entering, but with subtle politeness he looked round bowingly at the three sisters as if he were uncertain which was the young lady in question.

"Those are my daughters: this is Miss Lapidoth," said Mrs. Meyrick, waving her hand toward Mirah.

"Ah," said Klesmer, in a tone of gratified expectation, turning a radiant smile and deep bow to Mirah, who, instead of being in the least taken by surprise, had a calm pleasure in her face. She liked the look of Klesmer, feeling sure that he would scold her, like a great musician and a kind man.

"You will not object to beginning our acquaintance by singing to me," he added, aware that they would all be relieved by getting rid of preliminaries.

"I shall be very glad. It is good of you to be willing to listen to me," said Mirah, moving to the piano. "Shall I accompany myself?"

"By all means," said Klesmer, seating himself, at Mrs. Meyrick's invitation, where he could have a good view of the singer. The acute little mother would not have acknowledged the weakness, but she really said to herself, "He will like her singing better if he sees her."

All the feminine hearts except Mirah's were beating fast with anxiety, thinking Klesmer terrific as he sat with his listening frown on, and only daring to look at him furtively. If he did say any thing severe, it would be so hard for them all. They could only comfort themselves with thinking that Prince Camaralzaman, who had heard the finest things, preferred Mirah's singing to any other: also she appeared to be doing her very best, as if she were more instead of less at ease than usual.

The song she had chosen was a fine setting of some words selected from Leopardi's grand Ode to Italy:

"*O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi*
E le colonne e i simulacri e l'erme
Torri degli avi nostri"—

This was recitative: then followed,

"*Ma la gloria non vedo*"—

a mournful melody, a rhythmic plaint. After this came a climax of devout triumph—passing from the subdued adoration of a happy Andante in the words,

"*Beatissimi voi,*
Che offriste il petto alle nemiche lance
Per amor di costei che al sol vi diede,"

to the joyous outburst of an exultant Allegro in,

"*Oh viva, oh viva:*
Beatissimi voi
Mentre nel mondo si favelli o scriva."

When she had ended, Klesmer said, after a moment,

"That is old Leo's music."

"Yes, he was my last master—at Vienna: so fierce and so good," said Mirah, with a melancholy smile. "He prophesied that my voice would not do for the stage. And he was right."

"*Con*tinue, if you please," said Klesmer, putting out his lips and shaking his long fingers, while he went on with a smothered articulation quite unintelligible to the audience.

The three girls detested him unanimously for not saying one word of praise. Mrs. Meyrick was a little alarmed.

Mirah, simply bent on doing what Klesmer desired, and imagining that he would now like to hear her sing some German, went through Prince Radzivill's music to Gretchen's songs in the *Faust*, one after the other, without any interrogatory pause. When she had finished, he rose and walked to the extremity of the small space at command, then walked back to the piano, where Mirah had risen from her seat and stood looking toward him, with her little hands crossed before her, meekly awaiting judgment; then, with a sudden unknitting of his brow and with beaming eyes, he put out his hand and said, abruptly, "Let us shake hands: you are a musician."

Mab felt herself beginning to cry, and all the three girls held Klesmer adorable. Mrs. Meyrick took a long breath.

But straightway the frown came again, the long hand, back uppermost, was stretched out in quite a different sense to touch with finger-tip the back of Mirah's, and, with protruded lip, he said:

"Not for great tasks. No high roofs. We are no sky-larks. We must be modest." Kles-

mer paused here. And Mab ceased to think him adorable: "As if Mirah had shown the least sign of conceit!"

Mirah was silent, knowing that there was a specific opinion to be waited for, and Klesmer presently went on:

"I would not advise—I would not further your singing in any larger space than a private drawing-room. But you will do there. And here in London that is one of the best careers open. Lessons will follow. Will you come and sing at a private concert at my house on Wednesday?"

"Oh, I shall be grateful," said Mirah, putting her hands together devoutly. "I would rather get my bread in that way than by any thing more public. I will try to improve. What should I work at most?"

Klesmer made a preliminary answer in noises which sounded like words bitten in two and swallowed before they were half out, shaking his fingers the while, before he said, quite distinctly, "I shall introduce you to Astorga: he is the foster-father of good singing, and will give you advice." Then addressing Mrs. Meyrick, he added, "Mrs. Klesmer will call before Wednesday, with your permission."

"We shall feel that to be a great kindness," said Mrs. Meyrick.

"You will sing to her," said Klesmer, turning again to Mirah. "She is a thorough musician, and has a soul with more ears to it than you will often get in a musician. Your singing will satisfy her:

'Vor den Wissenden sich stellen'—

You know the rest?"

"'Sicher ist's in allen Fällen,'"

said Mirah, promptly. And Klesmer, saying, "Schön!" put out his hand again as a good-by.

He had certainly chosen the most delicate way of praising Mirah, and the Meyrick girls had now given him all their esteem. But imagine Mab's feeling when, suddenly fixing his eyes on her, he said, decisively, "That young lady is musical, I see!" She was a mere blush and sense of scorching.

"Yes," said Mirah, on her behalf. "And she has a touch."

"Oh please, Mirah—a scramble, not a touch," said Mab, in anguish, with a horrible fear of what the next thing might be: this dreadfully divining personage—evidently Satan in gray trowsers—might order her to sit down to the piano, and her heart was like molten wax in the midst of her. But this was cheap payment for her amazed joy when Klesmer said, benignantly, turning to Mrs. Meyrick, "Will she like to accompany Miss Lapidoth and hear the music on Wednesday?"

"There could hardly be a greater pleasure for her," said Mrs. Meyrick. "She will be most glad and grateful."

Thereupon Klesmer bowed round to the three sisters more grandly than they had ever been bowed to before. Altogether it was an amusing picture—the little room with so much of its diagonal taken up in Klesmer's magnificent bend to the small feminine figures like images a little less than life-size, the grave Holbein faces on the walls, as many as were not otherwise occupied, looking hard at this stranger who by his face seemed a dignified contemporary of their own, but whose garments seemed a deplorable mockery of the human form.

Mrs. Meyrick could not help going out of the room with Klesmer and closing the door behind her. He understood her, and said, with a frowning nod,.

"She will do: if she doesn't attempt too much and her voice holds out, she can make an income. I know that is the great point: Deronda told me. You are taking care of her. She looks like a good girl."

"She is an angel," said the warm-hearted woman.

"No," said Klesmer, with a playful nod; "she is a pretty Jewess: the angels must not get the credit of her. But I think she has found a guardian angel," he ended, bowing himself out in this amiable way.

The four young creatures had looked at each other mutely till the door banged and Mrs. Meyrick re-entered. Then there was an explosion. Mab clapped her hands and danced every where inconveniently; Mrs. Meyrick kissed Mirah and blessed her; Amy said, emphatically, "We can never get her a new dress before Wednesday!" and Kate exclaimed, "Thank Heaven my table is not knocked over!"

Mirah had reseated herself on the music-stool without speaking, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks as she looked at her friends.

"Now, now, Mab!" said Mrs. Meyrick; "come and sit down reasonably and let us talk."

"Yes, let us talk," said Mab, cordially, coming back to her low seat and caressing her knees. "I am beginning to feel large again. Hans said he was coming this afternoon. I wish he had been here—only there would have been no room for him. Mirah, what are you looking sad for?"

"I am too happy," said Mirah. "I feel so full of gratitude to you all; and he was so very kind."

"Yes, at last," said Mab, sharply. "But he might have said something encouraging sooner. I thought him dreadfully ugly when he sat frowning, and only said, '*Con*tinue.' I hated him all the long way from the top of his hair to the toe of his polished boot."

"Nonsense, Mab; he has a splendid profile," said Kate.

"*Now*, but not *then*. I can not bear people to keep their minds bottled up for the sake of letting them off with a pop. They seem to grudge making you happy unless they can make you miserable beforehand. However, I forgive him every thing," said Mab, with a magnanimous air, "because he has invited me. I wonder why he fixed on me as the musical one? Was it because I have a bulging forehead, ma, and peep from under it like a newt from under a stone?"

"It was your way of listening to the singing, child," said Mrs. Meyrick. "He has magic spectacles, and sees every thing through them, depend upon it. But what was that German quotation you were so ready with, Mirah—you learned puss?"

"Oh, that was not learning," said Mirah, her tearful face breaking into an amused smile. "I said it so many times for a lesson. It means that it is safer to do any thing—singing or any thing else—before those who know and understand all about it."

"That was why you were not one bit frighten-

ed, I suppose," said Amy. "But now, what we have to talk about is a dress for you on Wednesday."

"I don't want any thing better than this black merino," said Mirah, rising to show the effect. "Some white gloves and some new *bottines*." She put out her little foot, clad in the famous felt slipper.

"There comes Hans," said Mrs. Meyrick. "Stand still, and let us hear what he says about the dress. Artists are the best people to consult about such things."

"You don't consult me, ma," said Kate, lifting up her eyebrow with a playful complainingness. "I notice mothers are like the people I deal with —the girls' doings are always priced low."

"My dear child, the boys are such a trouble— we could never put up with them if we didn't make believe they were worth more," said Mrs. Meyrick, just as her boy entered. "Hans, we want your opinion about Mirah's dress. A great event has happened. Klesmer has been here, and she is going to sing at his house on Wednesday among grand people. She thinks this dress will do."

"Let me see," said Hans. Mirah in her child-like way turned toward him to be looked at; and he, going to a little further distance, knelt with one knee on a hassock to survey her.

"This would be thought a very good stage dress for me," she said, pleadingly, "in a part where I was to come on as a poor Jewess and sing to fashionable Christians."

"It would be effective," said Hans, with a considering air; "it would stand out well among the fashionable *chiffons*."

"But you ought not to claim all the poverty on your side, Mirah," said Amy. "There are plenty of poor Christians and dreadfully rich Jews and fashionable Jewesses."

"I didn't mean any harm," said Mirah. "Only I have been used to thinking about my dress for parts in plays. And I almost always had a part with a plain dress."

"That makes me think it questionable," said Hans, who had suddenly become as fastidious and conventional on this occasion as he had thought Deronda was, apropos of the Berenice pictures. "It looks a little too theatrical. We must not make you a *rôle* of the poor Jewess—or of being a Jewess at all." Hans had a secret desire to neutralize the Jewess in private life, which he was in danger of not keeping secret.

"But it is what I am really. I am not pretending any thing. I shall never be any thing else," said Mirah. "I always feel myself a Jewess."

"But we can't feel that about you," said Hans, with a devout look. "What does it signify whether a perfect woman is a Jewess or not?"

"That is your kind way of praising me; I never was praised so before," said Mirah, with a smile, which was rather maddening to Hans, and made him feel still more of a cosmopolitan.

"People don't think of me as a British Christian," he said, his face creasing merrily. "They think of me as an imperfectly handsome young man and an unpromising painter."

"But you are wandering from the dress," said Amy. "If that will not do, how are we to get another before Wednesday? and to-morrow Sunday?"

"Indeed this will do," said Mirah, entreatingly. "It is all real, you know"—here she looked at Hans—"even if it seemed theatrical. Poor Berenice sitting on the ruins—any one might say that was theatrical, but I know that is just what she would do."

"I am a scoundrel," said Hans, overcome by this misplaced trust. "That is my invention. Nobody knows that she did that. Shall you forgive me for not saying so before?"

"Oh yes," said Mirah, after a momentary pause of surprise. "You knew it was what she would be sure to do—a Jewess who had not been faithful—who had done what she did and was penitent. She could have no joy but to afflict herself; and where else would she go? I think it is very beautiful that you should enter so into what a Jewess would feel."

"The Jewesses of that time sat on ruins," said Hans, starting up with a sense of being checkmated. "That makes them convenient for pictures."

"But the dress—the dress," said Amy; "is it settled?"

"Yes; is it not?" said Mirah, looking doubtfully at Mrs. Meyrick, who in her turn looked up at her son, and said, "What do you think, Hans?"

"That dress will not do," said Hans, decisively. "She is not going to sit on ruins. You must jump into a cab with her, little mother, and go to Regent Street. It's plenty of time to get any thing you like—a black silk dress such as ladies wear. She must not be taken for an object of charity. She has talents to make people indebted to her."

"I think it is what Mr. Deronda would like— for her to have a handsome dress," said Mrs. Meyrick, deliberating.

"Of course it is," said Hans, with some sharpness. "You may take my word for what a gentleman would feel."

"I wish to do what Mr. Deronda would like me to do," said Mirah, gravely, seeing that Mrs. Meyrick looked toward her; and Hans, turning on his heel, went to Kate's table and took up one of her drawings as if his interest needed a new direction.

"Shouldn't you like to make a study of Klesmer's head, Hans?" said Kate. "I suppose you have often seen him?"

"Seen him!" exclaimed Hans, immediately throwing back his head and mane, seating himself at the piano, and looking round him as if he were surveying an amphitheatre, while he held his fingers down perpendicularly toward the keys. But then in another instant he wheeled round on the stool, looked at Mirah, and said, half timidly, "Perhaps you don't like this mimicry; you must always stop my nonsense when you don't like it."

Mirah had been smiling at the swiftly made image, and she smiled still, but with a touch of something else than amusement, as she said: "Thank you. But you have never done any thing I did not like. I hardly think he could, belonging to you," she added, looking at Mrs. Meyrick.

In this way Hans got food for his hope. How could the rose help it when several bees in succession took its sweet odor as a sign of personal attachment?

CHAPTER XL.

"Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness, as the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own—
Yea, with her own incorporated—by power
Capacious and serene."
—WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, B. IV.

DERONDA came out of the narrow house at Chelsea in a frame of mind that made him long for some good bodily exercise to carry off what he was himself inclined to call the fumes of his temper. He was going toward the city, and the sight of the Chelsea Stairs with the waiting boats at once determined him to avoid the irritating inaction of being driven in a cab, by calling a wherry and taking an oar.

His errand was to go to Ram's book-shop, where he had yesterday arrived too late for Mordecai's mid-day watch, and had been told that he invariably came there again between five and six. Some further acquaintance with this remarkable inmate of the Cohens was particularly desired by Deronda as a preliminary to redeeming his ring: he wished that their conversation should not again end speedily with that drop of Mordecai's interest which was like the removal of a drawbridge, and threatened to shut out any easy communication in future. As he got warmed with the use of the oar, fixing his mind on the errand before him and the ends he wanted to achieve on Mirah's account, he experienced, as was wont with him, a quick change of mental light, shifting his point of view to that of the person whom he had been thinking of hitherto chiefly as serviceable to his own purposes, and was inclined to taunt himself with being not much better than an enlisting sergeant, who never troubles himself with the drama that brings him the needful recruits.

"I suppose if I got from this man the information I am most anxious about," thought Deronda, "I should be contented enough if he felt no disposition to tell me more of himself, or why he seemed to have some expectation from me which was disappointed. The sort of curiosity he stirs would die out; and yet it might be that he had neared and parted as one can imagine two ships doing, each freighted with an exile who would have recognized the other if the two could have looked out face to face. Not that there is any likelihood of a peculiar tie between me and this poor fellow, whose voyage, I fancy, must soon be over. But I wonder whether there is much of that momentous mutual missing between people who interchange blank looks, or even long for one another's absence in a crowded place. However, one makes one's self chances of missing by going on the recruiting sergeant's plan."

When the wherry was approaching Blackfriars Bridge, where Deronda meant to land, it was half past four, and the gray day was dying gloriously, its western clouds all broken into narrowing purple strata before a wide-spreading saffron clearness, which in the sky had a monumental calm, but on the river, with its changing objects, was reflected as a luminous movement, the alternate flash of ripples or currents, the sudden glow of the brown sail, the passage of laden barges from blackness into color, making an active response to that brooding glory.

Feeling well heated by this time, Deronda gave up the oar, and drew over him again his Inverness cape. As he lifted up his head while fastening the topmost button, his eyes caught a well-remembered face looking toward him over the parapet of the bridge—brought out by the western light into startling distinctness and brilliancy—an illuminated type of bodily emaciation and spiritual eagerness. It was the face of Mordecai, who also, in his watch toward the west, had caught sight of the advancing boat, and had kept it fast within his gaze, at first simply because it was advancing, then with a recovery of impressions that made him quiver as with a presentiment, till at last the nearing figure lifted up its face toward him—the face of his visions—and then immediately, with white uplifted hand, beckoned again and again.

For Deronda, anxious that Mordecai should recognize and await him, had lost no time before signaling, and the answer came straightway. Mordecai lifted his cap and waved it—feeling in that moment that his inward prophecy was fulfilled. Obstacles, incongruities, all melted into the sense of completion with which his soul was flooded by this outward satisfaction of his longing. His exultation was not widely different from that of the experimenter bending over the first stirrings of change that correspond to what in the fervor of concentrated prevision his thought has foreshadowed. The prefigured friend had come from the golden background, and had signaled to him: this actually was: the rest was to be.

In three minutes Deronda had landed, had paid his boatman, and was joining Mordecai, whose instinct it was to stand perfectly still and wait for him.

"I was very glad to see you standing here," said Deronda, "for I was intending to go on to the book-shop and look for you again. I was there yesterday—perhaps they mentioned it to you?"

"Yes," said Mordecai; "that was the reason I came to the bridge."

This answer, made with simple gravity, was startlingly mysterious to Deronda. Were the peculiarities of this man really associated with any sort of mental alienation, according to Cohen's hint?

"You knew nothing of my being at Chelsea?" he said, after a moment.

"No; but I expected you to come down the river. I have been waiting for you these five years." Mordecai's deep-sunk eyes were fixed on those of the friend who had at last arrived, with a look of affectionate dependence, at once pathetic and solemn. Deronda's sensitiveness was not the less responsive because he could not but believe that this strangely disclosed relation was founded on an illusion.

"It will be a satisfaction to me if I can be of any real use to you," he answered, very earnestly. "Shall we get into a cab and drive to—wherever you wish to go? You have probably had walking enough with your short breath."

"Let us go to the book-shop. It will soon be time for me to be there. But now look up the river," said Mordecai, turning again toward it and

speaking in under-tones of what may be called an excited calm—so absorbed by a sense of fulfillment that he was conscious of no barrier to a complete understanding between him and Deronda. "See the sky, how it is slowly fading. I have always loved this bridge: I stood on it when I was a little boy. It is a meeting-place for the spiritual messengers. It is true—what the Masters said—that each order of things has its angel: that means the full message of each from what is afar. Here I have listened to the messages of earth and sky; when I was stronger I used to stay and watch for the stars in the deep heavens. But this time just about sunset was always what I loved best. It has sunk into me and dwelt with me—fading, slowly fading: it was my own decline: it paused—it waited, till at last it brought me my new life—my new self—who will live when this breath is all breathed out."

Deronda did not speak. He felt himself strangely wrought upon. The first-prompted suspicion that Mordecai might be liable to hallucinations of thought—might have become a monomaniac on some subject which had given too severe a strain to his diseased organism—gave way to a more submissive expectancy. His nature was too large, too ready to conceive regions beyond his own experience, to rest at once in the easy explanation, "madness," whenever a consciousness showed some fullness and conviction where his own was blank. It accorded with his habitual disposition that he should meet rather than resist any claim on him in the shape of another's need; and this claim brought with it a sense of solemnity which seemed a radiation from Mordecai, as utterly nullifying his outward poverty and lifting him into authority as if he had been that preternatural guide seen in the universal legend, who suddenly drops his mean disguise and stands a manifest Power. That impression was the more sanctioned by a sort of resolved quietude which the persuasion of fulfillment had produced in Mordecai's manner. After they had stood a moment in silence he said, "Let us go now;" and when they were walking he added, "We will get down at the end of the street and walk to the shop. You can look at the books, and Mr. Ram will be going away directly and leave us alone."

It seemed that this enthusiast was just as cautious, just as much alive to judgments in other minds, as if he had been that antipole of all enthusiasm called "a man of the world."

While they were rattling along in the cab, Mirah was still present with Deronda in the midst of this strange experience, but he foresaw that the course of conversation would be determined by Mordecai, not by himself: he was no longer confident what questions he should be able to ask; and with a reaction on his own mood, he inwardly said, "I suppose I am in a state of complete superstition, just as if I were awaiting the destiny that could interpret the oracle. But some strong relation there must be between me and this man, since he feels it strongly. Great Heaven! what relation has proved itself more potent in the world than faith even when mistaken—than expectation even when perpetually disappointed? Is my side of the relation to be disappointing or fulfilling?—well, if it is ever possible for me to fulfill, I will not disappoint."

In ten minutes the two men, with as intense a consciousness as if they had been two undeclared lovers, felt themselves alone in the small gas-lit book-shop, and turned face to face, each baring his head from an instinctive feeling that they wished to see each other fully. Mordecai came forward to lean his back against the little counter, while Deronda stood against the opposite wall hardly more than four feet off. I wish I could perpetuate those two faces, as Titian's "Tribute Money" has perpetuated two types presenting another sort of contrast. Imagine—we all of us can—the pathetic stamp of consumption with its brilliancy of glance, to which the sharply defined structure of features, reminding one of a forsaken temple, gives already a far-off look as of one getting unwillingly out of reach; and imagine it on a Jewish face naturally accentuated for the expression of an eager mind—the face of a man little above thirty, but with that age upon it which belongs to time lengthened by suffering, the hair and beard still black throwing out the yellow pallor of the skin, the difficult breathing giving more decided marking to the mobile nostril, the wasted yellow hands conspicuous on the folded arms: then give to the yearning consumptive glance something of the slowly dying mother's look when her one loved son visits her bedside, and the flickering power of gladness leaps out as she says, "My boy!"—for the sense of spiritual perpetuation in another resembles that maternal transference of self.

Seeing such a portrait you would see Mordecai. And opposite to him was a face not more distinctively Oriental than many a type seen among what we call the Latin races: rich in youthful health, and with a forcible masculine gravity in its repose that gave the value of judgment to the reverence with which he met the gaze of this mysterious son of poverty who claimed him as a long-expected friend. The more exquisite quality of Deronda's nature—that keenly perceptive sympathetic emotiveness which ran along with his speculative tendency—was never more thoroughly tested. He felt nothing that could be called belief in the validity of Mordecai's impressions concerning him or in the probability of any greatly effective issue: what he felt was a profound sensibility to a cry from the depths of another soul; and accompanying that, the summons to be receptive instead of superciliously prejudging. Receptiveness is a rare and massive power, like fortitude; and this state of mind now gave Deronda's face its utmost expression of calm benignant force—an expression which nourished Mordecai's confidence and made an open way before him. He began to speak.

"You can not know what has guided me to you and brought us together at this moment. You are wondering."

"I am not impatient," said Deronda. "I am ready to listen to whatever you may wish to disclose."

"You see some of the reasons why I needed you," said Mordecai, speaking quietly, as if he wished to reserve his strength. "You see that I am dying. You see that I am as one shut up behind bars by the way-side, who if he spoke to any would be met only by head-shaking and pity. The day is closing—the light is fading—soon we should not have been able to discern each other. But you have come in time."

"I rejoice that I am come in time," said Deronda, feelingly. He would not say, "I hope you are not mistaken in me"—the very word "mistaken," he thought, would be a cruelty at that moment.

"But the hidden reasons why I need you began afar off," said Mordecai; "began in my early years when I was studying in another land. Then ideas, beloved ideas, came to me, because I was a Jew. They were a trust to fulfill, because I was a Jew. They were an inspiration, because I was a Jew, and felt the heart of my race beating within me. They were my life; I was not fully born till then. I counted this heart, and this breath, and this right hand"—Mordecai had pathetically pressed his hand against his breast, and then stretched its wasted fingers out before him—"I counted my sleep and my waking, and the work I fed my body with, and the sights that fed my eyes—I counted them but as fuel to the divine flame. But I had done as one who wanders and engraves his thought in rocky solitudes, and before I could change my course came care and labor and disease, and blocked the way before me, and bound me with the iron that eats itself into the soul. Then I said, 'How shall I save the life within me from being stifled with this stifled breath?'"

Mordecai paused to rest that poor breath which had been taxed by the rising excitement of his speech. And also he wished to check that excitement. Deronda dared not speak: the very silence in the narrow space seemed alive with mingled awe and compassion before this struggling fervor. And presently Mordecai went on:

"But you may misunderstand me. I speak not as an ignorant dreamer—as one bred up in the inland valleys, thinking ancient thoughts anew and not knowing them ancient, never having stood by the great waters where the world's knowledge passes to and fro. English is my mother-tongue, England is the native land of this body, which is but as a breaking pot of earth around the fruit-bearing tree, whose seed might make the desert rejoice. But my true life was nourished in Holland, at the feet of my mother's brother, a Rabbi skilled in special learning; and when he died I went to Hamburg to study, and afterward to Göttingen, that I might take a larger outlook on my people, and on the Gentile world, and drink knowledge at all sources. I was a youth; I felt free; I saw our chief seats in Germany; I was not then in utter poverty. And I had possessed myself of a handicraft. For I said, I care not if my lot be as that of Joshua ben Chananja: after the last destruction he earned his bread by making needles, but in his youth he had been a singer on the steps of the Temple, and had a memory of what was, before the glory departed. I said, let my body dwell in poverty, and my hands be as the hands of the toiler; but let my soul be as a temple of remembrance where the treasures of knowledge enter and the inner sanctuary is hope. I knew what I chose. They said, 'He feeds himself on visions,' and I denied not; for visions are the creators and feeders of the world. I see, I measure the world as it is, which the vision will create anew. You are not listening to one who raves aloof from the lives of his fellows."

Mordecai paused, and Deronda, feeling that the pause was expectant, said, "Do me the justice to believe that I was not inclined to call your words raving. I listen that I may know, without prejudgment. I have had experience which gives me a keen interest in the story of a spiritual destiny embraced willingly, and embraced in youth."

"A spiritual destiny embraced willingly—in youth?" Mordecai repeated, in a corrective tone. "It was the soul fully born within me, and it came in my boyhood. It brought its own world—a mediæval world, where there were men who made the ancient language live again in new psalms of exile. They had absorbed the philosophy of the Gentile into the faith of the Jew, and they still yearned toward a centre for our race. One of their souls was born again within me, and awaked amidst the memories of their world. It traveled into Spain and Provence; it debated with Aben-Ezra; it took ship with Jehuda ha-Levi; it heard the roar of the Crusaders and the shrieks of tortured Israel. And when its dumb tongue was loosed, it spoke the speech they had made alive with the new blood of their ardor, their sorrow, and their martyred trust: it sang with the cadence of their strain."

Mordecai paused again, and then said, in a loud, hoarse whisper,

"While it is imprisoned in me, it will never learn another."

"Have you written entirely in Hebrew, then?" said Deronda, remembering with some anxiety the former question as to his own knowledge of that tongue.

"Yes—yes," said Mordecai, in a tone of deep sadness; "in my youth I wandered toward that solitude, not feeling that it was a solitude. I had the ranks of the great dead around me; the martyrs gathered and listened. But soon I found that the living were deaf to me. At first I saw my life spread as a long future: I said, part of my Jewish heritage is an unbreaking patience; part is skill to seek divers methods and find a rooting-place where the planters despair. But there came new messengers from the Eternal. I had to bow under the yoke that presses on the great multitude born of woman: family troubles called me—I had to work, to care, not for myself alone. I was left solitary again; but already the angel of death had turned to me and beckoned, and I felt his skirts continually on my path. I loosed not my effort. I besought hearing and help. I spoke; I went to men of our people—to the rich in influence or knowledge, to the rich in other wealth. But I found none to listen with understanding. I was rebuked for error; I was offered a small sum in charity. No wonder. I looked poor; I carried a bundle of Hebrew manuscript with me; I said, our chief teachers are misleading the hope of our race. Scholar and merchant were both too busy to listen. Scorn stood as interpreter between me and them. One said, 'The Book of Mormon would never have answered in Hebrew; and if you mean to address our learned men, it is not likely you can teach them any thing.' He touched a truth there."

The last words had a perceptible irony in their hoarsened tone.

"But though you had accustomed yourself to write in Hebrew, few, surely, can use English better," said Deronda, wanting to hint consolation in a new effort for which he could smooth the way.

Mordecai shook his head slowly and answered: "Too late—too late. I can write no more. My writing would be like this gasping breath. But the breath may wake the fount of pity—the writing not. If I could write now and used English, I should be as one who beats a board to summon those who have been used to no signal but a bell. My soul has an ear to hear the faults of its own speech. New writing of mine would be like this body"—Mordecai spread his arms—"within it there might be the Ruach-ha-kodesh—the breath of divine thought—but men would smile at it and say, 'A poor Jew!'—and the chief smilers would be of my own people."

Mordecai let his hands fall, and his head sink in melancholy: for the moment he had lost hold of his hope. Despondency, conjured up by his own words, had floated in and hovered above him with eclipsing wings. He had sunk into momentary darkness.

"I feel with you—I feel strongly with you," said Deronda, in a clear deep voice which was itself a cordial, apart from the words of sympathy. "But—forgive me if I speak hastily—for what you have actually written there need be no utter burial. The means of publication are within reach. If you will rely on me, I can assure you of all that is necessary to that end."

"That is not enough," said Mordecai, quickly, looking up again with the flash of recovered memory and confidence. "That is not all my trust in you. You must be not only a hand to me, but a soul—believing my belief—being moved by my reasons—hoping my hope—seeing the vision I point to—beholding a glory where I behold it!"—Mordecai had taken a step nearer as he spoke, and now laid his hand on Deronda's arm with a tight grasp; his face, little more than a foot off, had something like a pale flame in it—an intensity of reliance that acted as a peremptory claim, while he went on—"You will be my life: it will be planted afresh; it will grow. You shall take the inheritance; it has been gathering for ages. The generations are crowding on my narrow life as a bridge: what has been and what is to be are meeting there; and the bridge is breaking. But I have found you. You have come in time. You will take the inheritance which the base son refuses because of the tombs which the plow and harrow may not pass over or the gold-seeker disturb: you will take the sacred inheritance of the Jew."

Deronda had become as pallid as Mordecai. Quick as an alarm of flood or fire, there spread within him not only a compassionate dread of discouraging this fellow-man who urged a prayer as of one in the last agony, but also the opposing dread of fatally feeding an illusion, and being hurried on to a self-committal which might turn into a falsity. The peculiar appeal to his tenderness overcame the repulsion that most of us experience under a grasp and speech which assume to dominate. The difficulty to him was to inflict the accents of hesitation and doubt on this ardent suffering creature, who was crowding too much of his brief being into a moment of perhaps extravagant trust. With exquisite instinct, Deronda, before he opened his lips, placed his palm gently on Mordecai's straining hand—an act just then equal to many speeches. And after that he said, without haste, as if conscious that he might be wrong,

"Do you forget what I told you when we first saw each other? Do you remember that I said I was not of your race?"

"It can't be true," Mordecai whispered immediately, with no sign of shock. The sympathetic hand still upon him had fortified the feeling which was stronger than those words of denial. There was a perceptible pause, Deronda feeling it impossible to answer, conscious, indeed, that the assertion, "It can't be true," had the pressure of argument for him. Mordecai, too entirely possessed by the supreme importance of the relation between himself and Deronda to have any other care in his speech, followed up that assertion by a second, which came to his lips as a mere sequence of his long-cherished conviction:

"You are not sure of your own origin."

"How do you know that?" said Daniel, with a habitual shrinking which made him remove his hand from Mordecai's, who also relaxed his hold, and fell back into his former leaning position.

"I know it—I know it; what is my life else?" said Mordecai, with a low cry of impatience. "Tell me every thing: tell me why you deny."

He could have no conception what that demand was to the hearer—how probingly it touched the hidden sensibility, the vividly conscious reticence of years; how the uncertainty he was insisting on as part of his own hope had always for Daniel been a threatening possibility of painful revelation about his mother. But the moment had influences which were not only new but solemn to Deronda: any evasion here might turn out to be a hateful refusal of some task that belonged to him, some act of due fellowship; in any case it would be a cruel rebuff to a being who was appealing to him as a forlorn hope under the shadow of a coming doom. After a few moments he said, with a great effort over himself, determined to tell all the truth briefly,

"I have never known my mother. I have no knowledge about her. I have never called any man father. But I am convinced that my father is an Englishman."

Deronda's deep tones had a tremor in them as he uttered this confession; and all the while there was an under-current of amazement in him at the strange circumstances under which he uttered it. It seemed as if Mordecai were hardly overrating his own power to determine the action of the friend whom he had mysteriously chosen.

"It will be seen—it will be declared," said Mordecai, triumphantly. "The world grows, and its frame is knit together by the growing soul; dim, dim at first, then clearer and more clear, the consciousness discerns remote stirrings. As thoughts move within us darkly, and shake us before they are fully discerned, so events—so beings: they are knit with us in the growth of the world. You have risen within me like a thought not fully spelled; my soul is shaken before the words are all there. The rest will come—it will come."

"We must not lose sight of the fact that the outward event has not always been a fulfillment of the firmest faith," said Deronda, in a tone that was made hesitating by the painfully conflicting desires, not to give any severe blow to Mordecai, and not to give his confidence a sanction which might have the severest blows in reserve.

Mordecai's face, which had been illuminated to the utmost in that last declaration of his confidence, changed under Deronda's words, but not

into any show of collapsed trust: the force did not disappear from the expression, but passed from the triumphant into the firmly resistant.

"You would remind me that I may be under an illusion—that the history of our people's trust has been full of illusion. I face it all." Here Mordecai paused a moment. Then bending his head a little forward, he said, in his hoarse whisper, "*So it might be with my trust, if you would make it an illusion. But you will not.*"

The very sharpness with which these words penetrated Deronda made him feel the more that here was a crisis in which he must be firm.

"What my birth was does not lie in my will," he answered. "My sense of claims on me can not be independent of my knowledge there. And I can not promise you that I will try to hasten a disclosure. Feelings which have struck root through half my life may still hinder me from doing what I have never yet been able to do. Every thing must be waited for. I must know more of the truth about my own life, and I must know more of what it would become if it were made a part of yours."

Mordecai had folded his arms again while Deronda was speaking, and now answered with equal firmness, though with difficult breathing:

"You *shall* know. What are we met for, but that you should know? Your doubts lie as light as dust on my belief. I know the philosophies of this time and of other times: if I chose, I could answer a summons before their tribunals. I could silence the beliefs which are the mother-tongue of my soul and speak with the rote-learned language of a system that gives you the spelling of all things, sure of its alphabet covering them all. I could silence them: may not a man silence his awe or his love and take to finding reasons, which others demand? But if his love lies deeper than any reasons to be found? Man finds his pathways: at first they were foot tracks, as those of the beast in the wilderness; now they are swift and invisible: his thought dives through the ocean, and his wishes thread the air: has he found all the pathways yet? What reaches him, stays with him, rules him: he must accept it, not knowing its pathway. Say my expectation of you has grown but as false hopes grow. That doubt is in your mind? Well, my expectation was there, and you are come. Men have died of thirst. But I was thirsty, and the water is on my lips. What are doubts to me? In the hour when you come to me and say, 'I reject your soul: I know that I am not a Jew: we have no lot in common'—I shall not doubt. I shall be certain—certain that I have been deluded. That hour will never come!"

Deronda felt a new chord sounding in this speech: it was rather imperious than appealing—had more of conscious power than of the yearning need which had acted as a beseeching grasp on him before. And usually, though he was the reverse of pugnacious, such a change of attitude toward him would have weakened his inclination to admit a claim. But here there was something that balanced his resistance and kept it aloof. This strong man whose gaze was sustainedly calm and his finger-nails pink with health, who was exercised in all questioning, and accused of excessive mental independence, still felt a subduing influence over him in the tenacious certitude of the fragile creature before him, whose pallid yellow nostril was tense with effort as his breath labored under the burden of eager speech. The influence seemed to strengthen the bond of sympathetic obligation. In Deronda at this moment the desire to escape what might turn into a trying embarrassment was no more likely to determine action than the solicitations of indolence are likely to determine it in one with whom industry is a daily law. He answered simply,

"It is my wish to meet and satisfy your wishes wherever that is possible to me. It is certain to me at least that I desire not to undervalue your toil and your suffering. Let me know your thoughts. But where can we meet?"

"I have thought of that," said Mordecai. "It is not hard for you to come into this neighborhood later in the evening? You did so once."

"I can manage it very well occasionally," said Deronda. "You live under the same roof with the Cohens, I think?"

Before Mordecai could answer, Mr. Ram re-entered to take his place behind the counter. He was an elderly son of Abraham, whose childhood had fallen on the evil times at the beginning of this century, and who remained amidst this smart and instructed generation as a preserved specimen, soaked through and through with the effect of the poverty and contempt which were the common heritage of most English Jews seventy years ago. He had none of the oily cheerfulness observable in Mr. Cohen's aspect: his very features—broad and chubby—showed that tendency to look mongrel without due cause which, in a miscellaneous London neighborhood, may perhaps be compared with the marvels of imitation in insects, and may have been nature's imperfect effort on behalf of the purer Caucasian to shield him from the shame and spitting to which purer features would have been exposed in the times of zeal. Mr. Ram dealt ably in books in the same way that he would have dealt in tins of meat and other commodities—without knowledge or responsibility as to the proportion of rottenness or nourishment they might contain. But he believed in Mordecai's learning as something marvelous, and was not sorry that his conversation should be sought by a bookish gentleman, whose visits had twice ended in a purchase. He greeted Deronda with a crabbed good-will, and, putting on large silver spectacles, appeared at once to abstract himself in the daily accounts.

But Deronda and Mordecai were soon in the street together, and, without any explicit agreement as to their direction, were walking toward Ezra Cohen's.

"We can't meet there: my room is too narrow," said Mordecai, taking up the thread of talk where they had dropped it. "But there is a tavern not far from here where I sometimes go to a club. It is the *Hand and Banner*, in the street at the next turning, five doors down. We can have the parlor there any evening."

"We can try that for once," said Deronda. "But you will perhaps let me provide you with some lodging which would give you more freedom and comfort than where you are."

"No; I need nothing. My outer life is as naught. I will take nothing less precious from you than your soul's brotherhood. I will think of nothing else yet. But I am glad you are rich. You did not need money on that diamond ring. You had some other motive for bringing it."

Deronda was a little startled by this clear-sightedness; but before he could reply, Mordecai added, "It is all one. Had you been in need of the money, the great end would have been that we should meet again. But you are rich?" he ended, in a tone of interrogation.

"Not rich, except in the sense that every one is rich who has more than he needs for himself."

"I desired that your life should be free," said Mordecai, dreamily—"mine has been a bondage."

It was clear that he had no interest in the fact of Deronda's appearance at the Cohens' beyond its relation to his own ideal purpose. Despairing of leading easily up to the question he wished to ask, Deronda determined to put it abruptly, and said,

"Can you tell me why Mrs. Cohen, the mother, must not be spoken to about her daughter?"

There was no immediate answer, and he thought that he should have to repeat the question. The fact was that Mordecai had heard the words, but had to drag his mind to a new subject away from his passionate preoccupation. After a few moments, he replied, with a careful effort such as he would have used if he had been asked the road to Holborn:

"I know the reason. But I will not speak even of trivial family affairs which I have heard in the privacy of the family. I dwell in their tent as in a sanctuary. Their history, so far as they injure none other, is their own possession."

Deronda felt the blood mounting to his cheeks at a sort of rebuke he was little used to, and he also found himself painfully baffled where he had reckoned with some confidence on getting decisive knowledge. He became the more conscious of emotional strain from the excitements of the day; and although he had the money in his pocket to redeem his ring, he recoiled from the further task of a visit to the Cohens', which must be made not only under the former uncertainty, but under a new disappointment as to the possibility of its removal.

"I will part from you now," he said, just before they could reach Cohen's door; and Mordecai paused, looking up at him with an anxious, fatigued face under the gas-light.

"When will you come back?" he said, with slow emphasis.

"May I leave that unfixed? May I ask for you at the Cohens' any evening after your hour at the book-shop? There is no objection, I suppose, to their knowing that you and I meet in private?"

"None," said Mordecai. "But the days I wait now are longer than the years of my strength. Life shrinks: what was but a tithe is now the half. My hope abides in you."

"I will be faithful," said Deronda—he could not have left those words unuttered. "I will come the first evening I can after seven: on Saturday or Monday, if possible. Trust me."

He put out his ungloved hand. Mordecai, clasping it eagerly, seemed to feel a new instreaming of confidence, and he said, with some recovered energy, "This is come to pass, and the rest will come."

That was their good-by.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT would be an Easy Chair culpably negligent of the last phenomenon of manners which should fail to observe the recent return of old times in the form of the stage-coach. In English tradition there is something very blithe and breezy in all mention of the coach, and the music of the guard's horn is one of the most inspiring sounds in the story of old England. In the "Shades" of every kind and degree, and in every part of the world, nothing is so characteristically English as the engravings of coaching that hang upon the walls. There is one familiar series, representing the start, the night-fall, the dawn, and the arrival, so full of happy movement and comfort and coziness that the spectator, musing over his pint as he sits by the little table in the dingy room with the sanded floor, half expects to hear the winding horn and the rattling arrival at the door. As the pint before him shrinks to a gill and disappears, he feels sadly that the life of England and America, in losing the stage-coach, has lost half its poetry; and as he drains the final drop, and the mug is inverted toward his nose, the world also seems to be turned upside down, and the railroad and the locomotive to be personal grievances for which he is ready to call George Stephenson and Commodore Vanderbilt to stern account.

There are stage-coach scenes in the old English novels which every reader remembers, and which would not be possible in the vast community of a railroad train. The coach was the inn put upon wheels, and rolling forward through the country, the guests sharing the feeling of the sanded public room. There are stage-coach scenes, also, nearer home in the experience of Easy Chairs of half a century's standing—the spanking team dashing into the spacious grounds of the country boarding-school on a bright spring morning, with the coach like a triumphal chariot, to take up a merry load of school-boys going home for vacation. There is no purer pleasure than that, so long vanished. The sunny freshness of that morning air; the vague, eager hope in those bounding hearts; the very creak of the springs as the coach took the unevenness of the turnpike; the stir of curiosity in the little villages as it bustled through; and the hearty young huzzas that greeted the slow-going country traveler along the road—what delight it was, and what music to remember! To the eyes that looked from the top of the coach the most familiar objects were enchanted. Each was alive, also, and saluted with a witticism not worthy, indeed, of the old masters, although often old, but good for the young—'twas enough, 'twould serve. "Good-by, old meeting-house; your steeple's short, but 'twill be long, thank Heaven, before we meet again!" "Good-by, old pump; you'll shed a daily drop for us in vain, in vain." "Ah! Mrs. Birch, seater of trowsers, we're off to cut out work for you."

There are stage-coaches yet among the White Mountains. But when there is a rail to the top of Mount Washington, it is foolish to speak of

genuine coaching. Yet it is not many years since a dash upon the coach up the valley of the Saco and through the Notch was one of the most inspiring trips possible. And still longer ago he was a happy traveler who could bowl down the valley of the Connecticut from Littleton to Greenfield on the top of the coach, and then turning westward, wind along the secluded and exquisite valley of the Deerfield, through Shelburne Falls, Charlemont, Zoar, and Florida, and over the mountain—which is now pierced by the Hoosac Tunnel—descending in the shadow of Greylock to Berkshire and the Housatonic Valley. If then he chose to go southward through that beautiful county and see Bashpish Falls and the lakes of Salisbury before he stopped, he would have in his memory a picture whose beauty the illumined shores of Naples Bay and the tender lines of Bellaggio upon Lake Como would not efface.

The revival of coaching seems to be the restoration of whatever is traditionally most poetic in the old system. The bloods and dandies of London, instead of making themselves Mohocks, as in the days of the *Spectator*, or wrenching off door-knockers with the sparks of the Regency, have wisely preferred to canonize Tony Weller and drive a coach. Forming a four-in-hand club, the more zealous members, owning coaches and horses, have selected various routes from London to some neighboring village, a score of miles or so away, and make a daily trip, the member of the club himself taking the part of Weller on the box. There is a booking-office in a fashionable street, where the passenger, as he takes his seat, may recall Mr. Lovell, in the opening of the *Antiquary*, securing his place, and daily the coach for Dorking, or Maidenhead, or some other rural point, departs and daily returns, conforming to all the conditions of poetic tradition. In this pastime several New Yorkers have taken degrees. Stage-coach driving in England by Americans has not, indeed, been wholly unknown hitherto, but never before has there been a club and a system, and for the first time the taste and the practice have been transferred to this country. This has been done so effectively that the lounger upon "the Avenue" may now see all the poetry of stage-coaching, so far as an arbitrary imitation can restore it.

A true English coach, with its spacious outside accommodation, whirls up to the door of the Hotel Brunswick, which, for readers of the year 2876 who may make excavations in our magazine literature, the Easy Chair will record is at the southeastern corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. It is an attractive-looking house, and its sunny southern aspect is toward Madison Square. The dining-room, on the lower floor, and opening upon the square, recalls, on a warm spring day, the pleasant *cafés* of Paris in the early summer. If the dinner is in harmony with this general appearance and suggestion—and of that the Easy Chair cherishes no doubt whatever, leaving its readers to "settle" the matter for themselves—the Hotel Brunswick is an exceedingly desirable place to which to return after a gay excursion into the country. Before the coach has reined up at the door, however, the sound of a real horn, blown by a real English guard, has been heard; and when the coach stops, a coachman in a white box-coat, with top-boots, and a large nosegay at his breast, throws down the "ribbons" which guide the four horses, each with a nosegay at his left ear, and so leaps to the sidewalk. This driver is a gentleman of New York, Mr. Delancey Kane, who drives the coach daily to the Markis of Granby, or, more accurately, to the old Lorillard House, at Pelham Bridge.

The gay company, whose names have been booked long before, climb to their seats. The attentive guard sees that all is right. Then the accomplished driver mounts the box, takes the ribbons, or the lines, or the reins—as they are variously called by the spectators—the guard winds his horn, the crowd stares, the horses start, and up the Avenue rolls the stage-coach, the 'buses drawing out of the way, and all of the "town" that is on the street looking on content. Swiftly through the leafing and blossoming Park, along the broad way beyond, over the bridge, and out to the placid fields of Westchester the team gallops and runs. Presently it is changed. The good-humored passengers, excited by the novelty of the circumstances and the beauty of the landscape, enjoy the scene, familiar, yet strange, and in an hour and a half have reached their bourn, and alight. Four hours with luncheon swiftly pass. Then on with the coach, let joy be unconfined; and galloping and running back again, the coach dashes up on time at the Brunswick, and the "lark" is ended. Except, indeed, that the passengers will not forget to fee the driver and the guard, who both bow respectfully, and pocket the two shillings from each one of the company.

It is as good a bit of poetic stage-coaching as could be had, and very much pleasanter on a pleasant day than much of the real coaching in the good old English times, when the strain and labor of six and sometimes eight horses drew the carriage through the mire. The passengers were constantly out, upon a long journey, two hours before day, and after dark in the winter. Horace Walpole in 1752 describes the roads near Tunbridge Wells, which were so different from those in our Central Park that the young gentlemen were obliged to drive their curricles with oxen. And ten years later Lord Hervey writes from Kensington, a suburb of London, that the road is so "infamously bad" that there is an impassable gulf of mud between him and town, and he is as solitary as if he were upon a rock in the middle of the ocean. The word that has dropped naturally from the pen is the true comment. The pretty excursion of to-day is not real coaching. It is a delightful drive, a pleasant play. But then how much better to be alive and young in 1876, driving on the top of a light-springing coach over perfect roads and with a jolly company, than to have lived in 1728 and to have toiled up to town with Mrs. Delany from Gloucestershire, the coach breaking down, and we obliged to get out and take shelter—even Mrs. Delany—in an ale-house, then jogging on again, and about an hour later "flop we went into a slough, not overturned, but stuck!" There is no flopping and sticking for the merry company that depart from the Brunswick, stepping with the brightening season out of the drawing-room into the fresh air, and finding upon the coach top a new zest in their pleasures as they whirl from Easter to St. John's Day, from New York to Newport.

Last month the Easy Chair spoke of the admirable and affectionate memoir which Mr. G.

Otto Trevelyan has written of his uncle, Lord Macaulay. No recent book has been read with more avidity and pleasure. It shows the singular popularity of every thing with which Macaulay's name is connected, and it is one of the most delightful of literary biographies. Mr. Trevelyan proves in his own work the good results of the tender care and training of his uncle, who loved his sisters' children as if they had been his own, yet who, with all his "heart's affluence," seems never to have thought of marriage. As the reader regretfully closes the book, and recalls the career which has been so vividly sketched, he can not help remembering the last words of Thackeray's lecture upon Addison: "A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name." These words are even truer of Macaulay than of Addison. Few noted lives have been more uniformly prosperous. Happy in his temperament, in the gratification of his honorable ambition, in the opportunity of leading the very life that he desired and for which he was so profusely gifted, in his choice of the object to which to devote his powers, in the material rewards of a great success, in the love of friends, in the affection of kindred, in the boundless regard of his countrymen, in unusual freedom from illness until toward the end, and at last a sudden painless death in his library, with the book that he had held still lying open by his side.

Macaulay, indeed, is not among the great names of the world. He had not the creative imagination of the poet nor the genius of the scientific philosopher. He was not a great thinker, nor a spiritual seer, nor a mighty leader of men. He does not belong with Homer and Shakespeare and Dante, with Aristotle and Laplace and Newton, with Alexander and Napoleon and Cromwell, with Cervantes and Scott and Boccaccio. There are those who require that this should be said; but it is something to have been a foremost man of a not despicable time in modern England, to have been seen of all his contemporaries spotless and industrious and benevolent, to have been "a great Englishman," and to have taken a place in literature with Herodotus and Tacitus and Gibbon. This Macaulay did. His history, for the period that it embraces, will not probably be superseded. It is the result of immense knowledge and sympathy, but of knowledge fused in the glow of the historic imagination, and of sympathy that vividly interpreted character and events.

Macaulay was a Whig, and his history is a Whig history, but, like all the old Whigs, he was intensely conservative. He could not deny the force and power of Mill's *Liberty*, for instance, but he said that the activity of the modern mind and the fecundity of new ideas were such that the assertion of a tendency in these times to cramp and extinguish originality or individuality was a cry of fire in Noah's flood. It is curious, too, that he did not like Gibbon, and could not read Carlyle, whose *History of the French Revolution* is the most signal illustration of the poetic imagination applied to history. Carlyle, also, was perhaps the only Englishman of his time who contested with Macaulay the distinction of being the most eminent of purely literary Englishmen. Curiosity alone might have persuaded Macaulay to read his contemporary's books. But there is an unconscious feeling of rivalry which sometimes interferes with sincere enjoyment or appreciation. Thackeray said that it was long after the publication of *Vanity Fair* that Dickens discovered that he had written a book. Macaulay was, as the Germans say, a man of the understanding. He had no patience with novelties. Tennyson touched him, but his tone in speaking of most of his contemporaries is not that of sincere admiration. This backward-looking eye is always sure of pleasure and satisfaction; but the delight of expectation, the faith in the future, the acceptance of what is done as but the point from which to spring farther and higher—this gives a zest and lofty inspiration to life which are the premonitions of immortality. The calm, prosperous, happy career of Macaulay no more illustrates this than Addison's. But it is a droll fancy to quarrel with the turquois because it is not a pearl. Macaulay was a great, hearty, honest Englishman, who wrote the story of his country with a charm that we all feel, and who was a kind, generous, and loving man.

His memory was his great weapon. It was very retentive by nature, and it was carefully cultivated and trained. Genius, said a very commonplace man, is memory; and Macaulay's prodigious feats might well have inspired such admiration and astonishment in many minds as to seem to justify the definition. There are constant and amusing illustrations of the power of this faculty in Macaulay's life. In a little party one day some one asked him if he could say his Popes. He replied that he was sometimes a little confused among the Innocents; but, again, that any English school-boy ought to be able to say his Archbishops of Canterbury backward. He then began, and went straight back to Cranmer. He was once dining in company with Lord Brougham, whom Macaulay strongly disliked, and Brougham noisily asserted that the name of the Greek poet should be pronounced Euripides. After a little while Macaulay told him that he was mistaken. Brougham loudly persisted, and said that his lexicon gave that pronunciation. But Macaulay instantly silenced him by quoting passages from Aristophanes which were conclusive. This faithful and amazing memory was of course most serviceable to a historian, and the first impression from the essays and the history is that they are written from a mind full of knowledge, well ordered and conveniently at hand. But it is an accumulation of facts which never overwhelms the writer or the reader, and never seems pedantic. Macaulay's instinct of literary art, indeed, prevented that. He was a rhetorician with an eye sensitive to picturesque effects. It is amusing and instructive to compare his passages descriptive of historical scenes with those in Hume or other writers, and to see how carefully Macaulay finishes the detail while he preserves the perspective. But he never reaches the pure poetic glow which makes much of Carlyle's *French Revolution* and the battle-pieces in his *Frederick* so memorable and unsurpassable. There is a certain cold precision upon Macaulay's most rhetorical historic page, as in his *Lays* there are the form and movement and glitter of the heroic ballad without the fervor that makes poetry.

But the exceeding popularity of his books is certain to endure. It must be very long before there will be a man who knows so much and can write so well: long, indeed, before there is an-

other story of a literary life so full of glimpses of sweet humor and generosity and domestic affection, with a prosperity so constant, serene, and deserved.

Good stories are often curiously and without the least ill intention perverted in print, as in the case of an anecdote of Mr. Sumner, which has been recently reproduced as connected with Macaulay. The Easy Chair is very sure that it gave the correct version some time ago, but it is evidently necessary to give it again, for the credit of Mr. Sumner. This is the form in which it is now generally repeated:

"Mr. Sumner found himself at dinner in England in a distinguished company. Among those present who were strangers to him, and to whom, according to the English fashion, he was not introduced, was Macaulay, who sat near him. One of Mr. Sumner's neighbors, conversing of American subjects, asked if Washington's remains were still at Mount Vernon. 'Yes,' answered Mr. Sumner; 'his ashes still lie there.' The disdainful historian blurted out, 'Ashes!—was he burned up, then?' Mr. Sumner, overwhelmed by the discourtesy, at a loss for a reply, was silent. He might have met the insinuation with Gray's line,

"'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.'"

In fact, the scene was a breakfast at Landor's. Somebody asked Mr. Sumner whether General Washington was buried under the Capitol, and he replied, substantially, that his ashes were at Mount Vernon. "What!" roared Landor: "I am amazed that a gentleman of Mr. Sumner's scholarship should use such a word. Was Washington's body burned?" Sumner instantly retorted, "Am I to understand, Mr. Landor, when I read in Gray's elegy,

'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,'

that the poet refers to some cinerary process formerly in vogue in this country?" And he further confounded Landor by quoting from the English burial service, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Mr. Sumner was very fond of telling the story, while the question which provoked his retort was one that Macaulay's ready and ample memory would probably have prevented his asking.

The late Mr. N. P. Willis had a carefully printed form of reply to requests for his autograph, which he signed and mailed to the applicant. His kind heart taught him that even a few printed words of explanation signed by his hand would be very much more acceptable and gratifying than the name alone. His little circular began thus: "Men, in this land of never-let-up, are overladen with labor in as many different ways as there are different vocations by which they get a living; but to an editor, the 'last ounce which breaks the camel's back' is the writing of a private letter. Not that his brain is drudged beyond a sense of the luxury of writing for one reader only (for, on the contrary, the value of it is enhanced by rarity), but he looks upon it as the leg-weary postman looks upon the luxury of an evening walk." He proceeds to say that much as he should like to answer the request, he is forced to choose between "minding my business" and the pleasure of writing a reply. He therefore begs the kind consideration of his correspondent for his printed explanation. He doubtless received it in every instance for the thoughtful courtesy of his explanation.

There is no doubt that every body likes to have an answer to his letter, however unimportant. And although many of the requests for an autograph may be troublesome and even impertinent, the feeling from which they spring commends them to charity. They are usually requests from young persons who have been sincerely touched by something that has been said, or written, or done; and even if they have no such individual justification, but are sent to a person merely because he is noted, and without any very clear knowledge upon the part of the applicant of the grounds of the notability, they are yet a kind of homage to which even those who will not reply are not insensible.

Indeed, since Willis's time autograph-hunting, as it is reproachfully called, has become more considerate, if also more pressing. The old hunter of this game expected always to fill his bag. It was not the name merely that he sought, but he required "a sentiment," "a few lines," "an occasional thought," or, when poets were pursued, a copy of some favorite poem. The old school of the chase would have despised the signature merely, except in the case of the most renowned classics. Shakespeare, Dante, Charlemagne, possibly Milton, might be allowed to be represented by a signature, but no contemporary. Indeed, it is delightful to observe that the older hunters had a sense of their own dignity and importance as being in some sense the agents and attorneys of fame. The request for an autograph was an evidence of the distinction of the person addressed, and the letter was therefore really a certificate of renown. Were those who issued such certificates to be derided and scorned? Were they not rightfully entitled to the most courteous consideration? Was the trouble of writing "a sentiment" or "a few thoughts" any more than a fitting recognition of the bestowal of a patent of fame? Was not the asker of the autograph, after all, really in the position of the prince who touches with his sword the shoulder of his well-deserving subject kneeling before him, and who says, encouragingly, Rise, Sir Bayard, or Sir Bret, or Sir Mark, or Sir Henry J., Jun., or Sir William D., or some other Sir, as the case may be?

Those, at least, are the traditions of the early autograph stalkers. But the leisurely romance of the old hunt has given place to the business habits of a working-day world. Sometimes, indeed, even now a disciple, or haply an actual relic, of the old school is revealed by the request of sentiments or thoughts, but the modern mercantile manner is brief and pointed. It has still, however, a lingering flavor of that delightful brevet of reputation. "Dear Sir," says the new school, "I am collecting the autographs of all the most distinguished men of the time: will you please to write yours upon the accompanying cards?" The cards are inclosed, also a return envelope addressed and stamped. All that is required is that you should give a receipt in full for fame, as it were, by writing your name upon the cards. Could the terms be made easier? Who would not accept distinction upon such obliging conditions? There is, indeed, a more general beating up of game than formerly, and perhaps it is wise for those who have received certificates not to look too curiously into autograph books. They may not like their company. The Walhalla may contain a very miscellaneous

assembly. "Dr. Dally?" said a poet, as he turned the pages of a portable Pantheon in which his own name was enshrined—"Dr. Dally? I don't exactly recall Dr. Dally, whose name I see next to mine. Who is Dr. Dally?" "Why," replied the sportsman, "I am surprised that you do not know him. He is the most famous chiropodist in the world." An almost morbid refinement of care, also, is shown by some modern hunters in preparing lines for the autograph, duly marked—"name," "address," "date." But this is gilding refined gold. It is painting the lily.

The prey of the autograph hunter is generally accessible. There are, indeed, some misanthropes who refuse to reply. But how they settle with their consciences the matter of the inclosed envelopes, *postage paid*, passes comprehension. The hunters themselves cherish, under such circumstances, a frightful suspicion that the game detaches the stamps and turns them to its own uses. There is no well-recorded instance of this kind so far as can be ascertained; but justice can not deny that there may be grounds for the awful thought. Wanton destruction of the stamps can hardly be supposed, suggests a cynical commentator, because the literary class is notoriously always in want of them. And the rebuke conveyed in the return of the envelope without an inclosure is lost, because which one of the hundred objects at which the request was aimed may have returned it can not well be known. A general reproof of impertinence would not wound. Besides, no one whose autograph is sought really resents the request. He may not choose to gratify it. He may be too busy. He may decline to encourage what he may think a vapid curiosity. He may condemn the request and the reply as a shameful waste of time. But still he is secretly pleased by the request. His condemnation and refusal are fine, but they are the very Himalaya of virtue. They are heights beyond belief. The unformed handwriting of the request, often the simple little phrase, have a boyishness and girlishness of sincerity which can be so readily gratified that refusal is incredible.

But no general rules can be laid down. The lordlier prey will make its own law. Dr. Dally may write a few thoughts to every one of his applicants, but Carlyle, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, may find that the day is not long enough to do what they might not object to do if only the day were a month. And to this company belongs George Eliot, who has spoken so closely to the heart of her time that in every country, and especially in this country, the memorial of an autograph is sought. But the Easy Chair learns upon the best authority, and commends the intelligence to the enthusiastic readers of *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch*, that Mrs. Lewes—George Eliot—objects on principle to the hunt of the autograph, and can not aid it in any manner. She is not in the least insensible—indeed, no one is more alive—to the kind interest and admiration from which the request springs. But from the first she has steadfastly declined every application for her autograph. The requests, however, are so numerous that she is unwilling that those who write to her should feel personally slighted; and it is therefore but just that the Magazine which publishes her story should inform the readers whose enthusiasm betakes itself to the hunt that her silence is not personal to any one, but is universal. Indeed, it seems that her written name is the White Doe that no autograph hunter can capture, but whose presence and the sound of whose invisible footsteps enchant the wood, and make the easier game worthless. May the boldest of the brethren learn from these presents that the pursuit pains her, and if they will but forbear, her sure escape will not pain them.

THE May day was very beautiful on which the Centennial Exhibition opened, and there were thousands of spectators who hailed it as a happy augury. It was a spectacle unprecedented in this country, and Mr. Bayard Taylor and Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, who have seen the beginnings of many such fairs, agreed that none ever began more auspiciously. The chiefs of the two great governments upon the continent stood together, one as host and the other as guest, to put the machinery in the great hall in motion, and the simple, hearty enthusiasm of the Brazilian Emperor was pleasant to behold. It was, indeed, a truly cosmopolitan scene. All the great countries of the world were represented, none more amply and brilliantly than farthest Ind, China, and Japan. A German wrote the opening triumphal march, and nothing could have been more fitting, for it is Germany which has done most for musical taste and development in America. There were spectators who listened hopefully for some melodious reminiscence of "Yankee Doodle," but it did not come, and they contented themselves with the profuse evidence of his skill that was heaped and massed on every hand.

The active managers of the enterprise must have been amply satisfied. When General Hawley, the president of the Commission, raised his hand as a signal for the orchestra to begin, at the very moment which had been designated, he had reason to be proud. His unquailing and aggressive energy in pushing forward the preparations and in stimulating public interest has been one of the creative forces of the Exhibition, one of the elements of success. The brilliant opening may have been some little reward. The whole city of Philadelphia shared the interest and the glory. It is historically the Revolutionary city, not because its patriotism was more devoted than that of other parts of the country, but because it is the city of the Continental Congress and of the Declaration. There is the hall in which the fathers signed the immortal paper. There is the paper itself, discolored and dimmed with age. During this year of patriotic pilgrimage it would be well to indicate every noted building with a conspicuous placard, that those who run, as most Americans will, through the city, may also read. They could not run, however, on the opening day. The crowd was too vast and compact. It is not easy to compute the numbers. But posterity—to which some stray copy of the large issue of this Magazine is sure to escape—will be glad to know that the estimate was two hundred thousand persons. Posterity may think that crowds are computed like fortunes, and that when the number is more than forty or fifty thousand, the other thousands are thrown in freely. But had posterity been present when the Fair was opened, it would not have doubted either the vastness of the numbers of the spectators or the sincerity of their enthusiasm.

When posterity counts itself in the American

States by hundreds of millions, it can not surpass, when any considerable number of them assemble for such a purpose as that of the Fair, the good nature and good order of the crowd at Philadelphia. The people of a nation which governs itself also govern themselves in such assemblies. The habit of self-control, of individual responsibility for the general welfare, asserts itself happily in unexpected ways. It is not a single occasional *plebiscitum* or act of universal suffrage which makes a government of the people. It is the constant practice of political duties which does the work. The meanest of despotisms, that of Louis Napoleon, was founded upon a vote of the people, but of a people who had no habits of free government, no practice in it, no knowledge of it. His empire was a crime against liberty committed in the name of liberty. "Paternal" governments are obliged to take care of their subjects as nurses take care of children. But the self-dependence and sense of responsibility which belong to a free government of the people tend to cultivate that manhood which is the highest result of political society.

The Centennial Exhibition celebrates the hundredth year of the greatest effort at such a government ever made. Has any political system any where and at any time within the same period, and with all failures, done more or better for mankind?

Editor's Literary Record.

THE Centennial produces numerous centenary histories of the United States. Two of a popular cast lie before us—Barnes's *Centenary History of the United States* (A. S. Barnes and Co.) and Cassell's *History of the United States* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). Both are issued in parts, and sold by subscription; both are elaborately illustrated. The former is mechanically much the finer work of the two. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and the illustrations are excellent. There is a proportion of fancy sketches, chiefly of war scenes, but most of the pictures are really useful as well as ornamental. Such are "The old Stage-Coach," "A Scold gagged," "The first Church erected in Connecticut, Hartford, 1638," "The Stocks," etc. The book is intended to be, we judge, rather a compact compendium than a full or elaborate history, and it gives in a few sentences the author's judgment on disputed points without entering into the discussion. Thus it embodies the history of Roger Williams in a paragraph, and of Salem witchcraft in a page. The history of the United States prior to the Revolution is comprised in 130 pages. What is to be the size of the completed work we are not told. Cassell's history is a much more elaborate work. Its four published parts only bring us down to the close of the Pequot war. It discusses the case of Roger Williams at considerable length, and the anonymous author indicates considerable research and a candid desire to ascertain and narrate the truth, though some lack of discrimination in his analysis of Roger Williams's conflict with Massachusetts colony is certainly observable. The pictures are some of them striking in design, but they are inferior in execution, and there is no adequate proportion of really useful illustrations, such as throw light on either the history or the customs. An exception to this criticism are the fac-similes of ancient maps and drawings, which are both curious and valuable. For youthful readers we recommend Barnes's; for the library, or for a more careful study, Cassell's.

It is as difficult to characterize *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, by JOHN RICHARD GREEN (Harper and Brothers), in a single paragraph, as to criticise a kaleidoscope in a single critique. For every turn gives to the reader a new combination, and no common thread unites these "Stray Studies" but that of the binder. The versatility of Mr. Green's genius is strikingly illustrated in a series of essays which are of different structure and genesis, and yet which are of equal interest. We have in the opening essay an account of one of those unknown great men of the earth, the record of whose heroism makes the reader think better of his fellow-men, and gives to the author an opportunity to discuss some practical problems in sociology and philanthropy in a way which makes us wish that he had devoted his entire work to this theme. Next come some "Sketches in Sunshine"—a series of bright sunny sketches of Continental travel, which make us wish that he would make the European tour, and give his impressions of what he sees; then an essay on "The Poetry of Wealth"—a curious specimen of a fertile imagination made to serve a thoroughly useful purpose; then a historical essay on "Lambeth and the Archbishops," in which he makes the archiepiscopal palace a text for an outline sketch of the ecclesiastical history of England, as illustrated by the great events in the careers of its archbishops from the time of Wycliffe to that of Laud. Thus Mr. Green passes from one topic to another, writing always with a sunny pen, and illumining whatever he touches. Most of these "Studies" have been published in English magazines, but we believe that they see the light in America for the first time in this book.

Professor BAIRD presents the fifth volume of the now thoroughly established *Record of Science and Industry* (Harper and Brothers), being the record for 1875. He has done wisely in increasing the first part, in which he gives to the reader a general historical summary of progress for the past year. He might profitably still further increase the space devoted to this review, in future volumes, for while the paragraph portion, communicating the special results of special investigations, is perhaps more valuable to the scientist or the specialist, for both these classes there are other and larger works, as indeed Professor Baird recognizes, while there is no other work which meets the demand, which this record so admirably supplies, for a bird's-eye view of the entire progress of the year. The classification by topics and the very complete index make the volumes really an annual encyclopedia of science and art.

The object of Professor JAMES ORTON in his *Comparative Zoology* (Harper and Brothers) is stated in a single sentence: "It is designed solely

as a manual for instruction." Intended primarily for the use of schools and colleges, it is by no means confined in its usefulness to those who are engaged in a course of professional study. It is equally adapted to the general student, and while it does not enter into doubtful discussions concerning the origin of life and the relation of species to each other, or of man to the rest of the animal creation, it is a useful preparation for a correct understanding of these discussions. Indeed, we should be saved a great deal of crude debate in the newspapers and reviews if the writers who attempt to solve the mysterious phases of life were first to acquaint themselves with the facts concerning it which are well known, and before attempting to discriminate between the different forms of life, were to know what they really are. The book consists of two parts. The first treats of structural zoology, tracing the resemblances and differences between the mineral, animal, and vegetable kingdoms, and describing the growth and structure of the various classes of the animal creation. The second part treats of systematic zoology, embracing the classification of animals and their geographical distribution. The notes, of which there are a number, are placed in an appendix, and the principal authorities likely to be of value to the English reader are added in the same place. The work is elaborately illustrated.

The Acts of the Apostles; with Notes, Comments, Maps, Illustrations, by Rev. Lyman Abbott (A. S. Barnes and Co.). Mr. Abbott has here given to the public a very excellent work on one of the most important and interesting portions of the New Testament. It is admirably adapted to his object, namely, "to aid in their Christian work those who are endeavoring to promote the knowledge of the principles which Jesus Christ came to propound and establish—clergymen, Christian parents, Sunday-school teachers, Bible women, lay preachers." Hence it properly "aims to give the results rather than the processes of scholarship, the conclusions rather than the controversies of scholars." In doing this, the author has availed himself of the best aids of modern scholarship, and has made a fair and judicious use of them. His spirit is in harmony with that of the book he interprets, and is satisfied with interpreting it. It is not expected or desired that an interpreter of the Scriptures should be without well-defined theological views, but a careful examination of this book has failed to discover any evidence that it is written in the interest of a theological or ecclesiastical system, or to advocate the principles or practice of a sect. Mr. Abbott's style is popular and attractive. His notes are always to the point, and are always instructive and interesting. The book is profusely illustrated.

So long as Latin is taught in our schools, Cicero will be read with delight and profit. We hail with pleasure the latest addition made by Messrs. Harper and Brothers to their admirable series of Greek and Latin texts, *M. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes Selectæ XIV*. The text followed is the second recension of Reinhold Klotz, to whose labors Halm and other recent Ciceronian editors not unfrequently express their obligations. It may not be amiss also to mention that this recension (*editio altera emendatior*) is accorded a prominent place among the few critical editions of Cicero recommended to scholars by Hübner in his excellent *Grundriss zu Vorlesungen über die romische Literaturgeschichte*. Here in this compact little volume of 288 pages we have the very *crème de la crème* of Cicero the orator: his first political speech, *Pro lege Manilia*, which gave to Pompey such power as had never been united in the hands of a single Roman before; his four famous orations against Catiline; his eloquent defense of Murena, of Archias, of Milo, of Marcellus, of Ligarius, of Deiotarus, King of Galatia; the First and Second Philippics, in which Antony's public and private character is so mercilessly reviewed; and finally, the Fourteenth Philippic, the peroration of which constitutes one of the noblest flights of eloquence to be found in any tongue.

These "Greek and Latin Texts" now embrace the most prominent authors of antiquity, and as *simple texts* are beyond comparison superior in accuracy, elegance, and cheapness to any others published either in America or Europe. In the editing, the publishers have wisely followed critical texts of established authority, such as Macleane's in Horace, Conington's in Virgil, and Paley's in the Greek tragedians, while the mechanical execution is in the highest degree creditable. The volumes are strongly bound in flexible covers, and printed with surprising accuracy in clear type on paper which, unlike the sleazy "Leipzig editions," is firm enough to receive notes written in ink. Fastidious scholars like Goodwin and Hadley have welcomed them into their class-rooms as valuable aids to classical study and instruction, and they are surely just the thing for the pocket of a shooting-coat when the man of liberal education turns his back on men and cities, and fares downward to the sea-side, or upward to the Adirondacks.

Great Expectations affords less scope for the artist than some other of Dickens's novels; but Mr. Fraser has made good use of the opportunity afforded him, and this volume is quite worthy to accompany the rest of Harper's edition of Dickens's novels. We note as especially worthy of commendation his portraiture of Magwitch, who preserves his identity in the external transformations through which he is made to pass in the course of the story.

Homeric Synchronism: an Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. (Harper and Brothers), is one of that class of monographs that are sure to be received with an enthusiastic interest by a comparatively small number of readers. Most Americans are content to enjoy Shakspeare without anxiously inquiring whether Lord Bacon did not write the immortal dramas, and to let Homer lead them into the land of dreams without investigating the questions when he lived or whether he is a myth. Homeric scholars, however, of whom we have too few, will read with enthusiasm this critico-historical study. It may be described in general terms as part of a vigorous protest against that skeptical criticism of Germany which has temporarily made such havoc with all ancient literature. Mr. Gladstone not only utterly repudiates the idea that Homer is a myth, he maintains that his poem is a historical drama; he accepts the site of Troy as fixed by the researches of Dr. Schliemann; he justifies this conclusion by a careful comparison of the discoveries at Hissarlik with the descriptions of Homer; he places the poet at a much earlier period than that usually

assigned to him, and prior to the Dorian contest; and by a study of the Egyptian monuments he undertakes to ascertain proximately the date of the siege of Troy, which he fixes as subsequent to the Exodus, and probably between 1316 B.C. and 1307 B.C. We shall neither attempt to trace the course of his argument nor to judge concerning its sufficiency, but we welcome the book, apart from its scholastic interest, as a healthful protest against the destructive criticism which endeavors to undermine all ancient history, and remit all ancient literature to the realm of myth.

We took up WILLIAM MORRIS'S *Æneids of Virgil* (Roberts Brothers) with anticipations of great pleasure; we have laid it down with disappointment. *The Earthly Paradise* is so thoroughly classic in its tone and spirit that we hoped great things from the same writer when he undertook to give to us a translation of one who had been unmistakably his inspiration, if not his model; but he does but afford another illustration of the truth, so often illustrated before, that a poet is not always capable of rendering into worthy verse the poetry of another, even of one who is a favorite author. "Done into English verse," he tells us on the title-page, is what he claims to have accomplished for the *Æneids of Virgil*, and this not very elegant expression very fairly represents his work. It is not in the highest sense of the term a translation. It does not possess that subtle sympathy with the author which makes the translation of Homer by Bryant so remarkable; it has no marked individuality of its own; it is weak just in those respects in which we had reason to expect that it would be strong; the rhythm is too rhythmical, the versification is too fluent, the time beat is too strongly accented; there is a lack of strength and rugged vigor, which is not felt in a single page, but which becomes painful in the reading of an entire book. For the English reader it will not supplant the less musical but truer and more masculine version of Mr. Cranch. If we had expected less, we should have been better satisfied. He who forgets Virgil, or does not care to know more of him than the story, may with enjoyment read this poem, not as an interpretation of another poet, but as an original work of the author.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." In this appropriate quotation from Montaigne, JAMES GRANT WILSON gives an insight into the character of his *Poets and Poetry of Scotland from the Earliest to the Present Time* (Harper and Brothers). The collection is comprised in two volumes of about 550 pages. It presents selections from two hundred and twenty poets, and covers a period of time extending from the middle of the thirteenth century to the third quarter of the nineteenth. The earliest poets sing in a dialect that is scarce intelligible without a glossary, which should be added in the second volume. The latest writers are those of our own time; indeed, Mr. Wilson promises in the second volume some original contributions written expressly for his work. A number of the most famous productions of Scotland's most famous bards are given in full, and of others, too long for insertion at length, there are given such extracts as will enable the reader to form not only a just estimate of the writers, but a real acquaintance with them. To the student of literature a peculiar value is given to this work by the fact that it contains some hitherto unpublished poems of Robert Burns, William Tennant, Henry Scott Riddell, and others. Accompanying the selections are brief sketches of the authors. These are almost exclusively biographical, the editor leaving the reader to form his own critical estimate of their poems from a study of the works themselves. Mechanically the volume is a very handsome one. It is a large octavo, printed on very heavy paper, slightly tinted, and is illustrated with a number of steel portraits. It is a valuable acquisition alike to the library of song, the lover of poetry, and the student of English literature.

Mr. WILLIAM J. ROLFE adds to his series of English classics, which we have already had occasion to recommend very heartily, a volume of *Select Poems of Thomas Gray* (Harper and Brothers). It contains the famous "Elegy," and six miscellaneous poems. The editor has carefully studied the earliest editions in order to insure the right reading, Gray having suffered "improvements" at the hands of subsequent editors, some of which have become incorporated in the ordinary text. He has added a short biographical sketch of Mr. Gray, and a description, from Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets*, of Stoke-Pogis, the favorite haunt of Gray, where he spent much of his time, and where his "Elegy" and several other poems were written. The notes abound with references to other illustrative literature; and the whole volume is not only a useful addition to any library, but is admirable for the purpose of critical study. We hope that Mr. Rolfe will eventually make the entire series as complete as he has thus far made each volume, and we trust that the success which his work has met is an indication of an increased interest in the study of English literature in our higher schools and seminaries.

The author of the "Battle of Dorking" has surprised us by the success of his venture in the realm of romance, in *The Dilemma* (Harper and Brothers); for the ability to write a clever satire by no means argues the ability to write a well-constructed novel, and this *The Dilemma* certainly is. India affords to many English novelists some side scenes, but it is comparatively new as the stage of the main action of a romance. The Sepoy rebellion furnishes abundant material for romance of the most exciting description. The four principal characters, Miss Cunningham, Yorke, Falkland, and Kirke, are all strongly drawn. The course of the story, especially toward the close, abounds with surprises; the re-appearance of Falkland at the end is almost as much of a shock to the reader as to Yorke himself. The best part of the story is the account of the siege, which is as exciting as history. We recall nothing in modern romance which in apparent fidelity to truth so nearly resembles the best work of Defoe. The story ends in tragedy; the death of Falkland, the marriage of his widow to the ignoble Kirke, his desertion of his wife, and the re-appearance of the first husband as from the dead, make a combination of the terrible rare either in life or romance. But though tragic, the novel is not dismal, and while it is lacking in humor, it is vivacious both in the succession of incident and the play of conversation. The writer of *The Dilemma* takes at once a first rank as an author of dramatic fiction.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—During the month of April three asteroids have been discovered: number 161, by Watson, April 19 (?); 162, by Prosper Henry, April 22; and 163, by Perrotin, April 28: 162 and 163 are both of the twelfth magnitude. We notice that the large transit circle of the Washington Observatory has recently taken up the constant observations of asteroids, and that the computations of their ephemerides by the American Nautical Almanac are continued, so that we may feel that America is bearing her share of the rapidly increasing work in connection with these bodies. André, of Paris, has recently published in the *Comptes Rendus* the results of a research on the diameters of the inferior planets as affected by diffraction, which will be of interest in the reduction of observations of the transit of Venus. The practical result of his discussion is to show that a correction to the times of ingress, etc., of *Venus* is required in order to reduce observations made with telescopes of various apertures to what they would have been if made with an assumed standard aperture. In the equipment of the American transit of Venus parties this was provided for, by furnishing each of the parties with a telescope of five inches aperture, so that no correction on account of aperture will be required when the American observations come to be compared among themselves.

In connection with the determination of the distance of the sun, the announcement recently made by Professor Henry that it was proposed to attack this question from its physical side is of importance. The necessary funds for the purpose have been promised, and it is understood that Professor Newcomb is to undertake a determination of the velocity of light by a modification of the method of the revolving mirror (used in other forms by Wheatstone and Foucault), in contradistinction to the revolving toothed wheel (used by Fizeau and Cornu).

Professor Wright, of Yale College, continues his researches on the gases contained in meteorites, and in a paper in the last *American Journal of Science* he confirms his former conclusions. Stony meteorites have spectra resembling strongly those of several of the comets, and the nature of their spectra establishes a marked distinction between the stone and the iron meteorites. The Iowa meteorite formerly examined has been re-examined, as well as several others of both kinds, and previous conclusions verified. Professor Wright is still engaged on this subject, but considers the evolution of large volumes of carbon dioxide as characteristic of the stony meteorites, and the relation of these facts to the modern theory of comets is certainly of great interest.

M. Trépied has recently taken up a research on the transparency of the atmosphere and on stellar photometry (which was proposed by Arago in 1850, and prosecuted by Laugier), with encouraging though not definitive results.

The expedition sent by the Hydrographic Office, United States Navy, to the Windward Islands for the purpose of determining the telegraphic longitudes of points there, has already determined successfully the longitudes and latitudes of five stations through the West Indies and at Trinidad, South America. Two more remain to be accomplished by Captain F. M. Green and his assistants. At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences Dr. C. H. F. Peters and Professor Langley were elected members in the section of astronomy. The Dudley Observatory at Albany is to be re-opened under the auspices of Union College, of which it is a part. Mr. Lewis Boss, assistant United States Northern Boundary Survey, is to be in charge.

In *Meteorology*, the most interesting paper that has recently appeared is that by W. C. Ley, published in the Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society. Mr. Ley presents an attempt at a philosophical explanation of the movements of storm centres; but it is his statistical researches that are of especial value, since, like those of Loomis, they pave the way for the correct understanding of the subject. He states that he himself belongs to those who believe that a cyclonic system is not to be treated as an eddy in the prevailing currents, and that its westward or eastward motion is not wholly due to the force of those currents. He finds from his extensive studies that the mean tracks of storm centres show a general coincidence with prevailing winds, and individual depressions show a tendency to travel around temporary local areas of high barometer, keeping the latter on the right hand in the European storms. A suggestion of Mr. Robert Tennent seems to have led him during the past year to examine whether there is any connection between the movement of the storm centre and the position of its steepest barometric gradients. He finds that of 800 storms passing near Great Britain during nine years, the large majority had a tendency to move in directions parallel to the trend of the steepest gradients; thus when the isobars are closest on the southeast side, the tangents trend toward the northeast, and fifty-five per cent. of these storms move in the same direction. He finds also evidences of a less important disturbing force tending to make the depressions move toward the northeast by east. It would be interesting to compare Ley's rules with the behavior of American storms. We can see no reason why they should obtain for the storms occurring between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic coast.

To the little that is known of the diurnal variations in the fall of rain and snow, Dr. Hellmann contributes an investigation into the phenomena observed for fifteen years at Zechen, in Silesia. It is found that, on the average of the year, the greatest quantity falls between 4 P.M. and 6 P.M., the least between 8 A.M. and 10 A.M. The greatest number of rains have been recorded between 4 A.M. and 6 A.M., the least number between 10 P.M. and midnight.

Koppen publishes on the frequency of rain in the northern hemisphere an exhaustive summary that goes far to establish the scientific value of a simple record of the number of rainy days or hours in each part of the world. Koppen finds that the frequency of rain depends principally on two points—(1) the relative humidity within ten thousand feet of the earth's surface; (2) the presence of conditions favorable to the production of

ascending currents of air, which conditions are principally determined by the topography of the ground as related to the prevalent winds.

In *Physics*, a noteworthy event has been the presentation to the Royal Society of a paper by C. W. Siemens, describing an instrument to which he gives the name of bathometer, and by which the depth of water at any point in the ocean may be ascertained by simple inspection, without the use of a sounding-line. It consists of a vertical column of mercury inclosed in a steel tube having cup-like extensions at its ends. The lower end is closed by a corrugated steel diaphragm, the weight of mercury resting upon it—which is of course affected by the force of gravitation, being balanced in the centre of the diaphragm by the elastic force of four carefully tempered steel springs—which is independent of any variation of gravity. Being open to the atmosphere both above and below, the instrument is unaffected by variations in the pressure of the air. The peculiar form of the column was given to it in order to render the instrument parathermal, or independent of temperature. The reading is effected either by electric contact or by means of a spiral graduated tube fixed on the top of the instrument, and communicating with the space above the mercury, which contains a liquid of less density partially filling the tube. The graduations are empirical, since this is much easier than calculation. Experiments on the *Faraday* with Sir William Thomson's sounding-line gave 82 fathoms at 12, 204 fathoms at 1.08 P.M., and 69 fathoms at 2.20; the bathometer showed 82, 218, and 78.

Berthelot has examined thermo-chemically the explosion of gunpowder, in order to negative the view expressed by Noble and Abel, that this phenomenon is incapable of exact chemical formulation. He shows most clearly that when powder explodes there is formed all the bodies which are stable in the conditions of the experiment, principally potassium sulphide, sulphate, and carbonate, as well as carbon dioxide, monoxide, nitrogen, and steam. The proportions vary with the conditions of the experiments. These substances, if they remain in contact sufficiently long, suffer reciprocal action which brings them to a single condition, *i. e.*, that which corresponds to the maximum of heat set free. Each of these products is formed according to a regular law nevertheless, and the chemical transformations of the powder are expressed in all cases by a simultaneous system of very simple equations.

Lockyer has made some remarkable observations on the spectrum of calcium at different temperatures and under different conditions. The blue line ordinarily observed in the calcium spectrum given with a Bunsen burner he considers a line of calcium itself, the other lines being those of its chloride, not dissociated. As the dissociation advances by rise of temperature, the blue line becomes more brilliant and the chloride spectrum fades. If now the electric arc be employed, the blue line is intense, and two new lines appear in the violet which occupy the position of the two H lines in the sun spectrum. But while in this spectrum the blue line is the most intense, the reverse is the case in the solar spectrum. Using, however, a large induction coil and battery, and then a small coil and battery, Lockyer found that while in the latter case (the spectra being photographed) the blue line only was apparent, in the former the violet lines appeared, with no trace of the blue one. Varying the intensity of the current, a fac-simile of the three lines in the sun spectrum was obtained. The author queries whether these facts do not teach the dissociation of calcium itself, and suggests solving the problem by photographing the H lines of stellar spectra.

Planté has continued his experiments with secondary batteries, and now shows that the spark taken from the surface of water gives phenomena analogous to those observed in polar auroras.

Bourbouze has proposed to use natural conductors, such as water-courses, and even the earth, as a medium through which to obtain electric signals. Experiments which he has made in Paris seem to have been quite successful.

In *Chemistry*, Scheurer-Kestner has examined the gas which is produced by the combustion of pyrite, in reply to Bode. The sulphurous oxide varies from 6 to 9 per cent., the oxygen from 6 to 9 per cent., and the nitrogen from 84 to 85.5 per cent.

Olivier has given an elaborate paper descriptive of the sodium nitrate regions of South America, illustrated with an excellent map of the region.

Dupré has proposed a modification in Dumas's method for the determination of nitrogen in organic analysis, which consists in a carbonic gas apparatus by which the air and the nitrogen may be removed, and a peculiarly constructed cylinder for receiving and measuring the gas.

Johnson has observed the formation of nitrites in the potash bulbs when bodies containing nitrogen are burned, and as these absorb oxygen and increase in weight, they may cause an error.

Moride has given some statistics of the production of charcoal from algæ on the French coast, which has risen to an important industry; 100,000 kilograms of the fresh plants yield 20,000 kilograms of the dried and 5000 kilograms of charcoal. This, when incinerated, yields from 3500 to 4000 kilograms of saline matter, containing 20 per cent. of potassium salts. The charcoal itself is an excellent disinfectant and decolorizer, and is also used as a fertilizer.

Hartley has examined the liquid which is contained in the cavities of some varieties of rock-crystal, and comes to the conclusion that it is liquid carbon dioxide. Comparing his results with Brewster's, he adds to the list several other minerals. The proof of the fact stated he finds in the fact that the critical point for the inclosed liquid is between 30.75° and 31° C., while that of liquid carbon dioxide, as determined with great care by Andrews, is 30.92°.

Wright has examined several more meteorites for the purpose of determining their gaseous constituents, and finds essentially the same composition for these gases as that given by the Iowa meteorite before published. The present results, however, were obtained at temperatures varying from 350° C. to a full red heat for the stony, and from 500° to a bright red heat for the iron, meteorites. His previous generalization, that stony meteorites differ from iron ones in containing more carbon dioxide and less hydrogen and carbon monoxide, and in evolving their gaseous constituents at a much lower temperature, seems fully confirmed.

Guyard has examined the residue left in the retort after the manufacture of sodium. The

mixture put in consisted of crude salt of soda, 56.5; coal, 18.5; coke, 10.5; chalk, 14.5. The residue, after exposure to the air, consisted of 35 per cent. of soluble matter, 9 of water, 22 of carbon, 18 of carbonate and oxysulphide of calcium, ashes and iron oxide, 15.4. The soluble portion contained 11.9 caustic soda, 44.30 carbonate, 24.10 sulphate, 11.70 sulphite, 0.45 sulphide, 7.05 chloride of sodium, 0.2 silica, 0.3 of alumina, and traces of lime and potash.

Terreil has analyzed the black residue obtained by calcining potassium ferrocyanide, and finds it to consist of metallic iron, 32.05; magnetic oxide of iron, 27.56; uncombined carbon, 27.49; combined carbon, 1.17; carbon as cyanogen, 0.24; potassium, 0.81; nitrogen, 0.29; oxygen, 10.50.

Laspeyres has investigated the chemical constitution of the natural and artificial oxides of manganese, called braunsteins, with a view to determine the equivalence of the metal manganese.

E. von Meyer has studied at length the apparent action of chemical attractions called into play during the slow oxidation of hydrogen and carbonous oxide by means of platinum.

Gladstone and Tribe have continued their researches on the decomposing action of aluminum in presence of its haloid compounds, and have observed that alcohol is readily decomposed on heating with this metal and its iodide, evolving hydrogen and leaving aluminic ethylate in the retort. This latter body is a yellowish-white solid, which is capable of distillation.

Boussingault has published a memoir upon the silicification of platinum and some other metals, showing that they do not unite with carbon at a red heat, that carbon reduces silicon at a high temperature, that platinum heated to whiteness in a siliceous carbon crucible is silicified, and that the silicon is held by the carbonous oxide.

In *Organic Chemistry*, Mallet has published a theoretical paper on the rational formula of urea, uric acid, and their derivatives.

Hill has communicated from the organic laboratory of Harvard College a paper on the ethers of uric acid.

Klimenko has studied the action of bromine on lactic acid, and finds that it yields ethyl bromide and a crystallized substance neutral in its reaction, and containing bromine, apparently formed by the direct union of bromal and lactide.

Kolbe has published a valuable paper entitled "Chemical Hints for the Practical Use of Salicylic Acid," of the synthesis of which substance he is the discoverer, and which has proved so efficacious as an antiseptic.

Bremer and Van't Hoff have examined the succinic acid obtained from active tartaric acid with a view to determine its optical action. According to the latter's view, no substance can rotate a polarized ray which does not contain one or more asymmetrical carbon atoms. Since succinic acid contains no such atom, it should not rotate such a ray; and the authors show that it does not.

Ritthausen has further examined a nitrogenous substance found by him in the juice of the vetch (*Vicia sativa*), and finding it to be new, gives to it the name vicin. It has properties analogous to those of asparagin.

Barth has investigated a product of the action of hydrochloric acid on resorcin observed by him some time ago. He finds it to be soluble in alkalies, and precipitable by acids in bright brown flocks, which on drying show a magnificent green metallic lustre, and by transmitted light are scarlet. It is an ether of resorcin.

Bindschedler and Busch have described the synthetic process by which the new red color, eosin, is produced artificially. As is well known, eosin is derived from fluorescein, which is a product of the action of phthalic acid on resorcin. The phthalic acid is readily prepared by the oxidation of naphthalene. The resorcin is produced by fusing the sodium salt of benzol-disulphonic acid with soda. Heating the resorcin and phthalic acid together gives fluorescein; and treating this with bromine gives tetrabromfluorescein, of which eosin is the potassium salt. The price of eosin is 100 francs a kilogram.

Renard has studied the action of electrolytic oxygen on glycerin, and finds that there is produced a glyceric aldehyde, which reduces ammonio-silver nitrate, giving a brilliant mirror and also the copper test.

Struve has confirmed the opinion of Lechartier and Bellamy that fruits in the absence of oxygen ferment, evolving carbonic gas and producing alcohol, though there can not be discerned any yeast cells in them by the microscope.

Schmidt has investigated the action of hydrogen sulphide on the alkaloids, and has produced compounds of it with strychnine and brucine.

Hlasiwetz and Habermann have examined the chemical characters of gentisin and of gentisinic acid, into which and phloroglucin the former is decomposed. This acid by heat yields carbon dioxide and hydroquinone.

Butlerow has made some experiments with the milky juice of *Cynanchum acutum*, L. He finds in it a volatile alkaloid and a white gum-resin, probably a phenol, to which he gives the name cynanchol.

Anthropology.—The Abbé Petitot has published a complete vocabulary of the Esquimaux tribes inhabiting the arctic coast in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

The Société Américaine de France has published a volume of archives, 12mo, paper, 400 pages, devoted to investigations in American archæology, especially that portion which relates to the Mexican and Maya civilizations.

An international convention of archæologists has been called to meet in Philadelphia on the 4th of September next. The movement is favored by such *savants* as Dr. Peet, Hon. J. D. Baldwin, Principal J. W. Dawson, and F. W. Putnam.

A great work, "*Demarcacion Politica del Peru*, Edicion de la Direccion Estadistica," has been committed to Don Antonio Raimondi. Its design is to give a complete *résumé* of the resources of Peru in six volumes. The last will be devoted to ethnology, including architectural remains, pottery, arms, etc., of the different Peruvian tribes.

Archivio per l' Antropologia e l' Etnologia, Fasc. 3 and 4, contains an elaborate article upon the anthropology of idiots, by Enrico Morselli and Augusto Tamburini.

Before the Anthropological Institute, March 28, Mr. E. B. Tylor read a paper upon Japanese mythology. Their legends are Buddhist, Chinese, and aboriginal. The learned author devoted his paper most especially to the last class, which are mostly nature-myths. At the same meeting Mr. Distant read an essay upon the word "Religion" as applied by anthropologists.

The London *Academy* of April 15 has an extract from a letter written by Rev. W. G. Lawes from Port Moresby, New Guinea, to Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, giving an account of the various tribes and dialects of the country, and of their implements, weapons, houses, burial customs, etc.

Among the curious relics found in the Easter Islands are some small tablets of hard wood, with grooves in which figures of animals are carved, together with arbitrary marks in lines running like the boustrophedon. Many formerly existed, but eight only are now known. Several attempts have been made to decipher them by Palmer, Park Harrison, Jannsen, etc., but without success.

Dr. Otto Buchner contributes to *Gaea*, 1876, iii., an exhaustive article upon the origin of fire implements.

The news for the month in *Zoological* science begins with a paper in the *Popular Science Review*, by Rev. W. H. Dallinger, on spontaneous generation. He is well entitled, from his investigations in company with Dr. Drysdale, to write upon this subject, as he has traced with much care the life history of a cercomonad (*Heteromita*). The largest difficulty surrounding the question of the mode of origin of septic organisms is that of discovering their life-cycle. "The most refined, delicate, and continuous researches all point to the existence of what are at present ultra-microscopic germs." While Dallinger and Drysdale have shown that the cercomonads develop from extremely minute germs, we have the best experimental evidence pointing clearly to the existence of germs, though the microscope has failed to demonstrate the latter. Happily at this juncture Professor Tyndall has stepped in, and has presented us with a physical demonstration of the existence of immeasurably minute molecules of matter, utterly beyond the reach of the most powerful combination of lenses yet constructed, which are the indispensable precursors of bacteria in sterilized infusions. In short, he has opened up a new and exact method which must lead to a scientific determination of the existence and nature of the bacteria germs. After attacking Bastian in a manner as merciless as successful, he thus tabulates the facts which bear on the question of spontaneous generation: 1, Dr. Tyndall has proved, in connection with a host of others, but in a more definite and precise manner, that in *filtered infusions* five minutes' boiling does kill every form of bacteria; 2, he has further shown that they are propagated by demonstrable germs *only* in such infusions; and 3, this fact removes the probability of their spontaneous generation to an almost infinite distance.

Hon. J. D. Cox describes in the *American Naturalist* the process of division by fission of a large *Stentor mülleri* into two complete individuals. The entire process required but two hours.

An elaborate paper on the development of *Salpa*, an ascidian, has been published by Dr. W. K. Brooks in the last Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

The same publication contains notes and descriptions of some recent corals found by Mr. A. Agassiz at a height of 2900 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea, at a distance in a straight line from the Pacific Ocean of twenty miles.

The young or larvæ of certain cave beetles from Mammoth and adjoining caves are figured and briefly described by Dr. Packard in the *American Naturalist* for May. It appears that the young as well as the adult beetles are blind, otherwise they do not differ much from the young of allied genera. The beetles are *Adelops* and *Anophthalmus*. Besides these, a blind coleopterous larva belonging to an unknown species was discovered in the Carter caves in Eastern Kentucky. Remarks are also made on the degree of variation in these cave insects, which seems due more to varying means of subsistence than any other cause. The amount of variation, however, is very slight.

The effect of certain poisons on *medusæ* is described by Mr. G. J. Romanes in the Proceedings of the Royal Society. He states that strychnia exerts a very marked influence upon them. "Of the species I have met with, *Cyanea capillata* is the most suitable for showing the effects of this poison, from the fact that in water kept at a constant temperature the normal pulsations of this animal are as regular as are those of a heart. Shortly after a solution of strychnia has been added to the water in which a specimen of *C. capillata* is contained, unmistakable signs of irregularity in the pulsations of the animal supervene. This irregularity then increases more and more, until at last it grows into well-marked convulsions. The convulsions manifest themselves in the form of extreme deviations from the rhythmical character of the normal contractions, amounting, in fact, to nothing less than tonic spasms. It is further of importance to remark that the convulsions are very plainly of a paroxysmal nature, prolonged periods of uninterrupted convulsions being every now and then relieved by shorter periods of repose, during which the medusa remains perfectly motionless in a fully expanded form. *C. capillata* will live for many hours when under the influence of strychnia, but eventually death supervenes. The animal dies in full diastole."

The fishes of Lake Titicaca, in Peru, 12,500 feet above the sea, have been found by Messrs. Agassiz and Garman to be but few in number, and represented by only two genera. A month of search and inquiry discovered but one species of a siluroid and five of *Orestias*—a cyprinodont.

A singular frog-like creature (*Cyclorhampus culeus*) is described by Mr. Garman from Lake Titicaca. It is very abundant in the extensive beds of weeds which occur on the bottom of the lake. They feed on the mollusks, crustacea, worms, etc., and are fed upon by the birds and fishes. It is able to remain under water for great lengths of time without coming up for air. "Hours of watching in clear water, where many could be seen, failed to detect any approaching the surface. It is possible that they are more lively at night, when their enemies are less active. Numbers were brought up in the trawl at more than four miles from the shore. None were found on the land. The natives were positive they never left the water."

Dr. Gunther has recently discovered that the young of the sword-fishes and *Chætodus* possess structures exceedingly different from that of the adult. In the young Chætodus the front of the body is shielded with large bony plates, which in one species are produced into three long equidistant horns, which diverge ray-like from the body. In the sword-fishes the scapular arch is prolonged

into a horn at the lower part, and the ventral fins are wanting. There is no sword, but the jaws are long, of equal length, and both are furnished with teeth. As the fish grows, the scapular horn disappears, the ventral fins grow, and the upper jaw is developed in excess of the lower. The long teeth disappear, and the upper jaw grows into the toothless sword-like weapon which gives the fish its peculiar character.

In *Engineering*, perhaps the most interesting item of news concerns the progress of the drilling operations at Hell Gate. This work, it is said, is now completed, and the machines have been transferred to Flood Rock. The mine will be sprung next July or August. There are 172 pillars which support the roof of rock, and some 8000 borings have been made for the insertion of explosive material. The work at Flood Rock goes on day and night.

The problem of substituting steam for horses upon street railways is attracting increasing attention. We lately recorded the successful trial of the Baldwin steam-car in Brooklyn, and may supplement that notice with the statement that, since our last, several trials of new steam motors for the above purpose have been made simultaneously in various cities. The so-called Woodbury steam street car, it is worthy of mention, was experimented upon the Market Street Passenger Railway in Philadelphia, and, from all accounts, made an excellent impression. Without entering into details of construction, it will suffice to state that certain of the standing objections to the employment of steam street motors appear in this case to be obviated. The car has certain novelties of construction that permit it to be taken around sharp curves without difficulty or violence, the machinery is compact, and neither smoke nor escaping steam is permitted to be visible.

It is currently reported that the capital required for testing the practicability of the English Channel tunnel project is being rapidly got together.

The London papers announce the opening of a new under-ground railroad in that city on April 5. The new line is called the East London Railway, and extends from Liverpool Street Station, on the north side of the Thames, by an approximately semicircular path through the old Thames Tunnel to a junction with the South London Railway at Peckham—a distance of six and a quarter miles, passing by a tunnel for 600 feet under the London Docks as well as under the Thames itself. The line has cost thus far about £3,200,000, or at the rate of $2,816,000 currency per mile.

The project for an Indo-European railroad has received fresh interest by the recently announced proposal of M. Cotard made to the French Geographical Society. M. Cotard's project, which enjoys the patronage of M. De Lesseps and other distinguished personages, proposes the construction of a line of railway from Orenburg, through Tashkend and Balkh, to Peshawur, a distance of 3800 kilometers (2360 miles). The total cost is estimated at about $200,000,000. When constructed, it is said that eleven days will suffice for going from Paris to Calcutta.

The extent to which the under-ground system of telegraphy has been developed in Europe—though in this country we are just beginning to discuss the question of removing the poles from the crowded streets of cities—may be inferred from the statement that steps have been taken to lay down immediately a subterranean line from Halle to Berlin, and that in future, as per official announcement, all the German telegraphs will be under-ground.

The *Railroad Gazette* announces, up to May 5, the construction of 432 miles of new railroad in the United States in 1876, against 220 miles reported for the same period in 1875, 375 miles in 1874, and 654 miles in 1873.

Mr. J. E. Wooten, of Reading, Pennsylvania, lately read before the American Philosophical Society a paper describing the details of an apparatus by which ordinary anthracite coal waste from the dirt banks at the mines can be successfully and profitably burned in the furnaces of stationary and locomotive boilers. The apparatus, which can be readily applied to existing boilers, consists substantially in forcing air by means of a jet of steam into an inclosed ash-pan, and passing the mingled steam and air through a perforated fire-bed of peculiar construction, on which the fuel is spread out in a layer of about three inches thickness. The device has been applied with considerable success to both stationary and locomotive boilers, and the results appear to indicate that the hitherto neglected and valueless material known as coal dirt, which accumulates in immense quantities near the outlet of the coal mines, can be profitably used for generating steam, and that hereafter it must be regarded as a valuable fuel.

In close connection with the above, it is interesting to remark that the extensive works for some time in course of erection at Port Richmond, Philadelphia, for the manufacture of artificial fuel from anthracite coal dust on the system of Mr. E. F. Loiseau (described in several previous issues of *Harper's Monthly*), are rapidly approaching completion. The factory is calculated, when started in operation, to produce about 150 tons of compressed fuel per day, which, it is affirmed, will be sold for one dollar per ton less than the price of stove coal. Contracts have been made by the company for all the coal dust at the Richmond wharves, the shipping point of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and for an additional supply from the Lehigh region.

A new alloy, called manganese-bronze, has lately been produced by Mr. P. M. Parsons. The new product, which from account promises to play an important part as a constructive material, is formed by incorporating manganese with the various bronze mixtures, the object being to utilize the strong affinity of manganese for oxygen in removing any oxide existing in the metal. The results show that the addition of manganese to the alloy, besides improving its texture, materially increases its strength and tenacity.

A large establishment for the special manufacture of malleable glass by the Bastie process has been commenced in France.

The experiments in electric lighting are being continued at the Northern Railway Station, Paris, and if they prove successful, the system will be largely introduced. In these trials the Gramme machine is employed.

A fog-signal consisting of a reflector of great size and thickness, at the focus of which a small piece of artillery charged with gun-cotton is fired at intervals, is reported to have met with the approval of the British Light-house Commission.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of May.—The Legislative Appropriation Bill was passed by the House, April 28.—The Post-office Appropriation Bill was passed by the House, May 7.

The Hawaiian Treaty Bill was passed by the House, May 8. On the same day, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted setting forth the injury resulting from Chinese immigration, and instructing the Committee on Commerce to consider the subject, and report a bill placing adequate restrictions upon the immigration. On the 16th, the matter was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Senator Jones, April 24–25, made a long speech in the Senate, advocating the maintenance of the silver as well as the gold standard of values.

A bill to extend the time to pre-emptors on public lands has been passed by both Houses.

President Grant, May 4, in response to a resolution passed by the House requesting him to inform the House whether any executive duties have within a specified period been performed at a distance from the seat of government, replied that he failed to find in the Constitution the authority given to the House to require of the Executive, an independent branch of the government, an account of his discharge of his duties, either as to when, where, or how they were performed.

President Grant has nominated the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont as minister to England, the Hon. Alphonso Taft to succeed the latter as Attorney-General, and J. Donald Cameron to be Secretary of War. The Senate has confirmed these nominations.

The Indiana Democratic State Convention, at Indianapolis, April 19, nominated Congressman James D. Williams for Governor, and adopted a platform opposed to specie resumption in 1879.

State Conventions to select delegates to the National Conventions have been held as follows: Massachusetts Republican, in Boston, April 26, selecting unpledged delegates; New York Democratic, at Utica, April 26, preferring Governor Tilden; Arkansas Republican, at Little Rock, April 27; California Republican, at San Francisco, April 27, preferring Mr. Blaine; Oregon Republican, May 4, preferring Mr. Blaine; Maryland Republican, May 4, preferring Mr. Blaine; Michigan Republican, at Grand Rapids, May 10, selecting unpledged delegates; Tennessee Democratic, at Maryville, May 10, preferring Governor Tilden; Ohio Democratic, at Cincinnati, May 17, preferring Governor Allen; Iowa Democratic, at Des Moines, May 17, selecting unpledged delegates; New Jersey Republican, at Trenton, May 17, selecting unpledged delegates; Alabama Republican, at Montgomery, May 17, no instructions; Kentucky Republican, at Louisville, May 18, preferring Mr. Bristow; Delaware Republican, at Dover, May 18, preferring Mr. Blaine.

The Greenback National Convention at Indianapolis, Indiana, May 18, nominated Peter Cooper, of New York, for President, and Senator Booth, of California, for Vice-President.

William H. Barnum has been elected United States Senator from Connecticut for the unexpired term of the late Senator Ferry.

Governor Tilden, of New York, has signed the bill passed by the last Legislature allowing a wife to testify in favor of her husband in criminal cases. The law does not compel the wife to be a witness.

The Centennial Exposition was opened at Philadelphia, May 10, by an address from President Grant. The Emperor Dom Pedro assisted the President in setting the machinery in motion by starting the Corliss engine.

In Mexico the government forces have gained important advantages over the revolutionists, and have recaptured Matamoras.

The Spanish Cortes, May 3, by a vote of 226 to 39, rejected the amendments against the religious toleration clause of the constitution. The clause was adopted, May 12, by a vote of 220 to 84.

The British House of Commons, May 11, by a vote of 334 to 226, rejected the motion of Sir Henry James for a vote of censure on the course of the government in regard to the Royal Titles Act. The vote had been made by the ministry a test of confidence.—The bill for woman suffrage was lost—152 yeas and 239 nays.—The Elementary Educational Bill was introduced in the British House of Commons, on the 18th, and read a first time. It provides that no child shall be employed in agricultural or other labor before the age of ten years, or between ten and fourteen, unless it has a certificate that it has attended school 250 days of the year for five years, or has passed an examination showing a certain degree of education. Local authorities are empowered to enforce penalties on parents for neglecting to send their children to school. The application of the bill is to be gradual, the number of times which children must have attended school before their employment is permitted being gradually increased until 1881, when the bill attains full force.

M. Ricard, the French Minister of the Interior, died suddenly, May 12. He was succeeded by M. De Marcere.

The French Chamber of Deputies, May 18, rejected the motion for complete amnesty—yeas, 52; nays, 394.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies, May 2, passed the bill providing for an imperial direction of railways. The House of Peers passed the bill on the 18th.

At Salonica, in European Turkey, May 6, there occurred a sanguinary riot, in which the German and French consuls were killed.

DISASTERS.

May 17.—Boiler explosion on the steamer *Pat Cleburne*, six miles below Shawneetown, on the Mississippi River. Nine persons killed, including the captain.

April 20.—Fifteen pilgrims drowned while crossing the river Vienne, near Parsac, in France.

April 30.—Boiler explosion on a ferry-boat between Rudesheim and Bingen, on the Rhine. Thirty persons killed.

OBITUARY.

April 25.—In New York, Barney Williams, a prominent actor, aged fifty-three years.

April 28.—In England, Thomas Aird, the poet, aged seventy-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

AH! what chat there must have been at those dinners mentioned in the Macaulay memoirs! What a party, for instance, was this: "Dined at the club. Dr. Holland in the chair. Lord Lansdowne, Bishop of London, Lord Mahon, Macaulay, Millman, Van de Weyer, Lord Carlisle, David Dundas, Lord Harry Vane, Stafford O'Brien. The bishop talked of the wit of Rowland Hill. One day his chapel, with a thinner attendance than usual, suddenly filled during a shower of rain. He said, 'I have often heard of religion being used as a cloak, but never before as an umbrella.' In his later life he used to come to his chapel in a carriage. He got an anonymous letter rebuking him for this, because it was not the way his heavenly Master traveled. He read the letter from the pulpit, said it was quite true, and that if the writer would come to the vestry afterward with a saddle and bridle, he would ride him home."

On another occasion, at a breakfast given by the Bishop of Oxford, Macaulay told a story about one of the French prophets of the seventeenth century, who came into the Court of King's Bench and announced that the Holy Ghost had sent him to command Lord Holt to enter a *nolle prosequi*. "If," said Lord Holt, "the Holy Ghost had wanted a *nolle prosequi*, he would have bid you apply to the Attorney-General. The Holy Ghost knows that I can not enter a *nolle prosequi*. But there is one thing which I can do; I can lay a lying knave by the heels," and thereupon he committed him to prison.

This, told of Thomas Campbell, is also very neat, as illustrating the sentiment with which the authors of old days regarded their publishers. At a literary dinner Campbell asked leave to propose a toast, and gave the health of Napoleon Bonaparte. The war was at its height, and the very mention of Napoleon's name, except in conjunction with some uncomplimentary epithet, was in most cases regarded as an outrage. A storm of groans burst out, and Campbell with difficulty could get a few sentences heard. "Gentlemen," he said, "you must not mistake me. I admit that the French emperor is a tyrant. I admit that he is a monster. I admit that he is the sworn foe of our own nation, and, if you will, of the whole human race. But, gentlemen, we must be just to our great enemy. *We must not forget that he once shot a bookseller.*" The guests, of whom two out of every three lived by their pens, burst into a roar of laughter, and Campbell sat down in triumph.

Lord Holland gave Macaulay an account of a visit which he paid long ago to the court of Denmark, and of King Christian, the madman, who was at last deprived of all real share in the government on account of his infirmity. "Such a Tom of Bedlam I never saw," said Lord Holland. "One day the Neapolitan embassador came to the levee, and made a profound bow to his Majesty. His Majesty bowed still lower. The Neapolitan bowed down his head almost to the ground; when, behold! the king clapped his hands on his Excellency's shoulders, and jumped over him like a boy playing at leap-frog." Alas! what a gymnast was there lost to the world in that lively potentate!

In a foot-note is given this pungent extract from Macaulay's famous article on Barère, in the *Edinburgh Review:*

"As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies; and such lies! A man who has never been within the tropics does not know what a thunder-storm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's *Memoirs* may be said *not to know what it is to lie.*"

Macaulay was always willing to accept a friendly challenge to a feat of memory. One day, in the board-room of the British Museum, Sir David Dundas saw him hand to Lord Aberdeen a sheet of foolscap covered with writing, arranged in three parallel columns down each of the four pages. This document, of which the ink was still wet, proved to be a full list of the senior wranglers at Cambridge, with their dates and colleges, for the hundred years during which the names of senior wranglers had been recorded in the University calendar. On another occasion Sir David asked,

"Macaulay, do you know your Popes?"

"No," was the answer; "I always get wrong among the Innocents."

"But can you say your Archbishops of Canterbury?"

"Any fool," said Macaulay, "could say his Archbishops of Canterbury backward;" and he went off at a score, drawing breath only once in order to remark on the oddity of there having been both an Archbishop Sancroft and an Archbishop Bancroft, until Sir David stopped him at Cranmer.

We are indebted for the two following to a gentleman at Ottawa:

Not a great many people know that our popular and genial Governor-General (Lord Dufferin) had the misfortune to lose the use of one of his eyes, since by wearing a glass substitute and an eyeglass the useless eye appears "as good as new." This misfortune has more than once been the occasion of amusing rencontres, one of which I especially remember, and no offense could, in telling it, be supposed to be given, since his lordship has told the story himself.

While traveling through Ireland (his native land) some years ago, Lord D., when nearing his destination, made use of the traditional jaunting-car. Paddy, the driver, was on that day particularly loquacious and communicative, and during the journey volunteered a great deal of information on the different subjects that presented themselves, and this flow of conversation was all the more free and easy since he had not the slightest idea of the rank of his passenger. Not to be unsocial, the future Governor-General asked Paddy what news he had to tell of the neighborhood. "As for news, yer honor," replied the unsuspecting driver, "shure I know of no news that would interist a gintleman loike yerself, unless it is that that one-eyed Dufferin is goin' to

marry Kate Hamilton." Though his lordship inwardly enjoyed the joke, he was gracious enough to deny himself the privilege of seeing the state of consternation the talkative car-driver fell into when he found that the "one-eyed Dufferin" he had spoken so familiarly of and his passenger were one and the same person.

And so by an easy transition we come to a tale of this city (Ottawa).

There was established here some time ago a steam dyeing-works. The proprietor of the said works believes (well were it if there were more like him) that the employer's duty to his employés does *not* end when they have been paid off on Saturday night, and by precept and example he tries the effect of moral suasion. Among other things, he has had hung up across the work-rooms several cards, on which are printed Scriptural texts, proverbs, etc. This has doubtless its good effect, but certain it is that it is thrown away on *one* of his employés, a bright-looking girl; for on the arrival of visitors to view the works, or to create a little amusement among her fellow-workers, she has a card in imitation of those hanging around fixed so as to be easily put up on the wall and again lowered at a minute's notice (the latter part of the performance taking place when the proprietor shows himself), and containing this inscription:

Thursday.—Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we must dye.

True enough, Friday was one of their dyeing days.

This is good enough to be American: A member of Parliament, well known for his ready and unfailing humor, had lately to undergo a serious operation for an abscess in the leg. It was at one time feared, but without cause, that amputation of the limb would be necessary. Just as the operation was about to begin, the honorable member quietly remarked to the surgeon, "Remember that if you cut off my leg, I can't stand for the city any more. But," he added, after a short pause, as if for consideration, "after all, I shall be able to stump the county."

In the life of the late Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, is the following, which is of sufficient general interest to warrant reproduction in the Drawer:

"It happened one Sunday that the king [George IV.] was desirous of receiving the Holy Communion. He was usually in the habit of receiving it alone and fasting, at ten o'clock; but, on this particular occasion, he wished to have the service an hour earlier, and accordingly desired that his chaplain should be in readiness at nine o'clock. The king was punctual to the time appointed, but no chaplain was there. An hour passed away, and still Mr. Sumner did not appear. The king grew impatient, and on inquiry ascertained that the servant to whom the message had been intrusted had entirely forgotten to deliver it. The consequence was that the king at once dismissed him from his service. When the chaplain arrived at the usual hour, unconscious of any thing out of the common way having occurred, he found the whole court in dismay. The king was in a violent passion, and unable to control himself. Mr. Sumner at once went into the royal presence, and on the king expressing a wish to receive the Holy Communion, told him plainly that he did not seem at that time in a fit state to receive it; that he must learn to restrain his passion; that it was his duty to be in charity with all men; and that he must show by his forgiveness of the servant whom he had dismissed that such was the state of his mind at that time. The king took the rebuke in good part, and expressed his sorrow at what had occurred, and Mr. Sumner then further said that if he had really forgiven the servant and bore no enmity against him, his Majesty ought to reinstate him in his service, which would afford a proof to all of his real regret at what had taken place. At this stage Mr. Sumner requested the king's permission to retire, to enable his Majesty quietly to think over the whole matter. Accordingly, the king was left alone for a short time, and when his chaplain was re-admitted into his presence, the king told him that he would grant the request which had been made, and that the servant should be restored to his former place. Emboldened by his success, Mr. Sumner urged one further point, that the king should not receive the Holy Communion alone, but with the rest of the household, after the service. For some time the king demurred to this, but at last consented, and knelt at the holy table with his household, the servant who had been in fault being included in the number of the communicants. It is only right to add that, some time afterward, the king, with much heartiness, thanked his chaplain for the line which he had taken in the whole matter."

In the *Life of Dr. Norman Macleod*, just published, a page or two is given to an account of his visit to the poet Wordsworth, from which we quote this droll paragraph:

"Wordsworth said that Professor Wilson was an exceedingly clever man, and that it was such a pity that his talents and energies were not directed to one point. On our return to the house he said he had suffered much distress. His dear sister was dead, his daughter was lying ill with spine disease, and now an old family servant was dying. 'But,' said he, '*I endeavor to amuse myself as I can.*'"

Another:

One night Mr. Gaskell was at a party at the Duke of ——'s; Sir Robert Peel, Wellington, and some others were playing whist; Croker (John Wilson) was learning *écarté* at another table. "Go," said Peel to one of his friends, "and ask if he ever learned the game before."

"Never," said Croker, "upon my soul."

"Well," said Peel to his friend, who returned, "I'll bet, in twenty minutes by my watch, Croker tells his teacher that he does not know how to play."

In *five* minutes Croker was heard saying, "Well, do you know, I should not have thought *that* the best way of playing."

This was received with a roar of laughter.

Another:

Once, at a public dinner, when the toast of "The poets of Scotland," coupled with the name of Dugald M——, was proposed, in terms which seemed to disparage the practical importance of

their art, Dugald, rising in great indignation, determined to give the ignoramus a lesson on the grandeur of the offended Muse. "I will tell the gentleman," he shouted, "what poetry is. Poetry is the language of the tempest when it roars through the crashing forest. The waves of the ocean tossing their foaming crests under the lash of the hurricane—they, Sir, speak poetry. Poetry, Sir! poetry was the voice in which the Almighty thundered through the awful peaks of Sinai; and I, myself, Sir, have published five volumes of poetry; and the last, in its third edition, *can be had for the price of five shillings and sixpence!*"

And this:

When Dr. Macleod was traveling in Canada he met old Dr. M——, who had a frightful stammer. "I asked how they spent the Sabbath, having no minister. He said, 'I t-tried to col-col-lect the pe-pe-people to hear a s-s-s-s-sermon; but, after reading *one*, s-somehow or other they did not c-come to hear me again. It was t-too b-bad.' Poor fellow! fancy him reading a sermon!"

Another story of this old gentleman: They were driving together through the forest on a frightfully hot day, and the doctor, in a tremendous heat, from the conjoined labor of whipping his horse and stammering, began to implore Norman Macleod to send them a minister. "We d-d-don't expect a v-v-very c-c-clever man, but would be quite pleased to have one who could g-g-give us a p-p-plain every-day s-s-sermon, *like what you g-gave us yourself to-day.*"

Just at this period of time, when national politics happen to be going on on the largest scale possible, the following anthem is timely as well as meritorious:

Who shtands der streets and gorners round
Mit sefrel agzes to be ground,
Und shmiled und bowed und nefer frowned?
Der Gandidate.

Who hold your hand ven you would start,
Und told you you was mighty shmart,
Und how he luved you mit his hart?
Der Gandidate.

A bit of Democratic humor in the recent debate on the Naval Appropriation Bill in the House proved efficient to defeat a Democratic scheme for retrenchment, and saved the Marine Band. Mr. Lewis, a Democrat from Alabama, offered an amendment to reduce the strength of the Marine Corps, and to abolish the Marine Band. This brought another Democrat upon his feet—Mr. Harrison, of Illinois. Mr. Harrison drew a picture of President Grant enjoying the music of the Marine Band in the grounds of the White House, while his friends sat around with their feet on the balustrade smoking his Partagas; and he spoke of himself moving through a crowd of Republicans in the grounds, with one hand on his purse and the other on his watch fob. Next year, with a Democratic occupant of the White House, the scene would be different.

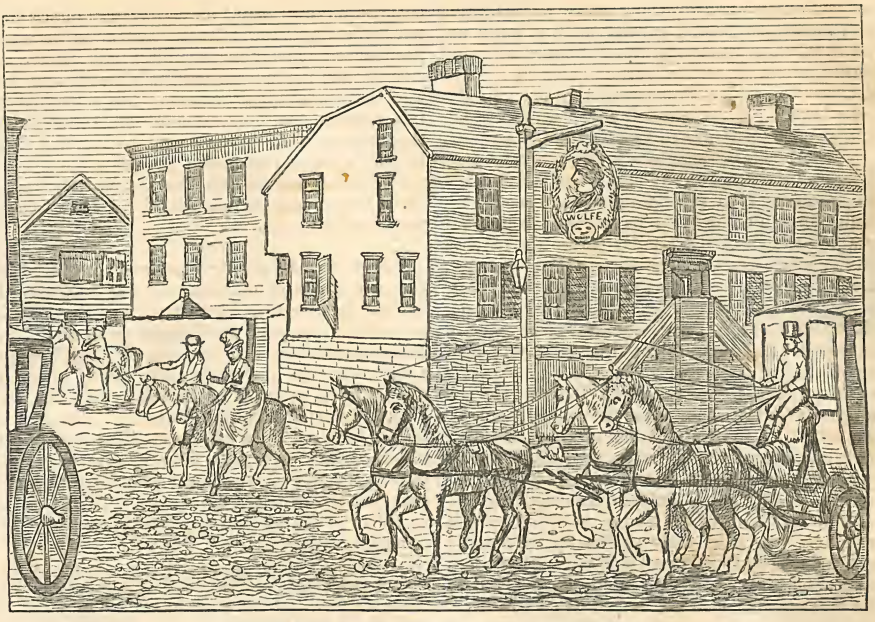
A Republican Member. "Then we will have our hands on our purses and watches." (Laughter.)

Mr. Harrison. "Very good; *but we will be enjoying the music.* I want to see a Democratic President there listening to the music, and I hope to be one of his friends, with my feet on the balustrade, and one of his Partagas between my lips. I am opposed to the abolition of the Marine Band. Think of the Democrats who want to get into the White House. There is a son of the great Empire State [Tilden], greater than Alexander. Alexander cut the Gordian knot with his sword, but the knot was only a ring of hemp; but this man has cut a ring of steel—a Canal Ring. And he may be in the White House. I want the Marine Band there to give him music. And if he should lead a bride to the White House, we will play the 'Wedding March' and furnish sweet music beneath her chamber window. We have other men for that position, any one of whom would grace the Presidential chair as it has not been graced for long years. Are we to deny him the music of the Marine Band? Never, never, never. We may have one from Ohio [Mr. Kelley. "Bill Allen."] who never speaks in the Senate without uttering words of wisdom [meaning Senator Thurman]. Are we to have no music for him? No, Sir; never, never, never. [Loud laughter, as much at the style and manner of the speaker as at the evident blunder of his last remark.] We have, a little west of the Hoosier State, a great Democratic war-horse [alluding to Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana]—a man who, they say, is a little of a trimmer. He is a trimmer because his mind is so round that he sees both sides of a question, and does not grow wild on any side. He may be in that position, and I may be his friend in the White House; and shall he have no music from the Marine Band? Never, Sir; by my vote, never, never, never. We may have in that seat, Mr. Chairman, a man who will fill the chair as it was never filled before [alluding to Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court]; not a single inch of it that will not be filled. A man great in law as in politics; one against whom not a word can be said. Am I to come here from Illinois to attend his inauguration, and am I to go with him to the White House, and have no music to aid him in tripping the light fantastic toe? Never, Sir; never with my consent, never. There is still another one, from your own State, Mr. Chairman, great in arms, great as a civilian [alluding to General Hancock, of Pennsylvania], a man who, if he had not been great as a general, would have been great in civil life. He may be there. He will wish to have some memories of the past brought to his mind by martial music. Is it to be denied to him? Shall a Marine Band be refused to him? By my vote, Sir, never, never, never. Then, Sir, there is still another, 'the Great Unknown.' He is coming ten thousand strong from every part of the Union."

Mr. Hardenbergh (Democrat, New Jersey). "Parker."

Mr. Harrison. "I will call no names. He is all around. The Democratic party is full of 'the Great Unknown.' When that 'Great Unknown' comes there, shall he have no music? Shall no tones come out from those silvery instruments, blown by those gentlemen in scarlet coats, to welcome and introduce that 'Great Unknown' to his fellow-citizens? Not by my vote, Sir; never, never, never."

As Mr. Harrison sat down, he was greeted with roars of laughter and rounds of applause from both sides of the House. The speech and the ridicule proved too much for the amendment offered by Mr. Lewis, which was voted down by a very large majority.



WOLFE'S HEAD TAVERN, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

RELIEF FROM UNEASINESS.

Dr. Messrs. Joseph Stanwood and others, of the Town of Newburyport, for Sundry Expences at My House on Thirsday, Sept. 26th, A.D. 1765, at the Greate Uneasyness and Tumult on Occasion of the Stamp Act—

To William Davenport.

	Old Tenor.
To 3 Double Bowles punch by Capt. Roberts Order..	£3. 7.6
To 7 Double Bowles of punch.....	7.17.6
To Double Bowl of Egg Toddy.....	14
To Double punch, 22/6—Single Bowl, 11/3.....	1.13.9
To Double bowl punch, 22/6—Double bowl Toddy, 12/	1.14.6
To Bowl punch, 11/3—Bowl Toddy, 6/.....	17.3
To Double Bowl Toddy, 12/—Bowl punch, 11/3.....	1. 3.3
To Double bole punch, 22/6—Nip Toddy, 3/.....	1. 5.6
To Mug Flip, 5/—To a Thribble bowl punch, 33/9...	1.18.9
To a Double bowl punch, 22/6—To a Thribble bowl ditto, 33/9.....	2.16.3
To a Double bowl punch, 22/6.....	1. 2.6
To a Double bowl punch, 22/6.....	1. 2.6
To a Thribble bowl punch, 33/9—Double bowl ditto, 22/6.....	2.16.3
To a Double bowl punch, 22/6—to bowl do., 11/3....	1.13.9
To a Double bowl punch, 22/6—to Double bowl ditto, 22/6.....	2. 5.0
To six lemons, 15/—to bowl of punch, 11/3.....	1. 6.3
To 2 Double bowls punch.....	2. 5
To Double bowl punch, 22/6—bowl punch, 11/3.....	1.13.9
To 2 Double bowls punch, 45/—to bowl punch, 11/3.	2.16.3
To Bowl punch, 11/3—to bowl punch, 11/3.....	1. 2.6
To the Suppers which were Cooked Hot.....	2.5
To 8 Double Bowls punch after Supper.....	9
To Double Bowl Toddy, 12/—Bowl punch, 11/3.....	1. 3.3
the 27th—To Bowl of Egg Toddy, 7/.....	7
To 6 pints & ½ of Spirits at 10/ pr. point.....	3. 5
To a breakfast of Coffee for said Company.....	2. 5
	£59.17.3
Lawful money..	£7.19.7½

Per Contra, Cr.

	Old Tenor.
By an order from Capt. Roberts.	£3. 7.6
By cash by Richard Favour.....	2. 5. 0
By cash by Colby.....	1. 2. 6
By cash by Colby.....	1. 2. 6
By Cash by Colby.....	1. 6
By cash by Colby.....	2. 5. 0
By Cash by Colby.....	0.11. 3
	£11.19. 9
Lawful money..	£1.11.11½

Newbury Port, 28 *Sept.*, 1765.
Err's Excepted ℔ William Davenport.

Probably few documents of the times just preceding the American Revolution could be produced more curiously illustrative of the ways of our ancestors than that given above. The scene of the exhaustive process indicated by the account furnished was an ancient tavern situated on the main street of the town of Newburyport. The master of the house, William Davenport, was one of the considerable New England contingent which accompanied the British regulars to the conquest of Canada, and fought under Wolfe at the siege of Quebec, which cost the country so dear in the death of that victorious and noble-spirited general. Upon his return home Mr. Davenport set up the "Wolfe's Head" in commemoration of his beloved and lamented commander, that is, a portrait of him in red coat and cocked hat painted upon an ample sign, which was suspended from a tall flag-staff or mast in front of his tavern. As evidence of the

respect entertained for the memory of this brave and illustrious British general, here it hung unmolested throughout the Revolutionary war, and until the old house was burned down in the disastrous fire which devastated the town in the year 1811. Nevertheless, the sign was renewed, and also hung secure in front of the more modern hotel which succeeded the old "Wolfe's Head" during the war of 1812, and until lately we know, and, so far as we are informed, still maintains its place. We have seen a rough but graphic sketch of the famous place, when it was the spacious stage house for travelers between Boston and the East, coaches departing on their route, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback riding up the street, and remember to have heard in youth of the wondrous feat, as it was then considered, of a man with shackles on his ankles walking on a tight-rope from the roof of the tavern to that of a house on the opposite side of the street, to the amazement of the assembled multitude beneath. It is evident, from an inspection of the bill, that the good people of the town, in 1765, "at the Greate Uneasyness and Tumult on Occasion of the Stamp Act," understood well how "to keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down." Observe what dignity is conferred upon the account by its preliminary statement of the patriotic reason for this liberal supply of refreshment! We suppose that the population of the town at that period can not have much exceeded three thousand souls. Excluding women and children, therefore, we may conceive that not more than a hundred and fifty, perhaps, of the principal inhabitants may have assembled at the tavern in order to allay their "Greate Uneasyness" in the manner specified, on the evening of September 26, for it was evidently in the evening, by the insignificant charge for "suppers, which were cooked hot," probably for certain patriots who had to come rather late without first repairing to their homes, and by the small charge of "breakfast of coffee," which, we fear, leads to the fair inference that some, evidently not many, of the company were under the necessity of remaining all night. In case our computation of the probable numbers present is correct, this would allow a gallon of punch to each man, including toddy and spirits, as charged to the company. We can imagine these dignified characters, in cocked hats and pigtails, in what a young lady of our acquaintance called "short pantaloons," and with buckles at their knees and on their shoes, feeling the "tumult" in their bosoms rather aggravated than composed with every ladleful of the delicious compound in the several "double" and "thribble bowls" supplied. The slight charges for supper and breakfast in comparison with those—cheap enough, certainly, in lawful money—for the liquids consumed, remind one forcibly of Prince Henry's investigation of Falstaff's pockets at the tavern in Eastcheap:

P. Hen. What hast thou found?
Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.
P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.
Poins. Item, A capon, 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, a half-penny.
P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-penny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

The reader will observe the difference between "Old Tenor" and "Lawful Money," the former constituting only about an eighth part of the latter. We hope the bill contracted under such peculiar circumstances was duly paid; but considering the inadequate credits allowed, and the fact that the original document has remained to this time in the possession of Mr. Davenport's descendants, there seems reason to fear that, like Falstaff's custom at Dame Quickly's, his principal remuneration for his liberal hospitality consisted in the countenance afforded by the "company" to his house.

Two hundred and fifty years ago there lived in Glasgow a quaint old minister and poet named Zachary Boyd, whose *Flowers of Zion* have recently been reproduced by a Glasgow publisher. He was contemporary with Shakspeare; and though a hater of plays and players, frequently adopted the dramatic style of composition. One of his principal poems is entitled "Jonah." The Lord, telling Jonah of the wickedness of Nineveh, sends him there as a prophet to warn the people before they are destroyed. Jonah did not like the business, but nevertheless embarked. The skipper, partly in soliloquy and partly to his crew, tells the story of the squall:

Our skill doth faile, wee worke in vaine this day,
Sith strength and skill doe faile, it's best to pray,
And cry unto our gods. Let ev'ry man
Cry to his god, and doe the best hee can.

Going below "to light the burden and the wares cast out," the ship-master finds Jonah:

Who can this be who I heare highly snort?
I see a man that's on the lower deck
Hard fast asleepe, not fearing storme nor leck;
I with my fist will thump him on the brest,
And rouse this sluggard from his uncouth rest.

Jonah is roused; the pilot is ordered to draw lots to discover who the wicked man is who has caused the trouble. Jonah confesses, consents to be thrown over, and the doing of it is thus chorused by the sailors:

Now overboord hee throwne is, by-and-by
Where in the waters hee doth sprawling ly;
There Jonah is, God's wrath for to appease,
O'er head and ears downe soused in the seas.
But what is this that near him wee doe see,
Like to a tower wambling on the sea?
A monster great, the Leviathan strong,
With beame-like jawes which followes him along;
A little space the whale did round him play
To waite his time, but in a short delay
He wheel'd about, and in a trice wee sawe
The living man he buri'd in his mawe.

When the damp prophet finds himself, in his new apartment, he soliloquizes:

What house is this, where's neither fire nor candle,
Where I no thing but guts of fishes handle?
I and my table are both here within
Where day ne'er dawned, where sun did never shine.
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's mawe.
* * * * * * *
He [Noah] in his ark might goe and also come,
But I sit still in such a straiten'd roome,
As is most uncouth, head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother:
I find no way now for my shrinking hence,
But heere to lye and die for mine offence.
* * * * * * *
This grieves mee most that I for grievous sinne
Incarcer'd lye within this floating Inn.

Old man Jonah finally returned to Nineveh, somewhat disgusted at the failure of some of his predictions, and didn't have a very good time of it afterward.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXV.—AUGUST, 1876.—Vol. LIII.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

By EDWARD ABBOTT.



WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

WHAT would "Dorothy Dudley" have said had she been entered as a "Freshman" at Wellesley College! That

> "Fair maiden, whom a hundred summers keep
> Forever seventeen,"

would have told us a very different story of female education from that which can be related by the less mythical Dorothys and Dudleys of to-day. At the time to which the first entry of her "Diary" introduces us, when nine British redcoats stopped at Bradish Tavern, in Cambridge, for dinner, and then galloped on toward Lexington with suspected design of seizing John Hancock and Samuel Adams, there was no female seminary or young ladies' boarding-school in all the colonies, and no college to which a girl might go. Our nineteenth-century ideas of education were largely nebulous matter. The now rising project of the co-education of the sexes was very far below the horizon. Not even at William and Mary College was there any place except for the Williams. The Marys were left to shift for themselves. Their facilities for the acquisition of knowledge were few, the obstacles in their way were many. A view of such an institution as Wellesley College becomes, therefore, an important part of the general inspection we are all now so much interested in making for the measurement of the century's progress. And it is doubtful if at any point the contrast between the two extremities of the hundred years be more striking than at this of the education of young women.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Half an hour's ride by a swift train due west from Boston, over the Boston and Albany Railroad, brings one to Wellesley, fifteen miles away. A tasteful church, one or two stores of the common country kind, a junction of several roads, and a few dwelling-houses, scattered rather than clustered, give only the slightest emphasis to the spot selected by the railroad for its station, while of the whereabouts of the distant college building there is no hint except to those who know exactly where to look. Neither is there any intimation to one alighting at this station of the beautiful rolling country that stretches away to the southward. Through that country pleasantly wind the upper waters of the Charles River. In its midst lies the historic village of South Natick—the "Oldtown" whose "Folks" Mrs. Stowe has so pleasantly delineated—sacred with the associations of John Eliot, apostle to the Indians, and containing a monument to his memory. Around are the rural towns of Grantville, beautiful for situation; Weston, wooded and retired; Natick, once the home and now the burial-place of the lamented Henry Wilson—busy and noisy with the plying of a great and useful industry.

Over all of this wide and varied prospect the eye can rove from the heights of Wellesley College, and, clear air permitting, can mark the blue hills of Milton far in one direction, and the dim outline of Mount Monadnock still farther in the other. If the college has a soul—and one may sometimes think it must have—it may daily study the grace and beauty of its form in the mirroring waters of Lake Waban, which stretch away at its very base, a most lovely sheet for beauty, and a most admirable one for use.

Years ago Dr. Bowditch instituted careful research to ascertain the most healthful town in Massachusetts, and to this was accorded the honor.

We may reach, by a short walk or drive along the South Natick road, the pretty lodge which marks the main and commonly used entrance to the college grounds. These grounds comprise about three hundred acres,



PORTER'S LODGE.

beautifully diversified. It does not seem as if the most accomplished landscape gardener, with fifty years of time and unlimited supplies of money, could have created the like out of any material. Nature, one would almost think, must have anticipated the want, and striven by long and patient process to meet it. The estate was kept as a gentleman's country-seat for many years, and the old forest trees are carefully preserved. The surface rises occasionally into picturesque summits, and as often sinks away into wild and retired dells. Miniature forests dispute with carefully nourished lawns for the supremacy. Established evergreens and ancient oaks join with the flowering shrub

and the young tree fresh from the nursery in contributing to the foliage that screens the soil. Yet nowhere is there an appearance of rawness and immaturity. The scars of engineering surgery are mostly healed. It is a delightful drive, after you leave the lodge, for three-fourths of a mile along the wide, smooth avenue, under the shade, if it be summer, and following easily the varying contour of the grounds. At one point on the left a glimpse is to be had of the farm-houses and accompanying buildings, of which a spacious greenhouse is one. The engraving presented of this, however, is taken from another point of view, the beholder in this instance being supposed to stand in the town road outside the college grounds. The pretty effect of the inclosing trees, through and beyond which the greenhouse is here seen, is only one of countless little touches upon the landscape which on every side delight the eye.

The farm, it should be understood, is a very important adjunct of the institution, though space will not allow more than this passing reference to it.

One is not long upon the avenue approaching it before the building bursts upon the view. At no point probably do its qualities of size, proportion, and style more impressively present themselves to the eye. So far as such an inanimate structure may be pictured as having a countenance, the expression which this wears is one in which dignity, grace, and repose predominate. There is, moreover, a certain feminine delicacy to its aspect befitting its character, but with nothing of weakness blended. It is evident that the architect



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COLLEGE BUILDING.

was an artist. Mr. Billings—Hammatt Billings—did indeed consider it his chiefest work. From our side of Providence, it seems a thing to be deplored that he could not have lived to witness its completion, and so to have had his share in the enjoyment over its occupancy.

Architecturally described, the building is in the form of a double Latin cross, designed in a style of the Renaissance, crowned with a Mansard-roof, and set off at various points with towers, bays, porches, pavilions, and spires, the whole producing an irregu-



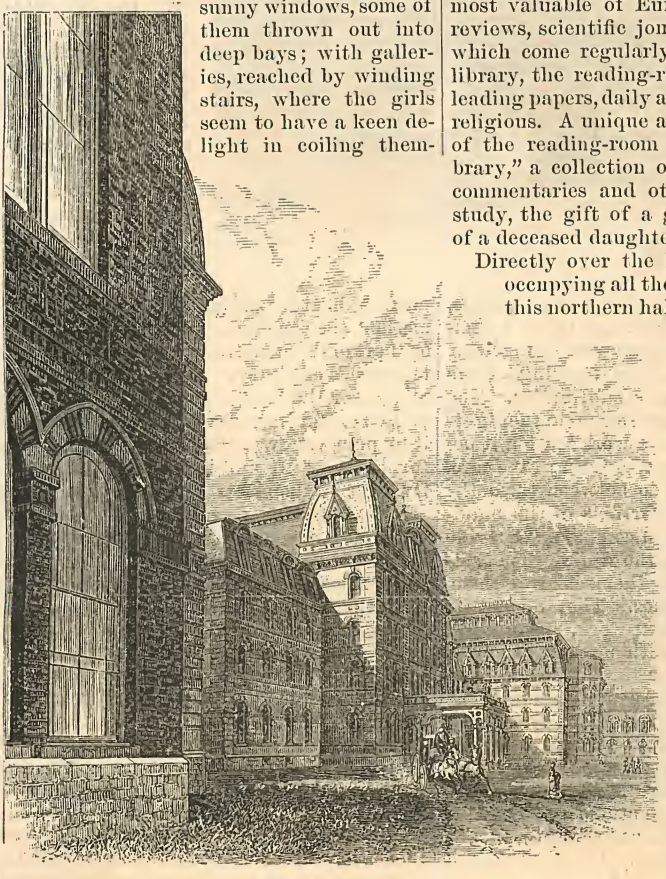
THE GREENHOUSE.

lar but harmonious exterior, which is ornate without a touch of the finical, and substantial without being unwieldy. The combination of such masses in a form so light and airy must be set down as a rare achievement of architectural skill. The extreme length of the building is four hundred and seventy-five feet; the extreme width at the wings about one hundred and fifty. There are, in the main, four stories, though at points these expand into five. The material is brick, laid in black mortar, with plain trimmings of brown freestone. The outside walls are of unusual thickness, and to a considerable extent the minor partition walls throughout the building are of brick, with fire-proof floors at exposed points. The interior wood finish is of Western ash. The best of materials and the most thorough workmanship were every where made a first consideration in building; all was done under a scrutinizing supervision that spared no expense and no effort to have the utmost possible degree of excellence.

The building is approached upon its northern side. The generous and inviting entrance, sheltered by a spacious *porte cochère*, opens into an imposing hall which occupies the entire length and breadth and height of the central section. The centre of this hall is appropriated to an immense marble basin planted with palm-trees and other tropical growths, whose size and curious beauty seem worthy of such an uncommon setting. Standing by one of the polished granite pillars, two rows of which flank the court, and by means of arches support the ceiling above, one looks up through the great opening to the very glass-capped roof, story rising above story, column ranging upon column, balustrade crowning balustrade. The general plan of each floor comprises broad corridors running from this central court to each distant extremity, with rooms opening therefrom on either side. Arched doorways, occasional wainscotings, hard-wood floors, bits of fret-work and touches of fresco, contribute to the prevailing elegance, which, however, is always chaste and subdued. Easy stairways at the rear angles of the central hall and of the two main transepts afford communication

between the different floors. The taste with which these stairways are treated is well illustrated in the accompanying view.

Having entered the building, and paused in the noble central hall long enough to take in its general plan, the visitor may turn to the left into its eastern half. Here, upon this same ground-floor, is, first, the reception parlor, a stately apartment, its walls of hard-wood wainscot and Pompeian red hung with pictures, including autographed portraits of Longfellow, Bryant, and Tennyson, each of which has a history. Opening out of this is the president's room, fitted with a safe and the other appurtenances of a business office, which it is. A short walk along the corridor brings one to the east transept, whose northern arm, that which faced the visitor as he approached the college, constitutes the library. This library, all things considered, must be accounted the gem of the building. It is arranged in alcoves, and superbly finished throughout in solid black-walnut. It is the very ideal of a library for young ladies, with cozy nooks and corners, where a book is twice a book; with sunny windows, some of them thrown out into deep bays; with galleries, reached by winding stairs, where the girls seem to have a keen delight in coiling themselves away in such mysterious fashion that you can only see above the balustrade a curly head bending over some book, doubtless found more fascinating than it could be if simply spread out on the table below. There is shelf-room for one hundred and twenty thousand volumes.



A NEAR VIEW—NORTHERN SIDE.

Compared with its capacity, the contents of the library at present seem inconsiderable, but, taken by itself, a collection of ten or twelve thousand volumes is a very respectable one. Already the library is rich and valuable for its size. It is quite complete in standard English works and in Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian classics, while possessing also some rare old folios, many choice editions, and not a few precious memorials of the great and good whose names are imperishable in literature.

Opposite the library is the reading-room, a sunny room, as it should be, well supplied with the periodical literature of the day. The teachers and students of this college are to have not only abundant access to the intellectual treasures of the past, but every means of following the progress of modern thought in all its currents. Besides the most valuable of European and American reviews, scientific journals, and magazines, which come regularly to the tables of the library, the reading-room is provided with leading papers, daily and weekly, secular and religious. A unique and interesting feature of the reading-room is the "Gertrude Library," a collection of about one thousand commentaries and other helps to Biblical study, the gift of a gentleman in memory of a deceased daughter who bore that name.

Directly over the library is the chapel, occupying all the remaining portion of this northern half of the east transept. This too is a gem in its way, a spacious and lofty apartment, conveniently adapted to its purpose, and handsomely furnished. The prominent window of the deep bay is one of impressive design in painted glass, executed in Munich, and presented by ex-Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, in memory of a deceased daughter.

Retracing now our steps, and exploring in like manner the western half of the building, we find on this same floor, in the transept corresponding to that which contains the library,

the dining-room, where, three times a day, the three hundred students and their instructors gather to their meals. Here we are brought suddenly face to face with the college life, and at a very interesting point of it too. The domestic labor of the students is an incidental only of their daily routine, and, measured by the time it takes, rather an unimportant one; but so unique, so essentially important, and of such relation to the internal economy of the college, and of such value in the training of the students, as to require careful notice. The young ladies of the institution do the lighter portion of the "house-work" which it occasions. Of their own rooms they take care, of course. They divide between them the care of those public portions of the building which are shared in common. They do all the table-work in the dining-room, setting the tables, serving them, clearing them, and washing the dishes. They do not do any cooking or kitchen-work, the kitchen being so furnished with modern scientific apparatus that two or three men-servants, under the direction of a professional cook, can easily prepare the food. The experience thus acquired by the students is priceless, and they fully appreciate its value. Indeed, the domestic work is decidedly a popular feature among the students. Division of the labor distributes it evenly to all, and makes little for any one. One hour only is given by each student to her share.



A STAIRWAY.

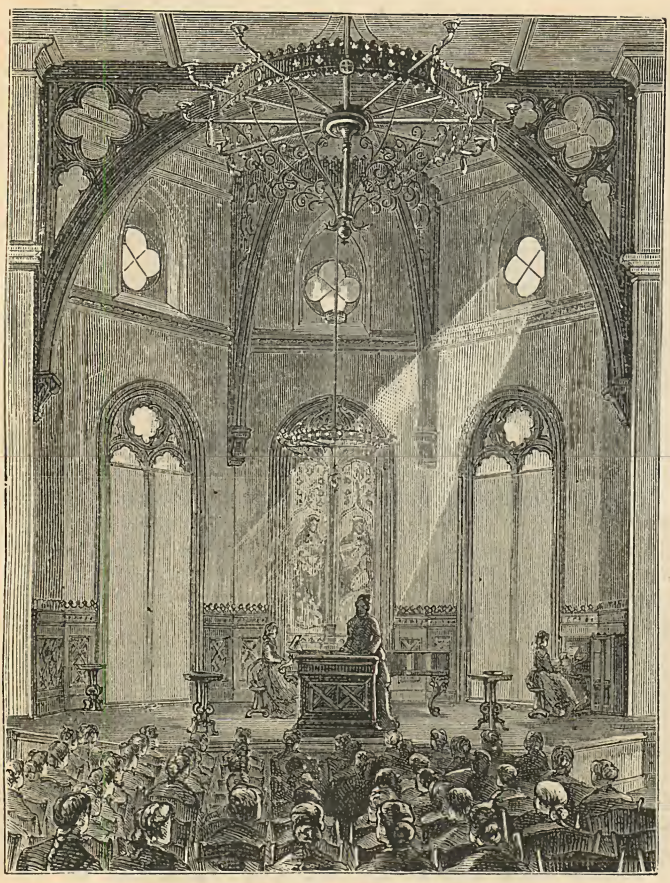
The domestic offices of the establishment, among which we are now lingering, are all clustered at this extreme western end of the building. They are a sight by themselves, as has already been hinted, though it is not every visitor who has the privilege of looking into them. The domestic hall, linking the dining-room and the kitchen, is fitted with soap-stone sinks and hot closets, and adjoined by an immense china closet. The kitchen, which is separated into a wing at the north-west angle, is furnished with huge ranges, and steam-boilers for soup and vegetables. Beneath these apartments are to be found the laundry, which includes a large steam-drying room, and also the bakery and the larder. In the upper story of the kitchen wing are the sleeping-rooms of the Swedish laundresses and the few other house servants. In this same direction, too, at a safe remove from the main building, are located the boilers whose steam supplies the heat for the building by the indirect method, the same being distributed into every part of the structure by not less than fourteen miles of piping. Hard by are the gas-works, for the building is lighted with gas; and water for its various uses is carried over it by pumping from the Artesian well, which furnishes a pure and inexhaustible supply. Over the kitchen is the gymnasium, and over the domestic hall the hospital. This hospital, with its open fire-places, cheerful wood fires, and adjoining rooms for visiting mothers of the sick, the whole carefully sheltered from the bustle of the building proper, and occupying its sunniest and brightest corner, is one of the most pleasing precincts of all.

With this survey of the physical basis of the life which goes on at Wellesley College, the reader may be supposed to be quite ready for introduction to its social and intellectual aspects. Viewed as a huge dormitory, the unit of the structure is, of course, the student's room, into which all will wish to take a peep. The plan provides a suit of two rooms for each two students—a parlor for common use and a bed-chamber for common



THE LIBRARY.

use, the latter, however, being provided with two single beds, two bureaus, and other articles of furniture in duplicate. The furniture is of uniform pattern throughout, being made of black-walnut after artistic designs in tasteful but simple styles. The rooms are carpeted, and present, without exception, a very cheerful and inviting appearance. Occasionally two suits have been combined in one for the accommodation of four students. Commonly a single suit occupies a space of about fourteen feet by twenty. For the professors equally suitable quarters have been provided, the rooms of the president of the faculty being in the extreme part of the east wing, and those of her associates conveniently distributed about in other parts of the building, so as to keep the whole of it under a proper degree of supervision. Special provision is made for the social wants of the professors by their private parlors, while for general uses there is a stately drawing-room, about fifty feet square, looking out upon the lake. The arrangement of the building is such, with its bold projections and many angles, and the living-rooms have been so located, that with few exceptions all have the sunshine during some portion of the day. All are finely lighted and most effectually ventilated. All command pleasant views, while from some, those especially along the southern front, the prospect is one that for breadth, variety, and loveliness is not often to be enjoyed. Nothing that can contribute to the cheerfulness of the rooms or to the sanitary condition of the establishment has been neglected. The natural advantages of the situation and the soil have been supplemented by the most careful attention to scientific principles, and the most thorough application of the best modern methods. While pure air is constantly being supplied to the interior, the impure air is as constantly being withdrawn. A resident physician gives personal attention to hygienic discipline, as well as to the wants of the sick; and it is safe to believe that whatever physical evils may have crept into systems of female education as commonly administered, all such will to a great extent be avoided here.



THE CHAPEL.

Emerging from these more retired portions of the building, set apart to the private uses of the students, we enter those public precincts devoted to the college work proper. There are sixteen recitation-rooms scattered about upon the several floors, averaging about twenty feet square. These rooms are all as finely finished as any, and many of them are fitted with appropriate photographic views, maps, charts, and other illustrations relating to the studies pursued. A laboratory, replete with every convenience, adjoins the chemical lecture-room, and facilitates the study of applied chemistry. A natural history room, one hundred feet by fifty, contains already three hundred and seventy feet of cases for the display of specimens, and, by means of a gallery encircling the apartment, can be made available for three times that amount. There is a large art gallery, occupying the upper story of the west wing, and in the same quarter a lecture-room and laboratories for the use of the professors of physics and natural history. There are also a large number of music-rooms for piano practice.

After all that has thus been written in attempted description of this building, the reader can have but a faint idea of its vast dimensions, its fine proportions, the symmetry of its lines, the harmony of its forms and colors, the response of the interior to the expectations awakened by the exterior, its excellent general plan, the convenience of its arrangements, the refined nicety of all its details, the solidity and delicacy which are seen blended at every point, the mingled sumptuousness and simplicity which characterize it throughout. We are fully justified in the statement that there is no finer building of its kind in the world.

And now is all this a mere shell? Within this magnificent body is there a living soul to correspond? Such a building is properly only a means to an end. Grand as the means is, the end ought to be grander.

The plan of work at Wellesley College is the fruit of the years of observation and experience of the distinguished college presidents and professors who constitute so large a proportion of the Board of Trustees. It is the intention to graduate from Wellesley students who shall be fully on a par in scholarship with the graduates of Harvard and Yale. The curriculum of study will, of course, differ somewhat from that of these and other colleges for men, but the very highest standard of culture is to be maintained.

The greatest practical difficulty to be overcome at the outset in the execution of this important design is that students present themselves with such irregular and imperfect preparation. They come from all parts of the country—from Maine to Texas, and from Georgia to Colorado—trained in differing studies by different methods, from all grades of private and public schools. It has been impossible to arrange all of them

at once into regular and fully graded classes. Hence has arisen the necessity of a preparatory department alongside of the college proper. This preparatory department is more than a feeder to the college. It provides classes of different grades for making up deficiencies on the part of candidates for the college. Students are examined as they enter, and instead of being sent home if unfitted, are placed in proper course of training for the Freshman Class.

The college proper is intended only for those young women who wish to become scholars in the very highest acceptation of the word. The trustees resolved at the outset on thus establishing the very highest standard, and on providing facilities for advanced study in every department. They have provided especially for those scholars who desire to become teachers. The daughters of the wealthy are not forbidden to come to Wellesley, but it is easy to see that none will stay who do not seek to become learned women. The low price, the high requirements for admission, the extended course of study, the simple style of dress, the methods of instruction and discipline, all point to the fact that life at this college is work and not play.

It is really remarkable how quickly the new college has shaped itself in accordance with these principles, and established its character as a place for thorough study. The *esprit de corps* in this respect is already very high. It has become the fashion to study. An honorable ambition for the best scholarship is the rule, and not the exception.

The reader may be interested to know in particular of the conditions of admission. For the preparatory department these are very moderate. Candidates therefor must be over fifteen years of age, and must pass



STUDENT'S PARLOR.

satisfactory examinations in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, modern geography, arithmetic, history of the United States, Latin grammar and reader. In the case of those who are sixteen years or older, a thorough knowledge of French or German and of the elements of algebra is accepted in place of Latin. The course of preparatory study covers two years of thorough training in Latin grammar and Latin prose composition, Cæsar, Virgil, Cicero, the elementary part of Olney's University Algebra, geometry, German or French, geography of the Roman Empire, and outlines of its history to the Augustan age, English grammar, analysis and composition, physical geography, elocution, English literature, and drawing. Those who intend to elect Greek in the college course also commence the study of it in the preparatory department.

While the college is confined to its present building, bringing the students of the two departments under the same roof and similar regulations, it is the plan of the trustees that the preference should be given to those candidates for admission who are fitted to enter the college proper, since they must reap the greater benefit from the advantages provided. At the same time many of the finest college students must be those who have enjoyed the exceptional training furnished in the preparatory department. It is, therefore, hoped that the Christian public, as it becomes interested in this seat of learning, will in some way provide funds for erecting another building in the ample grounds of the college, when the important preparatory department can be separated to a still higher usefulness. The instant success of the college warrants this extension of its resources. There were so many applications at the opening in September, 1875, that between two and three hundred were refused of necessity, and if there were other buildings on the grounds equal to the first, they would doubtless be as readily filled.

The requirements for admission to the collegiate department in September, 1876, have been established by the trustees to meet the comparatively low standard of preparation among young women; but they are to be increased year by year, until the full standard adopted in the leading colleges for young men shall be reached. Candidates must be at least sixteen years old, and are required to pass examinations in ancient and modern geography; physical geography; arithmetic; algebra through involution, evolution, radicals, and quadratic equations; geometry through five books of Loomis's Geometry or their equivalent; Latin grammar; and four books of Cæsar, four books of Virgil, and four Orations of Cicero. An equivalent amount of reading in other Latin authors is accepted. Candidates are further advised to be prepared for examination in French and German. No Greek is positively required, being, in fact, an elective throughout the entire course; but a preparatory study of Greek is most strongly urged upon those who intend to fit for the college, and it will probably soon be made a requisite for admission.

We can not give space to a detailed account of the studies of the four years' college course, for which those who desire it are referred to the published circulars. It must be enough for the general reader to state that elaborate courses are laid out in all the branches of learning commonly pursued in our highest institutions. No doubt will be entertained by those who examine the courses of study that this is to be a college of the highest standard of culture. The studies are mostly elective, and the students can pursue any in which they may desire to become specialists as far as they can be pursued in most colleges for young men. The course in modern languages which has already been arranged and announced is very comprehensive and thorough; but with the next college year it will be supplemented by an extended special course, which shall carry students to the highest degree of proficiency and culture, and remedy some of the many deficiencies which mark the common methods. The students receive general instruction in vocal music, and also in drawing, unless already practiced in that useful accomplishment; while for those who intend special and advanced study of either art the best facilities are at hand. The art gallery is furnished with an extensive array of casts and models, selected in Europe by Walter Smith, Esq., the distinguished State Director of Art Study in Massachusetts; and the certain prospective demand for competent teachers of drawing makes this department one of great importance. In general, class-room instruction is supplemented at every point by lectures, to the delivery of which specialists in art, science, and literature are summoned; while Friday evening is usually appropriated to a concert or a more popular lecture in the chapel.

There are many things about the Wellesley methods of study which are new and interesting, for which we have no space. We wish, however, to notice the chemical department. The instruction in chemistry is confined almost exclusively to actual work in the laboratory. This is fitted up with every convenience for a class of ninety-six students, divided into four sections of twenty-four each. Every one of the ninety-six has her own drawer and cupboard. There is no committing of text-books to memory, no waste of time in witnessing sensational experiments by the teacher. The students work out their own experiments.

In addition to the regular college classes,

non-resident students in chemistry are received. They can spend all their time in the laboratory, and thus qualify themselves as teachers for that instruction in chemistry with laboratory practice which is now considered so essential.

At the opening of the second year of the college, in September, 1876, it is the intention to receive, to a limited degree, non-resident students in other advanced studies, the desire being to give to teachers, who wish to qualify themselves for higher situations, opportunities for becoming specialists. This privilege is given to teachers only. They will be "special students," not connected in any other manner with the college.



ON THE GROUNDS.

But the intellectual life is not made the sole object of pursuit at Wellesley College. The place which Biblical study receives in the curriculum indicates the importance which is attached to it here. Christianity is accepted as a great fact to be studied. And more, it is esteemed as an experience which is to be individualized. The cross which is carved into the key-stone of the arch which spans the entrance door, and which rises above the highest pinnacle of the noble pile, is emblem and pledge of the sacred aim which has inspired all.

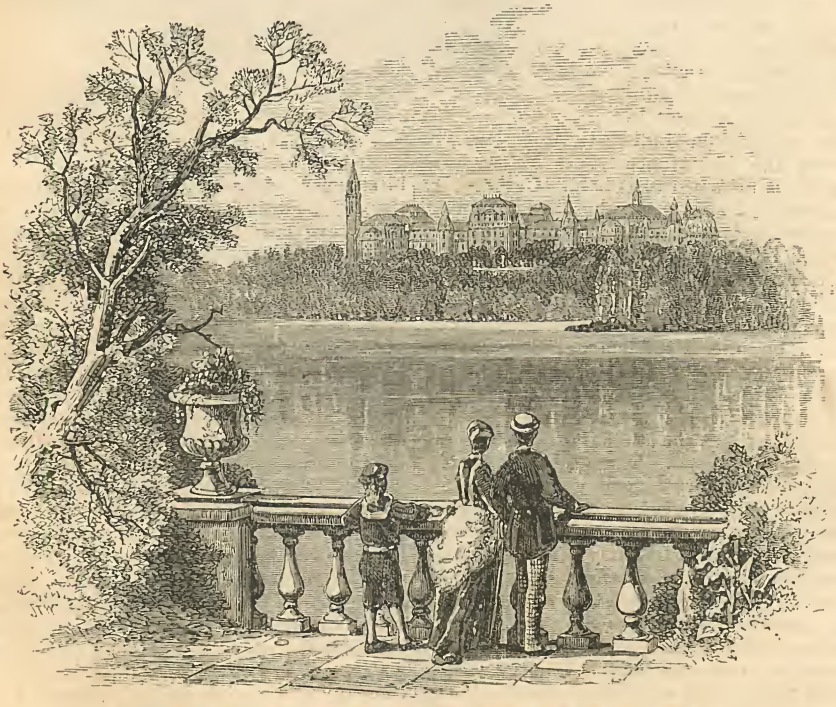
To the bracing tone of the Wellesley atmosphere and the wholesome effect of Wellesley ideas the students themselves are the best witnesses. Three hundred healthier, happier, more blooming girls it would be hard to find in company together. They are not cumbered with much serving; they are not hampered by many rules. They appreciate their privileges, and are worthy of them. To a large degree they are their own governors. Never had young women finer opportunities for study in the midst of surroundings more attractive. If in their beautiful rooms they ever grow weary, all the beautiful grounds without are before them. They ramble at will through all the broad domain. The lake is their skating park in winter, the scene of their boating exploits in summer. When Mr. Longfellow visited them last autumn, it was a delightful row they gave him in an eight-oared barge, called the *Evangeline;* and after a season or two of practice, it would be a fine crew which they could doubtless send to compete, in grace and skill, if not in strength, with their brothers of Harvard and Yale.

Who ever heard of a fire-brigade manned exclusively by women? There is one at Wellesley, for it is there believed that, however incombustible the college building may be, the students should be taught how to put out fires in their own homes, and be trained to presence of mind, to familiarity with the thought of what is to be done in case of fire, and to a full realization of the most important fact that any fire can be put out at the beginning. Twenty hand-pumps are distributed throughout the building, each supplemented by six pails filled with water. Every pump has its captain and company of six girls, one of whom is lieutenant; and all the companies are drilled at convenient opportunities in handling the pumps, in forming lines, and in passing the pails. The whole organization is officered

by a superintendent and secretary. Hose companies for the operating of the great steam fire-pump are organized in a similar manner.

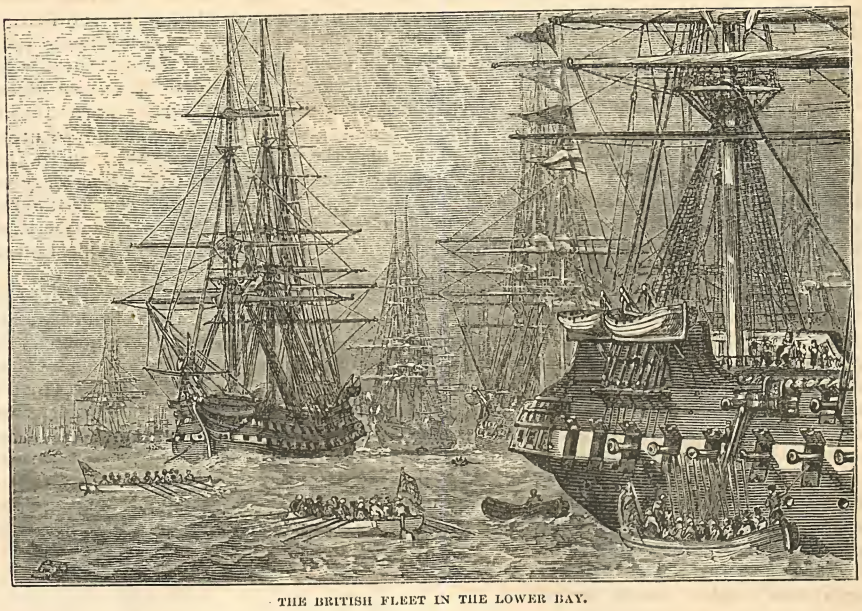
The property of the college and its administration are vested in a Board of Trustees, chartered as a perpetual legal corporation, under the name of Wellesley College. President Porter, of Yale College, is president of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Howard Crosby, chancellor of New York University, is the vice-president. The trustees represent the Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, and Baptist churches; several universities, colleges, and theological seminaries; the leading foreign missionary society of the country; both sexes; and the laity as well as the clergy. The evident design is to keep the college in close affiliation with the great academic centres, and under the eye of experienced educators, at the same time securing for it the special confidence of all those Christian denominations known as evangelical, the knowledge of affairs possessed only by business men in active life, and indispensable counsel from woman herself.

Wellesley College needs the generous remembrance of the rich. What institution presents a stronger appeal for endowment than this? At present there is no endowment. The price of board and tuition has been fixed as low as $250 a year, in order to bring its choice privileges within the reach of many who deserve them, but would otherwise be debarred from them. But at that price it can hardly be expected that the college will pay its own current expenses. The benevolent here see a grand foundation already laid to their hand, and, by the creation of an endowment, may communicate an immediate and immense impulse to the usefulness of the institution. The many vacant shelves of the library likewise invite contributions. One hundred thousand dollars could be at once most profitably expended in supplying them with those costly works which are such a boon to both student and teacher. There is great need of an observatory. And then, how much good could be effected by the creation of scholarships! Our colleges for young men are beginning to be liberally provided with them; but there is even more need for them in a college for young women, whose means are just as likely to be moderate, and whose opportunities for self-support are more likely to be restricted.



VIEW OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE LAKE.

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.



THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE LOWER BAY.

THE object of the battle of Long Island was to defend the city of New York, but the military importance of the battle, as involving the possession by the colonies or the enemy of the principal colonial city, sinks into insignificance in comparison with its moral importance as the first battle of the new nation for its recently asserted independence. The yeomanry who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill did not contemplate the secession of the colonies from the mother country as a possible result of their resistance to oppression. The suggestion of such a result would have palsied many an arm that struck its hardest on those fateful days. The idea of independence was intolerable to Washington at the time when he became commander-in-chief, and for many subsequent months. But gradually in his, as in many other minds, the conviction became firmly rooted that the way of "independency" was the only way of personal safety or of the common weal. On the 2d of July, 1776, this conviction bore the fruit of separate nationality.

Three days previous Washington had written that Howe, with forty ships and more, laden with troops, had arrived at Staten Island, and that the remainder of the fleet was expected very soon. A letter from his new adjutant-general, Joseph Reed, of nearly the same date, cast a most dismal horoscope. "Had I known the true posture of affairs, no consideration would have tempted me to have taken an active part in this scene; and this sentiment is universal." The attempt on Canada was just drawing to a melancholy close. The army was making its way to Crown Point by slow and painful stages, death and desertion vying with each other to reduce its numbers. In every tent there was a dead or dying man. From thirty to forty were buried every day. Aware of all these things, the fifty Congressmen at Philadelphia published their resolution and the immortal Declaration. Had the telegraph been in use at that time, news from South Carolina would in some degree have counteracted all these reasons for depression. There, on the 28th of June, the fleet and forces of Sir Henry Clinton had been ignominiously repulsed by the guns of Fort Moultrie, with a loss of one 28-gun frigate, 34,000 pounds of powder, and 170 men. But as if to make the spirit of the Philadelphia Congress seem all the more superior to every motive of expediency and every ground for fear, the news of this inspiring victory did not arrive till after the passage, on July 2, of the resolution of independence, if, indeed, it did till after the adoption of the Declaration the next day but one.

The British army had evacuated Boston on the 17th of March, taking along with it about a thousand royalists, including eighteen clergymen. For some ten days longer the fleet lay at anchor in Nantasket Roads, and then sailed away. "Neither hell, Hull, nor Halifax," wrote a British officer, "can afford worse shelter than Boston." Of these three places, Halifax proved the immediate

destination. Washington had ordered five regiments of infantry and part of the artillery to New York the day after the evacuation. When the fleet sailed, the remainder of the army followed, with the exception of five regiments, one of which, Colonel Glover's regiment of Marblehead fishermen, was stationed at Beverly to fit out privateers and man them from its ranks. One of the privateers thus manned, commanded by James Mugford, a captain of the regiment, captured, on the 17th of May, within sight of the British fleet, a part of which still lingered in the roads, the transport *Hope*, containing, for one item, 1500 barrels of powder, than which nothing was more needed. Two days later Mugford lost his life while trying to defend his little schooner against overwhelming odds. The regiment marched for New York on the 20th of July, and arrived there on the 9th of August, little guessing what important service it would be called to perform before the month was over. Washington had left Boston for New York on the 4th of April. He had not misreckoned in supposing that New York would be the next point of attack, but the attack was to be much less sudden, much more formidable, than he imagined.

While a great fleet was hovering along the coast and emptying thousands of soldiers on Staten Island, a conspiracy of fearful magnitude was being devised by the Long Island Tories, having for its object the betrayal of Washington into the hands of the invaders, and the capture of his forces by a simultaneous movement of the hostile fleet and army. The plan of attack adopted by the British on the 27th of August was a humble part of this conspiracy. Till the last there were Tory farmers inside the American lines. They went in and out. They were informers and guides. There was no security against the presence of these men in the Long Island companies. It is necessary to understand these facts in order to appreciate the perilous position of the American army, and the variety of circumstances which conspired in favor of the enemy.

General Lee had reached New York in February, 1776. On his way from Cambridge he had stopped long enough in Connecticut to enlist 1200 men. With these men at his heels, he reached the New York provincial boundary. Here he was met by delegates from the Provincial Congress begging him to go no further. The captain of the *Asia* man-of-war, at anchor off the city, with Tryon, the royal Governor, on board, had threatened to destroy the city if he should enter



CAPTAIN MUGFORD'S DEFENSE.

it. Lee was sufficiently headstrong not to be deterred by these assurances. He pushed on, and arriving at New York, soon dispossessed the local Committee of Safety of all authority, Congress appointing in its place, at his suggestion, three of their own number to confer with him in regard to the best means of defense. The resolve to hold New York, if possible, did not originate with Washington. It was contrary to his judgment, which harmonized with that of Jay, who thought it best to burn New York, lay waste Long Island, and prevent New England being left out in the cold by defending the Hudson at West Point. But the Continental Congress had resolved that New York must be held, and Washington, desiring "to obey the orders of Congress with a scrupulous exactness," promised "his utmost exertions under every disadvantage." The disadvantages from the start were indeed great and numerous. It was necessary to be on the defensive at so many points, so many fortifications were necessary, and so many men to garrison them properly. Lee projected the fortifications on the comprehensive scale demanded by the situation. The most important of these were to be on Long Island, stretching across from Wallabout Bay to Gowanus Creek. There were to be others on Long Island opposite Hell Gate, to guard against a movement through Long Island Sound; at Kings Bridge, where Manhattan Island almost touches the main-land; and at various places along the shores of East River and the Hudson. Hardly had Lee projected these works before he was ordered to South Carolina, where the gallant defense of Fort Moultrie, though undertaken in opposition to his judgment, added a dangerous lustre to his reputation.

Lee was succeeded by Lord Stirling, notable as the only lord we had upon our side; nor was he much of one, his title never having been allowed. But though little of a lord, he was a good deal of a man; had already done good service on the Jersey coast in capturing a valuable transport, and brought to his new position abundant energy and some little military knowledge. He had not been a fortnight in command before the evacuation of Boston liberated the army there, which soon started for New York, and on the 14th of April Washington made his appearance on the scene. Going to Philadelphia toward the end of May for a few days, he left General Putnam in command in New York, and General Greene in charge of the works still in progress upon Brooklyn Heights—positions which they held respectively till a few days before the battle. And still the enemy did not arrive. Perhaps the leaders were not eager for the struggle to begin. The longer the delay, the better the preparation. Immediately on Washington's arrival a thousand men had been sent to Governor's Island, and these, through all the bright June weather, went on digging and digging, making the island one great battery. Every thing was done that could be done to obstruct the two channels by which East River communicates with the inner bay. From Governor's Island to the New York side vessels were firmly anchored, with sharpened timbers projecting from them. There, too, hulks were sunk to increase the difficulty of forcing a passage. This precaution had also been taken on the Brooklyn side of Governor's Island, and this channel was defended by batteries on Brooklyn Heights and at Red Hook—a projection of the shore not far from Gowanus Creek—as well as by the batteries upon Governor's Island.

On the 11th of June the British fleet, which had sailed from Boston a few weeks before, set sail from Halifax, and on the morning of the 29th it was seen entering the lower bay. The 4th, that day made "glorious" at Philadelphia, was celebrated by an attack upon the *Asia*, which was sailing near the shore, from a little battery occupying the site of our Fort Hamilton. The *Asia* answered with a whole broadside, and for some time a lively duel was kept up, the ship getting much the worst of it. A few days later another fleet arrived, a seriously battered one, with a crest-fallen admiral and general on board. It was the fleet of Sir Peter Parker, which on the 28th of June had fared so badly at Fort Moultrie. Its transports bore the army of Sir Henry Clinton, which was to have taken Charleston as a prelude to the capture of New York. And still the "catalogue of the ships" was far enough from being finished. They came from all directions: one day, from the coast of Florida; another, from the West Indies; another still, from the English harbors of the Mediterranean. The 12th of August saw the last great addition. All the winter before, King George had been bartering for mercenary troops in Brunswick and Hesse Cassel, agreeing to pay thirty-four dollars and fifty cents for every man killed, and to reckon three wounded as one dead—"less than we could have expected," wrote Lord North. Now, all the arrangements had been completed; "the fine thin dancing pumps" furnished by an English contractor had been exchanged for more serviceable shoes, and at last the mercenaries had embarked. Seven thousand eight hundred Hessians, in eighty-two transports, convoyed by six men-of-war, after a voyage of thirteen weeks' duration, saw with delight the lovely wooded hills of Staten Island, and the Highlands of Navesink, and the Long Island farms, waiting to be despoiled of their just ripening fruits. Their brave old general, De Heister, had exhausted his stock of patience and tobacco weeks before, and was in a towering rage. With

his arrival the spectacle presented by the lower bay reached its climax of portentous brilliancy. Here was another Great Armada, more numerous in ships and men than that which Philip of Spain had organized to subvert the liberties of England. And no providential storm rolled up to shatter this one like the other. The pleasant summer weather smiled upon its awful menace, as it lay securely at anchor in the great bend between Sandy Hook and Staten Island. There were thirty-seven men-of-war, guarding 400 transports; 35,000 men in all, soldiers and sailors, the soldiers numbering 27,000.

Washington had at his disposal, on August 8, about 17,000 men, of whom nearly 4000 were unfit for duty. The urgency of the situation increased the number of available men to nearly 20,000. Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, was particularly active in raising new regiments. But the great trouble was that they *were* new, and so were almost all the others. The constant departure of militia-men enlisted for brief terms of service, the arrival of others only a little greener in their places, made good discipline impossible. Less than 6000 had been in the ranks a year. Not a single regiment was properly equipped. There were not enough muskets to go round, and many of them were nearly or quite useless. The cannon were small and poor and without efficient gunners. Knox, the artillery colonel, was brave as a lion, or any braver thing, but he had been lately summoned from his Boston book-selling. General Sullivan had been a lawyer. Lord Stirling's military experience had been very limited. General Putnam's only tactics were to engage the enemy whenever and wherever he could manage to; he was careless of defense, and indifferent to strategy. If General Greene could have remained in command upon Long Island till after the battle of the 27th, its result would very likely have been different, for Greene was as skillful and cautious as he was brave; but he unfortunately fell sick of a raging fever a few days before the battle. The command devolved upon Sullivan, and from him was transferred to General Putnam, who was second in command to Washington, but who had little or no acquaintance with the destined scene of action.

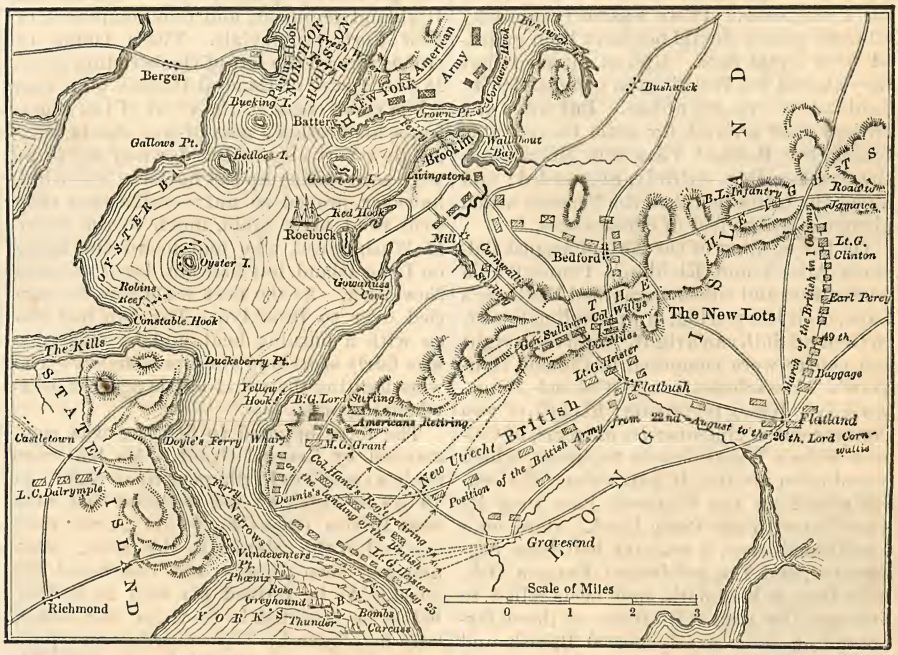
Where the scene of action was to be, had long remained in doubt. But the doubt was clearly resolved on the 22d of August, when the British troops that had been disembarked on Staten Island began to re-embark on a great number of fleet-boats and galleys, which at a given signal directed their course toward the Long Island shore under the protection of the men-of-war. Before noon 15,000 men, with forty pieces of artillery and a regiment of dragoons, had been landed at or near Denyse's Point (then a ferry landing, the boat plying across the Narrows from Staten Island), now the spot where Fort Hamilton's grassy embankments look so peaceful and smiling in comparison with its frowning masonry and monstrous guns. The house—whose inmates must have had the finest opportunity to see this striking spectacle, and, being Tories, doubtless improved it—still remains in tolerable preservation, a little to the east of the fort on the Bath Road. The enemy took up their line of march for Gravesend. There some of them halted, while the main body pushed on to Flatlands and Flatbush, the American Colonel Hand, retiring with his Pennsylvania riflemen, driving before him what cattle he could, and setting fire to the great stacks of provender to prevent the enemy from profiting by them. Along with him flocked the disloyal islanders, while the more loyal, tricked out with Tory badges, hastened to make their peace with the invaders. Long Island, then, was to be the scene of the approaching struggle. Regiments were hurried over from New York. Washington did his best to inspire them with hope and courage. He clearly set before them the importance of the struggle in which they were about to engage. But he spoke to men who, if not fearful of danger, were not sanguine of success. Contemporary letters and other memorials of the day bear witness to an awful shadow brooding over the Continental army.

Brooklyn and its environs present a very different appearance now from that which they presented a century ago. The Brooklyn of 1876 has a population of nearly, if not quite, half a million. The Brooklyn of 1776 had a population numbering between three and four thousand, and these were scattered over a territory as extensive as the present city boundaries, clustering a little thicker around the ferry and the tavern near it, around the church situated a mile and a quarter from the ferry on the old Jamaica Road, around another queer little octagonal church in Bushwick, now Williamsburg, and around Bedford Four Corners, not far from where the present Bedford Avenue intersects Fulton Avenue. These clusters included only a fraction of the total population. The rest were sprinkled about on the great comfortable Dutch farms. The City of Churches had then but two church buildings. Where it now has six hundred miles of streets, it then had one country road leading from the ferry to the church, branching off a little beyond the church on the left toward Jamaica, on the right toward Gowanus, and then a little farther on toward Flatbush.

The situation of Brooklyn was favorable to defensive operations. The heights were a sort of peninsula made by the deep indentation of the Wallabout Basin on the East River side, and by the deeper indentation

of Gowanus Bay and the mill-ponds connected with it on the south. Across from one of these indentations to the other it was less than a mile and a half, and much of the land in this line was high, with wooded eastern slopes, making it easy to fortify. The low land near the Wallabout was defended by a deep moat; the soil excavated from this moat made a good earth-work along its edge. A continuation of this earth-work led up the side of what is now Washington Park, still called Fort Greene—a name which it acquired during the war of 1812, when it was refortified. In 1776 it was Fort Putnam, a strong redoubt mounting five heavy guns, having a deep wide ditch surrounding it, a formidable abatis of felled trees in front, their sharpened branches commanding the approaches to East River, and Corkscrew Fort, a small redoubt upon an eminence near the Brooklyn Athenæum of to-day, commanding Red Hook Lane, and meant for its defense in case the enemy should cross Gowanus Creek. Tradition says that the redoubt was sixty or seventy feet above the present grade of Atlantic Avenue at this point. From this lofty perch the eye of the commander swept the field, and gathered up its various tokens of disaster. "Good God!" he cried; "what brave fellows I must lose this day!" as he saw the young Marylanders fling themselves again and again upon the enemy.

The event proved that the line of defense we have described was less impregnable than it would seem from our description.



MAP—BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

pointing outward. From Fort Putnam the line of earth-works zigzagged across to Fort Greene, the second-best redoubt, midway between Fort Putnam and Freeke's Mill-pond, the farthest inland point of the Gowanus indentation. There was a third redoubt, midway between Forts Putnam and Greene; and still another, Fort Box, upon high ground a little south of Freeke's Mill-pond, intended to guard the bridge by which the Porte Road (a road leading from the Flatbush Road to Red Hook Lane) crossed the mill-dam. Gowanus Creek and the adjoining mill-ponds continued the line of defense, which was completed by the battery upon Red Hook, called Fort Defiance. Within this line were Fort Stirling, a large redoubt

The fact was that it was overlooked at what was meant to be its strongest point by high land in the vicinity of Fort Putnam, and only a few hundred yards away. This fact had been concealed by a growth of intervening trees. The trees were cut down to strengthen Fort Putnam, but at the same time its weakness was revealed.

But it was not the design of Washington to risk every thing upon this line of fortifications. These were an inner line, which, if worst came to worst, he would fall back upon. But first he would defend the approaches to this line by means of an outer line of defense, about two miles from the inner, which he found ready-made by the natural configuration of the country. A

range of hills heavily wooded stretched across the country. The enemy would not be likely to come through the woods. He must come by some one of the various passes by which the hills were cleft. These were, first, Martense's Lane, which still exists, in part forming the southern boundary of Greenwood Cemetery; it led from the old Flatbush and New Utrecht to the Gowanus Road; at its junction with the latter stood the Red Lion Inn; second, the Flatbush Pass, now known as Battle Pass, in Prospect Park, and indicated by a bronze tablet set in a rock; third, the Bedford Pass, made by the old "Clove Road" near the present boundary line between Flatbush and Bedford; and fourth, three miles to the east of Bedford, the Jamaica Pass, situated within the present boundaries of the Cemetery of the Evergreens. There was no reason why all three passes should not have been guarded with equal care. Greene planned that they should be, Washington commanded it, Sullivan obeyed his orders. But when the critical hour arrived, for some inexplicable reason, the Bedford Pass was left almost, the Jamaica Pass entirely, unguarded; and along the latter marched the Nemesis which always dogs the feet of carelessness.

On the evening of the 26th of August Colonels Atlee's and Kichline's Pennsylvania musketeers and riflemen guarded Martense's Lane, their left resting, or pretending to rest, on General Sullivan's right. Sullivan's right and centre were composed of Colonel Henshaw's Massachusetts and Colonel Johnston's New Jersey regiments; his left, of two Connecticut regiments; its extreme, of Colonel Miles's Pennsylvania regiment, which rested upon nothing in particular. His centre rested on the Flatbush Pass near its junction with the Porte Road. Here, on a goodly eminence, a redoubt had been constructed, and the celebrated Dongan Oak, long time a landmark, had been felled to obstruct the road. In front of these far-extending lines nearly 20,000 British and mercenary soldiers lay peacefully encamped on the great plain of Flatbush and Flatlands. To the Americans, who were themselves concealed among the woods, they were plainly visible. For five days they thus remained, withheld, it might seem, from the encounter by the mystery of the American position. In reality it had but little mystery for them, so numerous were the tell-tale partisans. Their delay was but a feint intended to make the Americans expect them by the roads they did not mean to take. It succeeded, with the disposition of their forces, in convincing Putnam that they would try to force their way through the Flatbush Pass, and through Martense's Lane along the Gowanus Road. Their plan, as finally developed, proved that both of these movements were entirely subordinate to a flank movement far to the east, through the Jamaica Pass.

And hence it happened that when Kichline's riflemen, who had been stationed on Martense's Lane, discovered a body of the enemy approaching the Gowanus Road along this lane, and hurried off a messenger to Putnam with the news, that sturdy veteran, who had not been to sleep at all for the night, roused up Lord Stirling at three o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and ordered him to take three regiments, and "advance beyond the lines and repulse the enemy." Colonel Smallwood's Maryland and Colonel Hazlett's Delaware regiments started off at once; Huntington's Connecticut soon followed.

The force which Stirling was about to engage was composed of two brigades, one Highland regiment, and two companies of New York provincials. These bodies of troops formed the left of the invading army. It was a part of General Howe's plan that while these engaged the right of the Americans, his brother's men-of-war should menace New York city, and at dawn of day these were seen sailing up the harbor. The wind, however, proved so unfavorable that they soon went back again, much to the relief of Washington, who had heard the firing on Long Island, but had not dared to leave New York. As the fleet withdrew, he hurried over to Brooklyn. The sun had risen with a burning heat, and by this time was fairly scorching the brave fellows who were fighting their first battle against overwhelming odds.

The force opposed to Stirling was commanded by General Grant. He had once made a speech in Parliament upon American affairs in which he had declared that with 5000 British troops he would march from one end of the colonies to the other. Stirling had been present, and had heard the boast. As he formed his men in line of battle he repeated it to them, and added, "He may have his 5000 with him now; we are not so many, but I think we are enough to prevent his advancing further than that mill-pond." Half a mile before reaching the Red Lion Tavern, Stirling met Atlee's picket corps retiring from that point, and saw the van-guard of the enemy approaching along the Gowanus Road, by which he was himself advancing. Ordering forward Atlee's skirmishers, he at once formed his line of battle. Its right rested on Gowanus Bay, occupying a winding road that crossed a great sand hill, called Bluckie's Barracks; its left far away on the Flatbush Road near its junction with the Porte Road; its centre, composed of the Maryland and Delaware regiments, of which, in the absence of their colonels, Smallwood and Hazlett, Stirling took command in person, on the high ground now known as Battle Hill, in Greenwood

Cemetery, near its western boundary. Here, at the most obtrusive angle of his line, he succeeded in planting two field-pieces. These, with the galling fire of Kichline's riflemen, posted behind a hedge at the foot of the Greenwood hills, obliged the British to fall back from their advanced position, and enabled Atlee's skirmishers to re-occupy an orchard from which they had been driven a short time before. General Grant's line was about 600 yards in front of Stirling, stretching along the hills, and resting on the shore in front of Bluckie's Barracks. At this point there was some hard fighting, and elsewhere, off and on, and for six hours, the Americans innocently imagining that they were holding the enemy in check. Their illusion was augmented when, soon after ten o'clock, Grant was re-enforced by two regiments from the fleet; whereupon Stirling ordered forward his reserves. Their position was, in fact, a strong one; but there is no telling what the result would have been if Grant's orders had not been to desist from any vigorous attack until a certain signal had been given. While he is waiting for this signal, let us turn our attention to the Flatbush Pass, where General Sullivan was confronted by General De Heister and his 8000 Hessians.

The red glare of the rising sun revealed to Sullivan no change in the position of the enemy directly in his front. There had, however, been important changes of which he was not aware. Cornwallis had not

> "Folded his tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently stolen away."

He had stolen away without folding his tents, leaving them standing to disguise the fact of his departure. In front of Sullivan only the Hessians and one British regiment now remained of all the host that for five days had been lying there on the broad plains of Flatbush and Flatlands. But for an hour or two already Sullivan had heard firing far away on his right, and as it grew more regular, and deepened every now and then into the roar of cannon, the mass in front of him, so long lethargic, began to show signs of activity. The lighter troops came sweeping up from Flatbush to the right and left of the Flatbush Road; not far behind, the grenadiers and several pieces of artillery. These were no sooner brought into position, half a mile away, than they opened fire upon the battery upon the knoll which makes one side of Battle Pass, in Prospect Park. De Heister, like Grant, far to his left, was waiting for a preconcerted signal, and would have been satisfied with this artillery duel till he should hear it sound. But his fierce Colonel Donop had been "spoiling for a fight" for several days. Would his general be so kind as to permit him to lead forward the sharp-shooters and grenadiers? De Heister could not find it in his heart to refuse him altogether, but he must not advance beyond the edge of the woods in which the Americans were posted. Along this edge a sharp skirmish was kept up for two hours. These tactics soon began to excite the curiosity of Sullivan. Taking 400 men, he started on a reconnaissance, probably to the eastward of the Flatbush Road, along the slopes of the hills on which he had stationed two Connecticut regiments and one Pennsylvania, that of Colonel Miles. While he was gone, De Heister heard the signal he was waiting for—the boom of two heavy guns in the rear of the Americans. These also heard it, and asked each other, with white faces, what it meant. It meant they were outflanked; that they were caught between an upper and a nether millstone; that almost every other man of them was doomed to sudden death.

It was nine o'clock when De Heister heard the signal guns in the rear of the Americans. In the deepening twilight of the previous day Cornwallis had withdrawn his division from Flatbush to Flatlands. About nine o'clock the advance-guard, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, took up its line of march toward the northeast, along the king's highway which led from Flatbush to New Lots. He had with him the light dragoons, a brigade of light infantry, and Cornwallis's reserve, with the exception of a single regiment which had been left upon De Heister's left, the Seventy-first Regiment, and fourteen pieces of artillery. The main body of the army, consisting of thirteen regiments, with ten field-pieces, led by Lord Percy and accompanied by General Howe, marched shortly after Clinton, and these in their turn were soon followed by the Forty-first Regiment, with four 12-pounders, the baggage bringing up the rear. The road along which they marched has not yet been sacrificed to the modern passion for right angles. Its pleasant curves still wind along from Gravesend to East New York, fringed upon either side with shrubs and straggling vines, bordered with foot-paths that invite to solitary rambles. Many a house still stands, past which the British marched that night the projecting roofs, and great doors opening in two horizontal sections, the upper pierced with bull's-eyes, confirming the traditions of the occupants. Many a great tree still shades the road which lent a deeper shade to it that night, as Clinton, Percy, and the rest stole silently along—so silently that the heavy Dutch sleep of the adjacent people was in some recorded instances unbroken. At Schoonmaker's Bridge, a little southeast of the present site of East New York, resistance was expected—unwarrantably, it proved; and now the country lay all open, to the foot of the hills through which the Brooklyn and Ja-

maica road came out upon the level ground of East New York. Leaving the road, with Tory guides to lead him, Cornwallis struck across to Howard's Tavern, situated on the king's highway, and still standing there, at the intersection of Broadway with the Jamaica turnpike. This tavern and every other house in the vicinity were immediately surrounded by the troops. Howard and his son were suddenly awakened to find their tavern full of British officers anxious for something to drink, but more anxious to be instructed about a certain "Rockaway Path," a wood road leading round the eastern side of the hill, on the western side of which was the Jamaica Pass. This pass the British expected to find strongly guarded, and they desired to turn the enemy's position by the other road. One of the generals (probably not Howe, as reported by young Howard, he being somewhat in the rear with Percy) demanded of Howard that he should point out the way. "We belong to the other side, and can't serve you against our duty," said the host. "That is all right," was the answer; "stick to your country and your principles; but you are my prisoner, and must guide my men over that hill. If you refuse, I shall have you shot through the head." This argument was irresistible. Father and son went together, and led the way through the Rockaway Path, which can be traced to-day among the grassy barrows of the Cemetery of the Evergreens, coming out into the cleared fields close by the northern gate. The caution, however, had been needless. The Jamaica Pass thus flanked was found to be unguarded, in spite of every thing that Greene and Sullivan and Washington had planned and ordered.



JOHN CALLENDER SAVED BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

Immediately the main body was pushed forward. Having gained the pass, a rest was ordered and breakfast on the adjoining hills. Starting again along the Brooklyn and Jamaica road, by half past eight the van-guard was at Bedford Four Corners. Here the long spell of silence and secrecy was broken; the bands struck up; the troops broke out into loud cheers; and push-

ing on, by nine o'clock the advanced column rested on the junction of the old Flatbush and Jamaica roads, close by the present junction of Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, and only a few rods in front of the Americans' inner line of fortifications. Then it was that the two heavy cannon sounded the preconcerted signal.

De Heister heard it, and immediately ordered Donop to carry the Flatbush Pass redoubt. A sudden rush, and it was carried. The Hessian yagers swept up through the woods; the grenadiers came after them with fixed bayonets, keeping their lines firm and unbroken even among the trees and underbrush. Back, back they pressed the feeble lines of Henshaw's and Johnston's Massachusetts and New Jersey men, with Hand's riflemen scattered among them. Sullivan, with his four hundred absentees, had heard the signal guns, divined their meaning, and started for the fortified lines. A detachment of the British had marched through the Clove Road, and reached the rear of Colonel Miles, posted on the extreme left, and his men were soon in full retreat. The different bands of fugitives mingling together on the slopes of Prospect Hill, were suddenly confronted by the troops of Clinton and Cornwallis advancing with fixed bayonets. To retreat from these was to retreat upon the Hessians, whose tender mercies were exceeding cruel. A few, made desperate by their situation, managed to break through the Hessian lines, and reached East River far up toward the Sound. Some, too, reached the Porte Road, and made their way across Freeke's mill-dam into the shelter of the lines. But these were a minority. The greater part found themselves shut up in a triangular inclosure, whose walls of steel and fire pressed closer every moment, like some horrible contrivance of Inquisitorial torture. The retreat became a rout, the rout a massacre. Surrender was no longer a security against death. The Hessians gave no quarter; the British set them the example. Men who had thrown away their arms were shot down without remorse, or transfixed with bayonets to the trees. The survivors saw there was no pity in the breasts of their assailants, and peaceful farmer-folk, who a month before would not have hurt a field-mouse in the furrow, grew terrible with a resolve to lose their lives at the severest cost to their assassins. For two hours the area which is now inclosed between Atlantic, Flatbush, and Clinton avenues saw our poor men, unused to arms or discipline, struggling in vain against a force nearly ten times their own, splendidly disciplined and officered. Before the struggle ended, more than a thousand of our yeomanry lay dead upon the field.

Out of the many instances of individual bravery which must have signalized this fearful struggle, few have been preserved; but one, that has been, lights up the melancholy darkness of the scene with a peculiar brightness. At the battle of Bunker Hill, John Callender, a captain of artillery, had withdrawn from the battle, and had disobeyed Putnam's orders to return. The battle over, Putnam declared that if Callender was not cashiered or shot, he would himself leave the service. A court-martial convicted him of cowardice and dismissed him "from all further service in the Continental army as an officer." Coward or not, he was brave enough to step down into the ranks of the company he had commanded. The 27th of August found him on the heights overlooking Flatbush. His captain and lieutenant had fallen, his companions were beginning to retreat. Springing in front of them, he ordered them to return and man their pieces. For a time his courage nourished theirs; but at length he stood alone, charging a field-piece, while his comrades were swept away by a tremendous onset of the enemy. Courting death, he made no signal of surrender when the hostile bayonets were at his breast; but a brave officer interfered in his behalf, and he was made a prisoner. Washington, hearing of his conduct, ordered the sentence against him to be erased and his command to be restored to him; and when, a year later, he was exchanged, he gave him his hand before the army, in token of his great respect and admiration. He left the service at the end of the war with an enviable reputation.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when General Grant heard a second time the signal guns of Lord Cornwallis. Boom! Boom! The first time he knew well enough they were intended for De Heister. This time he knew as well that they were meant for him. He had just been re-enforced by two fresh regiments from the fleet, and with their arrival his period of inaction ceased. Pushing rapidly forward, Colonel Atlee and his faithful skirmishers to the number of 235 were soon killed or made prisoners. The Connecticut regiment of Colonel Huntington fared little or no better. And almost simultaneously with the fierce onset on Stirling's front the Hessians came streaming in upon his left along the hills, and Cornwallis, whom he imagined to be far away in Flatbush, came hurrying down upon his rear, seizing the junction of the Porte and Gowanus roads, and pushing on a little beyond this point, as far as the old Cortelyou house, which stood on the upper side of the Gowanus Road, a few hundred feet from the creek, with which its original owner, Nicholas Vechte, had connected it by a canal, which he found a great convenience, but which proved very inconvenient on the 27th of August, 1776. The situation was terrible, but Stirling did not lose in



LORD STIRLING'S LAST STRUGGLE AROUND THE OLD CORTELYOU HOUSE.

any least degree his self-possession. His titular lordship might be denied him by English peers, but he would prove this day that he was one of nature's noblemen. He saw that if he could not drive Cornwallis back beyond the Porte Road, or at least hold him where he was, his whole command would suffer death or capture. He resolved upon a costly sacrifice, if haply one more costly might be prevented. Changing his front, and taking with him less than 300 of the Maryland regiment, he ordered the remainder of it and all his other troops to retreat across the marsh and creek, which the rising tide was making every moment less and less passable. He knew the quality of the young men whom he had chosen for a perilous duty. They were indeed young, hardly more than boys, sons of the "first families" of Maryland, bright ardent spirits, eager to do something for liberty; eager too to win distinction for themselves and for their beloved State.

Stirling invited them to no hardship which he did not mean to share. Taking his place at their head, he led them rapidly along the Gowanus Road, which made quite a sharp bend three or four hundred yards from the Cortelyou house, and till they reached this point the steep road-side with its brambly hedge concealed them from the enemy. Turning this bend, they came at once upon their advanced guard, and with impetuous courage drove them back upon the house. Whereupon Cornwallis brought two field-pieces into position at the corner of the house, from whose doors and windows his grenadiers poured a steady fire, while from the adjacent hills the Hessian riflemen sent many a messenger of death. The slender column was lessened every second. At last it halted, closed up its ranks as the field-pieces thinned them out with grape and canister, stood for a moment, and then sullenly withdrew beyond the bend in the road.

Looking across the marshes and the mill-dams, Stirling saw hundreds of his men in full retreat. Once more he called upon the remnant of his chosen band to interpose themselves between these fugitives and the advancing foe; once more he found them ready; once more, turning the bend, they encountered the same dreadful fire of rifles,

musketry, and cannon; once more they drove back the advanced guard, quite to the house this time, reached the house themselves, drove the gunners from their pieces, seized them for a moment, and then reeled again under the incessant firing from the house, and again slowly retreated. Again, again, and yet again, this little band of heroes, smaller every time, rallied around their leader, and returned with him

> "Into the jaws of death,
> Into the mouth of hell."

After the fifth encounter there were too few remaining to make another rally possible, and, indeed, it was not needed. The vicarious sacrifice had done its work. The fugitives had nearly all escaped. Two hundred and fifty-six killed, wounded, and missing were reported by the colonel of the regiment. Apparently the prisoners were few. Of the whole number the tradition is that nearly all were killed outright or pierced with mortal wounds. Considering what the prisoners were obliged to suffer, the fortune of the dead was happiest. Their mangled forms were gathered up by friendly hands, and laid to rest under a little mound, which, only a few years ago, was visible in the vicinity of Seventh Street and Third Avenue. Now, by the grading of these streets, it has been hidden. But the old Cortelyou house, which still stands at the junction of Third Street and Fifth Avenue, is a rude and crumbling monument, better than any that could be cast in bronze or carved in marble, of the heroism that swayed back and forth before its venerable walls on that eventful day. A feeble remnant of the regiment struggled across the creek, bearing their tattered colors with them. Stirling, unable to do more, but disdaining to surrender to an English officer, spurred away across the hills until he found De Heister, and to him he gave his sword. Taken on board the fleet, he found Sullivan already there.

And so the battle ended ere yet it was high noon. Four or five thousand men had been surrounded by four times as many of the enemy. More than a thousand had been made prisoners; the dead were more than these. In his official report General Howe estimates the total loss of the Americans at 3300. Washington's figures are very different from these, and, it is generally conceded, much less accurate, though Howe's exceed the truth. His own losses he returned as 367 killed, wounded, and missing. They were probably much greater.

That the result was not still more disastrous, the thanks of the Americans were due to General Howe rather than to any of their own generals. He it was, mindful, it has been suggested, of his terrible experience at Bunker Hill, who held in leash his generals, Robertson and Vaughan, who were intensely eager to carry the fortifications by assault while the battle on the Flatbush Heights was still progressing. Indeed, Colonel Stuart, with the Thirty-second Regulars, without waiting for orders, made a sudden rush across the open fields before Fort Putnam, and was close upon the parapet, when he was ordered back. Had Howe but given the word, it would, no doubt, have been an easy matter at this juncture to carry the works by an impetuous assault. But few troops were left at this time in the intrenchments, and those that were left were



STATUE OF GENERAL GLOVER.*

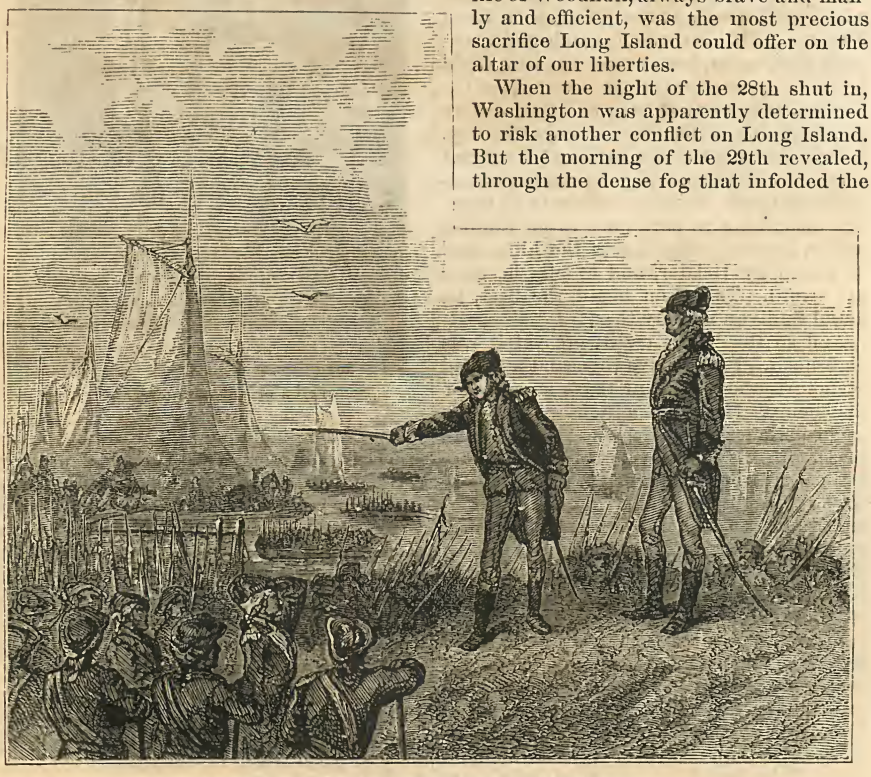
not to be relied upon. The detachments ordered over from New York had not yet arrived. When, a few days later, Howe came into possession of the works, as if they were a witness against him, he ordered them to be at once obliterated, and others of a more scientific and formidable character to be erected in their place.

The space inclosed by the original fortifications must have presented a more unique appearance the night after the battle than at any other time in its history, but an appearance as melancholy as it was unique.

* This statue stands in Commonwealth Avenue, Boston—the gift of John T. Read to that city.

As the day closed there fell a drenching shower, increasing in no small degree the general discomfort. Few of the soldiers had tents or barracks. The patriotic inhabitants of the outlying farms, who had sought the lines on the landing of the British, huddled about their wagons and such household stuff as they had brought along with them. From 1200 to 1500 head of cattle, that had been driven in to prevent their falling into the hands of the invaders, roamed about the camp hungry and scared, making night hideous with their bellowing. The vague terrors of the night at length gave place to the more definite apprehensions of another day. A thick mist clung to the landscape, through which, at four o'clock, came Washington to cheer up his shattered and dispirited battalions. A little later Shee's and Magaw's Pennsylvania regiments came over, and Colonel Glover's regiment of Marblehead fishermen, trimly dressed in navy blue and wearing sailors' jackets. These new arrivals were greeted with a shout of welcome as they marched along to take their stations on the low ground between Fort Putnam and the Wallabout. There were now 9000 troops in the intrenchments. As the mist cleared away a little, it revealed a force of 20,000 redcoats and Hessians stationed along the hills and undulating fields facing the fortifications. A heavy rain set in, filling the trenches waist-deep with water, soaking to their skin the new-comers, who had no tents provided for them, but doing some good service in keeping the enemy in their tents till late in the afternoon, when they appeared and began to throw up intrenchments 500 yards away. There was some skirmishing during the day, but the most tragical event was far away in Jamaica village, where Nathaniel Woodhull, a provincial general, who had been president the year before of the New York Provincial Congress, was made a prisoner. Commanded to say "God save the king," he said "God save us all," whereupon Oliver De Lancey, a partisan trooper, or some creature of his, proceeded to slash him with his sabre on his head and arms. Mortally wounded, he was taken to the little church through whose broad aisle had galloped the adventurous youth one Sunday morning. The church was filled with other prisoners, patriots whom De Lancey's partisans had officiously arrested. A venerable friend, Elder Baylis, did his best to comfort them. Later, General Woodhull was taken to the little Dutch church in New Utrecht, used as a prison; when dying, to a house close by, which has disappeared since 1850, when it was nearly two hundred years old. The life of Woodhull, always brave and manly and efficient, was the most precious sacrifice Long Island could offer on the altar of our liberties.

When the night of the 28th shut in, Washington was apparently determined to risk another conflict on Long Island. But the morning of the 29th revealed, through the dense fog that infolded the



COLONEL GLOVER SUPERINTENDING THE EMBARKATION.



GIVING INFORMATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

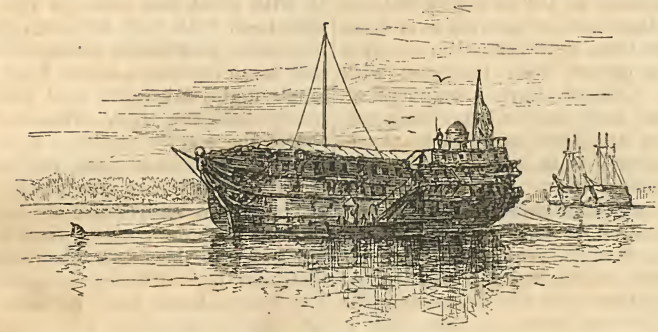
opposing armies all day long, a redoubt in process of construction near the present junction of De Kalb and Clinton avenues, a point already spoken of as overlooking Fort Putnam, the highest point in the American line. Washington's resolve was at once taken. He must evacuate Long Island. A great number of row-boats and barges, with some sail-boats, had been brought together on the New York side, as if with the intention of carrying over fresh detachments from New York city. Only a few leading officers were intrusted with the secret. Colonel Glover's regiment of mariners had been busy all day long collecting every available means of transportation. As soon as it was dark the first troops were sent over. Colonel Glover, a man whose modesty alone had prevented his name from being among the signers of the Declaration with his great townsman's, Elbridge Gerry, whose bosom-friend he was, took his position near the ferry stairs to superintend the embarkation. His humble stature must have contrasted almost ridiculously with the towering form of Washington, who stood beside him all night long. It was a piece of singular good fortune that brought the two together at this critical juncture. Without just such a body of men as Glover had at his command, the retreat would have been absolutely impossible. It required skillful oarsmen and men long used to handling the tiller to contend successfully with wind and tide—to row and steer 9000 men, with field artillery, much heavy ordnance, provisions, ammunition, horses, and camp equipage, across East River in a single night, enveloped as it was in fog for nearly half the time. Washington never forgot the service rendered him by Glover and his men at the most critical moment of the Revolutionary struggle.

The intense darkness of the night helped to conceal the movement from the enemy, but added to the inevitable confusion, and increased the difficulties of the embarkation. For several hours the wind and tide were both unfavorable, and only the row-boats could be used. Later, the wind changed to

the right quarter, and the sail-boats came into play. At two o'clock a heavy fog set in, and lengthened out the night an hour or two beyond its ordinary bound. The least-disciplined troops were taken over first —the Pennsylvania regiments of Colonels Hand, Shee, and Magaw, the Delawares, and the brave remnant of the Marylanders being reserved until the last. There was all manner of marching and countermarching to deceive the men in regard to what was going on. The most critical moment was when General Mifflin, having received mistaken orders, came marching down to the ferry with all the troops that had been left in the intrenchments. For a moment there were sharp words between Washington and Mifflin; then the brave Pennsylvanian led his men back to the intrenchments, there to await the proper time for their departure. The last boats were still upon the river, one of them bearing Washington, who had not slept, and had hardly been out of the saddle, for forty-eight hours, when a detachment of the British were seen clambering over the intrenchments. Well might General Greene write, "Considering the difficulties, the retreat from Long Island was the best effected I ever read or heard of."

But it was only because the Hessians were not acquainted with the English language that it was not the most sanguinary and disastrous retreat imaginable; for scarcely had it begun ere a Tory wife, living within the lines and near the ferry, whose husband, John Rapalye, had suffered much indignity at the hands of his Whig neighbors, sent off a negro slave to inform General Howe of the fact. Thus would her many wrongs, she thought, and especially her painful separation from her husband, be splendidly avenged. Escaping through the American lines, the negro fell in with a company of Hessians, and told them his story. They, unable to understand him, locked him up till morning, and with him his precious secret. In paying our Centennial debts, let us not forget how much we owe to their stupidity.

A sadder tragedy than the battle of Long Island is associated with the history of Brooklyn subsequent to that event—a tragedy of many years' duration. It is the tragedy of the Wallabout prison-ships, related to the Revolutionary war as the prison-pens of Libby and Andersonville to the late civil war. On the 20th of October, 1776, the *Whitby*, a large transport, anchored in the Wallabout, and was soon filled with prisoners. From year to year, as the war dragged on, many other ships were detailed for the same purpose, and their names, *Stromboli*, *Scorpion*, *Hunter*, *Falmouth*, *Scheldt*, and *Clyde*, became synonyms for all the horrors that confinement and bad air, bad water, scanty and poor provisions, could accumulate on the devoted heads of the unfortunate prisoners. The old *Jersey*, oftener called "the Hell," became in later times the type and synonym of the whole fearful company of hulks, of which she was the largest, and on that account, if on no other, the most horrible. More than a thousand prisoners were sometimes living, or rather dying, on board of her at a time. The sufferings of these prisoners were no more terrible than their courage was simple and sublime. When death had terminated their sufferings, they were buried in the light sandy soil around the basin, in such shallow graves that the storms and tides soon brought their skeletons to light. The sun bleached them and the waves hustled them about until 1808, when some of them were gathered up and placed, with most bombastic and ridiculous ceremonies, it must be allowed, in a queer structure near the Navy-yard, built as a tomb and monument by the Tammany Society of New York. This structure going to decay, after a good deal of agitation an act of the State Legislature was procured appropriating $7500 to build upon Fort Greene a tomb, which, it is hoped, will one day be surmounted by a monument. Within this handsome tomb the precious bones now rest from all their wanderings—among them, it is easy to believe, the bones of many a patriot whose living feet once trod the place where now he lies, and who went forth from it to battle, one refulgent August morning, full of high hope and eager expectation.



THE PRISON-SHIP "JERSEY."

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY TO THE JORDAN.

IN order to go from Jerusalem to the Jordan, it is necessary to have an escort of Arabs, to whose chief a certain sum is paid for protection. As the price of such an escort is rather onerous for one person, parties are often made up in Jerusalem to share it, as well as to have the pleasure of traveling with company. While exploring the hills of Judæa, I met an American family, who invited me under these conditions to join them in their excursion to the place above mentioned. The invitation came after several days' sight-seeing together in the Holy City, and was at once accepted.

I shall call the family by the name of Bromly, in order not to scale the walls of private life. It consisted of Mr. Bromly, wife, and daughter Helen, and they were accompanied by an Egyptian dragoman and a courier whom they had engaged in Malta.

Mr. Bromly was one of those whom it is now the fashion to hold up before the youth of the country for emulation: he had made money, and his views of life were what is called practical. Twenty years of close union with her partner in the struggle for money had made of his wife a pale reflection of her husband. By one of those compensations which nature occasionally furnishes, the daughter was different from her parents in almost every respect. She had the beauty which is one of the national dowries of the American woman when young, and she had enjoyed social and educational advantages which had been denied to the parents, which may be said to be the case in all new, progressive countries. The development of grace and perfection in this handsome young woman was regarded, it is hardly necessary to say, with parental admiration. She was the realization of their dream. The grubbing for money had been the work of their lives, and she was their pleasure. Hence was she somewhat spoiled: it could hardly be otherwise.

Early in the morning, as the first rays of the Syrian sun gilded the dome of the Mosque of Omar, we passed out of the gate of St. Stephen, on the eastern side of Jerusalem, on horseback, followed by the mules with the tents and the luggage, accompanied by the escort of six Arabs. As we left the city, and were winding around the shoulder of Mount Olivet, Clarkson, the courier, rode up to me to make inquiries about the safety of the journey and other matters connected therewith, knowing that I had had some experience in that way, and as he did so, his eye turned on Miss Bromly with a certain degree of solicitude.

I rode in front of the little caravan with Miss Bromly. In a short time the reserve was broken, and we had many things to say concerning the scenes through which we were passing. After the mid-day lunch in the chalky cliffs of the rapid descent of the mountain, we all felt as if we had known each other for a long time, three hours in a tent being equivalent to three weeks of ordinary life in promoting intimacy. As we descended the natural stairway of rock, Clarkson was sent ahead to secure the best camping ground in the neighborhood of the Jordan, and he left us with apparent reluctance.

Arriving at the Jordan, Miss Bromly, having brought a bathing costume with her, appeared in it on the shore of the stream with the matter-of-course air that she might have shown at Brighton or Newport, and ran into the water at the place where John is believed to have baptized the multitudes who came down from Jerusalem and Galilee. The current was rapid, and some anxiety was manifested by Mrs. Bromly as her daughter waded into the water. The courier, however, stood near the edge of the stream in a careless attitude; but his eye was not in harmony with his lounging manner, and betrayed a resolution to jump in case of danger. As I walked near him, I saw that he was endeavoring to repress the appearance of solicitude which he felt. This was not natural in a courier, and I observed him. Why a man in his station should take such an unusual interest in one of his travelers was a question which began to excite my curiosity.

As we stood looking at the swimmer playing in the water, I observed to Mrs. Bromly that her daughter was in good spirits, which started the maternal tongue, and before long I was made acquainted with a portion of the daughter's history. It appeared that Helen had obeyed that impulsion which is common to all peoples, ages, and climes. She had fallen in love, and with a good-for-nothing artist in the Latin Quarter who lived from hand to mouth. They had had some trouble in estranging her from the young man, but finally succeeded, and at the time she was talking seemed to have entirely gotten over the episode.

"What was the name of this presuming painter?"

"Bromly—Charles Bromly."

"A relative of yours?"

"Not in the least."

"I have a theory, Mrs. Bromly."

"What is it?"

"That the same name was the starting-point of interest between them. People always take unusual interest in those bearing the same name as themselves. And the painter—did he seem to get over it as easily as your daughter?"

"No; he persevered for some time, but we finally shook him by taking this voyage to the Jordan."

Here it is hardly necessary to observe that Mrs. Bromly's life had been passed rather in acquiring riches than the niceties of her native tongue. While this conversation was taking place, the eyes of the courier were looking at the radiant face of the swimmer with a reflected radiance; that is, she was indifferent toward him, apparently not even taking cognizance of his presence. But this was not the case with him: he was absorbed. There was in his face something that should not be found in that of a courier when contemplating his mistress, even in the opinion of the democracy of America. The blood seemed to tingle pleasantly under his swarthy skin, and his eyes to caress with admiration. I said to myself, This is as plain as a pikestaff as far as the courier is concerned, but the cause of it is evidently not aware of the effect of her charms. The parents were also evidently in the same ignorance. Then came the thought whether it was not my duty to apprise the parents of my knowledge, which was followed by another thought, that it was none of my business—to meddle is to get into trouble. Here, considering the subject disposed of, I turned to Mr. Bromly.

"Observe the wren on the thorn bush; there, too, is the nightingale of the desert singing in the branches of the tamarisk overhanging the stream. I wonder if it sung its song when John stood there in the water as it does now?"

"I don't take much stock in that kind of thing," observed Mr. Bromly; "but I should like to know how much Herod gave Cleopatra an acre for the land lying round here. Not much, I reckon."

"But it was very fertile in old days. The Knights of the Holy Sepulchre owned it once, and they derived from it princely revenues."

"It don't look so," said Mr. Bromly; "still, with irrigation, something might be done with it."

The talk was interrupted by a little scream from Mrs. Bromly. We turned quickly, and saw Miss Bromly borne away by the rapid current, and the courier swimming swiftly after her. I pulled off my coat and plunged in too, but by the time I had gotten well into the stream, he had caught her, and was pulling for the shore. I reached them while they were still in deep water, and assisted in getting the young woman to the land.



"HE HAD CAUGHT HER, AND WAS PULLING FOR THE SHORE."

She did not faint nor show any sign of weakness, and the probabilities are that she would have reached the shore unaided, although it would have taken a little longer.

"It was not worth while getting yourselves wet," said she, pluckily shaking herself like a water-dog.

The courier was more frightened than she, but soon recovered his self-possession.

"That courier is first-class," said Bromly. "I shall give him a liberal *backshish*."

"Yes," added Miss Helen, "he is an excellent fellow, and ought to have a nice present."

I looked into the calm eyes of her who said this, and saw that she saw nothing but what her parents saw; it was simply a sentiment of gratitude for a personal service rendered by a subordinate.

The courier hurried off to his tent to take off his wet clothing, and five minutes after, as I was passing it, it occurred to me that I had some trivial order to give, and I stepped in to see him. Here a revelation awaited me. He was just putting on a dry undergarment, which he hurriedly adjusted as he saw me. But I caught sight of what he strove to hide, which was the difference between the color of the skin on his hands and face and that of his body. In a word, the complexion of his body was that of a blonde, while that of his face and hands was as dark as an Arab's.

"I have seen it," said I, looking him in the eye.

"Seen what?" said he, striving to get his eyes away from mine.

"The difference between your body and your face."

"I am much sunburned — traveling in Egypt, you know."

"I do not believe the sun has had any thing to do with it."

My face was probably skeptical, for he did not attempt to re-affirm his statement of the effect of the Egyptian sun.

"Come," said I, "what does this masquerading mean?"

He at length made his confession. He was, as the reader probably suspects, the Bohemian painter of whom Mrs. Bromly had spoken to me. After being discarded, he followed the family to Malta, where he disguised in the costume he then wore, and presented himself as a courier, and was engaged because "he spoke English so plainly." Under his black locks he showed me a closely cropped blonde head. So far the family had not an idea of his identity, not even Miss Helen.

When he said this, I told him that I was inclined to think that she did not love him, as true love is said to penetrate all disguises.

"Alas!" said he, "I am afraid myself that she does not return my affection."

"But when you were together in Paris, did she not manifest in some way—"

"She accorded me a preference, and that was all. She never told me that she loved me." This was said ruefully.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" said I, taking a common-sense view of the affair.

"All that I propose is to be near to her. I don't go beyond that."

After which he conjured me to silence, which I promised for the time being, reserving to myself the right to speak when I thought it was my duty to do so.

The next day we made an excursion over the burning plain of about an hour to the Arab village of El Riha, which stands on the site of ancient Jericho. On our way thither the courier rode up several times to explain the route, and we soon reached the place, consisting of a score or two of mud huts, covered with corn-stalk roofs, the whole surrounded by a wall of brush and stones. Of the famous "City of the Palms," only one tree remained, like the last rose of summer. Indeed, this was the only palm-tree to be seen on the plains.

"There were once beautiful avenues lined with sycamore and palm trees and palaces," said the courier, "on the ground over which we are walking. There was here, too, a great circus for gladiatorial combats. Herod dwelt here after being driven out of Jerusalem. The theologians have made it out that his life was one of constant pain and remorse while he lived in Jericho, but the probabilities are that he led a rather pleasant one, after the Roman and Hellenic manner."

"First-class, our courier is," said Bromly to his wife.

"The end was sad," continued the courier. "Contentions arose before his death, and as he died he already saw the scramble for his possessions. The sterile plains which you see around you were once fertile gardens, belonging to a woman who was much loved."

"And she was—" asked Helen.

"Cleopatra. Antony gave her these gardens. His was a noble heart, whose affection was not requited, for she never loved him as he loved her."

"Clarkson, you speak feelingly on the subject," observed Helen, with the faintest bit of acidity in her speech.

"How do you come to know these things, Clarkson?" asked Bromly.

"Picked them up from travelers. In my business, you know, I hear them talk a good deal."

"And, Clarkson," pursued Bromly, "what do you say to the blowing of that horn which overthrew the walls of Jericho?"

"I simply say," answered the courier, "that it is the greatest blow on record."

"I have a suspicion that Clarkson is not orthodox," said Helen.

"I am—at least in one particular."

"Pray what is that?"

"I shall tell you another time, Miss Bromly."

"Ah! you make a secret of it. Pray do not let us violate your confidence."

"I shall tell it to you alone, Miss Bromly."

"Clarkson, you are presuming too much on my good nature. Let me inform you, if you do not know it, that a lady has no secrets with a person in your station. Learn, Clark-



"HE AVAILED HIMSELF OF THE INVITATION WITH ALACRITY."

son, if you are ignorant of it, that a courier is simply a—courier."

After this rebuke Clarkson subsided into silence, and a throng of men, women, and children came out of the brush and stone walls and surrounded us, begging for *backshish*. We scattered some Turkish coins among them, and at length got away.

As we rode back to our camp there was probably remorse in the breast of Miss Bromly for her harsh treatment of the courier, since she invited him to ride up alongside and hold an umbrella over her head against the sun. He availed himself of the invitation with alacrity, it is hardly necessary to say, and thus coupled, became radiant during the rest of the ride back.

On getting back from the excursion to El Riha, I took a little stroll with Miss Bromly along the banks of the Jordan while waiting dinner. As she threw twigs into the stream, the conversation turned Parisward, and I asked if she had ever known a young painter there called Bromly, a namesake of hers.

"What Bromly?" asked she, with an unchanged face.

"Charles Bromly, an American."

"Charles Bromly," she repeated, as if trying to recollect the name. "He lived in the Latin Quarter, did he not?"

"He did."

"Oh yes, I knew him."

"What did you think of him?"

"I thought he was a nice young man. How muddy the water is! I wonder if it is always as muddy as this?"

As she said this, her face bore the calm of innocence, and I felt that the young man must be laboring under a strange delusion.

"Yes," said I, "it is always more or less muddy. Did you not leave Paris with a strong regret?"

"Not only *a* strong regret, but half a dozen of them," answered she, with vivacity. "First, there was my dress-maker—I parted from him with a pang; second, there was my modiste—that was pang number two; the opera, three; Français, four; the Bois de Boulogne, five. Let me see, what was my sixth pang? Ah, yes, our snug little dinners where we lived in the Champs Élysées."

As we returned to the tent, I observed, "Then your heart did not call you back when you left Paris?"

"Why, a few minutes ago I enumerated half a dozen calls, since you seemed so desirous of knowing. Do you smell the *pilaf*? Is it not good?"

When we reached the tent the dragoman told us that Mr. and Mrs. Bromly were waiting for us, and we sat down to dinner, served by the dragoman and the cook. The courier came in, and also endeavored to assist at table. He waited on Miss Bromly especially, changing her plate and offering her food until it appeared to annoy her, for she said, "Clarkson, you have too much zeal."

The courier, however, continued to move about her with invitations to eat of this and that, when she said, somewhat sharply,

"Clarkson, you are a good courier, but you are too officious. Restrain your ardor. I fancy you have an idea that you saved my life in the Jordan yesterday, and that I am henceforth in some sense to be under your protection. If you entertain such an idea, you will do well to banish it at once. You did not save my life—I wish that distinctly understood—for I could easily have gotten to the shore unaided, for I am a fair swimmer. Clarkson, you will please retire, for I think we can finish this dinner without any further assistance from you."

Clarkson bit his lip, bowed in silence, and went out, when both Mr. and Mrs. Bromly observed to their daughter that she was unnecessarily severe with the courier. Half an hour afterward we sat outside of the tent, Bromly and myself smoking, when Miss Helen, seeing the courier a little distance off, called him. When he came near, she took her father's cigar-case and offered him a cigar, which he accepted, still ruffled, though pleased. This was the peace-offering for the hostilities over the dinner. Not wishing, probably, to subject himself to the chances of another rebuff, he moved off after lighting his cigar. Then, during the course of the evening, she asked him to do something almost menial, which destroyed the effect of the pacific cigar.

I found the courier chafing and waiting for me in my tent.

"This is a dog's life," said he, doggedly.

"Of your own choosing," I added. "You can change it whenever you like."

"She did not blow hot and cold this way, half a dozen times in a day, in Paris."

"Since you refer to that," said I, "let me ask you seriously if you don't think your imagination has given a color to your relations with Miss Bromly in that town that they in reality did not possess?"

"We were intimate," answered he, "and she appeared to like me. All the ordinary signs pointed that way—I can say no more than that. You must understand how I feel, and that I can not exaggerate in a matter of such delicacy as this."

"But when I talked to her to-day about you, she did not seem to feel any attachment for you; indeed, she appeared at first to have some difficulty in recollecting your name."

"She is full of *finesse*," returned he. "You don't know her, and she has been simply playing the comedian with you."

"You think she has no idea that you are under that disguise?"

"None whatever."

In the evening the Arabs came from El Riha to give a "fantasia." The nasal voices of these dark people and a string instrument of primitive fashion furnished the music for the dance which some of them performed before us. It was the same old two-four time, with the refrains of "trill-la-la-la," familiar to the ears of most travelers in the East. There was the same woman's dance, whose features most readers have learned through description—the twisting and posturing of the body on almost stationary feet, the gestures in graceful curves, and the waving of the scarf.

The Syrian moon shone down on the camp with a brightness unknown to the Western world as the group sat and talked with an expansion they would not have displayed under ordinary circumstances. It ran into the groove about handsome women and desirable men.

"Well," said I, "Miss Bromly, I suppose you have made up your mind about the type of man you admire?"

"I have. He is dark, slight, and rather under the middle height."

The whilom Charles Bromly was light, strong, and above the middle height.

"He is a man of a positive nature, who looks at the practical side of life. Not one of those passionate people who devote themselves to an art and talk of nothing else. And of all professions, I think that of painting is one of the most unsatisfactory and precarious. My type is not a painter."

A shade of sorrow passed over the face of the listening courier. Mr. Bromly commended his daughter for her opinion as to the man most entitled to admiration, whom he designated in his more homely tongue as a "square man." As to Mrs. Bromly, could she have given expression to an opinion without a breach of domestic propriety, she, like the dutiful wife that she was, would have probably found the virtues of the perfect man united in her husband.

Miss Bromly's snubbing of the courier was carried to such an extent that the parents told her that they would no longer submit to it, and they peremptorily commanded her to treat him who had been subjected to her tyranny with a consideration due to him as well as herself.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the daughter.

"Be kind to him," said the parents, in chorus. "We insist upon it."

"Well, since you insist on it, I shall." The courier was near at hand. She called him. "Please come here, Clarkson; I wish to speak to you in presence of father and mother."

The courier, surprised, stood before her.

"My parents think I should make amends to you for past cruelties, and I agree with them."

The courier began stammering.

"My parents are under the impression," continued she, "that I dislike you, but I am going to prove to them that they are mistaken. The fact is, Clarkson, I like you.

Indeed, I think I may venture to say that I love you."

"Now you are going too far the other way," burst out Bromly.

"There is a happy medium of propriety in all things, Helen," added the mother.

"You had better modify that speech, daughter," urged the father, "or Clarkson may presume on it."

"I expect him to do so."

"Confound it! you don't propose to fall in love with a courier, I hope," said the excited father.

"No, father."

"What do you mean, then, by telling Clarkson that you love him?"

"Clarkson is not a courier."

"What is he, then?"

"I shall show you."

And going toward the courier, she said to him, "Permit me to take some liberties with your toilet." Saying this, she lifted the black wig from the courier's head—he the picture of astonishment—and turning to her parents, remarked, "You see there is something else than a courier under that."

"Then you knew who I was?" asked the beaming man thus uncovered.

"From the first day we engaged you in Malta."

"Then my acting was that of a novice compared to yours, Helen."

"Oh, I think you did the courier very well, considering that you had such an exacting mistress."

There was immediate protest from the parents. They would never permit such a man to address their daughter. They accused him of taking a base advantage to ingratiate himself with their Helen. They fumed with anger. And the cause of their wrathful indignation looked as if he began to lose heart at the formidable opposition displayed.

"Let the storm blow over," was the judicious counsel of the young woman.

Had they been like the stubborn oak in La Fontaine's fable, they would have been uprooted by the storm, but, like the lithe and cunning reed, they bent before it.

The irate father said that he had already selected a man of might and money to be her husband, with whom her life was to be passed in mundane splendor. At this she picked up an apple of Sodom which had fallen from a tree near by, and said,

"Then my life would be like this—beautiful, perhaps, without, but containing only ashes and bitterness within."

That evening, as they wended their way up the Mar Saba Valley, and the setting sun threw his rays across the Judæan hills and gilded the top of the Moab mountains, peace was restored, and the parents became partially reconciled to the painter. The young twain made the most of this relenting, and it is reasonable to infer from it that the journey to the Jordan was only the first stage to the long and happy one of a lifetime.



"SHE LIFTED THE BLACK WIG FROM THE COURIER'S HEAD."

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."



JOHN BROWN, AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

HERE'S a face without a furrow—
John Brown's, of Edinboro':
Doctor John, his cronies call him.
Oh, let nothing ill befall him,
Nothing cross his open door
But what bounteous fortunes pour!

Come! a health to that John Brown
Who, in Edinboro' town,
Practices for every body,
Pay or *no* pay. There's no shoddy
In his sterling-fine condition,
He is such "a *good* physician."

Give another stalwart health
To him who does grand things by stealth;
Him you'll never find a-sleeping
When there's Want or Sorrow weeping:
When there's "something to be done,"
Straight to *Rutland* Street folks run.

Here's a forehead without frown,
Signed and countersigned *John Brown*.
What a brain! itself's a bumper:
Did you ever see a plumper,
One more full of strength and kindness,
One for faults more prone to blindness,

Written so with love all over,
Like a hillock thick with clover,
Like that dome, when Christmas comes,
Stuffed with everlasting plums?

Here's John Brown engraved before ye:
Here's a head that tells a story!
Spectacles on nose—d'ye mind 'em?—
And a pair of eyes behind 'em
Throw such light on this old planet,
All your Tyndalls could not span it.

Come! a *rouse* to Doctor John,
Including Jock, his brawny son,
Including every dog he owns,
And dear old Rab—Heaven keep *his* bones!
For, when the Doctor's sight grows dark,
That dog will give a kindly bark,
And lift his head once more to feel
A friendly arm around him steal,
And though in ghost-land, far away,
Where dogs (who knows?) are all at play,
Will start to hear his Scottish name,
And lick the hand that gave him fame.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

MODERN DWELLINGS: THEIR CONSTRUCTION, DECORATION, AND FURNITURE.

BY H. HUDSON HOLLY.

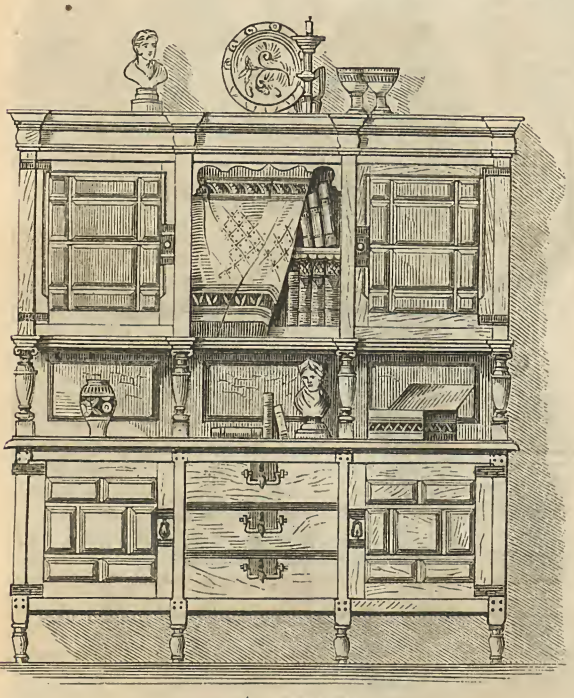


FIG. 1.—BOOK-CASE.

IV.—FURNITURE.

OUTSIDE the dining-room, perhaps the most conspicuous piece of furniture is the book-case, which I have attempted to illustrate in Fig. 1. There are several requirements connected with this that are frequently lost sight of. First, in regard to height. The old book-cases, running eight feet high, the upper shelves of which could not be reached without a step-ladder, have mostly gone out of date, and are substituted by those of a more convenient height. It is obvious that this, at least, is a favorable change, by which we are enabled to use the top for bronzes and other ornaments, leaving the wall space above free for pictures. Some even go so far as to keep the top of uniform height with the mantel. There is a certain advantage in this, as it seems to carry out the wainscoting, and, indeed, may be made a part of it. The objection that I find to this, however, is that such an alignment seems to give an appearance of stiffness to the room, which is much relieved by some of the furniture running a foot or two higher. If glass doors are used, we think the squares had better be small, and when made of thick glass, they are greatly improved by beveling. Much expense may be spared, however, and an agreeable effect produced, by curtains. In fact, a compromise might be made between the glass and the curtains, as shown in our illustration, by which means the more valuable books may be locked up, while the plainer kind, or works of reference, are protected behind the drapery.

I have stated that the windows in the library should be generally opposite the fire-place, that the light may be at the back of the occupant while sitting before the fire. In the illustration Fig. 2, however, there is a slight deviation from this, as, it will be observed, at the left a small bay-window containing a plant cabinet is arranged, but the glass, being in the depth of the recess, is mostly screened from the reader by the projecting chimney. Should a greater degree of shade be required, the sliding curtain beneath the transom may prove effectual.

These bay-windows often have a most pleasing effect, making a cozy corner, where plants and birds may be cherished as an occasional relief to our literary labors. There

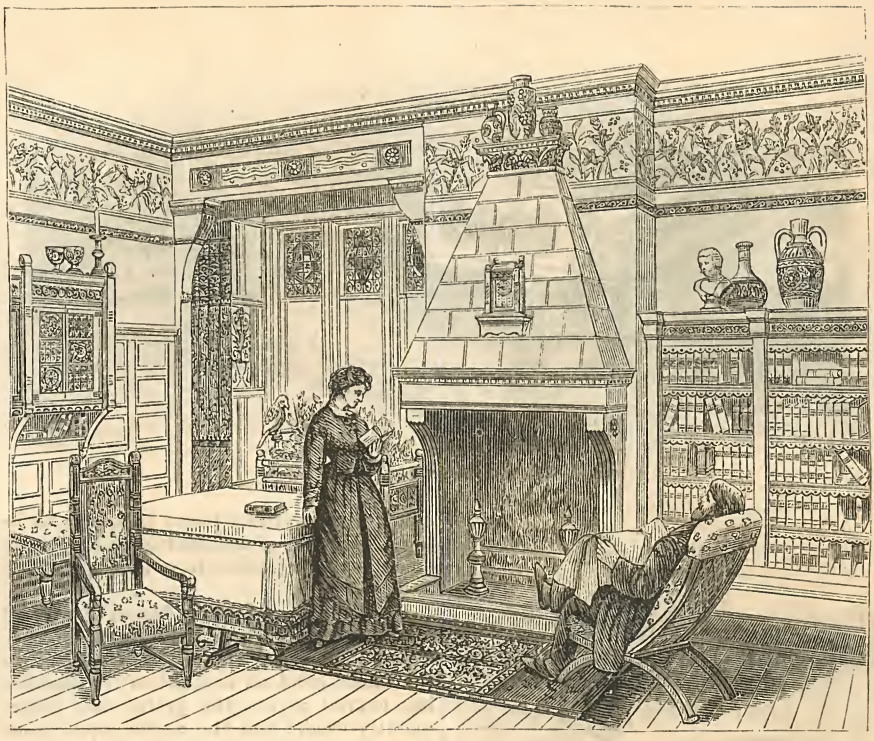


FIG. 2.—LIBRARY.

is a decorated panel introduced in the wainscot, and the upper part of the sash is illuminated with stained glass, giving the whole a very attractive appearance.

Another object of interest in this room is the hooded chimney-piece, which is entirely constructed of light freestone, terminating with a carved bracket, on which may be displayed some of the coarser specimens of pottery; the finer kinds, being nearer the eye, are also rendered more accessible for cleaning.

The book-case is somewhat in character with that of Fig. 1, but, instead of being inclosed with doors, has simply a border of leather secured with silver nails along the shelves, dropping just far enough below the tops of the books to exclude the dust. The whole is strongly marked with the Queen Anne feeling, although the mantel partakes somewhat of the Elizabethan period.

Perhaps the piece of furniture which has undergone the least reform is the piano. Here the bow-legs, veneer, and polish seem

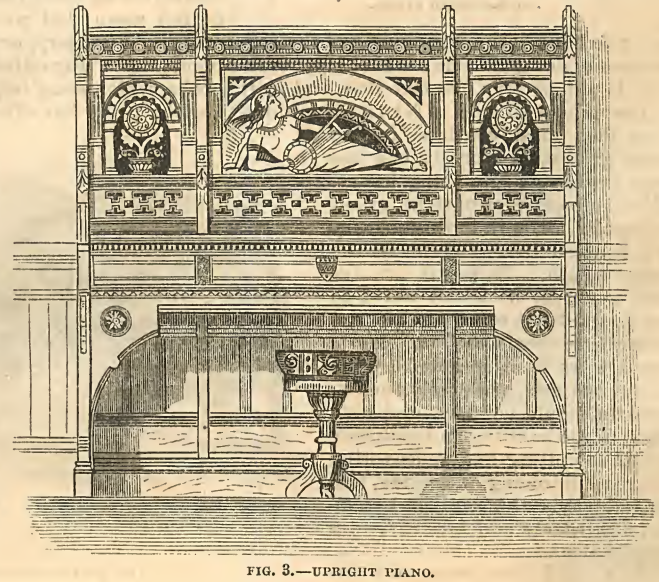


FIG. 3.—UPRIGHT PIANO.

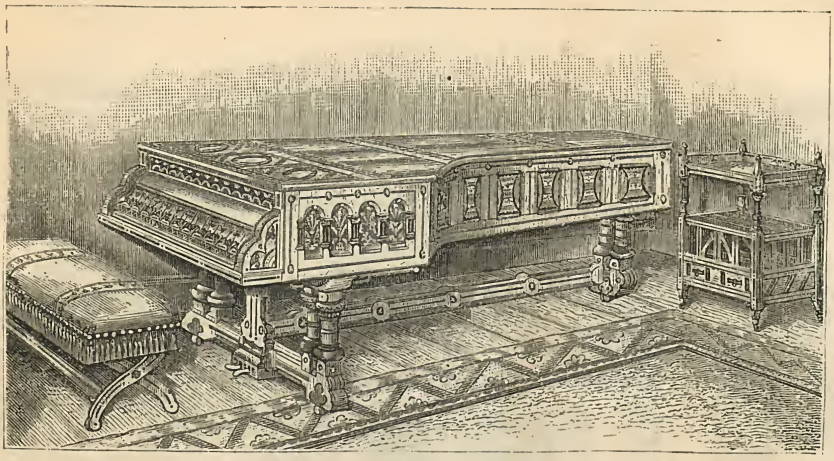


FIG. 4.—ENGLISH DESIGN OF A GRAND PIANO.

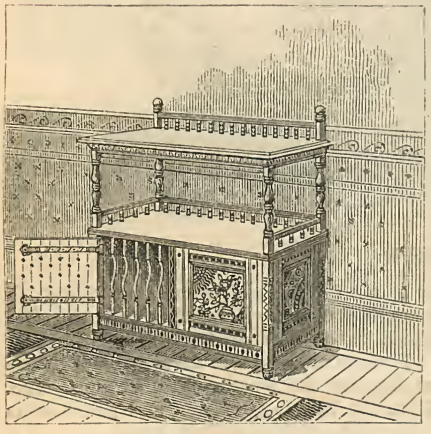


FIG. 5.—MUSIC STAND.

never to have been questioned, and the barrenness of design in this article of manufacture is patent from the fact that, bad as it is, the makers all seem to take it for granted that they must continue in the same groove, as scarcely one has ever attempted any thing better. Whether square or upright, grand or concert, all, both in this country and Europe, look as if run in the same mould. It seems strange that a science so nearly allied to art should be so utterly indifferent to æsthetic considerations. Music has always been accepted as one of the fine arts, and surely the sister arts should be associated with her. While painting and sculpture are thus uniting and endeavoring to create harmony and union, music, which is the soul of harmony, obstinately and inconsistently stands aloof.

In Fig. 3 I have prepared a design for an upright piano intended to be inlaid of woods of different color, the centre medallion being taken from a design of Mr. J. Moyr Smith.

Fig. 4 shows an English design of a grand piano, which I think exhibits some very beautiful detail. There is an objection to the music stool on account of the legs being curved across the grain, and consequently weak; and the music stand seems to be equally objectionable on the grounds of the evident inconvenience of putting in the books.

Fig. 5 I think an improvement, for there the books can be more easily adjusted, and also can be protected by lock and key.

There is a very simple and economical method of decorating our rooms by the introduction of plants and vines. By this I do not mean that we must have an elaborate conservatory, or even a collection of plants in a bay-window, but in certain nooks, which seem impossible to furnish, a healthy plant has often a finer effect than

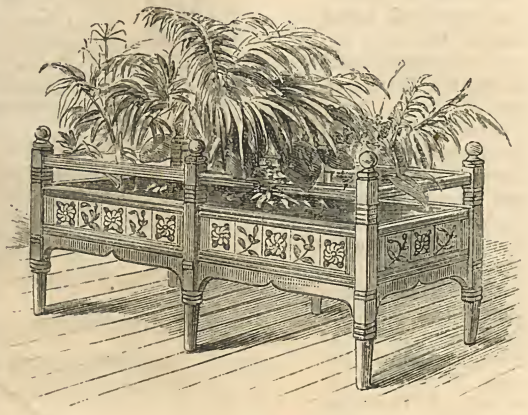


FIG. 6.—FLOWER STAND.

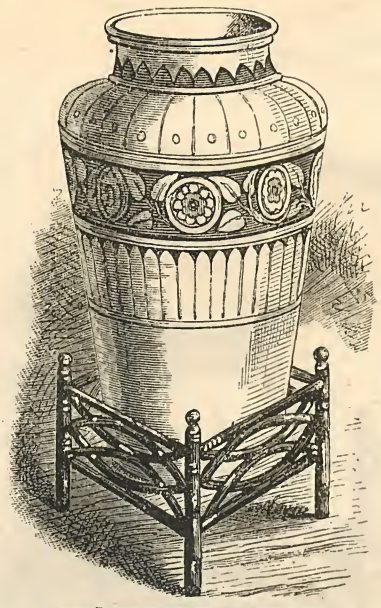


FIG. 7.—FLOWER STAND AND VASE.

showy furniture or costly hangings. The rude contrivance formerly used for this purpose is now superseded by an artistic flower stand of wood or metal, the sides being filled in with illuminated tile, as illustrated in Fig. 6, which is similar to that shown in the library. The top of this is lined with zinc, in order to prevent the water dripping through, and is capable of holding some half a dozen pots. These vases are often ornamental — frequently of faience or majolica—and may be either grouped or placed in single stands.

Fig. 7 shows a single vase and stand, which is the same as that shown in the dining-room interior (Fig. 8).

Fig. 9 represents a group of bedroom furniture of mediæval design, commonly known in this country as the Eastlake style, and recommends itself by its simplicity and honest treatment.

Fig. 10 shows a dressing-table of the Queen Anne period, while Figs. 11 and 12 are wash-stand and commode of the same school.

Fig. 13 is a hanging cabinet similar to the one in the library (Fig. 2).

One great difficulty in the way of the desired reform is that the public do not know where to find such furniture. Purchasers usually go to a fashionable dealer, and are compelled to choose from what they see before them. It is true that one or two of our furniture makers have attempted to offer something better in the way of design, and with considerable success and profit. But their great mistake is that, knowing they have the monopoly, they make their prices so high that few can afford to deal with them, thus confining the exercise of good taste within very narrow limits. There is really no reason why this furniture should be more expensive than any other; and that the upholsterers of a superior order should debase art to that extent as to make it serve sordid and mercenary motives only, is beneath the dignity of artists. They should rather emulate the inventors of this style, and follow their art *con amore*, and in this way, by educating the people, the harvest would be all the more abundant in the end. When you wish any thing new of this kind, they will usually prepare a design, and with it submit a price; but should you ask to retain the drawing in order to get further estimates, you are promptly refused the privilege by the statement that they are not in the habit of allowing other manufacturers to profit by their brains. One is therefore compelled

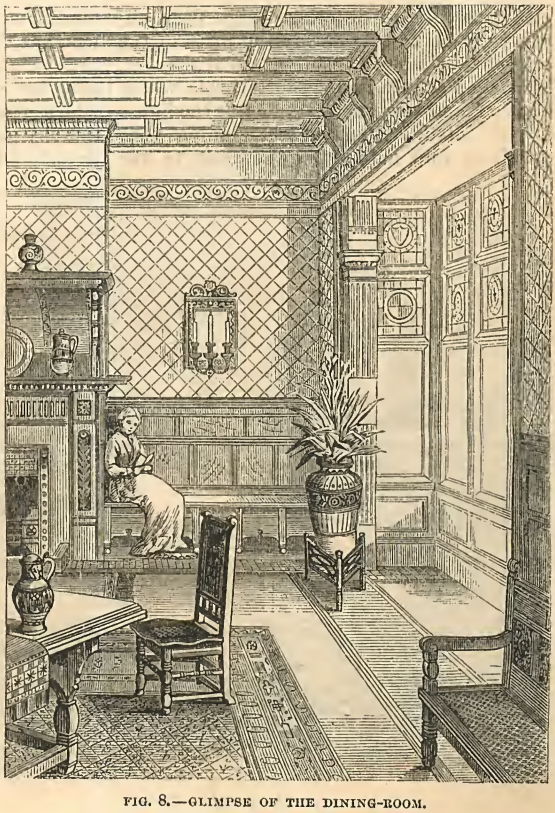


FIG. 8.—GLIMPSE OF THE DINING-ROOM.

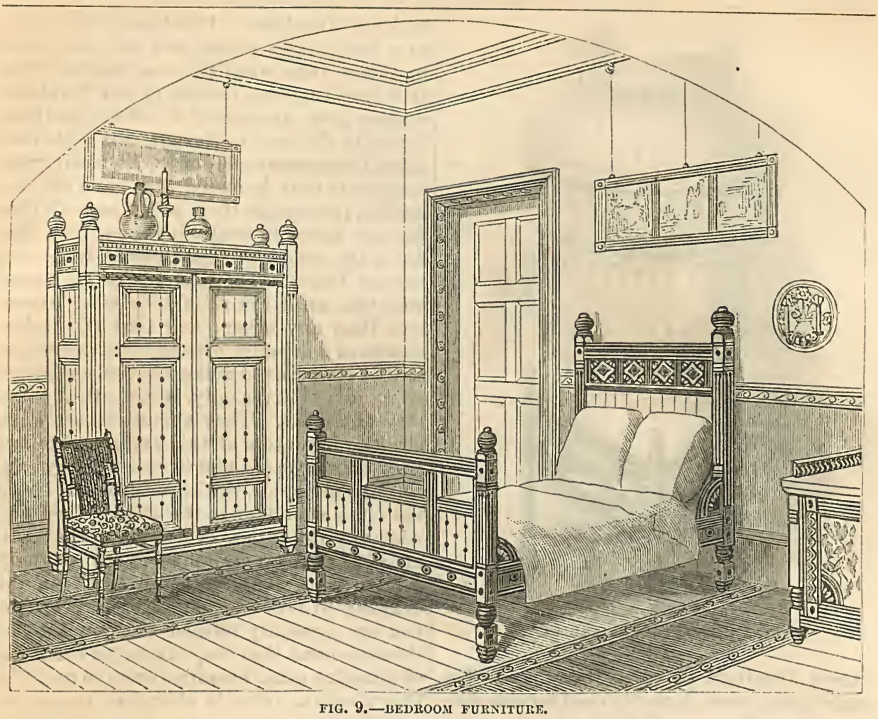


FIG. 9.—BEDROOM FURNITURE.

either to take an inferior design from another establishment or pay the price of the original estimate, exorbitant as it may be. There is a simple remedy for all this, which I have found very effective. After the house is completed, instead of abandoning your architect and submitting yourself to the tender mercies of an upholsterer, let him who has thus far given satisfaction prepare the designs for furniture also. He will be able not only to give you drawings from which you may obtain several estimates, thereby gaining the advantage of competition, but if he be possessed of ability, he will accommodate its style in a manner harmonious with the rest of the building.

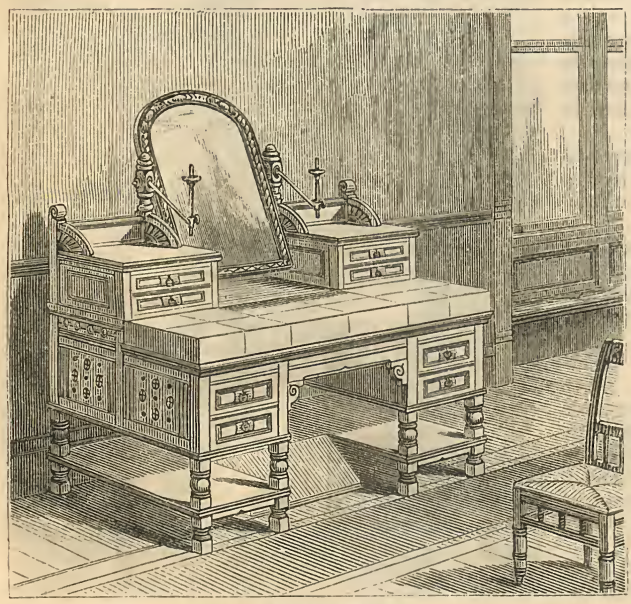


FIG. 10.—DRESSING-TABLE.

In regard to textile arts we have been as far behind as in other matters of household use. Carpets especially have been the *bête noire* of the advocates of reform. Garlands of flowers or geometrical patterns regularly disposed, with loud and tawdry colors, seem to the tyro the embodiment of artistic perfection. In his eyes nothing appears beautiful unless repeated right and left, backward and forward, the same everlasting pattern, outvying those of a ten-cent kaleidoscope. The whole carpet is planned with that studied pre-

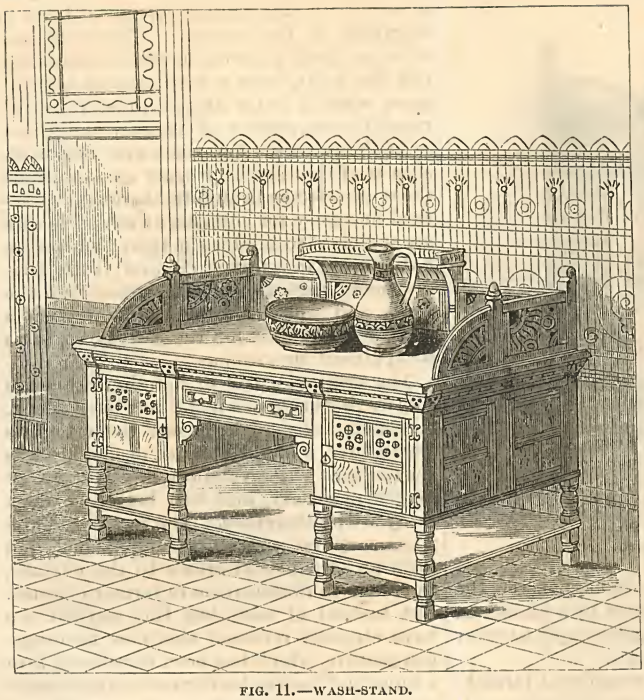


FIG. 11.—WASH-STAND.

same service to the furniture.

When I speak of borders, I do not mean that they should invariably hug the surbase of the room. Floors may be treated far more effectively if a portion of the wood be left to show, for the custom of torturing our carpets to fit into every nook and corner, so that it would be impossible to change them around or use for another apartment without serious alteration, is only tolerated from the fact that it has been so universal. If, therefore, a border of inlaid wood—say, a foot or eighteen inches wide—be carried entirely around the room, the carpet may be made to cover the remainder of the floor with little deviation from the square. If we can afford it, let us treat the floor entirely in parquetry, and be satisfied with simple rugs. If, however, our means are such that we can have no more than the ordinary pine flooring, an excellent substitute may be had in

cision, line for line, spot for spot, as if the designer imagined that, should he be detected in not having his spaces mathematically correct, his artistic reputation would be forever blasted.

The fabrics of the East are greatly admired by connoisseurs for the graceful harmony with which their colors are blended. This school is as much at variance with rigid uniformity as Occidental taste has been in its favor. They simply preserve a general regularity of purpose in their design, but their whole system of ornamentation seems to be absolutely careless. (See Fig. 14.) Their colors in the centre are usually unpronounced, while the borders are of the richest hues. Still there is no occasion for employing rugs from Persia or carpets from Turkey, as the English and some of the French productions have so improved in the last few years that some very artistic fabrics may be found at our first-class dealers'. Perhaps the safest pattern to select is the diaper, or that that we have already described in our article on paper-hanging, known as the "all-over" pattern; and it is desirable that the prevailing tint of the carpet should be in contrast, rather than repeat that of the wall-paper. Every description of shaded ornament should be sternly banished from our floors. The borders may be emphasized with brilliant hues, to which the carpet, being of neutral color, will be subordinate. As wall-paper should act as a background to pictures, so should the carpet be made to perform the

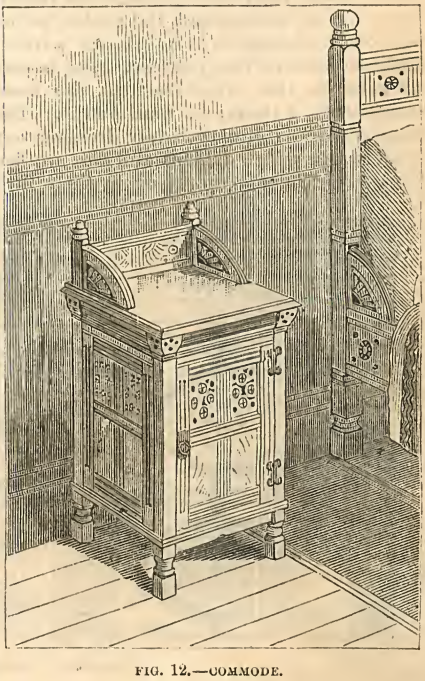


FIG. 12.—COMMODE.

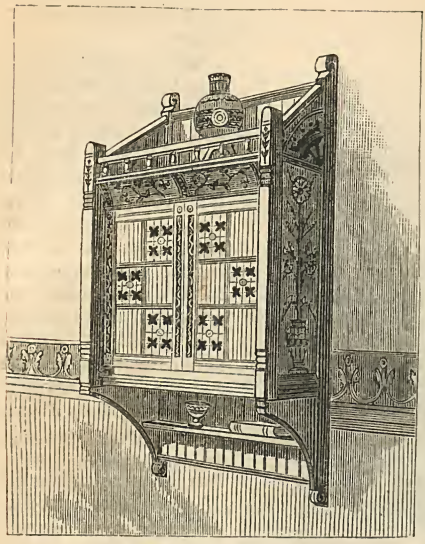


FIG. 13.—HANGING CABINET.

staining; and if rugs are too expensive, the same effect may be produced by a plain carpet with bright border, made simply to cover the centre of the apartment.

A room can hardly be considered furnished without drapery of some description. It may be applied to doors, dressers, or as table-covers. The most natural place for this seems to be the window. Indeed, its origin was probably due to the need of it there, for the purpose of keeping off those draughts which found their way through the imperfectly fitting sashes, and the prototype of window hangings was a simple curtain made to achieve this purpose. The nearer we come to this primitive idea, the more satisfactory, I think, we shall find it. The present fashion of elaborately dressing our windows, in which damask and lace are festooned and looped up, vying in their fullness with a fashionable woman's dress, is inartistic in the extreme. These absurd folds, burdening our casements and shutting out the light, have a cumbersome appearance, while a little drapery, tastefully arranged, is suggestive of elegance and grace.

At the present time, when our workmanship is of that superior order as to exclude these unwelcome draughts, there is no practical necessity for curtains at all, as shades are sufficient to subdue the light; and, as we have stated in a former chapter, if the window mouldings are colored darker than the walls, and thus do for the window what a picture-frame does for the canvas, curtains seem almost superfluous.

The original mode of hanging draperies was by rings run on a metal rod, over which, the more fully to keep out the draughts from above, a slight valance or canopy was suspended. These valances, however, are no longer necessary, and had better be done away with altogether. The metal rod and rings may be somewhat embellished, and form an ornamental crown to the curtain, as shown in dining-room of former chapter. But instead of adopting this method, we have stupidly retained this now meaningless feature, which has been developed into a huge and useless border called the *lambrequin*, surmounted by a monstrous gilt cornice, covering up the real construction; and indeed the curtains are usually nailed to this, rendering it impossible to slide them at all, and making it necessary to loop them up at the sides. The edges of the folds thus become prematurely faded, while the spaces between *might* retain their freshness were they not the natural receptacles of dust and vermin.

The lambrequin seems to be the favorite system of a vicious art, and is not only applied to windows, but to doors, mantels, and even arranged along the walls. It must not be supposed that I object to hangings as a

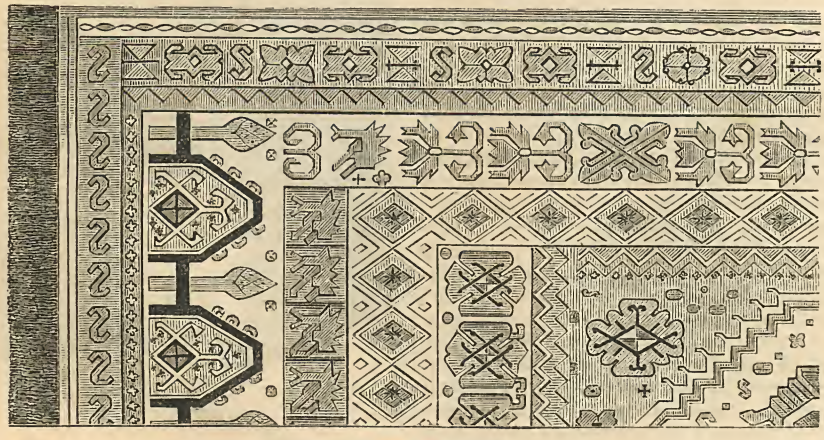


FIG. 14.—PATTERN OF ORIENTAL RUG.

rule; on the contrary, I think, when properly disposed, they do much to relieve the stiffness of a room, making it cozy and "livable;" and I would not only advise their introduction in windows, but in niches and in place of sliding doors—in fact, as I have before said, for every opening where security is not a consideration. But to place them unmeaningly on walls and mantels, where they can serve no other purpose than collecting dust, seems in the highest degree absurd; and one would suppose that careful housekeepers would object to them on that account; for the only merit they do possess is that, in the absence of color, they sometimes form a relief to a white or cold-tinted wall. These ideas, which have been developed during an age of perverted taste, are in a measure becoming reformed; and when we are sufficiently advanced to judge for ourselves as to what is suitable, better things may be expected; and the sooner we free ourselves from the upholsterer's notions of elegance, the better.

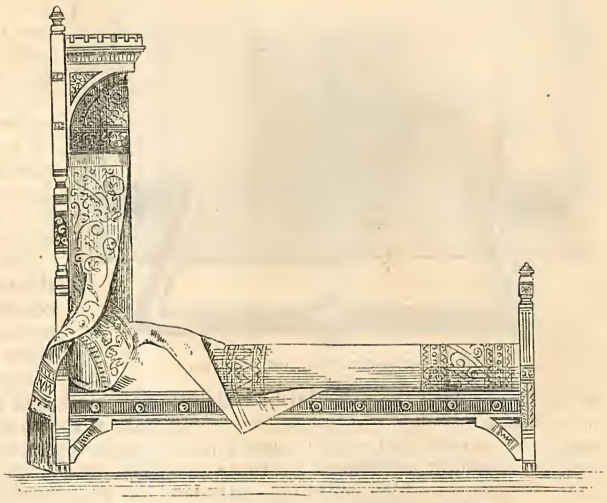


FIG. 15.—BEDSTEAD—SHOWING PARTIAL DRAPERY.

Silk or damask we consider as inappropriate for window hangings, and "reps," which is a good covering for furniture, should not be employed for curtains. There is an article of German manufacture, called "cotelan," which is a mixture of silk, wool, and cotton, and when artistically designed forms one of the best materials for this purpose. Vertical stripes should always be avoided. Lateral bands, with zigzag borders top and bottom, may be used with advantage, giving somewhat the effect of frieze and dado to the wall, and, like these latter, may be treated with any degree of elaboration, while the centre, if not entirely plain, is best of a quiet running pattern. Some of the English material has advanced to a great degree of perfection within the last few years, and the most celebrated architects have contributed designs for this purpose, among whom are Blomfield, Godwin, Burgess, Eastlake, and Talbert. Mr. Talbert seems to excel in his appreciation of the loom, and his designs are exceedingly satisfactory, as evidenced in some of the fabrics manufactured by Cowlishaw, Nicol, and Co., of Manchester, whose superior goods are becoming widely known both in this country and on the Continent. Jute, for a cheap article, has proved an excellent material for hangings. Another stuff, made of raw silk and cotton, not only wears well and retains its color, but has a great advantage over wool, as it is not liable to moths.

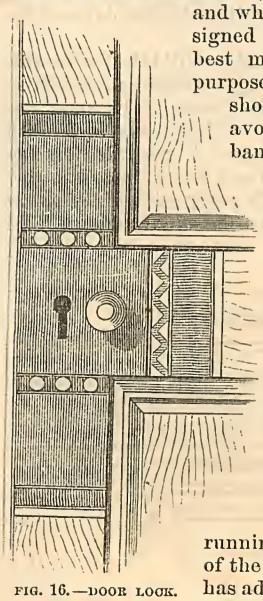


FIG. 16.—DOOR LOCK.

Cretonne, a very satisfactory material for bedrooms, may be much improved by the introduction of a plain centre. White cotton would be, of course, too violent a contrast; but cream or amber, perhaps resembling most the shade of unbleached muslin—which, indeed, need not be despised—would produce the most harmonious result.

Owing to the cumbersome manner in which bed-curtains were formerly hung, that ancient custom has been almost entirely abandoned. The traditional four-poster, with its massive cornice and musty hangings, originated, like the window-curtains, in the necessity of keeping off the draughts. Their use is now no longer necessary, yet in an æsthetic point of view there is something to be said in their favor; and Fig. 15 offers a suggestion by which they may be hung in a lighter and more graceful manner.

Metal, if artistically wrought, may contribute largely to the adornment of our dwellings, but heretofore its designers appear to have been utterly devoid of artistic ideas. It is important that the work should

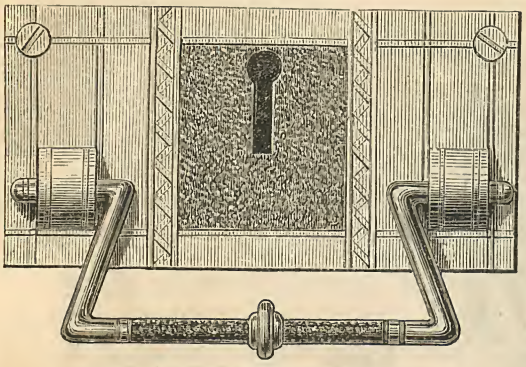


FIG. 17.—DRAWER LOCK AND HANDLE.

be consistent with the material in which it is executed. Models are not unfrequently prepared for cast iron which should have been for wrought, evidenced by those distinctive features which could only fitly belong to the latter. By this the authors evince that spirit of imitation which is the most subtle enemy of true art, and which should be eradicated before the first step toward reform can be taken. It is the height of folly to keep on casting and recasting the wretched forms, unworthy the name of designs, which unfortunately crowd our foundries, and then, perhaps, add insult to injury by painting and sanding these horrors to imitate stone. We will not here speak of iron for external use, but metal work for interiors is greatly in need of reform. Hitherto it seems to have been hidden as much as possible, perhaps on account of the realization of its ugliness. Locks, for instance, instead of being in sight, are buried in the woodwork, cutting away the material, and thereby lessening its strength.



FIG. 18.—RING HANDLE.

Now the ancient idea of a lock was to display it, which was quite appropriate, as locks were made artistically ornamental, as shown in Fig. 16. Here the metal face not only appears, but is elongated, in order to serve the additional purpose of finger-plate. Fig. 17 represents a drawer lock where the entire face is displayed, to which is also attached the handle. Fig. 18 represents a small drawer handle, and Fig. 19 a door bolt, all of which have their faces displayed and ornamented.

The old system of embellishing the hinge and making it appear a constructive feature of the door seems to have been entirely lost sight of in these days of modern deception, and now the most ordinary notion of construction appears to partake of the doctrine of Talleyrand, that "language was made to conceal our thoughts." The present aim is to bury the hinge, which has degenerated into the flimsy expedient

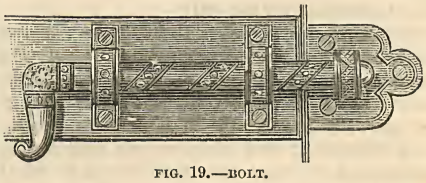


FIG. 19.—BOLT.

of what is known as the "butt." Fig. 20 is a design for a metal hinge intended to extend the entire width of the door. This differs materially from the old hinges as seen on church doors (see Fig. 21), which, however appropriate for ecclesiastical furniture, we think out of place in dwellings. Fig. 22, which serves the same purpose, is a lighter hinge, such as was used in the days of the Georges.

If some of our readers will take the trouble to visit the buildings erected by the British government on the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, they will discover how much this honest treatment is regarded in England. Even the nail heads, instead of being concealed with putty and paint, are exposed to view and ornamented, and we must

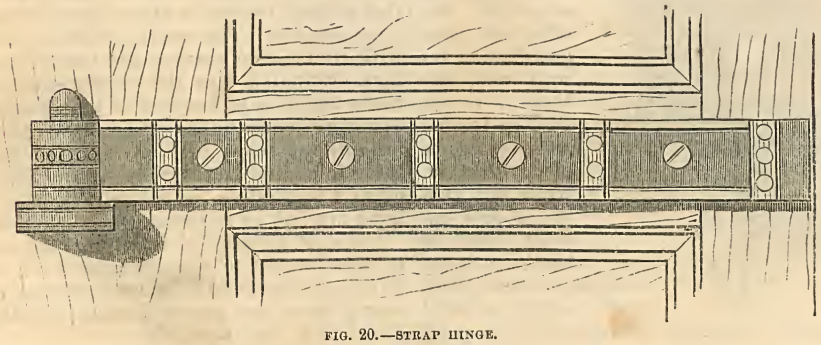


FIG. 20.—STRAP HINGE.



FIG. 21.—SCROLL HINGE.

fully concur with many of our friends who have visited this building, that if some of our country-houses were built after this model, a vast improvement would be the result.

Perhaps the most prominent piece of metal-work seen in our rooms is the chandelier. The various devices used to torture this material into outrageous forms, without taste or method, are commendable only for the versatility of genius which originates such designs, and remarkable chiefly for the absence of all art in their production. That thinness which is one of the legitimate conditions to be observed in the artistic treatment of this material seems utterly lost sight of, and heavy castings, apparently strong enough for an anchor of a seventy-four, are continually produced. To invest metal with forms which might as well be executed in stone or wood is equally absurd; and some went so far a few years ago as to make gas fixtures and standards of these materials. The idea that these are simply tubes for conveying gas is apparently forgotten, even by those who are considered in advance, and huge pedestals are placed on top of the stair newels, which seem to groan beneath their weight.

Fig. 23 shows a side bracket—similar to that in Fig. 8—used in a former and, we think, a better age, commonly known as the "sconce." It consists of a sheet of plate-glass beveled at the edges, and set into a very legitimate frame of brass or *ormulu*, before which candles were generally placed. Gas jets could be arranged in the same way and have an equally good effect.

Beveled mirrors with metal frames were also very common, but instead of reaching from floor to ceiling—as if intended to delude the visitor into the belief that the reflection of the room was another apartment—they were seldom larger than ordinary pictures. The one above the fire-place rarely exceeded a foot or eighteen inches in height, but extended along the length of the mantel.

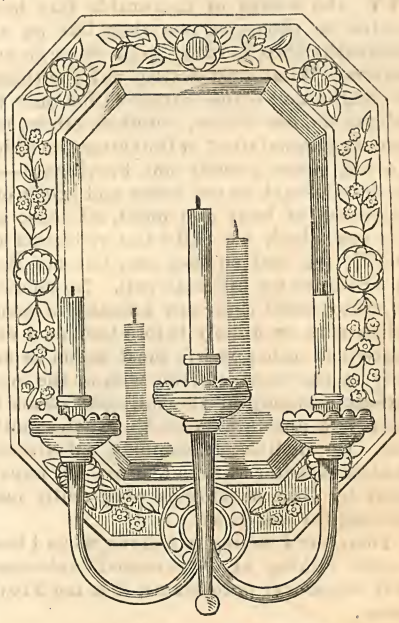


FIG. 23.—SCONCE.

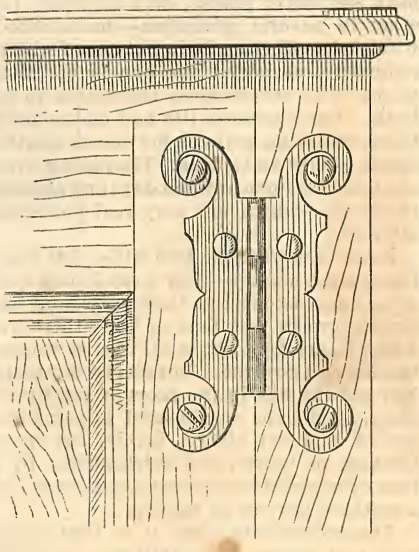


FIG. 22.—UPRIGHT HINGE.

The fact of open fire-places coming into vogue again has revived the use of the old brass andirons and fender, of which we have recently had some excellent designs. While we approve of modern fire-dogs and wrought fenders, for the rest of the furniture we can not say so much. Take the poker, for instance: nine out of ten of these indispensable articles are so contrived as to be utterly useless. The top probably is of gilt, too bright to touch, or with such protruding ornaments as to make them uncomfortable for the hand; and it has become the fashion to ostentatiously display these bright irons for ornament only, with the little black poker, carefully concealed from view, for use.

Our custom of having all the bright work at the fire-place, exposed to the dust and smoke, and our mantel ornaments and fixtures of dark bronze, seems inconsistent in the extreme.

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART III.

WHAT is a "wrecked" life? One which the waves of inexorable fate have beaten to pieces, or one that, like an unseaworthy ship, is ready to go down in any waters? What most destroy us? the things we might well blame ourselves for, only we seldom do, our follies, blunders, errors, not counting actual sins? or the things for which we can blame nobody but Providence—if we dared—such as our losses and griefs, our sicknesses of body and mind, all those afflictions which we call "the visitation of God?" Ay, and so they are, but not sent in wrath, or for ultimate evil. No amount of sorrow need make any human life harmful to man or unholy before God, as a discontented, unhappy life must needs be unholy in the sight of Him who in the mysterious economy of the universe seems to have one absolute law—He wastes nothing. He modifies, transmutes, substitutes, re-applies material to new uses; but apparently by Him nothing is ever really lost, nothing thrown away.

Therefore I incline to believe, when I hear people talking of a "wrecked" existence, that whosoever is to blame, it is not Providence.

Nobody could have applied the term to Fortune Williams, looking at her as she sat in the drawing-room window of a house at Brighton, just where the gray of the Esplanade meets the green of the Downs—a ladies' boarding-school, where she had in her charge two pupils, left behind for the holidays, while the mistress took a few weeks' repose. She sat watching the sea, which was very beautiful, as even the Brighton sea can be sometimes. Her eyes were soft and calm; her hands were folded on her black silk dress, her pretty little tender-looking hands, unringed, for she was still Miss Williams, still a governess.

But even at thirty-five—and she had now reached that age, nay, passed it—she was not what you would call "old-maidish." Perhaps because the motherly instinct, naturally very strong in her, had developed more and more. She was one of those governesses—the only sort who ought ever to attempt to be governesses—who really love children, ay, despite their naughtinesses and mischievousnesses and worrying ways; who feel that, after all, these little ones are "of the kingdom of heaven," and that the task of educating them for that kingdom somehow often brings us nearer to it ourselves.

Her heart, always tender to children, had gone out to them more and more every year, especially after that fatal year when a man took it and broke it. No, not broke it, but threw it carelessly away, wounding it so sorely that it never could be quite itself again. But it was a true and warm and womanly heart still.

She had never heard of him—Robert Roy—never once, in any way, since that Sunday afternoon when he said, "I will write to-morrow," and did not write, but let her drop from him altogether like a worthless thing. Cruel, somewhat, even to a mere acquaintance—but to her?

Well, all was past and gone, and the tide of years had flowed over it. Whatever it was, a mistake, a misfortune, or a wrong, nobody knew any thing about it. And the wound even was healed, in a sort of a way, and chiefly by the unconscious hands of these little "ministering angels," who were angels that never hurt her, except by blotting their copy-books or not learning their lessons.

I know it may sound a ridiculous thing that a forlorn governess should be comforted for a lost love by the love of children; but it is true to nature. Women's lives have successive phases, each following the other in natural gradation—maidenhood, wifehood, motherhood: in not one of which, ordinarily, we regret the one before it, to which it is nevertheless impossible to go back. But Fortune's life had had none of these, excepting, perhaps, her one six months' dream of love and spring. That being over, she fell back upon autumn days and autumn pleasures—which are very real pleasures, after all.

As she sat with the two little girls leaning against her lap—they were Indian children, unaccustomed to tenderness, and had already grown very fond of her—there was a look in her face, not at all like an ancient maiden or a governess, but almost motherly. You see the like in the faces of the Virgin Mary, as the old monks used to paint her, quaint, and not always lovely, but never common or coarse, and spiritualized by a look of mingled tenderness and sorrow into something beyond all beauty.

This woman's face had it, so that people who had known Miss Williams as a girl

were astonished to find her, as a middle-aged woman, grown "so good-looking." To which one of her pupils once answered, naïvely, "It is because she looks so good."

But this was after ten years and more. Of the first half of those years the less that is said, the better. She did not live; she merely endured life. Monotony without, a constant aching within—a restless gnawing want, a perpetual expectation, half hope, half fear; no human being could bear all this without being the worse for it, or the better. But the betterness came afterward, not at first.

Sometimes her craving to hear the smallest tidings of him, only if he were alive or dead, grew into such an agony that, had it not been for her entire helplessness in the matter, she might have tried some means of gaining information. But, from his sudden change of plans, she was ignorant even of the name of the ship he had sailed by, the firm he had gone to. She could do absolutely nothing, and learn nothing. Hers was something like the "Affliction of Margaret," that poem of Wordsworth's which, when her little pupils recited it—as they often did—made her ready to sob out loud from the pang of its piteous reality:

> "I look for ghosts, but none will force
> Their way to me: 'tis falsely said
> That there was ever intercourse
> Betwixt the living and the dead:
> For surely then I should have sight
> Of him I wait for day and night
> With love and longings infinite."

Still, in the depth of her heart she did not believe Robert Roy was dead; for her finger was still empty of that ring—her mother's ring—which he had drawn off, promising its return "when he was dead or she was married." This implied that he never meant to lose sight of her. Nor, indeed, had he wished it, would it have been very difficult to find her, these ten years having been spent entirely in one place, an obscure village in the south of England, where she had lived as governess—first in the squire's family, then the rector's.

From the Dalziel family, where, as she had said to Mr. Roy, she hoped to remain for years, she had drifted away almost immediately; within a few months. At Christmas old Mrs. Dalziel had suddenly died; her son had returned home, sent his four boys to school in Germany, and gone back again to India. There was now, for the first time for half a century, not a single Dalziel left in St. Andrews.

But though all ties were broken connecting her with the dear old city, her boys still wrote to her now and then, and she to them, with a persistency for which her conscience smote her sometimes, knowing it was not wholly for their sakes. But they had never been near her, and she had little expectation of seeing any of them ever again, since by this time she had lived long enough to find out how easily people do drift asunder, and lose all clew to one another, unless some strong firm will or unconquerable habit of fidelity exists on one side or the other.

Since the Dalziels she had only lived in the two families before named, and had been lately driven from the last one by a catastrophe, if it may be called so, which had been the bitterest drop in her cup since the time she left St. Andrews.

The rector—a widower, and a feeble, gentle invalid, to whom naturally she had been kind and tender, regarding him with much the same sort of motherly feeling as she had regarded his children—suddenly asked her to become their mother in reality.

It was a great shock and pang: almost a temptation; for they all loved her, and wished to keep her. She would have been such a blessing, such a brightness, in that dreary home. And to a woman no longer young, who had seen her youth pass without any brightness in it, God knows what an allurement it is to feel she has still the power of brightening other lives. If Fortune had yielded—if she had said yes, and married the rector—it would have been hardly wonderful, scarcely blamable. Nor would it have been the first time that a good, conscientious, tender-hearted woman has married a man for pure tenderness.

But she did not do it; not even when they clung around her—those forlorn, half-educated, but affectionate girls—entreating her to "marry papa, and make us all happy." She could not—how could she? She felt very kindly to him. He had her sincere respect, almost affection; but when she looked into her own heart, she found there was not in it one atom of love, never had been, for any man alive except Robert Roy. While he was unmarried, for her to marry would be impossible.

And so she had the wisdom and courage to say to herself, and to them all, "This can not be;" to put aside the cup of attainable happiness, which might never have proved real happiness, because founded on an insincerity.

But the pain this cost was so great, the wrench of parting from her poor girls so cruel, that after it Miss Williams had a sharp illness, the first serious illness of her life. She struggled through it, quietly and alone, in one of those excellent "Governesses' Homes," where every body was very kind to her—some more than kind, affectionate. It was strange, she often thought, what an endless amount of affection followed her wherever she went. She was by no means one of those women who go about the world moaning that nobody loves them. Every body loved her, and she knew it—every body whose love was worth having—except Robert Roy.

Still her mind never changed; not even when, in the weakness of illness, there would come vague dreams of that peaceful rectory, with its quiet rooms and green garden; of the gentle, kindly hearted father, and the two loving girls whom she could have made so happy, and perhaps won happiness herself in the doing of it.

"I am a great fool, some people would say," thought she, with a sad smile; "perhaps rather worse. Perhaps I am acting absolutely wrong in throwing away my chance of doing good. But I can not help it—I can not help it."

So she kept to her resolution, writing the occasional notes she had promised to write to her poor forsaken girls, without saying a word of her illness; and when she grew better, though not strong enough to undertake a new situation, finding her money slipping away—though, with her good salaries and small wants, she was not poor, and had already begun to lay up for a lonely old age—she accepted this temporary home at Miss Maclachlan's, at Brighton. Was it—so strange are the under-currents which guide one's outward life—was it because she had found a curious charm in the old lady's Scotch tongue, unheard for years? that the two little pupils were Indian children, and that the house was at the seaside?—and she had never seen the sea since she left St. Andrews.

It was like going back to the days of her youth to sit, as now, watching the sunshine glitter on the far-away ocean. The very smell of the sea-weed, the lap-lap of the little waves, brought back old recollections so vividly—old thoughts, some bitter, some sweet, but the sweetness generally overcoming the bitterness.

"I have had all the joy that the world could bestow;
I have lived—I have loved."

So sings the poet, and truly. Though to this woman love had brought not joy, but sorrow, still she had loved, and it had been the main-stay and stronghold of her life, even though to outsiders it might have appeared little better than a delusion, a dream. Once, and by one only, her whole nature had been drawn out, her ideal of moral right entirely satisfied. And nothing had ever shattered this ideal. She clung to it, as we cling to the memory of our dead children, who are children forever.

With a passionate fidelity she remembered all Robert Roy's goodness, his rare and noble qualities, resolutely shutting her eyes to what she might have judged severely, had it happened to another person—his total, unexplained, and inexplicable desertion of herself. It was utterly irreconcilable with all she had ever known of him; and being powerless to unravel it, she left it, just as we have to leave many a mystery in heaven and earth, with the humble cry, "I can not understand—I love."

She loved him, that was all; and sometimes even yet, across that desert of despair, stretching before and behind her, came a wild hope, almost a conviction, that she should meet him again, somewhere, somehow. This day, even, when, after an hour's delicious idleness, she roused herself to take her little girls down to the beach, and sat on the shingle while they played, the sound and sights of the sea brought old times so vividly back that she could almost have fancied coming behind her the familiar step, the pleasant voice, as when Mr. Roy and his boys used to overtake her on the St. Andrews shore—Robert Roy, a young man, with his life all before him, as was hers. Now she was middle-aged, and he—he must be over forty by this time. How strange!

Stranger still that there had never occurred to her one possibility—that he "was not," that God had taken him. But this her heart absolutely refused to accept. So long as he was in it, the world would never be quite empty to her. Afterward— But, as I said, there are some things which can not be faced, and this was one of them.

All else she had faced long ago. She did not grieve now. As she walked with her children, listening to their endless talk with that patient sympathy which made all children love her, and which she often found was a better help to their education than dozens of lessons, there was on her face that peaceful expression which is the greatest preservative of youth, the greatest antidote to change. And so it was no wonder that a tall lad, passing and repassing on the Esplanade with another youth, looked at her more than once with great curiosity, and at last advanced with hesitating politeness.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I mistake; but you are so like a lady I once knew, and am now looking for. Are you Miss Williams?"

"My name is Williams, certainly; and you"—something in the curly light hair, the mischievous twinkle of the eye, struck her—"you can not be, it is scarcely possible—David Dalziel?"

"But I am, though," cried the lad, shaking her hand as if he would shake it off. "And I call myself very clever to have remembered you, though I was such a little fellow when you left us, and I have only seen your photograph since. But you are not a bit altered—not one bit. And as I knew by your last letter to Archy that you were at Brighton, I thought I'd risk it and speak. Hurra! how very jolly!"

He had grown a handsome lad, the pretty wee Davie, an honest-looking lad too, apparently, and she was glad to see him. From the dignity of his eighteen years and five feet ten of height, he looked down upon the governess, and patronized her quite ten-

derly—dismissing his friend and walking home with her, telling her on the way all his affairs and that of his family with the volubility of little David Dalziel at St. Andrews.

"No, I've not forgotten St. Andrews one bit, though I was so small. I remember poor old grannie, and her cottage, and the garden, and the Links, and the golfing, and Mr. Roy. By-the-bye, what has become of Mr. Roy?"

The suddenness of the question, nay, the very sound of a name totally silent for so many years, made Fortune's heart throb till its beating was actual pain. Then came a sudden desperate hope, as she answered:

"I can not tell. I have never heard any thing of him. Have you?"

"No—yet, let me see. I think Archy once got a letter from him, a year or so after he went away; but we lost it somehow, and never answered it. We have never heard any thing since."

Miss Williams sat down on one of the benches facing the sea, with a murmured excuse of being "tired." One of her little girls crept beside her, stealing a hand in hers. She held it fast, her own shook so; but gradually she grew quite herself again. "I have been ill," she explained, "and can not walk far. Let us sit down here a little. You were speaking about Mr. Roy, David?"

"Yes. What a good fellow he was! We called him Rob Roy, I remember, but only behind his back. He was strict, but he was a jolly old soul for all that. I believe I should know him again any day, as I did you. But perhaps he is dead; people die pretty fast abroad, and ten years is a long time, isn't it?"

"A long time. And you never got any more letters?"

"No; or if they did come, they were lost, being directed probably to the care of poor old grannie, as ours was. We thought it so odd, after she was dead, you know."

Thus the boy chattered on—his tongue had not shortened with his increasing inches—and every idle word sank down deep in his old governess's heart.

Then it was only her whom Robert Roy had forsaken. He had written to his boys, probably would have gone on writing had they answered his letter. He was neither faithless nor forgetful. With an ingenuity that might have brought to any listener a smile or a tear, Miss Williams led the conversation round again till she could easily ask more concerning that one letter; but David remembered little or nothing, except that it was dated from Shanghai, for his brothers had had a discussion whether Shanghai was in China or Japan. Then, boy-like, they had forgotten the whole matter.

"Yes, by this time every body has forgotten him," thought Fortune to herself, when, having bidden David good-by at her door and arranged to meet him again—he was on a visit at Brighton before matriculating at Oxford next term—she sat down in her own room, with a strangely bewildered feeling. "Mine, all mine," she said, and her heart closed itself over him, her old friend at least, if nothing more, with a tenacity of tenderness as silent as it was strong.

From that day, though she saw, and was determined henceforward to see, as much as she could of young David Dalziel, she never once spoke to him of Mr. Roy.

Still, to have the lad coming about her was a pleasure, a fond link with the past, and to talk to him about his future was a pleasure too. He was the one of all the four—Mr. Roy always said so—who had "brains" enough to become a real student; and instead of following the others to India, he was to go to Oxford and do his best there. His German education had left him few English friends. He was an affectionate, simple-hearted lad, and now that his mischievous days were done, was taking to thorough hard work. He attached himself to his old governess with an enthusiasm that a lad in his teens often conceives for a woman still young enough to be sympathetic, and intelligent enough to guide without ruling the errant fancy of that age. She, too, soon grew very fond of him. It made her strangely happy, this sudden rift of sunshine out of the never-forgotten heaven of her youth, now almost as far off as heaven itself.

I have said she never spoke to David about Mr. Roy, nor did she; but sometimes he spoke, and then she listened. It seemed to cheer her for hours, only to hear that name. She grew stronger, gayer, younger. Every body said how much good the sea was doing her, and so it was; but not exactly in the way people thought. The spell of silence upon her life had been broken, and though she knew all sensible persons would esteem her in this, as in that other matter, a great "fool," still she could not stifle a vague hope that some time or other her blank life might change. Every little wave that swept in from the mysterious ocean, the ocean that lay between them two, seemed to carry a whispering message and lay it at her feet, "Wait and be patient, wait and be patient."

She did wait, and the message came at last.

One day David Dalziel called, on one of his favorite daily rides, and threw a newspaper down at her door, where she was standing.

"An Indian paper my mother has just sent. There's something in it that will interest you, and—"

His horse galloped off with the unfinish-

ed sentence; and supposing it was something concerning his family, she put the paper in her pocket to read at leisure while she sat on the beach. She had almost forgotten it, as she watched the waves, full of that pleasant idleness and dreamy peace so new in her life, and which the sound of the sea so often brings to peaceful hearts, who have no dislike to its monotony, no dread of those solemn thoughts of infinitude, time and eternity, God and death and love, which it unconsciously gives, and which I think is the secret why some people say they have "such a horror of the sea-side."

She had none; she loved it, for its sights and sounds were mixed up with all the happiness of her young days. She could have sat all this sunshiny morning on the beach doing absolutely nothing, had she not remembered David's newspaper; which, just to please him, she must look through. She did so, and in the corner, among the brief list of names in the obituary, she saw that of "Roy." Not himself, as she soon found, as soon as she could see to read, in the sudden blindness that came over her. Not himself. Only his child.

"On Christmas-day, at Shanghai, aged three and a half years, Isabella, the only and beloved daughter of Robert and Isabella Roy."

He was alive, then. That was her first thought, almost a joyful one, showing how deep had been her secret dread of the contrary. And he was married. His "only and beloved daughter!" Oh! how beloved she could well understand. Married, and a father; and his child was dead.

Many may think it strange (it would be in most women, but it was not in this woman) that the torrent of tears which burst forth, after her first few minutes of dry-eyed anguish, was less for herself, because he was married and she had lost him, than for him, because he had had a child and lost it—he who was so tender of heart, so fond of children. The thought of his grief brought such a consecration with it, that her grief—the grief most women might be expected to feel on reading suddenly in a newspaper that the man they loved was married to another—did not come. At least not at once. It did not burst upon her, as sorrow does sometimes, like a wild beast out of a jungle, slaying and devouring. She was not slain, not even stunned. After a few minutes it seemed to her as if it had happened long ago—as if she had always known it must happen, and was not astonished.

His "only and beloved daughter!" The words sung themselves in and out of her brain, to the murmur of the sea. How he must have loved the child! She could almost see him with the little one in his arms, ci watching over her bed, or standing beside her small coffin. Three years and a half old! Then he must have been married a good while—long and long after she had gone on thinking of him as no righteous woman ever can go on thinking of another woman's husband.

One burning blush, one shiver from head to foot of mingled agony and shame, one cry of piteous despair, which nobody heard but God—and she was not afraid of His hearing—and the struggle was over. She saw Robert Roy, with his child in his arms, with his wife by his side, the same and yet a totally different man.

She, too, when she rose up and tried to walk, tried to feel that it was the same sea, the same shore, the same earth and sky, was a totally different woman. Something was lost, something never to be retrieved on this side the grave, but also something was found.

"He is alive," she said to herself, with the same strange joy; for now she knew where he was, and what had happened to him. The silence of all these years was broken, the dead had come to life again, and the lost, in a sense, was found.

Fortune Williams rose up and walked, in more senses than one; went round to fetch her little girls, as she had promised, from that newly opened delight of children, the Brighton Aquarium; staid a little with them, admiring the fishes; and when she reached home, and found David Dalziel in the drawing-room, met him and thanked him for bringing her the newspaper.

"I suppose it was on account of that obituary notice of Mr. Roy's child," said she, calmly naming the name now. "What a sad thing! But still I am glad to know he is alive and well. So will you be. Shall you write to him?"

"Well, I don't know," answered the lad, carelessly crumpling up the newspaper and throwing it on the fire. Miss Williams made a faint movement to snatch it out, then disguised the gesture in some way, and silently watched it burn. "I don't quite see the use of writing. He's a family man now, and must have forgotten all about his old friends. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps; only he was not the sort of person easily to forget."

She could defend him now; she could speak of him, and did speak more than once afterward, when David referred to the matter. And then the lad quitted Brighton for Oxford, and she was left in her old loneliness.

A loneliness which I will not speak of. She herself never referred to that time. After it, she roused herself to begin her life anew in a fresh home, to work hard, not only for daily bread, but for that humble independence which she was determined to win before the dark hour when the most helpful become helpless, and the most inde-

pendent are driven to fall a piteous burden into the charitable hands of friends or strangers—a thing to her so terrible that to save herself from the possibility of it, she who had never leaned upon any body, never had any body to lean on, became her one almost morbid desire.

She had no dread of a solitary old age, but an old age beholden to either public or private charity was to her intolerable; and she had now few years left her to work in —a governess's life wears women out very fast. She determined to begin to work again immediately, laying by as much as possible yearly against the days when she could work no more; consulted Miss Maclachlan, who was most kind; and then sought, and was just about going to, another situation, with the highest salary she had yet earned, when an utterly unexpected change altered every thing.

ASHES OF ROSES.

A HAZY, sultry, midsummer afternoon, too hot for out-of-door or any active amusement; the sun pouring from a cloudless sky upon the croquet mallets lying deserted in the dry grass; light puffs of heated air, wafting in from time to time the faint perfume of the clove-pinks, the clematis, sweet-peas, and tansy, just ruffling the crumpled frills of the heavy-headed poppies, and floating lazily down the last petals that still clung to the briery climbing roses that wound the pillars of the porch in a close embrace. They were the same flowers, or the descendants of the same, that had blossomed here a hundred years ago; but then the garden was better kept, and the homestead, now nearly ruinous and gone to decay, was accounted an aristocratic mansion.

How I delighted in the old house! I had visited here frequently, and knew its every recess, from the spinning-wheels stored in the attic to the mysterious traces of an under-ground passage leading from the wine-cellar, of whose use we had no tradition. I had devoured all of the quaint old volumes, knew the history of every bit of china, or furniture, or costume, and fancied that, to me at least, the house had no more secrets to reveal. But on this particular afternoon Aunt Abbie, pitying my dullness, gave me the key to my grandfather's desk, and I began to explore the files of yellowed paper peeping from its cedarn pigeon-holes. They were mostly bills and notes, account-books, packets of old letters, and various legal documents. Among these last I found the will of my great-aunt; it seemed at first glance to be a quaint piece of composition, and I was already interested in the writer. My grandfather, Obadias Pyncheon, had been a man of substance, and I had heard his older sister, Serena, spoken of as one of the early belles of Boston. Her portrait, too, our only boast as an artistic heir-loom, hung in the blue chamber, which I had appropriated to myself for the summer. It had been painted by Copley, but the face reminded me of a Greuze in the Louvre, so fair it was in tint and so poetic in sentiment. The golden blonde hair, the natural color showing through a thin rime of powder, rose in light puffs above the low white forehead. The eyes were bronze-brown, under curling golden lashes, producing that striking appearance usually resulting in the combination of light hair and dark eyes. Either the artist flattered her unwarrantably, or Serena Pyncheon was an uncommonly beautiful woman, and I began the reading of her will with eagerness. The first bequest of landed estate was that of the old mansion to my grandfather. From this point on I found little that interested me until reaching the enumeration and disposal of her personal property, which seemed to me quite odd, and in some degree characteristic.

"As I shall die possessed of many good cloathes" (said this part of the will) "which I am certain can be of service neither to my husband nor to my sons, and which I am exceeding loath should be sold, I do make the following disposition of them:

"To Ann Pyncheon, wife of my beloved brother Obadias Pyncheon, I do leave my Crimson Grogram Gown, with my long Cardinal and Bonnet, likewise my best Stays and my Gauze of all sorts.

"To my dear friend and faithful, since the beginning of my illness, Hannah Partridge, I do leave my striped pink and white lutestring Petticoat, also my sprigged red and white linen Gown, and my brown padusay Gown, with my best book-muslin apron, and all my fans.

"My puce-colored satin Gown I do request should be ripped up, and a serviceable and handsome chair be covered therewith for the pulpit of the meeting-house, to the end that the pastor of that church, being used to behold this Gown on each Lord's-day, miss not its apparition on any occasion of Divine Service.

"I do leave my sapphire shoe-buckles to the wife of my eldest son, Louis Lafayette D'Etoile.

"To my second son John Hancock D'Etoile's wife I do leave my ring with two hearts in it, and my Paris peach-colored velvet pelisse, requesting that it be never worn, ripped up, given away, or sold.

"To Patience Plympton I do bequeath my cloth riding petticoat and hood, knowing that she is too weakly to ride and too poor to possess a horse; and forbidding her ever to attempt so perilous an amusement, for 'an horse is a vain thing for safety.' I do also leave her my green padusay Sack and my gold buttons.

"To Silas Wells's wife I leave my flowered blue and white damask Petticoat and my yellow satin Petticoat.

"To Electa Leffingwell, my Patch Gown and my Bird-of-Paradise Gown. I do also leave to the said Electa my silver tea-spoons.

"I do leave my chaise to my husband.

"I do request that Hannah Partridge and Electa Leffingwell do divide my black satin Coat, my black silk Gloves, my crimson worsted Cloak, my black alamode handkerchief, my green silk Calash, and my long lawn aprons, with my hose and linen of all sorts, among ten worthy and needy women of their own choosing.

"I do leave to little Abigail Pyncheon, daughter of my brother Obadias Pyncheon, my gold beads, together with my songs, journals, letters, and writings of whatever sort, to the end that, she having shown herself at this early age to be blest with a lively wit, may set

forth my memoir to the edifying of the saints and the conversion of the ungodly. For the further furtherance of which work I do likewise leave to the said Abigail my portrait, that it may be put into the hands of skillful draughtsmen and gravers, and a frontispiece be made therefrom for this book. I do also bequeath to my niece Abigail the sum of ten pounds sterling.

(Signed and attested) "—— ——."

"Why, Aunt Abbie!" said I, in surprise, "I never heard of this before. Did you ever write the history of the old lady?"

"No," replied my aunt, with a shrug. "I did look over the great bundle of writings which she left me, but I found little either to edify or convert. My aunt seems from them to have been a very worldly woman in her younger days, and a very disagreeably pious one in old age. Eliza Montague was right when she said that women were either all vanity or vexation of spirit. Serena Pyncheon was all vanity in her youth, and vexation of spirit the rest of her life."

"Her portrait does not speak so poorly of her," I said, doubtfully.

"Read what she left, yourself," said Aunt Abbie, with some asperity—"such a mess of flirtation and romance, dress and silliness! I never had the patience to wade thoroughly through it." And Aunt Abbie placed before me a small trunk covered with cow-skin and studded with brass nails, containing a large portfolio of fine tapestry-work filled with the papers which were to tell me the story of Serena Pyncheon's life. Aunt Abbie selected the first paper, or introduction to the rest, and I read:

"Roxbury, *June* 25, 1825.

"My Niece Abigail,—Though you are still a very little girl, yet am I persuaded that you are a damsel of fine parts, and that the trust which I now lay upon you is not misplaced. I have been during my youth but of a giddy and frivolous disposition, having set my heart too much on the pleasures of this world, and being overmuch fond of gay attire. As I grew in years these trifling things sank to their proper level, insomuch that I was minded to give away all of my rich apparel; but as I took it down from hooks and nails, each Gown and Petticoat, each Ribbon and Fan, did so recall some scene of my past life through which the unchanging goodness of God had led me, that it was borne in upon me that these very Gowns and Petticoats that had once served the cause of folly and of pride might now make reparation for their past uselessness by telling the history of what they had witnessed. It has therefore been, and still is, my desire that an allegory be set forth by some one that hath wit thereto, whereby these Gowns shall in a figure talk, and that in an edifying and comelie manner, of what they have seen. I have thought of leaving this duty to my dear husband, but I fear me that his kindness of heart which he hath toward me would cause him to deal too gently with my numerous faults and short-comings. Lest it be thought that the figure of Dress be too mean and trivial an one with which to set forth divine and moral things, I would here make two selections from the Psalms to show that such figures do hold an honourable part in the public service of Divine praise:

'At His right hand our Eyes behold
The Queen arrayed in purest Gold;
The World admires her heavenly Dress,
Her Robe of Joy and Righteousness.'

Alsoe,

'Girded with Truth and cloathed with Grace,
My Priests, my ministers, shall shine;
Not Aaron in his costly dress
Made an appearance so divine.'

The thought hath likewise sprung up within me how that as these silken threads had long survived the humble caterpillars that spun them, so they would also be more lasting than my own life, and that these faded fabrics might, when I had long lain in the dust, still tell of the Goodness of God, even as also the ashes of roses do for long years survive and tell of the sweet scent of the flower that, living, blossomed but for a day."

These, then, were Ashes of Roses, and as I read the record that followed, the old brocades and old loves blossomed again in all their sweetness and tender colors. Had I the pen of a John Bunyan, the quaint idea of the allegory which my great-aunt conceived should be carried out; but I can not bear to mar these simple records by any change, and so give them to you as I found them, only in places modernizing the spelling, and abridging the memoirs when at times they have seemed unnecessarily profuse. The paper first in order was entitled,

I.—MY PINK PADUSAY AND LUTESTRING PETTICOAT.

In the spring of the year 1775, I being then fifteen years old, my father judging my education to be complete, did, in token of his satisfaction, give me a silk gown of rich fabric and genteel figure. The outer and upper part of this attire was a pink Padusay round-gown, with a lace frill about the neck, which was cut low and square, and about the sleeves, which reached but to the elbow, where they were met by a pair of long embroidered gloves. This round-gown was open in its front over a petticoat of pink and white striped lutestring. I had also embroidered hose and red high-heeled slippers, and a pointed pink satin hat, with a white ostrich feather three-quarters of a yard in length; but my father would on no account allow that I should patch my face or powder my hair. My interior adornment was not, for this period, much behind my outer, for I had been well instructed in needle-work, and that of all sorts. I could both speak and write French with glibness, could dance becomingly, play upon the spinet, and was much praised for my gift in singing; but, indeed, my skill in this latter branch was not so much owing to any uncommon aptness therefor as to the great talent of my singing-master, Consider Dillaway. He was the chorister at our meeting-house, and it was owing to the respect and consideration that I felt for him, rather than to any zeal for true religion, that at this time neither miry weather nor sickness of body could keep me from the Lord's house. I sang treble, and when there were parts to be carried alone, such as,

"Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance,
And some with graceful motion dance—
Let instruments of various strings,
With organs joined, His praise advance—
His praise advance,"

it was always I to whom he gave them, despite the jealous and envious talk of the other singers.

He played also at times upon the bass-viol, and was a plain-appearing man, who, though quite young, wore his dark hair combed straightly back, without curl or powder, and tied simply with a black ribbon. His linen also was very plain, scarcely admitting of two ruffles, and he never wore aught gayer than a claret-colored coat. Yet was there something singularly attractive in the youth, albeit the outward plainness of his attire was a correct symbol of his inward gravity; and when he sang, his clear young voice, so innocent and brave and true that it seemed the soul of the young man that was singing,

"Ye people all with one accord
Clap hands and much rejoice;
Be glad, and sing unto the Lord
With sweet and pleasant voice,"

there was somewhat in the song that carried me away more than any preaching I ever heard, somewhat not of command, nor yet of entreaty, though it wrought upon me in spite of myself, making me to sing in answer to it, when, from perversity and mere despite of maiden willfulness, I have closed my lips, determined to be silent, that thus the song might be spoiled and he be angered with me. It was as though a great witchcraft wrought upon me, and made me sing with all my might, until the tip of the feather on my head-gear trembled like the wing of a bird that is singing its heart away.

So the days passed for me, and meantime the great storm of the Revolution burst upon us. My father had not been at the battle of Bunker Hill, but he belonged to the militia, and one day I rode out with him from Roxbury to Cambridge to see Washington take command of the troops. That evening my father told me that he should now remain permanently with the Continental army. My mother had died several years previous. I was too young to be left in charge of the house and of my little brother Obadias, and it was concluded that, as passing was still allowed to and from Boston, I should go to the city and remain under the care of my father's sister, my aunt Phylie Kimpball.

She was a vehement Tory, and it seemed strange to me that she should charge herself with the children of her rebellious brother; but "blood is thicker than water," and we presently received from her a most cordial letter of welcome. Leaving Roxbury was my first sorrow. It was not alone parting from my father, for there also was Consider Dillaway. I went once more to the meeting-house, but my eyes filled with tears, and I could not trust myself to look at him while he sang:

"Come, my beloved, haste away;
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow."

And though I did not look at him, yet I felt that he was looking at me. Something kept coming up in my throat, so that I could not sing. I put up my hand to push it back, and then I broke down utterlie, and wept. After the meeting, Consider Dillaway walked home with me, and asked me very tenderlie what caused my grief. I told him that I was soon to go away from Roxbury. He smiled sadlie, and said, "I too am going away, Serena. I have joined the light infantry, and shall march away next week. I have dreaded it much, but it will not be so hard if you are no longer here." Then I trembled from head to foot, for I felt that more was coming, and it was the first time that one had told me that he loved me. But methinks that when I entered my father's door I was not so sad, for I wore upon my finger a ring with two hearts joined, and inside this posie, "My heart and hand you shall command." It was Consider Dillaway's mother's wedding ring, and it would be mine some day. In return, I had but filled his hands with the roses that grew over the porch; I had but given him the roses, a kiss, and a promise—trifling and perishable things, all three, which cost nothing to give, and were alike to pass away and be forgotten.

II.—THE SAPPHIRE BUCKLES.

My aunt Phylie was a woman of considerable fortune. Her house stood in the most fashionable part of Boston, overlooking the Common. As she had no children, she was right glad to have us with her. I was company for her, and gave her an excuse for giving dinners and drums, which, as she was still fond of society, and was a notable whist-player, she greatly enjoyed. Of my little brother Obadias she was not overfond. However, as I took the charge of him, and he came not greatly under her notice, all went smoothly enough. She would not suffer that we should speak of our father, who, she said, was a pestilent rebel and a deluded man, who had deserted his children. Nevertheless, she was most generous, and dressed me in such a manner that, though I had thought my pink padusay fine, it was but as one of the plainest of the gowns which I now wore. She also took much pleasure in my voice, and caused her spinet to be new tuned, to the end that I might sing and play to her every evening; but she would hear to none of the songs that I had been accustomed to sing hitherto. Her psalms were more often to the glory of King George than to that of the King of kings, as witness this following, which was sung each morning at family worship:

"PSALM LXXV.

"*To the happy Accession of King George to the Throne.*

"Britain was doom'd to be a Slave,
Her Frame dissolved; her Fears were great;
When God a new Supporter gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.

"He from thy Hand received his Crown,
And sware to rule by wholesome Laws;
His Foot shall tread th' Oppressor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

"Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful Head,
But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
And own the King that God hath made.

"Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

"His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Vengeance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter Dregs."

My aunt was a staunch Church-woman. Each Lord's-day the whole family, including the negro boy Jack, repaired to King's Chapel to hear a discourse from the rector, Dr. Caner, who was a vehement loyalist, and did often stir up my spirit within me by reason of the sermons which he preached against Washington and the Continental Congress. I liked much the grand and solemn music of the organs; but it seemed not meet to me that the walls and pillars of the house of God should be hung with heraldic banners and escutcheons of man's vainglory. Jack sat with the other slaves in the gallery, and being of an unrulie and mischievous disposition, caused no small pains to good Mister Rutley, whose business it was "to appease the boys and negroes and other unrulie persons." The British officers sat in a great square pew beside that of the Governor, and my mind was often drawn from the Litany to a contemplation of their gorgeous uniforms. I think verily that I received more exercise of a truly religious nature from hearing the chimes of Christ Church—Devotion having the habit of entering my soul through the door of Music—than from any other thing during my stay in Boston.

So came on the winter of 1775 and 1776, but with such exceeding mildness that it seemed a mark of Divine favour to our half-cloathed soldiers in the field. My aunt saw a great deal of society. General Howe himself was not seldom at her house. By his gracious and worshipful presence, as well as through the person of his brother, Lord Howe, slaine at the battle of Ticonderoga in our defence in the former war, he had stolen the hearts of the greater part of the people. Among the officers who most did frequent my aunt's house was one Colonel Arthur Frothingham, to whom she took a mighty liking. His elder brother was a lord, and my aunt could never divest herself of the notion that he would one day arrive at the same dignity, whereas, from what I could learn, there were, brothers and nephews, as good as five lives between himself and the coronet. He was of a comely and engaging exterior, but addicted to the vices of extravagance, gaming, and smoking, and withal so great a braggart that I could not abide him. But for this latter quality, I fancy it served rather to advance him in the good graces of my aunt, for she could never tire of hearing him tell how he went shooting with Lord this and Sir that, and that his sisters rode to hounds better than any of the sporting men in their county. When my aunt heard this, and from other quarters that he was accredited to be the best horseman at General Burgoyne's riding-school (for the general had converted the Old South Church into such a place of amusement), she asked him to give me lessons in riding, and caused a fine cloth petticoat to be made for me. But it fell out that I went no further than my first lesson, for the horse which he brought me was an unrulie and surlie beast, which, when he felt that he was not bestridden after the manner of the cavallery, did break into a fierce run, and I, being thrown in the Common, and dragged so far as Frog Lane (now Boylston Street), was so grievously injured that I durst never afterward adventure myself on so fearsome a creature.

Now, also, the manner of songs was changed, my aunt taking most pleasure in such old English ballads as "Chevy Chace;" and Colonel Frothingham likewise, though his voice was in no manner to be compared to that of Consider Dillaway, did acquit himself creditably, and we sang many worldlie and foolish songs together. He procured for me, also, much of the music played by the Royal Fusileers' Band, which we made a shift to adapt to the spinet. It chanced of a certain day that we were practicing together a carol for Christmas, which was then near at hand, and as the colonel sang,

"She with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that goodly companie,"

he placed his arm with much familiarity about my waist. At the same instant was heard the loud beating of the knocker and the laughing and stamping of some of his brother officers upon the front steps, whereat the colonel, being much abashed, did most inconsiderately fly into my aunt's china closet and close the door. When the companie was entered, my aunt having also descended to receive them, my little brother Obadias began to amuse himself in an unseemly manner at the end of the room, ranging the chairs in line of battle and reviewing them as he had often seen the officers do upon the Common. Whereat my aunt did sharplie rebuke him; but one of the guests encouraged his roguerie by asking him if he were playing General Howe,

and the saucie wight replied, with much boldness, "Nay, I am General Washington, and we have beaten the redcoats!" Then said the officer, with a feigned laugh, while my aunt sat speechless with horror, "Have you taken any prisoners?" "Yea," roared my brother, right lustilie; "I have taken one, and he is shut up in the china closet." Whereat he did with main force pull open the door and discover the colonel, though he on his side did resist, holding on to the panels with his fingers.

My aunt was greatly scandalized by this event, so that for a time she forbade the colonel the house. I also had no great liking for him; but he obtaining a private conference with my aunt, did convince her of the contrary, and did ask my hand in marriage. Some time after this, I, not knowing what had passed between them, consented to go with Colonel Frothingham to the Queen's ball, which General Howe gave at the Province House on the 22d of February, my aunt showing herself very anxious that I should do so, and having caused at great expense a new gown to be made for me, far finer than any I had yet worn, the upper part being of rich damask of a bird-of-paradise color, matching in tint my hair, and worn over a blue and white flowered damask petticoat. My shoes were blue, with large rosettes; I carried my aunt's white and gold fan, and she caused me to wear her own jewels, which were sapphires, the most magnificent in the colony, and consisted of a necklace of large single sapphires set round with small diamonds with large sapphire pendants, and of two silver shoe-buckles of the bigness of my hand, which had been my uncle's, each studded closely with sapphires, whereof some were great and some small. My aunt caused me to wear these two buckles in my hair, the one as a coronet in the fore and topmost part of my head-gear, and the other at the back as a comb. I saw none other ladies at the ball with jewels so magnificent. As we returned, Colonel Frothingham, with much condescension, and as one who demands that which is already his, did ask me to be his wife, saying that my singular merit and accomplishments did recommend me to an advantageous and honourable match with some gentleman of figure and fortune, and that he doubted not that both my prudence and my heart would counsel me to look favourably upon him. Whereat I told him very shortlie that I had never had any great liking for him, which I thought he had for a long time had the wit to perceive. With that we arrived at my aunt's house, and though it was late at night, my aunt met us at the door and persisted that the colonel should come in, for the weather had changed, and notwithstanding the heat of our discussion, we were almost starved with the cold. She led us to her own room, where was a good fire blazing upon the hearth, and her three fine silver tankards ranged before; then I knew that we were to have some flip, and I was right glad, because the cold seemed to have gotten into our very lungs and stomachs, and because my aunt's flip was better and stronger than that of any one else in the colony. She took the iron loggerhead from its little closet in the chimney and heated it red-hot in the embers; then Jack brought the beer, the sugar, and the nutmeg, which my aunt mixed properly, filled the tankards, and plunged the heated loggerhead within them as though it were the dasher of a churn. We then did our utmost to drink the flip, but the liquor was so exceeding ardent that it brought the tears to my eyes, and I could swallow but a small portion. After that the colonel did converse in a somewhat constrained manner with my aunt, complimenting her on the beauty and costliness of her sapphires, "which," quoth he, "are worthy to be worn by a duchess." "Then," quoth my aunt, "must little Serena wed with a duke, for the sapphires shall be hers, though now I suffer her not to keep them for fear that mischance befall them." Whereto the colonel consented, saying that it was meet that such treasures should lie in some sure place; and my aunt opened the desk that stood beside the chimney and shewed him the secret drawer, taking therefrom the Chinese box wherein she kept them. The colonel regarded the drawer with much interest, and then praised my aunt's flip so highly—saying that nowhere on Pudding Lane, where were the more part of the inns and houses of entertainment, nor at the Green Dragon, or the White Horse, nor even at the Noah's Ark, which was the inn he did most affect, was to be found such delectable liquor—that my aunt would have up more beer and brewed him another tankard, which, however, the colonel would not drink, so that my aunt, being a prudent woman and averse to having aught wasted, was constrained to drink it herself.

Shortly after, the colonel took his departure, and when I bade my aunt good-night, she sat looking at the jewels, with the loggerhead in her hand, and I thought then that she had drunken overmuch, for she called me Duchess Frothingham, and said I should dress my hair with loggerheads all my days. I had scarcely gotten to bed when I fell into a deep sleep, from the which, however, it seemed to me I was immediately awakened by a noise in my aunt's chamber, which was next my own. Thinking that perchance she had fallen ill, and might need my help, I made speed to light a candle, and all in my night-gown as I was, ran into the hall, and into the arms of one who issued from my aunt's chamber. The next instant

my light was blown out, and I felt myself held strongly by the wrists; but I had seen the face of Colonel Arthur Frothingham, and was ware that he held the Chinese box wherein my aunt kept the sapphires. I had been too much affrighted to cry aloud, and now it was the colonel who spake: "Go back into your chamber, and see that you report naught of this matter, or I will inform upon your aunt and yourself as rebels." Then said I, "General Howe is our friend, and he will not suffer our house to be broken into and robbed by one of his soldiers, nor will he believe idle tales concerning my aunt, whom all know to be a staunch loyalist." "Let not the daughter of a rebel speak so confidently," said the colonel. "Your aunt did but a few days since privily receive a letter gotten secretly into the town from a rebel in arms, which letter I have safely in my pocket, and will produce if mention is made of this business." With that he pushed me rudely into my room, and having turned the key upon me, departed.

When morning was come, my aunt having let me out, I told her what had chanced, whereupon she went at once to the desk and found the secret drawer open and empty; a letter also which had arrived from my father, and of which she had not hitherto made mention, was missing; but she so feared the colonel's threat that she durst not make complaint of him to General Howe. It were idle to say that we saw him no more at our house, whereat I was right glad; and though my aunt would say that it was not because he was a Tory that he had acted so vilely, and that the more part of his companions would blush for his conduct, yet I marked that from this time her zeal for the King's cause did wonderfully abate.

I attended but one more social entertainment in Boston that winter, one of a series of plays at Faneuil Hall, and the only play that I have ever seen in Boston. It was a travestie of the American officers, writ by General Burgoyne, a great scholar and wit. The Misses Byles were present, being sent in Lord Percy's carriage. I myself was attended by Ensign Plympton, a young Tory, and member of the Loyal American Fencibles, the only American company, if I remember rightly, organized in support of the British. But we saw nothing of the play, for it was interrupted by reason of rumors of fighting in Charlestown, which was indeed the beginning of the siege. Shortlie after this, on the 17th of March, General Howe and his troops sailed away from Boston. Many of the loyalists went with him, some to Halifax, some to New York, and some even to England. Among this number were the Fencibles and Dr. Caner, who carried off with him the church registers, plate, and vestments. I think my aunt would have gone too, had it not been for this recent affair with the colonel; but her former liking for him was changed into as lively a repugnance, so that she was glad when the fortunes of war separated them. Washington now took peaceable possession of the town, and my father coming with him, was welcomed gladly and in a right sisterly manner by my aunt.

As it was a very raw and chilly day, when the evening was come he besought my aunt to prepare him a tankard of flip, whereat a shade crossed my aunt's countenance, for she was minded of the night of the robbery and of her lost jewels. However, she bade me place the loggerhead to heat in the fire, and rang for Jack to bring up the beer and the condiments. When I had opened the little closet in the chimney, to my great bewilderment I drew from the recess not the iron loggerhead, but the sapphire necklace and buckles. Whereof the true explanation seemeth to be that my aunt, having drunk more than her wont of flip, did in her confusion of mind change the places of the loggerhead and the jewels, insomuch that the colonel did break into our house to rob us of a paltry morsel of iron. My aunt was so shamed by this occurrence that never after, until the day of her death, could she be persuaded to brew or to drink any kind of ardent liquor.

III.—THE WHITE COCKADE AND THE CRIMSON GROGRAM GOWN.

Not long after this event my father was ordered South, and I saw him no more, neither did any event of importance transpire, until the autumn of 1778, when he obtained a furlough and was with us for some time. At this time also Boston again showed somewhat of the gayety of routs and drums, of which we had had great lack since the departure of the British. For at this season President Hancock and the Marquis de la Fayette were in the town, the Count d'Estaing also had lately arrived with the French fleet, and the Boston ladies did their utmost worthilie to welcome their distinguished guests. The Marquis de la Fayette remained, indeed, but a few days, but he was every where, and deservedly, the hero; for the whole land worshiped his devotion and sacrifice for the weal of a country not his own. The Count d'Estaing, who had taken up his quarters on George's Island, had brought upon himself the prejudice and censure of many on account of the matter of Newport, in that he obeyed the letter rather than the spirit of his orders. The populace were so angry thereat, and the remembrance of the French and Indian war was so fresh, that they could not accustom themselves to look upon the French other than as enemies, and there occurred an unseemly and disgraceful riot, wherein many of the French

were maltreated, and the Chevalier St. Sauveur killed. But Lafayette and others in authority did interpose for peace. President Hancock also, to the end that the prejudice of the lower ranks might not spread to those of the better class, did frequently bid the Count d'Estaing and his staff, with officers of the Continental army and marine, as well as citizens occupying important posts, to dine with him at his mansion on Beacon Hill. My father was often at these gatherings, and spoke well of such of the French as he met, especially of one Louis d'Etoile, a young man of rank whom he did find much to his taste.

The house of President Hancock was at this time the centre of gay society in Boston, even as the Province House had been before, the great possessions and high position of its owner, together with his courtlie and fascinating manners, making it such. Madam Hancock also contributed by her affable and charming disposition to its attractions; and though they lived in princely style, riding in a coach drawn by six bays and attended by several servants in livery, so popular were they that none ever envied or maligned them. On the evening of November 5 President Hancock gave a grand ball to the French officers. He had used to give such entertainments at his own mansion, whereto he had added a long wooden dancing hall; but on this occasion even this was not judged to be of sufficient bigness, and it was given at Concert Hall. This ball was more an affair of Madam Hancock than of her husband, and she invited to her house beforehand many of the first ladies of Boston (who, out of all cities of the colony, have ever been most forward in any work of public patriotism or charity, ofttimes to the stirring up thereunto of their husbands and fathers) to aid her in devices for this festivity, it being understood that its main object was the furtherance of peaceable feelings between the French and our own people.

It chanced that various committees, as of music, of flowers, and of dancing, having been chosen, another committee for the reception of the guests was made up of such as had any proficiency in the French language. And I, being known for a great glibness of tongue in that as well as in my native speech, was set thereto. And having settled among ourselves that we should dress in red and in white, wearing the French cockade of white satin in our headgear, we presently dispersed. When my father heard this he was well pleased, for he hoped that I should meet his new favourite, Louis d'Etoile, whom he had bidden to our house, though he had not yet come. He gave me also a goodly sum wherewith to make myself fine, and I caused to be made a crimson grogram gown garnished with Dutch lace of the finest sort, and worn over a white satin petticoat covered with raised work of flowers and vines in embroidery of white silks, the whole spread upon a wide hoop after the latest Philadelphia fashions. The ball was a brilliant affair, for the officers were all of fine appearance, and magnificent in white uniforms faced with scarlet, light blue, or green; and though the greater part of them could not speak our language, they did so converse by means of bows and smiles and pleasant gestures, and each withal possessed so dancing a foot, that the young women did all declare them far more agreeable partners than General Howe's stiff and clumsy soldiery had been. As for myself, I think I never enjoyed a ball as much; though indeed there had been much gayer assemblages at the Province House, where the gentlemen who were not in uniform glittered in waistcoats of pea-green, canary-color, or sky-blue velvet plentifully embroidered with gold, and I have never since heard music whereto the foot kept time in the minuet more naturally, and as it were of its own will, than that which Lord Percy's band was wont to discourse. In the fore part of the evening, spying an exceedingly noble and graceful young man standing solitary and apart, I, as was the duty of my committee, accosted him and asked him if I should find him a partner with whom to dance. Whereupon he made answer that he would be better pleased if I would dance with him myself, which I accordingly did, there being none who can accuse me in saying, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced," the din of fiddles, bass-viol, flutes, or bassoon running always in my blood like to a fever. And I danced with him not the next set only, but all following, thereby drawing upon myself the displeasure of the rest of the committee, who said that I had deserted my duty and left double labor to them. I did not learn the name of my gallant, but I observed that he had the most wonderful eyes I had ever seen; they did beam upon me with such a searching, admiring, and withal so tender and respectful a gaze that I had no such thing so move me since the day that I heard Consider Dillaway sing, "Come, my beloved," with the strange new thrill in his voice. When the last set was danced, he asked me as a souvenir of the ball and of myself to give him the white cockade which I wore in my hair, and he in turn presented me with a striped and varied colored ribbon which he wore upon his breast, and had been given him upon some field of battle in foreign lands. Shortly after, the head of our committee took me aside to upbraid me for my lack of duty, and my father, coming soon after to fetch me home, said that throughout the ball he had sought

in vain for Louis d'Etoile, and had only found him a moment before, when the young man excused himself, saying that he had met with so charming a young person that he had forgotten to seek my father in order to be introduced to his daughter. Whereat my father, though not well pleased, had bid him to dine upon the morrow.

Great was my surprise to find when our guest arrived that he was none other than my chevalier of the night before. After this he came often to our house, and we found him to be a man "stuffed with all honourable virtues," and so inflamed with a love for Liberty and a personal admiration for the Marquis de la Fayette that he had made him his example, and left all to follow him. His only grief was that he could not serve directly under so glorious a commander in the more active warfare in which the land forces were engaged. As time passed by, I found my liking for this young man to grow more and more, the which gave me great pain, for had I not given my promise to Consider Dillaway, and though I had not heard from him, I doubted not but that he kept his troth to me with a leal heart and true. Being much vexed in mind, and chiefly with my own unruly heart, which would prefer this fascinating Frenchman to the plain youth to whom I had given my word, I chanced one day to open my psalm-book to a hymn which Consider and I had oft-times sung together, and as I read it anew it came to me as a sign, and I could say with faith,

> "I to my God my Ways commit,
> And cheerful wait His Will;
> Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet
> Shall my desires fulfill."

That same day my father brought a message from Consider's family in Roxbury, none of them knowing what such message might mean to me, saying that he was without doubt slain, being missing after a battle in New Jersey, from which it was thought the British had carried away no prisoners. These woful tidings so saddened me, for methought that by my indecision I had wished for his death, and so was in a manner accountable for it, that I had no longer any heart for

> "The dull farce, the empty show,
> Of powder, pocket glass, and beau,"

and had much ado to keep from my father and from Louis d'Etoile the true cause of the change in my spirits. My father, indeed, took the reason to be that I was unhappy because our guest was soon to leave us, the fleet having orders to depart for the West Indies. And Louis d'Etoile himself, though possessed with as much modesty as is ever granted to vain man, did become imbued with the same notion, and pled his cause with such warmth and confidence as only a Frenchman can use without offence, urging me to become his wife, and that without delay. "For," quoth he, "who knows that we shall ever meet again; and if I should be wounded on some field of battle, you would then have an undisputed right to come to me and cheer my soul in its departure on the great journey." My father likewise deemed it advisable that I should be married before his departure, and wait with my aunt the return of my husband, for he was about to set out himself. He knew not but that he might soon give his life for his country, and he wished to see me settled in life before he died. My aunt also thought that I bid fair to become an ancient spinster, having now reached the mature age of eighteen, and advised my being wed with all haste possible. And so wed we were in King's Chapel, though not by Dr. Caner, it being the greatest display that had here taken place since his departure, the organ which Handel had selected pouring forth his most joyous music, the bell clanging merrily, and all, even to the horses to all the coaches, wearing wedding favors. We were carried home in President Hancock's coach, and Madam Hancock herself gave the wedding breakfast. Then my father and my husband departed, and I was left again with my aunt in guise more like to a widow than a bride.

I had news from my husband after the unsuccessful affair of Saint Lucia, and after the victories of Saint Vincent and Grenada. I received also the following letter from him after the attack on Savannah:

> "My well-beloved,—Day before yesterday the Count d'Estaing, co-operating with General Lincoln, landed his troops and began a furious attack on Savannah. We fought for the space of an hour upon the breastworks. Twice the American flag was hoisted, and I once planted the *fleur-de-lys*. It was a desperate assault, but all to no purpose. While we had been waiting in sight of the town, reinforcements had arrived, and we were driven back. Count Pulaski was killed, and Count d'Estaing twice wounded. I myself received a scratch, but that is of no consequence, save that your white cockade is all stained and spoiled.
>
> "I am in the confidence of the count, and he says we are shortly to return to France. I can not come for you, so come to me, my beloved one. Write me when you start, and where in England I shall meet you, addressing me at ——. All thine, Louis."

I did not receive this letter until long after it was written, and had then to communicate with my father, so that it was not until the spring of 1780 that I was ready to depart.

Madam Hancock then placed me in charge of her very good friend Captain Scott, commander of a London packet, and gave me a letter of introduction to another friend of theirs, the artist Copley, at whose house in London I was to meet my husband. The letter which I wrote, informing him of this arrangement, went over in the same ship with me; and while waiting for him in London, I improved the time by having my por-

trait painted by this artist, which I sent back to my aunt to keep as a pleasant surprise for my father when he should return from the field. About a month following, my husband came for me and took me to his own home.

IV.—THE PEACH-COLORED VELVET.

I shall have to pass briefly over my sojourn in the pleasant land of France. My husband's family possessed a small château in La Vendée, not far from Fontenay, which after several years passed to him by the death of his father. Together with my husband's sister Ernestine, we passed our time alternately here and at Paris, the slight "scratch" of which my husband spoke being of sufficient importance to place him for a time upon the retired list of officers. I had the honour at one time to be presented at court, and on that occasion was attired in a peach-colored velvet gown profusely garnished with gold-lace. I was much touched by the sweet and gentle manners of the Queen, as well as by her marvelous beauty; and now I first knew my husband to be a sad flatterer, for he loved most to say that I resembled Marie Antoinette. I know not which I most enjoyed at this time, the gayety of the great city or the simple pleasures of our country home, where our children were born, and where, with them, I looked from my pointed window to see the fields gay with cockles and Marguerites, with here and there a windmill slothfully stretching its great arms, like unto the sluggard awakening from his slumber. The peasants were simple and kindly folk, and loved us right loyally, and never would we have been injured, even in the terrible days of the Reign of Terror, had we but remained with them; for if the battlements of the château had not been strong enough to defend us, there was not a *chaumière* in all the country which would not have received and secreted us. But at the first muttering of the storm my husband, thinking that he might be of use to his royal master, and that so long as Lafayette remained at his post there was still hope for the country, betook himself to Paris and obtained a commission as one of the Body Guards under his old officer, the Count d'Estaing, who was now commander of the National Guards at Versailles.

For a time we all dwelt near him at Paris; but early in 1792, perceiving that the signs of the times did not betoken fairer weather, but that, on the contrary, all went from bad to worse, the nobility now using what dispatch they might to quit the country, he deemed it not prudent for his family to remain longer with him, and procured us passports to England as *émigrés*. For himself, he felt it his duty to remain, whatever chanced, by the side of his sovereign. Having dwelt thus for a year and a half in England, and hearing but sorry tidings from France, the anguish of mind that we were in could no longer be supported; and leaving the children and our luggage with certain safe people, my sister Ernestine and myself did adventure to pass again, under false names, into France. When we reached Paris, matters lacked but little of the worst. I made myself known to some former servants, who now kept a little wine shop, and with whom I lodged; but it was with the greatest difficulty and after long search that I found my husband. The royal family were in prison, the Body Guards disbanded and most of them killed—though some had the good fortune to escape, and others to secrete themselves, among these last being him we sought. Through the help of my host, the wine-merchant, my husband's former lackey, we found him, disguised and hidden. The sight of me did but cause him the most poignant distress. "I had thought you safe out of this whirlpool of death," quoth he, "and now I know not how you may escape." "Then will I share your fate," said I. But he charged me on no account to be rash, but to strive to live for our children. "If I am arrested," quoth he, "make no attempt to see me; you would only seal the destruction of each of us." After gently upbraiding me in these words, he took leave of me in the most loving manner, saying that it did indeed greatly move him to see what risks I and his sister had run for the sake of seeing him again, that he thanked God for this last opportunity to clasp us to his heart, that his trust was in Christ, and he was not afraid to die. He looked worn and tired, and he said that, by reason of great anxiety, he had not slept for the space of three nights. "But I shall soon be at rest," quoth he; and with that he laid his head upon the table before him, and repeated this verse, wherewith I had been wont to put our children to bed:

> "Sleep, downy sleep, come close mine eyes,
> Tired of beholding vanities."

After the which he took leave of us, full loath to go, for we would fain have remained with him, but he constrained us; and when Ernestine, sobbing, would not say *adieu*, but only *au revoir*, he consented, pointing upward.

Some days after, a woman of a wild appearance thrust into my hand a crumpled paper, on which was written: "Prison of the Conciergerie, August 20. *Au revoir.*" Then we knew that the bolt had fallen, and that there was no hope. I was standing, when the message came, in the back part of the little wine shop. There was but one customer in the room, and he seemed to be reading; but when I rightly understood the meaning of the words which I read, there was no longer any force in my knees, and I fainted and fell. When I came out of my

trance, I found the gentleman, whom at first I did not recognize, talking earnestly with the keeper of the shop. Seeing that I had somewhat recovered, he approached me, and said, "Serena Pyncheon, how does it happen that I meet you in this God-forsaken land?" Then I told Colonel Frothingham—for it was indeed he—all my sad story, and besought his aid, for I knew not whether I should find in him a friend or foe. "Be not afraid," quoth he; "I have a government position here, and I doubt not but I shall be able to get you out of this accursed country;" and with that he hastily bade me adieu and departed. Two days thereafter he came again, and said that he had gotten me a passport as an English lady—whereto my blonde hair and knowledge of the English tongue comported—and one for Ernestine as my maid. And when I had observed the passport, I saw that the name of the English lady was Mistress Arthur Frothingham; for he being well known to the authorities, it was the easier to procure a permission of departure for his wife. Having made all haste to throw a few matters together into a traveling-sack, we committed ourselves to the guidance of the colonel; and as we rode together toward the place from whence the diligence set forth, he said to me, in English: "I have long desired an occasion to make some reparation for my villainous conduct while in America; and if through my humble efforts you come off safe from this adventure, I beg of you to forget my base action in the past. I have naught to say in defence of myself, except that I was grievously tempted, being sore pressed by debt, and that my conscience has since caused me to suffer most intolerable pains. Lest I be again tempted in like manner, I carry continually with me this small iron."

Seeing that his contrition was unfeigned, I bethought me of some word of comfort which I might give him from the Scriptures; but it seemed to me that I heard the voice of one singing; the voice and the song were in like manner familiar, and I repeated the words to the repentant man at my side:

"'Though ye have lain among the pots,
Like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver and with gold,
Whose feathers covered are.'"

I had no time to make a fitting explanation, but I think he rightly understood it, for a pleasanter expression than I had ever seen upon it lighted his handsome face, and we bade each other farewell; nor from that time to this have I seen Arthur Frothingham more.

V.—THE PUCE-COLORED SATIN.

Many more dolorous and heavy days we spent in England, the fact of my widowhood coming to me with the certainty of the execution of Louis d'Etoile, aristocrat, at the prison of the Conciergerie on the ever-memorable 3d of September. I had had no hope, and so the news brought me no additional affliction; but not so my sister-in-law, who was of a playful and merry disposition, and presently sank into so profound a melancholy that it was impossible to rouse her therefrom, in which state she shortly departed this evil life, with all joy in the hope of a speedy reunion with her brother. My husband's commander and faithful friend, the Count d'Estaing, who had won honours for France against the English in India before his exploits in America, was likewise guillotined on the 28th of April following, his last words before the tribunal being, "When you have cut off my head, send it to the English; they will give you a high price for it." Lafayette, our hero, languished in a foreign prison; and there being now nothing to detain me in this land of strangers, I returned with my two sons, Louis Lafayette and John Hancock, to my father's house, nevermore, as I trust, to go out from it again until such time as I go to rejoin my father in the country without war to which he has gone. Here, indeed, have I found many and sad changes, my aunt having also died, with divers of my old friends and companions, but here likewise have I found much peace and happiness. My two sons have attained honourable estates, the one as a soldier and the other as a merchant, and both are men of fine figure, of subtle parts, of honour, merit, and of understanding.

The roses have overgrown the porch, and clamber up to my own chamber window, and when the sash is lifted, do even venture their sweet pink faces within, reminding me of the promise I gave with them long ago to Consider Dillaway, and that roses and promises are not the trifling and perishable things I thought them in early life. And so I close these memoirs, there being little more to tell, except that this past week, on the 17th day of June, 1825, I being sixty-five years old, did ride with my son Louis to see the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, passing under an arch thrown across Washington Street in honour of the coming again of our beloved Lafayette, and bearing this inscription, improvised by the poet Charles Sprague:

"We bow not the neck, and we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee."

During his stay in Boston the Marquis de la Fayette dined at our house, and we had much comfortable converse together concerning affairs in France and in America; and we have met again at the house of Madam Hancock (who, since the death of her husband, has married Captain Scott, under whose care I first went to England), all three of us thankful to that Providence which had permitted us to clasp hands after

so many and varied vicissitudes. It is the last meeting with old friends that I can expect; they that danced with me at the Province House or the Hancock Mansion sleep in foreign graves or within armorial carved vaults, and under ruder Puritan slabs of Copp's Hill. I visited them but yesterday, and was minded of an English ballad:

"Friends slumber here we were wont to regard;
We can trace out their names in the old kirk-yard."

One other event I must not neglect to mention. Shortly after my return from Europe I sat once more in my aunt's pew in King's Chapel, listening again to the notes of the organ, which was no longer decorated with the great gilt crown which had surmounted it in time past; all the coats of arms and escutcheons which had formerly been displayed along the walls and suspended from the pillars, after the manner of European churches, had also been taken away, and the church itself was now Unitarian and not Episcopal. I was roused from my cogitations on the changes which had taken place by the voice of the preacher. It was not the regular pastor, but one who for that day supplied his place, and in spite of the unfamiliar black gown and the whitened hair, which had no need of powder, I recognized Consider Dillaway.

He had been taken prisoner by the British, and not exchanged until the close of the war, and thus it was that we had all thought him dead. He preaches at a wooden meeting-house not far from my home; he is married, and seems to have forgotten all the unhappy past, living most lovingly with the partner he has chosen. She is not like his early love—gay little Serena Pyncheon, with her pink padusay and pointed hat with its long white plume; she is a sober-faced woman, far advanced in years, who wears every Lord's-day the same puce-colored satin gown, and looks less to the Philadelphia fashions than to the assurance that

"The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the Robes of Joy and Praise."

And yet when the choir sings,

"Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow,"

I have seen the pastor's eye rest with a loving and facetious twinkle upon the plain face of his consort; and I have had all that I could do to preserve a decent and seemly countenance, and not to create scandal in the congregation by smiling back to him in the pulpit—for, strange to say, I am his wife.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

REVERBERATIONS.

IT must have been very near midnight when Garth reached Urmhurst, and paused a moment under the porch before entering. The wind during the last half hour had waxed greatly stronger, and whistled shrewdly round the northeast corner of the dark and massive old house, and rattled the rose vine which climbed over Eve's window, and rustled through the dried oak leaves of the porch. It was a cold, sharp night: winter was hurrying down from the Arctic Ocean, and would be here by morning. From the valley came the white gleam of the lake and winding river, looking as if the frosty gusts were already beginning to shiver them into ice. The valley itself was bleak and desolate, its brown woods and meadows gradually paling to gray, until Wabeno lifted its shadowy, dim-gleaming barrier against the further world. Many an Urmson—all those old fellows whose dust lay in yonder grave-yard, but whose lives Garth had gathered up into his own that night—had stood where he stood now, and gazed across the bleak moon-lit valley till that immemorial mountain stopped the way. The stern Puritan, in his jack-boots and steel breastplate; the black-browed, handsome, reckless soldier who followed Phipps to Quebec; the blue-eyed, swarthy mariner who had traded in the East Indies and in Acadia, and had traversed all the world between; the Revolutionary captain in blue and buff, broad-shouldered, grim, choleric, and reticent—each one of them had leaned with folded arms against this stunted oak trunk, and had frowned at Wabeno as at the symbol of an irremovable bar in the way of success. But not one, Garth thought, had frowned from so heavy and unquiet a heart as he; for they, at least, had been forth to wrestle with the world, and had done something, good or bad, that had had a flavor and a fashion of its own, and was not, at all events, insignificant. But he, the descendant of them all, had done nothing; had only vexed his soul with doubts and broken beginnings and marrowless compromises. Yet he was the heir of their qualities as well as

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of their name. What was the clog in his machinery that prevented his bringing all this accumulated energy to bear? Were scruples and conscientiousness but an artful device of the devil? If he could pluck something out of his breast and fling it away forever, would not the world lie at his feet? If Christ, when he went up into that high place whence he overlooked all the kingdoms of the earth, had chosen to comply with his companion's moderate condition, would not His name have been better known and celebrated to-day than is actually the case?

Garth stamped his foot, and the heel of his shoe was wedged in the cleft of the granite threshold, so that it required an effort to pull it out. It seemed as if that old Indian underneath had put forth a skeleton gripe, with the intention of dragging the young man down into the grave, and taking revenge upon him for the injuries perpetrated by his forefathers. But this scheme of retribution did not meet Garth's views; on the contrary, it brought him to a sudden, tingling recognition of the immense value of life, and of the inestimable possibilities which were within his power to realize. If he could but fasten his hold firmly upon something definite and continuous, he felt that he could climb upward to the stars, even though the sins of twenty generations were piled upon his shoulders. Were not the worst of his difficulties, after all, imaginary? Had he not been a little insane of late? or, at least, might he not be visited presently by some luminous inspiration of genius, in comparison with which ordinary perception was mere purblindness? He passed his hand over his forehead, and was startled to feel how hot it was; and yet, how chilly was the wind! Heaven forbid that he should be taken ill at a time when something more than common good health was to be wished for!

He opened the heavy green door and entered the house. The kitchen fire was alight, and Nikomis sat smoking in the chimney-corner. On the table stood a joint of cold roast meat, while some vegetables were warming on the hob. In spite of his long fast, Garth now felt little positive appetite; however, he managed to swallow somewhat, and then, instead of drinking the tea which Nikomis had ready for him, he asked the old lady whether she could not find him any whiskey.

Being an Indian, it was entirely beneath Nikomis to manifest any surprise even at so unprecedented a demand as this. As for whiskey, no house in New Hampshire, except the meeting-houses, was ever known to be without it; and Urmhurst was no exception to the rule, although the only member of the household who was in the habit of consuming it was Nikomis herself. Golightley, indeed, occasionally took a glass, embellished with a little hot water and a lump of sugar, but neither Cuthbert nor Garth was inclined to keep him company. To-night, however, the young man was sensible of a pervading shiver such as only a draught of fire could allay. He had taken cold, and so potent, because unusual, a remedy could hardly fail to check its further progress.

Nikomis grunted, and laid down her pipe. The liquor was not far off; in truth, she forthwith drew from her pocket a battered pewter flask which proved to be half full of it. She poured a quantity of it into a tumbler, added a little water from the tea-kettle, and a few other ingredients, stirred it up, tasted it, and then handed it to the young man with a grunt of emphatic recommendation. He sipped it, shuddered, sipped again, laid down the spoon, and resolutely drank off about half of the mixture.

"There's something very genuine about that, Nikomis," he said, with tears in his eyes; "I dare say I might get to like it in time."

"Ugh!" responded Nikomis, relighting her pipe and gazing at the fire; "dare say —dare say!"

As was usual after supper-time, the kitchen was unlighted save for the flickering firelight, and even this had now subsided to a ruddy glow, which served to illumine hardly more than the cavernous fire-place. Garth drew the antique oaken chair far up on the hearth, and held his hands toward the embers, while his dusky companion puffed at her pipe, and the slowly emitted smoke hung and swayed in fine clouds until it came within the draught of the chimney, which whisked it suddenly upward and out of sight. It was a snug old place—this chimney-corner, and just now it seemed to Garth to contain the only bit of human life that was left in the world. Here sat Nikomis and himself, types and compendiums of two hostile peoples, literally hobnobbing together in the most amicable manner imaginable. All the bitterness of a traditional and hereditary enmity had simmered down to yonder pungent noggin of punch, or was vanishing into oblivion along with the fumes from the Indian's pipe bowl. But this was only because they were the last of their race; all the rest had been exterminated on both sides; and Nikomis and he, having before them the alternative of either scalping each other, or of making up all grievances over a feast of whiskey and tobacco, had wisely decided upon the latter course, and had thereby become aware, at this late day, what pleasant company they had been denying themselves during the latter centuries.

"What a good thing it would have been, Nikomis," said Garth, "if that old sachem of yours and my contemporary ancestor could have come to an understanding as cozy and

sensible as this, instead of pitching into one another with blunderbusses and tomahawks! I wish you had been sitting here two hundred years instead of ten. But two hundred years ago you would have brewed me a cup of poison instead of a glass of grog."

The fire in the old lady's pipe bowl glowed and dulled again, but she said nothing. Garth took another sip from his tumbler, and continued:

"Nikomis, I know you represent the posterity of the old sachem; but unless you are something besides that, the account between us is not balanced yet. For the ground on which this house stands belongs to you, and we have given you nothing for it but house-room; not to speak of the iniquitous way we became possessed of it. I shouldn't feel easy, nor would you, I should think, if things were left so uneven as that. But I suspect—tell me if I'm not right—that it was your people who stole away my aunt Eve. That was a revenge worth having, Nikomis. You were a young woman then, I suppose; but perhaps you saw it done. Did you not?"

"Why you ask, Garth?" grunted the Indian, after a pause. "What-a-difference—um?"

"Much difference, Nikomis. We violated the sachem's grave, and killed its defender; but if you took away Eve, we're not less than quits. We've paid for your grave, and all that's in it. We could forgive no one else but you, and Heaven would have permitted none but you to take her."

"Nikomis old squaw—know nothing—um. What we do with Eve? Think we scalp—um?"

Garth shook his head. "You would never have brought her scalp to Urmhurst. But it might be worth your while to know whether she lived to marry one of your tribe, Nikomis; for if so, Urmhurst and a great deal of money (only there is no money, I'm afraid) would belong to her children."

"Um! Why you talk so, Garth? Nikomis old squaw—pappoose all dead. Tribe all dead too. Why you talk so—um?"

"I talk of what I wish were true," returned he, grasping his hair with both hands, and resting his elbows on his knees. "I can conceive of nothing better than to leave this blood-stained old Urmhurst to a descendant of your side and mine. The legacy was to wait for fifty years, and they're not out yet. If you know where the heir is, Nikomis, bring him out. It isn't your sachem, but we Urmsons, who have really been buried underneath this great heavy house all these generations past. We built it to last a thousand years, and all the result is that it presses us down like a ponderous, inevitable curse. No good will come to us till it is either got into other hands or burned down."

"Ugh!" assented Nikomis, with smoky utterance. "Big house—big curse—ugh!"

"A wigwam is much better," continued Garth; "better even than a grave, at least so far as other people are concerned. A grave is a selfish luxury, apt to make a quarrel among survivors. Only the last man—supposing him to have dug his own pit beforehand—can drop into it with the certainty of not causing a spirit of strife to rise up out of it. Nikomis, do you know that I'm going to be married?"

He raised his head as he made the inquiry, but his interlocutor answered only with a puff of smoke; so he resumed his former position, and continued: "And since my wife wants to see the world, we shall probably leave Urmhurst to my father and you. You must take care of him till we come back."

"How long-a-that?" demanded Nikomis.

Garth gave a gruff, short laugh. "A year or more—as long as the whim lasts."

"Cuthbert dead in a year," observed the sibyl, gravely. "Nikomis too, maybe."

"My father dead in a year!" repeated Garth, roughly, but with a momentary sinking of the heart. He sat upright in his chair and looked hard at the wrinkled bronze statue that smoked so impassively in its sombre niche. After a pause he took the tumbler from the hob and slowly drank what was left of the contents, then cleared his throat, and said, very gently, "My father is not an old man, Nikomis." But the old Indian, having committed herself to an assertion, was evidently resolved that it should stand unaltered, right or wrong. Meanwhile her ominous words, whether justifiable or not, sank, during the few minutes' silence that ensued, so deeply into Garth's centre of existence, that the outward effect was the same as if they had altogether passed out of his memory. He made no further allusion to them; he could not talk—could hardly think—so far below the surface as they lay. Nevertheless, they could tinge every drop of blood that coursed through his veins. Only one recognizable reflection on the subject made its way to the light at this time: it took the form of a resentful impulse against his uncle and Mrs. Tenterden. "Meddlesome fools!" he whispered, setting his teeth hard together; "they've been babbling their nonsense here, and she got it from them."

"That was a good punch," he remarked, presently; "I believe it's gone to my head and made me talkative. Suppose you let me have a pull at your pipe," he added, observing that Nikomis was knocking out the dead ashes preparatory to refilling it. She recharged it, still silently, and handed it to him. It was an old red clay pipe, curiously chased about the bowl—such a pipe as the sagamores might have smoked in the time of Columbus or earlier. As Garth took it,

and set it going with a brand from the fire, it occurred to him that it was one of Nikomis's most precious possessions, and had never, so far as any body knew, been seen in another mouth than hers since her appearance in Urmsworth. Her present surrender of it, therefore, must be looked upon as a really extraordinary piece of condescension. "The calumet of peace, Nikomis," he said, with a smile, as he puffed out the first gray cloud. "This ought to complete my cure."

The swarthy sibyl took a dry stick of wood from the oven and laid it on the glowing embers. It quickly caught fire, and flooded Garth's face and figure with dancing light. She studied him for a moment with her wrinkled eyes, and then asked, abruptly,

"How you like Sam—um?"

"I ought to like him, since I gave him a thrashing," replied the young man, meeting her look with a glance of momentary curiosity; "and if he'd confessed the lie I thrashed him for telling, no doubt we'd have been good friends till now. But I think that white rascal who, you say, was his father, spoiled him. But I dare say he's improved since he was here. Have you heard of him lately?"

"Ugh! he great man now: very rich. Come here by-'n'-by. Ugh! very rich."

Garth was aware that Nikomis had received occasional intelligence of Sam's beings and doings ever since he went away; but this was the first time she had ever volunteered any information about him; and Garth, not having potent faith in his old associate's manly worth, had delicately forborne to push his inquiries beyond the bounds of formal politeness. But the idea of Sam in the character of a great and wealthy man came as an amusing surprise.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said, in his deep, kindly tones. "Sam will stay with us while he's here, I hope—unless, that is, he has got a family along with his other riches? We might not have room for a wife and children."

"No squaw yet," rejoined Nikomis, with her characteristic grunt. "Sam get squaw here. He live here; not go 'way. Great man."

"And who is his squaw to be?" inquired Garth, pleasantly.

"Madge his squaw," replied Nikomis, with the most phlegmatic composure.

Garth stared a moment, amazed, but, on second thoughts, laughed very good-naturedly. He was not so used to conversation with this fantastic old personage as to be always prepared for her peculiar and unheralded flashes of humor. In fact, she was one of the most difficult people in the world to get on familiar terms with. Often she would not vouchsafe a word to any body for days or even weeks together; and when she did speak, her utterances were apt to be discouragingly curt and monosyllabic. Rare, indeed, was it for her to unbend so far as she had done to-night. Garth ascribed it to the calumet, which, for all he knew, might hold the only charm capable of thawing her out. At all events, she had never been so communicative to him before. The distinction might have flattered him more, had not his eye happened at this juncture to light upon his own empty punch glass. This, by reminding him of one thing, suggested another, from which he made bold to infer a third, thus reaching a conclusion which probably did Nikomis injustice, she being a temperate person in her degree. It was more likely, indeed, that Garth's own judgment had been thrown a trifle out of balance by his unwonted indulgence, else he would not have been so easily suspicious.

"But I thought Madge was to be my squaw," he said, laughing. "If Sam means to fight me for her again, I think I can beat him still. But will no one else suit him?"

"He take Madge—you take Elinor!" grunted the sibyl, as composedly as before.

"You're not a good match-maker," observed Garth, growing grave again. "It's a more complicated business with us than with the red people. But I'll make this bargain with you," he added, smiling once more—for he was in a singular mood, rather of profound shallowness than of shallow profundity, but, at all events, more or less defiant and reckless—"if Madge tells me that she prefers Sam to me; and if, then, Miss Golightley offers me her hand, I'll take it."

"Ugh! ugh!" assented Nikomis; and as if to ratify the agreement, she stretched out a dark talon for the calumet. "What-a-good-a-have wrong squaw—um? Sam rich man, take Madge; you picture man, take Elinor. Tell you what, Garth, you not very wise. You think Madge care for you?" Here Nikomis made a sound in her throat like a crow cawing under its breath, at the same time shaking her head slowly. "You not very wise."

These deliberate attacks upon the very roots of his hopes and happiness might have irritated him coming from any other mouth than Nikomis's, or dismayed him, but that the one thing which he believed in more unalterably than in any thing else was Madge's unalterable affection for him. As for poor Sam, if Garth could have accepted the idea that the vagabond half-breed was really capable of loving her, he would have felt a great deal of compassion and a slight increase of respect for him. But he saw in old Nikomis's grotesque utterances only the half-cunning, half-senile attempts of a tenacious, but narrow and decaying, mind to realize a long-cherished though hitherto undiscovered purpose. And—his mood to-night being, as I have said, some-

what reckless and defiant, owing either to the whiskey, or to the peculiar effect upon his brain of the chill he had got while dreaming in the woods beneath the moon, or to the stress of things in general—he chose to amuse himself by humoring the ancient squaw's whim. He felt free to converse with her in a strain of fanciful extravagance such as he could have permitted himself with no one else, and which, just at this time, was especially comforting to him. He was grateful to her for being precisely the strange, unorthodox, half-savage creature that she was, and would not have exchanged her company for that of the most charming civilized woman in the world. He was aware of the stirring of something unorthodox and savage within himself, which rendered a contact with the Indian's nature congenial and stimulating.

"I can understand your knowing Madge's heart, Nikomis," said he; "you were intimate with her all the time I was away. But are you as sure about Miss Golightley? If she were to refuse me, after Madge had left me in the lurch, I should be obliged to take off your Sam's scalp."

The idea of a woman's refusing a man who had made up his mind to have her was evidently beyond Nikomis's primitive conceptions. What her own romance might have been is unknown: perhaps, after a good stand-up fight, she was knocked down with effectiveness enough to satisfy her maidenly scruples, and so borne off to her husband's wigwam; although the North American Indians usually managed these matters rather in a mercantile spirit. At all events the wooers where Nikomis was brought up had evidently been in the habit of carrying their point, one way or another; and when Garth suggested the contingency of Elinor's refusing him, she replied, with a grunt of uncompromising contempt for so paltry an objection,

"Then you make her!"

"You are a true sibyl!" exclaimed the young man, with an outburst of grim enthusiasm. "You're much wiser than civilization, Nikomis! Of course—make her! Why wasn't all the world born Indian?—all warriors and squaws and wigwams? I might have felt as if I were alive then. Or beasts! why aren't we bears and lions, instead of pottering about between heaven and earth, afraid to say what we think, or do what we wish? I want to roar, and have no soul, and tear my enemies to pieces with my teeth and claws, and eat them raw! ha! ha! ha! No right and wrong, and duty and law—only instinct!"

This rhapsody was uttered in Garth's customary low but powerful bass voice, and with such savage zest as might have stirred Nikomis's wild old blood better than a war-whoop would have done.

"Ugh! ugh!" quoth she; and after an interval again, with confirmed approval, "Ugh!"

"But we are forgetting my uncle," resumed Garth, after a short silence. "If I don't take Sam's scalp, I must have his. He thinks Miss Golightley belongs to him!"

"Caw! his scalp no good," said Nikomis, with a motion of her hand, as if throwing away so pitiful a bauble. "You take her—he do nothing! Caw! he nobody. Nikomis put him-a-fire 'nd burn up! You take her; me fix him."

"Let's get him and put him in the range now," suggested Garth, rubbing his hands and chuckling. "He'll keep us warm while we're drinking another glass of punch. Shall we take him whole, or split him up into kindlings?"

"No need-a-that," replied the other, gravely; and then, peering at Garth through her cloud of smoke, "you think-a-make fun—um?"

"Yes; fun worth making. What, you mean make-believe? No, no! burn him, and the house with him, if you like. That might be the best plan."

"You not wise, Garth," repeated Nikomis, with something of the pride of superior faculties in her manner. "Me burn him-a-not see him—not touch him. He go Boston—go London: Nikomis sit home in kitchen 'nd burn him all up. Ugh!"

"Witchcraft!" exclaimed Garth, becoming suddenly enlightened; and truly the appearance of the old lady at this moment, bending forward from the shadow of her niche into the red glow of the fire-light, which kindled up her dark bronze features, the wrinkled eyes, the prominent cheek-bones, the great hooked nose, and the wide thin lips, and flickered upon the grizzled lengths of coarse straight hair that hung down on each side of her furrowed cheeks—her aspect certainly was as witch-like as ever woman wore—"witchcraft! Nikomis, I had forgotten. You'll make a wax image of him, and melt it before a slow fire; or write a spell on a piece of paper, and light your pipe with it! Why, a witch is better than either an Indian or a wild beast. Have you got the paper with you—or the image?"

Before Nikomis could answer, the conversation received a sudden interruption. There was a sound of low steady knocking, whence proceeding Garth could not at first determine. It seemed to come from the air round about them. Nikomis, however, immediately pointed upward. Cuthbert's room was overhead, and evidently he was awake and knocking on the floor. Garth sprang to his feet. The thought that had all along been hiding at the bottom of his soul gave a leap, and stood naked before him.

"Is my father ill? Has he been?"

Nikomis also had risen, and stood half

revealed in the glimmer, like a grotesque apparition which the next moment would vanish altogether. After listening an instant, she quietly resumed her seat in the chimney-corner.

"He all right," said she; "powwow wake him up, maybe. You go see, Garth; maybe he want you."

Garth turned and went, threw open the door upon the black hallway, down which he strode with heavy but quick steps, and then bounded up stairs. His father's door was ajar; and as he approached, it opened wide, and he saw his father standing in his dressing-gown, with a lighted lamp in his hand.

HYMN TO FREYA.

I.

Her thick hair is golden;
Her white robe is floating on air;
And, though unbeholden,
We know that her body is fair,
For a rosy effulgence
Reveals the warm limbs as they move
In rapturous indulgence
Of grace—the sweet Goddess of Love.

Like dew-drops ethereal,
Jewels her white neck adorn;
But alone her imperial
Eyes make the dawning of morn.
Oh! sweeter than singing
She whispers—the birds burst to song,
And golden bells ringing,
The charm of her presence prolong.

The groves where she passes
Hang heavy with blossoms and fruit;
In rich meadow-grasses
Spring flowers at the touch of her foot.
She loves best the roses—
A rose branch for sceptre she takes;
And where'er she reposes
Droop willows o'er crystalline lakes.

II.

By night, in fir forest,
O Wanderer, astray and afar!
When thy need is the sorest,
Lo! a light, not of moon nor of star!
Have courage, O Seamen!
She glides o'er the tempest—behold!
Her snowy swan-women
Swim high in the azure and gold!

Young Maidens, with winning
Blue eyes, like the flowers of the flax
Which deftly ye are spinning,
Let not the fair fingers relax;
Each spun thread she doubles
With one that is golden and fine,
A dream-thread that troubles,
Yet maketh your task-work divine.

III.

Her home is in ether,
Where Summer unfading abides;
Its warmth from wild weather
A limpid stream ever divides.
Of the Unborn the warden:
Their souls are as butterflies' breath
To the sweets of that garden,
Till summoned to life and to death.

There time and tide loiter;
There sparkles the Fountain of Youth.
Could we drink of that water,
Sunny gold were the gray hairs of ruth.
But freely 'tis sprinkled;
It freshens the world with the dew;
The morn-red unwrinkled
To Skald and to sky-lark is new.

IV.

Coy Queen of Heaven,
A bride, before Odin, she flies;
As cloud by wind driven,
Chased and embraced in blue skies.
The Lady of Sorrow,
Lorn mother of Balder, o'er meres
And mounts, a sad morrow,
She hangs in a heart-break of tears.

She leaves the March meadow
For Ygdrasil's roots, deep in night.
Queen Hel is but shadow
Of darkness, and slinks from her sight.
On Hel's throne, the forces
Of Nature, the rife under-earth,
She stirs at their sources—
And Death is but travail of Birth.

V.

The sun, like the leven,
Shall die, and the darkened earth sink;
The stars rain, till heaven
Is empty; the sea itself shrink.
For, with flames for corolla,
The All-life Tree shall flower and consume;
Asgard and Walhalla
Crash down in the thunders of doom.

But she is eternal:
A new earth she seeth arise,
In loveliness vernal,
From ocean and blesseder skies.
And battle and murder
At Balder's returning shall cease—
Balder and Höder,
The gods of a heaven of peace.

VI.

She is all that is fairest
In the world and the welkin on high,
The grace that is rarest,
The glow that is homely and nigh.
She is Freedom and Duty,
Frank Morn and the Veiling of Light,
The Passion of Beauty,
The Fragrance and Voices of Night.

Divinest, supremest,
Crowned Queen of the Quick and the Dead;
She is more than thou dreamest,
O soul of desire and of dread!
She is Spring-time and Gladness,
And rapture all glory above;
She is Longing and Sadness;
She is Birth—she is Death—she is Love!

SARATOGA SPRINGS.



BROADWAY, FROM CONGRESS PARK, SARATOGA.

THE first white man who (so far as is known) visited Saratoga Springs was Sir William Johnson, Bart. Sir William, under a commission of major-general from George II., defeated the French army under Baron Dieskau at the battle of Lake George, on the 8th of September, 1755. In this action he received a wound from which he never recovered, and was frequently subject to serious illness. It was during one of these attacks that the Mohawks revealed to their "beloved brother," War-ra-ghi-ya-ghy (Johnson), the medicinal properties of the "High Rock Spring." Nor, perhaps, could there have been a stronger proof of the affection in which he was held by the Indians than this act of giving to him the benefits of that which they had always sacredly guarded as a precious gift to themselves from the Great Spirit. Accompanied by his Indian guides, the baronet, on the 22d of August, 1767, being too feeble to walk, was placed on a litter and borne on the shoulders of his faithful Mohawks through the woods to the spring. Here he remained in a rude bark lodge for four days, by which time he was so much benefited as to be able to return to Johnstown, part of the way on foot.

The popularity of Saratoga Springs as a watering-place may be said to date from this visit. "My dear Schuyler," writes the baronet to his intimate friend General Philip Schuyler, "I have just returned from a

visit to a most amazing spring, which almost effected my cure; and I have sent for Dr. Stringer, of New York, to come up and analyze it." Hence it was that the fact of so distinguished a personage as Sir William having been partially restored by the water soon became noised through the country, inducing others to make the trial. In 1770 a Dr. Constable, who resided at Schenectady, examined the water at Saratoga and pronounced it highly medicinal. In October, 1777, Major-General Mooers, of Plattsburg, who was stationed after Burgoyne's surrender in the vicinity, visited the spring; and in 1783 Dr. Samuel Tenney, a regimental surgeon in camp at Fish Creek, also paid a visit to the spring, and made some judicious remarks on its uses as a medicine. In the summer of the same year General Schuyler cut a road through the forest from Schuylerville to the High Rock, and erected a tent, under which his family spent several weeks, using the water. For many years after its discovery the High Rock continued to be the resort of people from all sections of the country; and when other springs were found in the neighboring village of Ballston, in 1770, the chief drive of the visitors there was through the woods to the "High Rock." The accommodations, however, for a long time were of the most primitive character. "These waters," writes Elkanah Watson, in visiting the High Rock in 1790, "are situated in a marsh. There is no convenience for bathing except an open log-hut, with a large trough, similar to those in use for feeding swine, which receives the water from the spring. Into this you roll from off a bench."

In 1783 General Washington, accompanied by his aids, Alexander Hamilton, George Clinton, and Colonels Humphreys and Fish, visited the High Rock on their return from an inspection of the northern forts, their attention having been directed to it by General Schuyler while guests at the latter's house at Schuylerville. On their return route through the woods, when near the present village of Ballston, they lost their way. Near the bridle-path lived one "Tom" Conner, who was chopping wood at his cabin door. They inquired the way, and Tom gave the requisite directions. The party accordingly retraced their steps a short distance, but, becoming bewildered, rode back for more explicit directions. Tom had by this time lost his temper, and peevishly cried out to the spokesman of the party, who happened to be Washington, "I tell you, turn back and take the first right-hand path, and then stick to it: any darned fool would know the way." When poor Tom learned whom he had thus addressed, he was greatly chagrined. His neighbors for a long time tormented him on his "reception of General Washington."



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON'S VISIT IN 1767.

The next year, 1784, another distinguished person visited the High Rock, brought there by the advice of Washington, viz., Colonel Otho H. Williams; and in 1790 the mother of the late Hon. Theodore Dwight also visited the spring, coming from Hartford on horseback. On reaching the spring, Mrs. Dwight found but three habitations, and those but poor log-houses on the high bank of a meadow. The log-cabins were full of visitors, and she found it almost impossible to obtain accommodations even for two nights.

Among the visitors to the High Rock in the spring succeeding Mrs. Dwight's visit were a Congressman (John Taylor Gilman) and an aged gentleman, his friend and fellow-traveler. One day, as the former, accompanied by a young son of the woodsman with whom they were stopping, was returning from a hunt along a foot-path leading to the cabin, the aged gentleman meanwhile sitting on the door-step awaiting their coming, the boy, highly elated, ran forward, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, we've found a new spring!" To the question, "Who found it?" the son replied, "The Congress." The aged gentleman then said, laughingly, to Mr. Gilman, who had now come up, "The spring shall always be called the 'Congress.'" Thereupon the entire household "turned out" and went down to see the wonderful discovery. At this period it was necessary to climb over logs waist high to gain access to the new spring, the water issuing from a fissure in the rock, and being conducted to the glass through a wooden spout fastened into the crevice. The village now rapidly increased; new springs were discovered; a large frame house was built in 1802 by Gideon Putnam on the site of the present Grand Union, having for its sign a quaint representation of the adventure of "Putnam and the Wolf," and thenceforth the "Springs" became the resort of those who were in pursuit of health and pleasure.

The fountains of Saratoga will ever be the resort of wealth, intelligence, and fashion. As a political observatory no place can be more fitly selected. Gentlemen are continually coming from and going to every section of the country; information from all quarters is received daily; and it is the best of all places for politicians to congregate. The great "combination" of opposite parties and opposing interests, by which General Jackson, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Van Buren were brought into power, and John Quincy Adams turned out, was chiefly formed here; and it was here that the old Clintonians were sold out to "Jackson and Co." Saratoga, too, for a series of years, was the head-quarters of the "Albany Regency," under the leadership of Edwin Croswell and John Cramer — a combination which has



CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, IN 1816.

never been equaled in its influence over the political destinies of New York State, and, through it, upon the nation.

During three-quarters of a century Saratoga has entertained more persons distinguished in letters, human and divine, than any other place of the kind. Time would fail to mention in detail the reception of the "Great Magician," who, in the autumn of 1832, like the hero of a German melodrama, came clothed in a storm; the arrival of Senator Douglas, amidst the thundering of cannon, in the summer of 1860; the great Whig gathering during the Harrison campaign in 1840, and the speech of Daniel Webster on that occasion to an audience of fifteen thousand; the tributes paid to Scott, Madison, Clinton, Clay, Calhoun, Tyler, Fillmore and Seward, and Sir Allan M'Nab; or to descant upon the genial Irving, who for many seasons occupied a cottage at the "United States," or the individual traits of Wayland, Fuller, Murray (Kirwan), Cheever, Kent, and a host of others equally distinguished. All that may be done is to photograph a few characters as they flit across the camera of memory.



UNITED STATES HOTEL.



FAC-SIMILE OF PUTNAM'S SIGN, STILL IN EXISTENCE.

In 1825 Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, who with a numerous retinue was stopping at the "United States," was present at a dinner party given in his honor by Mr. Henry Walton. He was accompanied by his sister, Caroline Murat, and his two daughters. Though a king, he looked very much like other mortals. His manners, dress, and equipage were wholly unassuming, quiet, and unpretentious, as was the case with the ladies of his family. The rank was there, and needed no demonstration. In the course of the dinner, Bonaparte suddenly turned deadly pale, and, with the perspiration standing on his forehead, turned imploringly to his host, gasping out, "*Un chat! un chat!*"

"John," said Mr. Walton to his waiter, "take away the cat; it disturbs this gentleman."

"Cat, Sir?" echoed John; "I can see no cat!"

The other members of the family now joined in the search; and at last, sure enough, crouched under the sideboard was discovered a little frightened kit-

ten. But it was not until Bonaparte had lain down for some hours that he recovered from the prostration into which the presence of the feline had thrown him.

The dinner was followed in the evening by a brilliant party. Among other literary gentlemen present were Theodore S. Fay, Percival, Paulding, Irving, Verplanck, and Joseph R. Chandler. M'Donald Clarke, the "mad poet," was also among the guests. Clarke did not remain long, nor did he circulate among the company. Most of the time he stood by the door, his pose and style the familiar attitude of the classic Napoleon, with arms folded. His head rested not upon his breast, but his eyes looked up to the ceiling, while on one foot was a jack-boot, and on the other a large clumsy shoe. After he had left, Colonel Stone related to the company the history of the stanza by Clarke that had lately appeared in the *Commercial*. It seems that Lang, in his New York *Gazette*, had alluded to "M'Donald Clarke, that fellow with zigzag brains." The insulted poet rushed into the sanctum of the *Commercial*, blazing with fury.

"Do you see, colonel," said he, "what Johnny Lang says of me? He calls me a fellow with zigzag brains."

"Well, and so you are," said the colonel. "I think it is a very happy description of you."

"Oh! that's very well for you to say," retorted M'Donald. "I'll take a joke from you; but Johnny Lang shall not destroy my well-earned reputation. Zigzag brains, forsooth! Zigzag brains—think of it, colonel! I must have a chance to reply to him in your paper."

"How much space would you want?" inquired the colonel.

"I think I could use him up in a column and a half," said M'Donald.

"A column and a half!" said the colonel. "Stuff! You shall have no such space. I'll give you just four lines; and if



THE "MAD POET."

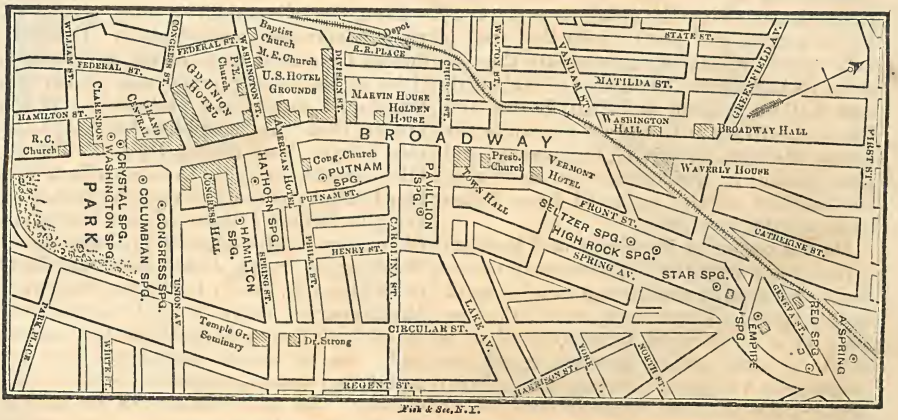
that will answer, fire away; but not one line more."

The poet, thus driven into a corner, instantly wrote off the following neat epigram:

"I can tell Johnny Lang, in the way of a laugh,
In reply to his rude and unmannerly scrawl,
That, in my humble sense, it is better by half
To have brains that are zigzag than no brains at all."

"There, colonel," said he, "let Johnny Lang put that in his pipe and smoke it."

In August, 1828, Judge Cowen gave a farewell reception to James Fenimore Cooper, who was to sail in a few days for Europe. From the diary of a gentleman who was



MAP OF SARATOGA, SHOWING LOCATION OF THE PRINCIPAL SPRINGS.



HATHORN SPRING.

present I quote the following reflections brought out by seeing Cooper at this time: "To Mr. Cooper the loss of his property has probably been of more real advantage than the money ten times over would have been. It has called forth the slumbering energies of his mind, and given vigor and richness to his imagination, by the exertion of which he has acquired a proud name among the distinguished writers of his country."

Saratoga has also been the residence of many distinguished lawyers, men who have adorned the bench by their individual and professional worth. Indeed, during one period of its existence the village was the centre of a galaxy of legal minds that cast a halo around whatever came within the circle of its influence. The names of Walworth and Willard, Cowen and Hill, Lester and Barbour, will occur to the reader, while the names of others now living in Saratoga, and also eminent in their profession, show that the mantles of the departed have fallen upon worthy successors.

On the corner of Broadway and Vandam Street yet stands the old homestead of the Walworth family, embosomed in a grove of stately pines. These trees are all that remain of a large wood formerly used as a public ground, and a favorite resort for guests and villagers. Swings hung down between the tall pines, which in fair weather were in almost constant motion. Here the Indians encamped, sold their bows, canes, and baskets, and shot at pennies to show their skill; and here, too, the militia met for drill, armed with umbrellas and broomsticks, or, in default of those articles, with corn stalks.

Pine Grove was for a long period of years a much-frequented place. Few residences have seen more of the great celebrities of the country, especially of her distinguished jurists and statesmen. It has known Daniel D. Tompkins, De Witt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, Enos T. Throop, Silas Wright, Churchill C. Cambreling, William L. Marcy, Francis Granger, Stephen A. Douglas, Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan, Chancellor Kent, Judge Story, Judge Grier, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, William L. Stone, Catharine Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Gerrit Smith, Generals Scott, Wool, and Worth, Gottschalk the pianist, and a host of others—Governors, Senators, and Congressmen, celebrated authors and soldiers, who have chatted in its parlors, dined at its table, and walked about under

the shade of its pines. Chancellor Walworth never forgot an acquaintance. Every morning during the summer season he looked carefully over the list of arrivals, and hastened to call on those he knew. The "Grove" has known the portly form of Joseph Bonaparte in tights, and the squat figure of Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian bishop, in multitudinous folds of cloth. Clergymen always found a welcome here, whatever their type of faith or form of worship. Its traditions array such names as Eliphalet Nott, Lyman Beecher, Drs. Sprague and Bethune, Francis Wayland, Archbishops Hughes, M'Closkey, Purcell, Kenrick, and Spalding, Cardinal Bedini, and Bishop Alonzo Potter. Methodist bishops have visited there, and at a very early date a Catholic bishop from Canada, in quaint knee-breeches and large buckled shoes, whose zeal in the cause of temperance brought him in connection with the chancellor. Thither also came at various times innumerable missionaries from foreign parts, and occasionally a russet-coated elder from the Shaker settlements.

The front-room in the north wing was the chancellor's office for forty-three years. Any one passing the house might see him hard at work throughout the day, and his lamp was burning there still until two, three, and often four o'clock in the morning. In this same office the chancellor held his "motion courts." This was not only a convenience to himself, but generally agreeable to the members of the bar, who, by going there instead of to Albany, were able to combine a little business with a trip to the Springs. A wood-box being covered with a carpet, an arm-chair was placed upon it, and a long-legged desk before it, and the little office was thus converted into a court-room. Here for many years distinguished counsel came to make, defend, and argue motions in chancery. Hither came Ambrose Spencer, Chief Justice of New York, John C. Spencer, Joshua Spencer, Charles O'Conor, Samuel Stevens, Mark Reynolds, Elisha Williams, Benjamin F. Butler of New York, Daniel Lord, William H. Seward, David Graham, and many other men of equal mark, though of a later generation. Here once William Kent and George Griffin were pitted against Daniel Webster in a case involving the Illinois State bonds, which crowded the room, piazza, and sidewalk with anxious listeners, until, out of consideration for these, the chancellor adjourned to the Universalist church. "This cause does not end here," said Griffin, in a tragic tone of voice; "we shall meet again at Philippi." "Ay," replied Webster, with a grim humor that convulsed the audience, "the learned counsel will meet us again at Philippi; but will they pay us when we get there?"



PINE GROVE—THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE CHANCELLOR WALWORTH.

At "Pine Grove" the celebrated "spike case" dragged its "slow length along" for many years, in which nearly all our great lawyers had a finger. It was a reference



CHANCELLOR WALWORTH.

case, which the chancellor undertook after the abolition of his office. The original suit was brought in the United States Court for the infringement of a right to give a peculiar rap to the head of a spike in the process of formation, and the question before the referee was to ascertain the increased profits of a party of manufacturers so rapping as aforesaid, and the consequent damages to the other party having the exclusive right so to rap as aforesaid. Mrs. Walworth once, in conversation with Governor Seward, said, "I wish you would explain what this everlasting spike suit is about; I don't understand it." "Indeed, madam," he replied, "I should be very much ashamed if you did. I have been engaged in it for several years, and I don't understand it yet."

Chancellor Walworth had certain peculiarities while presiding in court which were well known to the lawyers who frequented the little forum at the Grove. In endeavoring to master the points of a case he had a method of his own, and it was necessary for counsel to conform to it in their arguments. Those who frequented his court soon learned to humor him in this respect, but strangers were often annoyed by his interruptions and contradictions. He required not only the names of the parties and the general nature of the motion, but the peculiar character of each one's interest clearly stated, before he would listen to any argument or to any rhetorical preambles. A noted lawyer of Brooklyn once, after reading his affidavits, was endeavoring to enter upon his argument in support of his motion. But the chancellor was not satisfied. "I think," he said, "that Widow Van Bummel ought to be heard from in this matter." "Indeed, your honor," replied the counsel, "I do not see how the



INDIAN CAMP, PINE GROVE.



COWEN'S STONE OFFICE.

widow Van Bummel can have any possible interest in the motion." He endeavored to proceed, but was soon interrupted again: "I should like to know what the widow Van Bummel has to say." After a hard contest for liberty to proceed, despairing at last of success, the counsel began tying up his papers, and said, testily, "Well, your honor, I will hunt up this widow Van Bummel, and see if she has any thing to say; and if there is any other old woman in the United States or elsewhere that your honor would like to see, I will bring her into court."

Another old landmark yet standing is the "Stone Office," built by Esek Cowen in 1812, and in which were written *Cowen's Evidence* and the *Notes on Phillipp's Evidence*—works which are, perhaps, more extensively consulted than any other law-books extant. The latter of these represents a labor of eleven years, in the last three of which he was assisted by Nicholas Hill and William L. F. Warren. Here were written those learned opinions which illumined the Reports in the best days of our jurisprudence; and here, also, was written Judge Cowen's famous opinion in the celebrated "M'Leod case," in which were discussed the question of perfect and imperfect war and other great national principles, and which by its learning and ability attracted universal attention.

Judge Cowen was a man of untiring zeal in intellectual labors, with fixed habits of intense application; and while yet young he became a ripe and varied student, earning the reputation of being one of the most finished scholars as well as one of the most erudite judges of the nation. He devoted never less than fourteen hours a day to study, often protracting his labors far into the night. At such times he never consulted his watch, but used wax candles, starting with fresh ones every evening; when they had burned to the socket it forced him to bring his labors to a close. On one occasion he substituted for them a lamp, as requiring less attention in snuffing. The hours wore on, and the oil being unexhausted, daylight found him still at his labors. He made the trial a second night, but with no better success, and was obliged to return to his candles.

A little distance from the "Stone Office" stood, until within two years, the house in which those talented sisters Lucretia Maria and Margaret Miller Davidson lived and died. It was an old-fashioned wooden building, with gable ends and moss-grown porch, and surrounded by magnificent elms, whose branches, meeting over the roof, had intertwined and clasped hands as though desirous of protecting the occupants within. It was, in fact, the ideal home for a dreamy poetic nature.

The earliest of Lucretia's poems which are preserved were written at the age of nine years; and although a great portion of her compositions were destroyed, two hundred and seventy-eight yet remain. Margaret, sharing her elder sister's precocity, began to write when she was six. At

ten she wrote and acted in a drama at New York; and notwithstanding her sister's fate, her intellectual activity was not restrained. So early, ardent, and fatal a pursuit is unparalleled, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White. Catharine Sedgwick and Washington Irving were, when visiting Saratoga, loved and welcome guests of the Davidson family; and on the death of Margaret her poems were published under the auspices of the latter. The remains of both the sisters, together with those of their brother, the lieutenant, also a writer of elegant verse, lie in the cemetery of the village —a cemetery which, without the showiness of Greenwood, or the clustering memories of Mount Auburn, or even the picturesque-



LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON. MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

ness of Laurel Hill, still attracts by the quiet beauty of its surroundings.

It would be passing strange if Saratoga should not have known during its existence many curious characters. Of these none, perhaps, have excited more notice of a certain kind than a colored man who was known as "Tom Camel." This person was decidedly an original genius. Like Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest," and withal of great shrewdness in some respects, he yet at times was in his simplicity a perfect specimen of the Southern negro. Like the wisdom of the Canadian miller, who sought to better the condition of his craft by declaring that the miller's toll (one-tenth) was too small, and therefore proposed a law making the toll one-twelfth, was Tom's idea of money; for when on a certain occasion he was asked to pay a bill of one dollar, he indignantly exclaimed, "A dollar I will not give, but I have no objection to pay ten shillings!"

The greatest and most historical occasion, however, in which Tom figured was in 1849, during one of the visits of Madame Jumel to the village. Madame Jumel, whose criminal intimacy with Aaron Burr had brought her into contempt (those were the days when free-love doctrines were estimated at their true value), was then staying at the "United States," and she endeavored by a magnificent equipage to dazzle the understanding, and thus atone for her dismissal from the ranks of Diana. It was therefore determined to administer to her a lesson.

Accordingly, one afternoon, when her carriage, with a numerous retinue of outriders, drew up in front of the "United States" to take her to the lake, lo! just as she drove off, another equipage appeared directly following her. This carriage was driven by a villager in full livery, and behind, in a huge clothes-basket for a seat, sat another villager, in footman's dress, while plainly visible within the open carriage, and dressed up in woman's clothes, sat Tom Camel, representing the former mistress of Aaron Burr. It was the custom of Madame Jumel, before going out of the town, to drive slowly

through the main village street, that the rustic inhabitants might have a proper sense of their own insignificance; and before the trick was discovered, madame's carriage, followed by her counterfeit in "double," had paraded the entire length of the street, Tom Camel, meanwhile, fanning himself with a large fan, and bowing and courtesying to the crowds, which had now gathered on every side. Madame Jumel by turns threatened and pleaded and offered bribes. But Tom was inexorable; and the two equipages went to the lake and back in the same order. Owing to this exhibition, Madame Jumel made this her last visit to the Springs.



CLARENDON HOUSE.

A striking feature of American scenery is the great number and beauty of its small fresh-water lakes. One of the most beautiful of these is Lake Saratoga, the best view of which is obtained from the top of Caldwell's Hill, on the eastern bank. There the scene which meets the eye is calm and beautiful rather than sublime. Nothing can surpass the gracefulness of the sweep of the hills which come down to the further shore, or the charm of the prospect which the scene presents of native forest and cultivated fields, in one part stretching up the hill-side, and in others spreading out into rich plains. At a distance of one mile from this stand-point the lake takes a turn to the right, and is merged in the Fishkill, through which

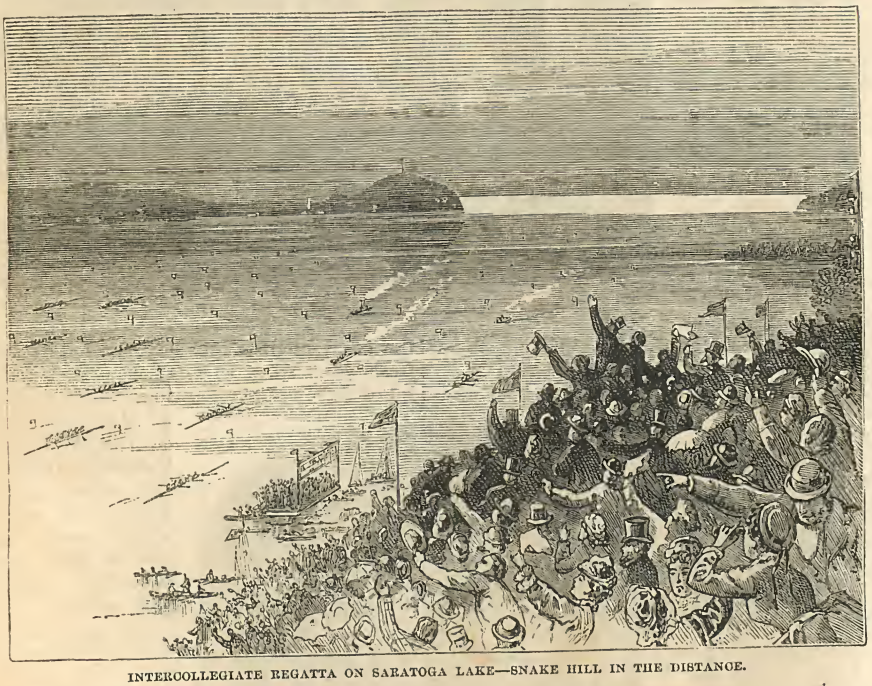


GRAND UNION HOTEL.

it enters the Hudson. The lake can be seen from nearly every point of the compass. From the Catskills on the south, from the Kayaderosseras Mountains on the west, and from the French Mountains at Lake George on the northwest, it is distinctly visible; while from the top of "Potash Kettle," near the Sacandaga River, Lake Saratoga, as well as the vicinity of the Indian Pass in the Adirondacks, may be plainly discerned.

The lake is about five miles in length, with an average width of one mile, it being the broadest opposite the promontory known as Snake Hill. This hill, which has of late years become so familiarly known as the starting-point of the intercollegiate regattas, has formed the frame-work of a Revolutionary romance from the pen of the late Daniel Shepherd, of Saratoga. The name was given to it by the early settlers in consequence of a formidable den of rattlesnakes that formerly existed half-way up its side. President Dwight, when visiting Saratoga in 1820, was informed that a few years previously there was a man living near Snake Hill who had the singular power and still stranger temerity to catch living rattlesnakes in his naked hands without wounding the snakes or being wounded by them. He used to accumulate them in great numbers for curiosity and sale. But one evening, arriving at the Springs with a pair of these amiable playthings in a box, and having disregarded the principles of the temperance society, he heedlessly took them out of the box to show their docility. Not, perhaps, liking the familiarity of a tipsy keeper, one of them bit him in the hand, and his death ensued on the following day.

In the vicinity of Snake Hill there lived, a year or two since, a half-breed Indian of the St. Regis tribe, by name Pete Francis. To his little cottage it was the custom of epicures to make regular pilgrimages, for no one—so they all agreed—could cook a fish as delicately and serve it as temptingly as Pete. When Pete Francis cooked the Lake Saratoga bass, fresh from the cold translucent depths, whence he had lured them with a skill that none could equal, criticism became dumb, and the appetite enjoyed a feast that lingered long, like the memory of some pleasant ecstasy. As Charles Lamb said of a canvas-back duck, the eating of one formed an era in a man's existence. Pete, like all great geniuses, was eccentric and peculiar. With strong likes and dislikes, he had a keen appreciation of character, and was a great favorite with his distinguished patrons, among whom he numbered Governors, judges, members of Congress, and hosts of connoisseurs of all degrees of prominence. For the most part, he was a quiet, good-natured soul, strolling about with a subdued aspect, an easy and deliberate gait, in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection, and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his latent manhood, save—and with this solitary exception—when he had



INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA ON SARATOGA LAKE—SNAKE HILL IN THE DISTANCE.

hooked a five-pound bass at the end of his line. Then, presto! what a change! His muscles would stiffen, his eyes sparkle, his nostrils dilate, and his whole frame fairly quiver with emotion. Pete was started in business some thirty years ago by the late Hon. James M. Cook; and though he was handsomely remunerated for his many years of unrivaled catering, yet, like Daniel Webster, he never knew what it was to be wealthy. No bass ever escaped his clutch when once it was hooked, but dollars somehow slipped through his fingers with marvelous celerity. Upon first coming into this region he was, when quite young, employed by that renowned French caterer and keeper of the old Sans Souci Hotel at Ballston, Andrew Berger, and by him taught to prepare fish in a manner in which, I believe, he has never been excelled.

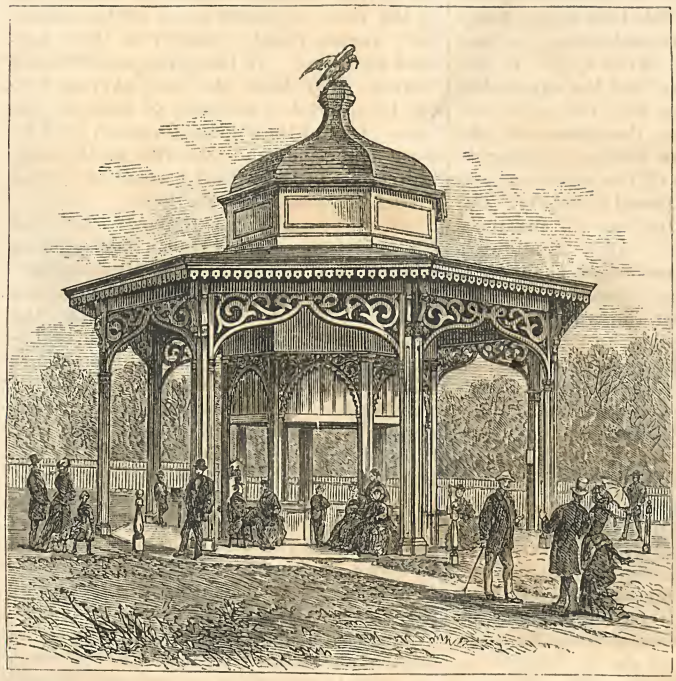


PETE FRANCIS.

Lake Saratoga was formerly quite noted for its remarkable fishing; and during the interregnum between the first and second battles of Bemis's Heights, when the British army were in want of food, the Indians were accustomed to supply General Burgoyne's table with trout of a delicious flavor caught in its waters. Shad and herring also were in the habit, before the mills were erected at the junction of the Fishkill and the Hudson, of running up into the lake. Up to the year 1825 the lake was filled with trout; and even so late as 1832 the late Colonel William L. Stone, writing from the Springs to his paper, the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, states that a few of these fish were yet occasionally taken. But pickerel having been introduced into the lake in 1824, the trout very soon disappeared. The lake also has long been famous for its yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*).

But the glory of Lake Saratoga as a place for fine sport has, I am afraid, departed forever. The cause of this is to be ascribed entirely to the pernicious practice of "spearing," and fishing with "set lines" and nets—a custom not only fraught with tenfold more danger to the finny tribe than legitimate fishing, but one that has continued for many years, notwithstanding all endeavors to put a stop to it.

There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness



HIGH ROCK SPRING.



MYNHEER BARHYDT.

was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an Englishwoman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the surface of the lake like an arrow. About half a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, wishing to convince the Indians of the erroneousness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a minute's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and in frowning silence drove the light bark swiftly over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, when the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. "The Great Spirit is merciful," answered the scornful Mohawk; "He knows that a white woman can not hold her tongue!"

Stretching around the village of Saratoga Springs on its eastern side is a wide belt of low marshy land known as the Bear Swamp. In the early settlement of the country this region was remarkable for the number and variety of the wild animals it contained. It undoubtedly furnished a large portion of the game which caused Lake Saratoga to be so well known to the Six Nations as "the place where the game abounds," and after the country was comparatively settled up it still presented fine opportunities for hunting the larger and smaller varieties of animals.

Lying on the southern edge of Bear Swamp, and partly draining it, are two bodies of water—Lake Lonely and Barhydt's Lake. Lake Lonely was originally called by the early settlers "Owl Pond," on account of the quantity of owls which were wont to gather around its shores and make night dismal by their hootings. On its eastern bank steep declivities rise up from the water's edge, covered with tangled firs and hemlocks, some of which, the growth of centuries, rise above their fellows, till their tops, resembling so many spires, seem lost in the clouds. Standing upon the eastern shore and looking northward, the eye, sweeping beyond the smooth sheet of water, takes in the most southerly spurs of the Adirondack region, darkly wooded to their topmost elevation. In the spring considerable torrents pour down the deep ravines into the lake, forming cascades of some magnitude. One of these glens forms an echo almost as distinct and powerful as the celebrated one in the ruined bastion of the old French fortress at Crown Point.

Barhydt's Lake was formerly—between 1820 and 1835—a great resort, having on its banks a public-house kept by Mynheer Barhydt, a Dutch settler. This tarn is called a "lake" by courtesy. Sunk as deep into the earth as the firs shoot above it, it is surrounded by a wilderness of straight columnar shafts, which "branch out at the top like round tables spread for a banquet in the clouds." As late as 1835 it was filled with trout, though even then the shrewd old Dutchman foresaw the future scarcity of this fish. In the summer of that year Colonel Stone writes to the *Commercial Advertiser*, "At Barhydt's the sportsman is obliged to throw all the trout he may take, back into their native element again, and pay by the hour for the privilege besides."

Jacobus Barhydt was in many respects an original character. With all his astuteness, however, he sometimes overreached himself.

When Joseph Bonaparte was at Saratoga in 1825, he offered Barhydt $20,000 for the place. Astounded at such a sum, Barhydt refused it, remarking that he "did not know whether Bonaparte was a fool or a knave." The old Dutchman could not conceive that the beauty of the place had tempted the offer, and suspected some sinister design. "If it's worth that to you," he said, in closing the conversation, "it's worth that to me." Bonaparte, failing to buy in Saratoga, afterward bought a beautiful place at Bordentown, New Jersey, and thus Saratoga lost a king for a citizen.

In 1839 N. P. Willis visited Barhydt's Lake, and gave the following description of the old Dutchman:

"The old man sat under his Dutch stoop smoking his pipe, and suffered us to tie our ponies to his fence without stirring, and in answer to our inquiries if there was a boat on the lake, simply nodded and pointed to the water's edge. Whether this indifference to strangers is innocence merely, or whether Herr Barhydt does not choose to be considered an innkeeper, no one is enough in his secrets to divine. He will give you a dram or cook you a dinner of trout, and seems not only indifferent whether you like his fish or his liquor, but quite as indifferent whether or what you pay him. In his way Herr Barhydt is kind and courteous.

"We descended to the lake, and after rowing about, we returned to partake of the old Dutchman's hospitality and have a little conversation with him. Among other things, we asked him if he was aware that he had been put into a book. 'I've hearn tell on't,' said he. 'A Mr. Wilkins or Watkins has writ something about me, but I don't know why. *I never did him no harm as I know on.*'"

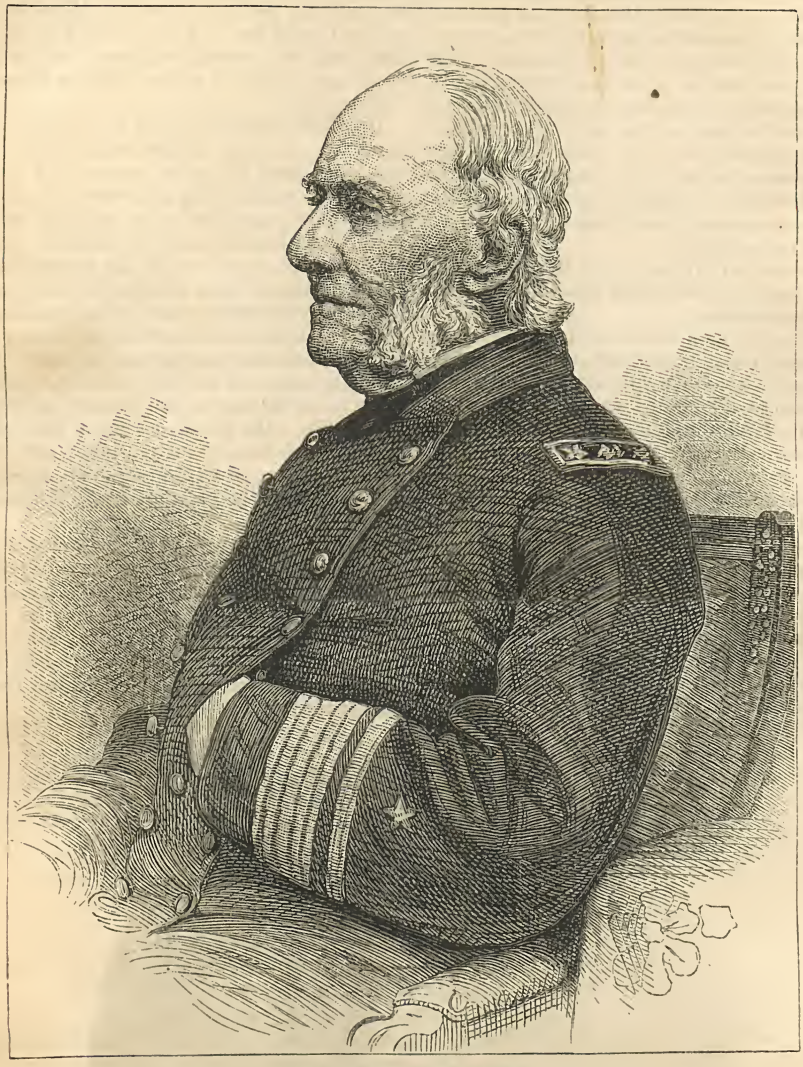
On a ball night the scene on driving into town from the lake is most wonderful. On emerging from the pine groves that skirt the village on the east, a thousand dazzling lights burst upon the view as they shoot forth their beams from the brilliant halls and countless windows of the splendid establishments of this celebrated watering-place. A very trifling effort of the imagination would at this moment be necessary to transform these mansions into the fairy castles and palaces of Eastern romance, lighted up in honor of some signal triumph or royal bridal *fête*. On these occasions the ball-rooms at the three principal hotels are frequently decorated with arches and festoons of flowers, and the halls are finely illuminated.

The hotels at Saratoga are of world-wide reputation. They afford the means of judging of the manners and forming some estimate of the diversified character of our countrymen from the various parts of the extended Union, and enable us to catch a glimpse of the prevailing follies and fashions of the day.



LAKE LONELY.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM BRANFORD SHUBRICK.



WILLIAM BRANFORD SHUBRICK.

THE country can ill afford to lose the memory of its best men. Every pure and upright life has an inherent value much beyond ordinary calculation. But when a manly life thus pure, thus upright, and prolonged to a period of more than fourscore years, is given with noble fidelity to the public service, it attains a dignity which commands our grateful homage.

William Branford Shubrick, the sixth son and ninth child of a family of sixteen, was born October 31, 1790, on Bull's Island, one of those islands of the Southern sea-board yielding the beautiful long cotton of Carolina. The island, which derived its name from Governor Bull, was then the property of Colonel Thomas Shubrick, who had rendered gallant service to the country in the war of the Revolution, entering the army when little more than twenty, and acting successively as aid to General Lincoln and to General Greene in the most important campaigns of the Southern department.

From Belvedere, the home plantation of Colonel Thomas Shubrick, six sons passed into the military service of the country, the two elder, Thomas and Richard, who both died young, in the army, the four younger in the navy. John Templer and William Branford Shubrick entered the naval serv-

ice the same year, in 1806. Lieutenant John Templer Shubrick, after being engaged in several important actions of the war of 1812, and receiving a medal for his gallant conduct in the *Hornet*, was taken prisoner in the *President* in 1815, and carried to Bermuda. At the proclamation of peace, a few weeks later, he returned home, and in May sailed again with the squadron of Commodore Decatur, bound for the Mediterranean to settle the difficulties with Algiers. Forty days after the squadron sailed from America, Commodore Decatur compelled the Dey to sign a satisfactory treaty at Algiers. Lieutenant Shubrick was then placed in command of the *Epervier* and sent home, bearing with him the treaty of peace. But the *Epervier* never made her port. She was seen to pass the rock of Gibraltar early in July, but from that hour nothing is known of her course. Her fate remains one of the solemn mysteries of the deep.

The life of William Branford Shubrick was prolonged many years beyond those of his brothers. Born but a few months after the final adoption of the Constitution, he lived to see the vast panorama of vigorous national development unfolding about him, year after year, with marvelous rapidity. And in the midst of this impressive growth there came one great crisis after another—foreign wars, political changes, financial struggles, and at last treachery, conspiracy, and civil war threatening the very life of the nation. During all those fourscore years, and in the midst of those convulsions, he held with simple manly dignity the position he had taken in early youth: brave, upright, faithful, generous, a true American gentleman.

It was in the summer of 1806 that the lad of sixteen received his warrant as a midshipman, and made his first cruise in the *Wasp*, Captain Smith. The navy was then in a very feeble condition. There was little, one should suppose, to attract a youth of spirit to the service. At that date the country had not a single ship of the line. The miserable policy of defending the harbors, bays, and sounds of a vast coast by gun-boats alone had been adopted by the government. With a commerce that already carried the flag of the republic into all the seas of the known world, the armed marine of the nation was treated with a neglect strangely short-sighted. The commercial shipping of the country already amounted to a tonnage of 1,200,000. And yet there was but one station where an American cruiser was ever seen. The insolence of the Barbary pirates had rendered it imperatively necessary to keep a small squadron of two or three vessels in the Mediterranean. But this was the only foreign station. Neither was there any regular home squadron, although there were constant complaints of irregular proceedings and molestations on the part of English and French cruisers at the very mouths of the principal harbors of the country. But with all this neglect of the navy on the part of the government, the spirit of the people was thoroughly maritime, as, indeed, it always had been from the time of the earliest colonists. There were in every generation many gallant youths to whom the life of a sailor was full of attraction, for whom perils and adventures found an additional charm from their connection with the ocean. And already in 1806 the personal character of the navy, if we may use the phrase, stood very high; the gallantry of its small but brilliant corps of officers had given dignity to the service in spite of neglect by the government. The four years' war with Tripoli had just closed, and the glow of its daring achievements was still felt throughout the country.

During the first years of his life as a midshipman, Mr. Shubrick, in common with all his brother officers, must have had many annoyances to endure from the uncertain, short-sighted policy of the government concerning that arm of the public service. It was the period of the impressment of American seamen by the English authorities, and the period when commanders of British cruisers held themselves authorized to search American vessels of war for deserters—in short, it was the day when the *Chesapeake* lowered her flag to the *Leopard*.

In May, 1807, Mr. Shubrick was ordered to the *Wasp*, a beautiful sloop carrying eighteen guns, under the command of Captain Smith, and destined for the Mediterranean. On the 10th of June the *Wasp* sailed for England, bearing dispatches. The vessel had been but a few days in English waters when her officers received the news of the blow to the *Chesapeake*. They were burning with indignation at this insult to the flag. War was looked for immediately. Guns were overhauled, magazines examined, and all prepared for a desperate conflict. The officers and crew were constantly put through all the manœuvres of a severe naval battle. And every other ship in the navy carried on the same practice, not only at the moment, but until the declaration of war, five years later. This vigilance and severe discipline prepared the way for future victories. In October the Mediterranean squadron returned to Boston. Mr. Shubrick remained in the *Wasp*, which was employed in enforcing the embargo, until 1810. Not only the commander, Captain Lawrence, but "all the officers," wrote Mr. Shubrick, at a later day, "were of high character, and in such a school and at such a time our young aspirant was in the way to learn his duty." Captain Lawrence became his fast friend. And at this time he also formed an intimacy

with one of his messmates, a midshipman like himself, whose home was in the Otsego hills. It was an intimacy which ripened into a manly friendship, warm, deep, and lasting, remaining unbroken until the last hours of life. Mr. Shubrick's friend left the navy a year or two later, on his marriage, and became a farmer, and later still a writer, but he was through life a sailor at heart, and the sympathy between them remained singularly true and deep from early youth to old age.

The war cloud hanging over the country varied frequently in aspect, now apparently dispersing under negotiation, then growing darker, laden with fresh outrage of the laws and rights of nations. At length, in 1812, came the crisis. It found the naval service of the country utterly inadequate to the duties of protecting a vast mercantile marine and of defending 2000 miles of sea-board. In the year 1812 the navy of Great Britain registered 1060 sail, of which between seven and eight hundred were in effective condition—much the most powerful naval force the world had ever seen; more powerful, indeed, at that hour than the armed marines of all other Christian powers together. America at the same date had just *seventeen vessels of war* in effective condition, and nine of these were of a class less than frigates. It is true, there were the gun-boats; but of what avail that entire diminutive fleet against any one of the twenty powerful squadrons which England could at a moment send upon the American coast? "It is not to be concealed," says the author of the *History of the Navy*, "that at this precise moment three two-decked ships of the enemy could have driven the whole of the public marine of America before them."

After the declaration of war, Mr. Shubrick made one cruise in the *Hornet*, Captain Lawrence, and saw the fine chase of the *Belvidera* by the frigate *Constitution*, Commodore Rodgers, and the escape of the English vessel, so skillfully managed by her commander. In January, 1813, he was promoted, and transferred as lieutenant to the *Constellation*, Captain Stewart, fitting out at Washington. As soon as the vessel was ready for sea, she dropped down abreast of Craney Island to cover the fortifications recently begun on that ground.

Some twenty ships of the line of the enemy's force, among them the flags of two admirals, were cruising before Hampton Roads. On the 18th three frigates came into the roads, one, the *Junon*, moving up to the quarantine ground and destroying some small vessels. On the 20th, in a misty night, a flotilla of fifteen gun-boats, one under Lieutenant Shubrick, was sent out to attack the English vessel. Forming in a crescent, the flotilla poured a brisk cannonade into the frigate. It was some time before this fire was returned, as the commander of the *Junon* would appear to have been taken by surprise, and, indeed, the defense was so feeble that this vessel might possibly have been captured by the gun-boats had it not been for her two consorts moving to her support. When the engagement had continued about an hour, the flotilla was signaled to withdraw. The boat commanded by Lieutenant Shubrick happened to be nearest to the enemy. "That brave young officer," said Commodore Tatnall, an eye-witness, "obeyed the order *very slowly*, and continued to blaze away at the frigate. This caused the concentration of the enemy's fire upon that single boat. Still he moved off slowly, firing as he retreated, until a signal made especially for him directed him to withdraw and take in tow a disabled gun-boat." This he did without losing a single man. With the next flood tide a fleet of fourteen sail of the enemy came into the roads, and, ascending to the mouth of the James, prepared to send up a large force in boats. As the defense of the batteries on Craney Island was of great moment, Captain Cassin, then in command at Norfolk, sent three lieutenants of the *Constellation*, among them Lieutenant Shubrick, with 100 seamen, to take charge of the principal batteries. On the morning of the 22d the enemy landed a large force at a point beyond the reach of the gun-boats, and, rather later, a landing was also attempted on Craney Island at a point protected from the gun-boats, but exposed to the fire of the seamen's battery. The fire from this battery, one gun of which was commanded by Lieutenant Shubrick, is said to have been delivered with singular coolness and precision. It was so effectual that the enemy was repulsed.

So great was the British force, however, before Hampton Roads that the good ship *Constellation* was not able to work her way out to sea. She remained blockaded throughout the war. It is said that during those three years of naval warfare England had 100 pennants of admirals and commodores flying on the American coast. Lieutenant Shubrick, unwilling to remain idle, left the blockaded ship, and was transferred, as third lieutenant of six, to the *Constitution*, Captain Stewart, which had just been refitted at Boston. This celebrated vessel, always a favorite with officers and men, had already received in nautical parlance the name of "Old Ironsides." In February, 1815, the *Constitution* was cruising between Portugal and the Cape Verd Islands, where, on the 20th, two vessels of the enemy were seen in the offing, one a small frigate, the other a large sloop of war. After much nautical manœuvring to prevent a junction between the enemy's vessels, the *Constitution*, at six in the evening, showed her ensign as a challenge, and prepared for immediate

action, engaging both vessels of the enemy at the same time. The battle was fought by moonlight. Nothing could exceed the beautiful manœuvring of the *Constitution* between her two antagonists; often shrouded in a dense cloud of smoke, her guns were then silent; then again, a moment later, when the moonlight revealed her foe, one broadside was poured out after another with terrible rapidity. At a critical moment, as the cloud of smoke rose, both vessels of the enemy were seen close at hand, and both in positions favorable to themselves. The *Constitution* poured a broadside into the ship abreast of her, and at the same moment handled her sails with such singular skill that the instant she had delivered her fire she backed swiftly astern, compelling the vessel in her rear to move her position, in order to avoid a raking fire in the opposite direction. The larger ship soon after struck. It was the *Cyane*. An hour later the *Constitution* was looking for her enemy's consort, which had been partially disabled, but which now prepared to renew the action. The fire of the *Constitution* was so well delivered, however, that every gun told, and the vessels were so near that the ripping of the enemy's planks was heard by the American officers. The gallant Englishman was compelled to strike. The vessel proved to be the *Levant*, and Lieutenant Shubrick was sent on board to take possession. In this remarkable moon-lit battle Captain Stewart, with one vessel opposed to two, handled the *Constitution* with such consummate skill that the conflict has always been considered as among the most brilliant nautical manœuvring on record.

Lieutenant Shubrick had a narrow escape after the battle was over. He was standing on deck, attending to his duties, when a portion of the mast fell and struck him on the head. He was stunned, and would probably have been killed had it not been for the iron boarding cap which he still wore. The iron was indented by the blow, and he received a wound on the skull which, in healing, left a small protuberance. This at a later day proved a puzzle to phrenologists, to his own great amusement. The Eagle of the Cincinnati was sent to Lieutenant Shubrick by the South Carolina branch of the order at the close of the war, after the loss of his elder brother in the *Epervier*, and in especial acknowledgment of his own personal services.

During the years of peace which followed the war of 1812 Lieutenant Shubrick was much in society, where he was always a great favorite. There was a peculiar charm in his manner which from early manhood to old age made him a delightful companion. This rare charm of manner was, indeed, in him a high personal merit, for it was entirely frank and unstudied, the healthful outflow of a generous, courteous, manly nature. There was the polish of high-breeding, but it was the harmony of a fine individual character underlying the surface which gave the charm of life and reality. For a gentlemanly naval officer a manner more happy could scarcely be conceived. And his personal appearance was equally in his favor: feature, form, and carriage were all manly and distinguished; the position of his head was fine, slightly thrown back, but as easy as possible, while the frank, fearless, often joyous look from the brown eye, and the smile, always kindly and often delicately expressive of wit or humor, gave additional attraction to the face.

In September, 1815, Lieutenant Shubrick was married to Miss Harriet Cordelia Wethered, daughter of John Wethered, Esq., of the Eastern Shore of Maryland—a marriage which remained unbroken for nearly fifty-nine years.

He went to the Mediterranean rather later as flag-lieutenant of Commodore Hull. In 1820 he received his commission as commander. In 1829 he was ordered to the command of the *Lexington*, and made a cruise on the coast of Labrador for the protection of the American fisheries. At the close of the fishing season he went to the West Indies and brought home the remains of Commodore Perry. In 1830, the period of the Nullification troubles, he was at the navy-yard in Washington. His commission as captain dates from 1831. During four years, from 1833 to 1837, he was employed on ordnance duty, and from this period, as experience gave additional value to his services, he was often engaged in various practical duties of importance connected with the navy, and repeatedly received the assurance of the entire confidence of successive Secretaries at the head of the department. His high reputation for fidelity, integrity, promptness, and business capacity was indeed well earned by earnest devotion to every duty intrusted to him, whether ashore or afloat.

In 1839 Captain Shubrick first hoisted his broad pennant as commodore, in command of the West India squadron. On his return, in 1840, he was placed in command of the navy-yard at Norfolk. In 1844 he received from the Governor of South Carolina a sword of great beauty in design and execution, as a testimonial of the just appreciation in which his services were held by his native State. The resolution of the Legislature which accompanied the sword expressed very strongly their "high sense of his distinguished gallantry and good conduct." In 1845–46 he was again engaged in ordnance duty.

On the 13th of May, 1846, war was declared against Mexico. Commodore Shubrick was then in command of the navy-yard at Washington. May 14 he offered himself to the department for active serv-

ice, and a few days later was informed that the Secretary wished him to go to the Pacific to take command of the squadron on the western coast. June 1 the Secretary, Mr. Mason, wrote to him as follows:

"COMMODORE,—You will hold yourself in readiness to proceed in the United States ship *Independence* to the Pacific, for the command of the United States naval forces on that station."

Again, July 9, the Secretary wrote as follows:

"COMMODORE,—You are herein appointed to the command of the United States naval forces in the Pacific Ocean, to relieve Commodore John T. Sloat."

The *Independence* was lying at Boston, in an unfinished state, and with a new crew, but the broad pennant of the commodore was hoisted on the vessel August 10, and on the 29th she was reported outside of Boston Light. The *Independence* arrived at Valparaiso December 2. Commodore Biddle had arrived at the same port only a few hours earlier with the squadron from the East Indies. There was a singular inconsistency in the orders he had received from the department and those given to Commodore Shubrick. The orders to Commodore Biddle were worded as follows:

"*May* 16, 1846.

"COMMODORE,—A state of war has been declared by Congress to exist between the United States and the republic of Mexico. You will therefore, with all possible dispatch, appear with the squadron under your command off California, and take command of the Pacific squadron."

Commodore Biddle was the senior officer. The orders to Commodore Shubrick were essentially the same, and of later date. Serious difficulties might, under less favorable circumstances, have resulted from this irregularity in the orders from the department. But it was the first wish of both officers to serve the country faithfully. In accordance with naval etiquette, Commodore Biddle, as senior officer, took command. Commodore Shubrick sailed immediately for Monterey, where he arrived in eight days from Valparaiso, the voyage from Boston round the continent, including delays, having been made in the remarkably short time of 146 days. He proceeded immediately to organize and discipline the forces. On the arrival of Commodore Biddle, in April, he hoisted the red pennant of a subordinate commander, and was sent to blockade Mazatlan. He was soon recalled to Monterey, however, when Commodore Biddle informed him officially that he was about to give up the command and return home. Commodore Shubrick then laid before the department the plans he had already made for taking possession of all the ports on the western coast of Mexico. On the 19th of July the command was formally transferred to him, and he immediately prepared for active operations. A supply of small-arms was procured, and having drilled the seamen of the squadron thoroughly in their use for service ashore, the commander-in-chief directed Captain Lavalette to proceed to the Gulf of California with the *Congress* and the *Portsmouth*, and to commence operations by taking possession of Guaymas, nearly at the head of the gulf—an order which was handsomely executed. On the 27th of October Commodore Shubrick sailed from Monterey for Cape San Lucas with the *Independence* and the *Cyane*, Captain Dupont. At San Lucas he was joined by Captain Lavalette in the *Congress*. After taking possession of San José, the principal mart of Lower California, and a resort of our whalers, and quieting some disturbances at Todos Santos, he sailed for Mazatlan with the *Independence*, the *Congress*, and the *Cyane*.

Mazatlan was then the most important point on the western coast of North America, containing 11,000 inhabitants, with a garrison of some 1200 regular troops. On the 10th of November the American fleet came in sight of the town. A plan of the coast and harbor had been given to the commanders, and the position to be taken by each vessel marked on this chart. The wind was moderate, and evening was at hand. The commander-in-chief inquired if the ships could take their positions after dark. The answer from all was affirmative. They were then ordered to proceed. Mazatlan is built on a peninsula. There is a bend in the outer shore, called the "Old Harbor." The *Congress* led off in fine style, and swept into position in this outer harbor. The shore being low here, the ship from this point could command several of the roads leading from the town, and effectively cover the landing, should the surf allow this reach of the shore to be chosen for the purpose. It was considered a hazardous anchorage, but a position favorable for attack, and boldly taken in the dim evening light. The *Cyane* moved onward into the New Harbor, her light draught enabling her to anchor so close to the bar that her guns could reach the wharf, and cover a landing there. The flag-ship *Independence* meanwhile stood off for another slight bend in the shore, where a break in the hills gives a view eastward of the most important part of the town. Steadily she made her way in the darkness to the position allotted to her, dropped her anchor, and swinging round, her stern almost in the rollers, the proud ship showed her imposing gun-deck tier of lights to the town. No vessel had ever before taken the anchorage chosen by Commodore Shubrick for his flag-ship on that November evening. An English vessel of war was lying at anchor in the harbor, and her officers expressed their admiration strongly at the skillful manner in which the three vessels took their different positions, investing the town so effectually.

Early on the morning of the 11th Mazat-

lan was summoned to surrender. Colonel Telles, the commander of the port, tore up the letter of Commodore Shubrick, with insolent threats. Orders were then given for an immediate landing. The town was not to be bombarded, but to be taken by assault. Owing to the condition of the surf, no attempt to land could be made from without, and it became necessary to enter the harbor in boats, and to land at the wharf. The boats of the different ships entered the harbor in three lines, commanded by their respective officers, Commodore Shubrick directing their movements in person. Five pieces of artillery, recently captured in Lower California, and under the command of Lieutenant Livingston, accompanied the detachment. The *Cyane* sprung her broadside, to cover the landing if necessary. The movement of the boats was swift; the men were soon ashore, and formed into companies while the artillery was landing. The whole force, 600 strong, then began their march toward the cuartel or fort which protected the town. They had expected decided opposition, the Mexican force being nearly two to one, exclusive of the inhabitants of the town, which in itself offered many natural facilities for defense; but the threats of Colonel Telles proved idle bluster. The Mexicans, who had recently fought with determined resistance on several occasions in California, now retreated without striking a blow. Commodore Shubrick marched his force through the town to the cuartel without opposition, and the American flag was hoisted under a salute from the *Independence*. Measures were immediately taken for the defense of the captured town; a garrison of seamen and marines was organized, and Captain Lavalette appointed governor. The squadron moved into the harbor; the terms of occupation were arranged with the municipal junta; the custom-house was opened, and a tariff of duties, modified to suit the trade of the coast, was established. In five months more than $250,000 of duties was collected at this port. Redoubts were erected and manned on the landward side of the town to anticipate an attack, and sorties were frequently made to drive the Mexican force farther back into the country. The towns, and other lesser places captured, were held until the close of the war, but the large force required on shore for this purpose prevented Commodore Shubrick from fully carrying out his original plan of taking possession of Acapulco and other small ports to the southward. In July, 1848, on the proclamation of peace, he returned home in the *Independence*.

His first duty after the Mexican war was connected with the ordnance department.

In the summer of 1851 he left his home in Washington and came up into the highlands of Otsego. The friend of his youth, from whom he had never known a moment's estrangement, was fatally ill. The half-paralyzed hand could no longer hold the pen, but the mind was still active, and the heart warm as ever. At that moment, indeed, within a few weeks of his death, Mr. Cooper was dictating passages connected with a continuation of the *History of the Navy*, and another work which his sanguine spirit still hoped to finish. The friends enjoyed some pleasant, peaceful days together; both were cheerful and buoyant by nature. They parted with the affection of nearly fifty years still warm and true. It was their last meeting on earth; but the survivor carried with him an affectionate regard for the memory of his friend for nearly a quarter of a century longer, until the latest days of his own life.

In August, 1852, a Light-house Board was established by act of Congress. Commodore Shubrick was placed on the board, and became its chairman, a position he held for nineteen years, although there were interruptions when his services were required elsewhere.

In the summer of 1853 he was employed on important and critical duty connected with the vexed question of the fisheries. The aspect of affairs was threatening. A little rough handling of the subject might have brought on war. Perhaps no better testimony to the value of his services and his high personal character could be found than the choice of Commodore Shubrick for this delicate duty. In his hands the honor of the country would be safe beyond all doubt, while at the same time his discretion, his sense of justice, and the courtesy of manner for which he was distinguished would temper his decision. In July he sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in command of the squadron ordered to the fishing grounds, the *Princeton* bearing his broad pennant. The work allotted to him was very thoroughly done. Preliminary inquiries were made of the collectors of our own Eastern ports, and of the principal houses directly connected with the fisheries. The *Princeton* then proceeded to Halifax, where Commodore Shubrick met Vice-Admiral Seymour, commanding the naval forces of England on that station. The conference with Admiral Seymour settled satisfactorily the most pressing questions under temporary arrangements, looking forward to a treaty of reciprocity on the same subject then under consideration, and which was signed the following year. The English authorities in the Provinces, both civil and military, were very decided in their gratification at the just and conciliatory course taken by Commodore Shubrick and his officers on this occasion. As usual, the discipline of the fleet was excellent. A brilliant public entertainment was given by the

civil and military authorities of Prince Edward Island to Commodore Shubrick and his officers at the close of the cruise. The authorities at Washington on the return of the squadron expressed their approbation very strongly. The department "was struck with the amount of service rendered, and with the good judgment with which it was combined," and expressed its "admiration for the promptness, energy, and cheerful zeal shown by the flag-officer and all under his command."

After a renewal of difficulties a few years later, Commodore Shubrick lived to see the inauguration of a happier era in 1871, when the old forms of a subtle diplomacy were exchanged for the more manly principle of upright arbitration.

In 1858 there was again an interruption to the duties of Commodore Shubrick at the Light-house Board. He was once more afloat. For some years there had been difficulties between the government of the United States and that of Paraguay, proceeding from the jealousy of Lopez, who aimed at retaining a monopoly of the commerce of the country in his own hands. At that date in Paraguay the government was the chief merchant and manufacturer. True, a decree of 1845 had nominally opened the country to foreigners, and in consequence of this decree an American company of some importance had purchased lands and established mills and factories on the Paraguay River, some miles below Asuncion, the capital. The gross injustice of Lopez to this company, the obstacles thrown in its way, the vexations it endured, terminated at length in the arbitrary closing of the cigar factory by the government of Paraguay. Personal insults to the American consul and other citizens of the United States also required redress. And finally, when the *Water Witch*, Commander Page, ascended the river, prepared to exchange the ratification of a treaty already agreed upon between the two governments, she was fired upon by a Paraguayan fort. To settle these difficulties, and to show to the countries in the southern hemisphere the force at the command of the United States, a powerful fleet was sent into those waters, consisting, said President Buchanan in his Message, of "nineteen armed vessels, great and small, carrying 200 guns and 2500 men, under the command of the veteran and gallant Shubrick." Commodore Shubrick sailed from New York in the *Sabine*, his flagship, October 17. When three days out, the ship was struck by a cyclone, which lasted three days, and threw her on her beam ends. For five hours she was kept down, straining under the terrible force of the hurricane, the roaring of the tempest sounding, said Commodore Shubrick at a later day, as the howling of infuriated wild animals in a forest might be supposed to sound. Every precaution had been taken at the approach of the gale, and the vessel was lying to under bare poles. Had she been scudding, she must have foundered. Such at least was the opinion of her officers. An examination of her condition after the hurricane proved her to be too much crippled to proceed on the long voyage before her. She was taken to Bermuda, where the authorities courteously offered every assistance, and she was repaired in the dry-dock. With the exception of this delay, the expedition was entirely successful. All difficulties were satisfactorily adjusted. The commissioner, Mr. Bowlin, arrived at Asuncion. January 25, 1859, and in three weeks all the objects of his mission were thoroughly accomplished. A fleet of nineteen vessels so well commanded proved the best possible argument in favor of the just demands of the commissioner. "To the zeal, energy, discretion, and courteous and gallant bearing of Flag-officer Shubrick and the officers under his command in conducting an expedition far into the interior of a remote country, encountering not only great physical difficulties, but the fears and apprehensions and prejudices of numerous states, is the country largely indebted for the success of the enterprise and for the friendly feeling which now prevails toward the United States in all that part of South America." Such was the report of the Secretary of the Navy. The simple dignity and the kindly courtesy of bearing natural to Commodore Shubrick never failed to attract the respect and regard of all whom he met on official duty. "He represented us abroad with men of high rank better than any officer we ever had," said Admiral Dupont. General Urquiera, President of the Argentine Republic, received him with especial honors, and presented him with a handsome sword in testimony of "respect for his high character." Congress, by joint resolution, allowed him to accept this beautiful sword—a graceful close to his last service afloat.

The grave crisis which convulsed the entire country was now at hand. We all remember the firing of the first gun, the roll of the first drum, calling brother to arm against brother. Those were sounds which seemed to pierce our very heart's core. And we can all remember the deep anxiety with which we awaited intelligence of the course taken by this or that distinguished public man. One was wavering, another was steadfast, another had deserted the flag and the country. Probably among the military officers, whether of the army or the navy, there was not one placed in a position more painful, not one more sorely tried, than Admiral Shubrick. The first gun in that fratricidal strife was fired at Charleston, within sight of his paternal home at Belvedere.

The first State to take the fatal step of secession was his native State, in whose early history he had always felt a just and honorable pride. In many of the best homes in Charleston, on many plantations of the State, were men, women, and children with kindred blood to his own flowing in their veins. Scarce a public man in Carolina of honorable name and character who was not known to him; very many were his friends. His high standing as an officer and his personal character rendered his example of importance to the Confederate leaders: strenuous efforts were made to shake his loyalty by those high in authority in Carolina. The natural strength of his feelings, the unusual warmth of his attachments, must have given additional force to the trial. We draw the veil over what to a man like himself must have been hours of anguish. The result is known. No subtlety could mislead his honest mind. No flattery could blind him to plain duty. No force of cutting abuse could move him. He remained at his post in Washington, and after the defeat at Bull Run offered himself to the government for active service. At this date he even volunteered to aid in defending the forts near Washington.

In December, 1861, Congress passed a law creating a retired list, whereby all navy officers are considered "retired" after forty-five years' service, or on attaining the age of sixty-two years. At the time of the passage of this law Commodore Shubrick had fulfilled both of these conditions. But the department used a discretionary power in the application of the law; some exceptions were made, and Commodore Shubrick continued for ten years longer to discharge the duties of chairman of the Light-house Board. In 1862 he received his commission as rear-admiral on the retired list.

Men of upright and unprejudiced minds as they move onward through life are often gradually led to raise their eyes higher. Such is the natural result of experience. Holy truths which, though acknowledged, are yet half forgotten in the passionate day of youth, rise more clearly before the mind at a period of greater calm and thoughtfulness. Fidelity to every duty, however severe and onerous, however trivial and irksome, was perhaps the most striking virtue in the character of Admiral Shubrick. With him, to know a duty was to perform it, at whatever sacrifice. And there was also a manly humility in his nature which was a fine element in a character so noble. This fidelity to duty, this generous humility, led him year by year nearer to his God. Born and baptized in the Episcopal Church, he became in mature life a faithful communicant of that Church. His attendance at public worship was regular not only on Sunday, but at other services. During Lent, in the cold gray dawn of the winter mornings his manly figure was daily seen moving toward the parish church for the early prayers. Yes, and following in his steps came another manly figure from the same household, more humble, less erect, with the gray head and dark face of "Uncle Simon," a worthy freedman, honored and esteemed by many who knew him in Washington. Master and servant knelt daily together at those early services.

Years passed over. He had counted the allotted threescore and ten, and still he was engaged in public duties, giving faithful attention to his work, and making journeys of inspection from time to time to different points of the coast. And he was still a charming companion, the reverence felt for his venerable character and increasing years adding a higher interest to the pleasure he had always carried with him into society. His private life from early youth had been one of singular beauty, pure, faithful, generous, manly, in all its varied relations. In 1871 Congress passed a law relieving all retired officers from duty. The work of Admiral Shubrick as chairman of the Light-house Board ceased at that date, which closed a service of sixty-five years, during which he had been unemployed only six years and eight months.

His general health had now become impaired, and his sight was seriously affected. He was compelled to give up reading, which through life had been one of his greatest pleasures. The bright joyous manner natural to him was now gradually passing away into the quiet of advanced age, though occasionally with an old friend he had still a great deal to say in his usual pleasant way. Attachment to his friends remained unabated, and his affections vividly warm to the last. And he was still interested in all public events of importance, whether at home or abroad, hearing the papers read morning and evening. The blindness he had feared never darkened his sight entirely. The dignity of extreme old age was in him very touching, and those who were with him most frequently felt that the loveliness of his character and manner could scarcely be described with full justice.

Surrounded by far more than common love and reverence and devotion, he died peacefully, at his house in Washington, May 24, 1874, wanting but a few months of completing his eighty-fourth year.

The general order issued by the Secretary of the Navy on the same day, announcing the death of Rear-Admiral Shubrick, closes with the following passage: "In every trust committed to him during life he has deserved well of the republic, and, dying, he leaves to the service the conspicuous example of a life of wisdom, courtesy, courage, and spotless honor."

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER III.

INA KLOSKING worked night and day upon Siebel in Gounod's *Faust*, and upon the songs that had been added to give weight to the part.

She came early to the theatre at night, and sat, half dressed, fatigued, and nervous, in her dressing-room.

Crash!—the first *coup d'archet* announced the overture, and roused her energy, as if Ithuriel's spear had pricked her. She came down dressed, to listen at one of the upper entrances, to fill herself with the musical theme, before taking her part in it, and also to gauge the audience and the singers.

The man Faust was a German; but the musical part Faust seems better suited to an Italian or a Frenchman. Indeed, some say that, as a rule, the German genius excels in creation, and the Italian in representation or interpretation. For my part, I am unable to judge nations in the lump, as some fine fellows do, because nations are composed of very different individuals, and I know only one to the million; but I do take on me to say that the individual Herr who executed Doctor Faustus at Homburg that night, had every thing to learn, except what he had to unlearn. His person was obese; his delivery of the words was mouthing, chewing, and gurgling; and he uttered the notes in tune, but without point, pathos, or passion; a steady lay clerk from York or Durham Cathedral would have done a little better, because he would have been no colder at heart, and more exact in time, and would have sung clean, whereas this gentleman set his windpipe trembling all through the business, as if palsy was passion. By what system of leverage such a man came to be hoisted on to such a pinnacle of song as Faust, puzzled our English friends in front as much as it did the Anglo-Danish artist at the wing; for English girls know what is what in opera.

The Marguerite had a voice of sufficient compass, and rather sweet, though thin. The part demands a better *actress* than Patti, and this Fräulein was not half as good: she put on the painful grin of a prize-fighter who has received a staggerer, and grinned all through the part, though there is little in it to grin at. She also suffered by having to play to a Faust milked of his poetry, and self-smitten with a "tremolo," which, as I said before, is the voice of palsy, and is not, nor ever was, nor ever will be, the voice of passion. Bless your heart, passion is a manly thing, a womanly thing, a grand thing—not a feeble, quavering, palsied, anile, senile thing. Learn that, ye trembling, quavering idiots of song!

"They let me down," whispered Ina Klosking to her faithful Ashmead. "I feel all out of tune. I shall never be able. And the audience so cold. It will be like singing in a sepulchre."

"What would you think of them if they applauded?" said Ashmead.

"I should say they were good, charitable souls, and the very audience I shall want in five minutes."

"No, no," said Ashmead; "all you want is a discriminating audience; and this is one. Remember, they have all seen Patti in Marguerite. Is it likely they would applaud this tin stick?"

Ina turned the conversation with feminine quickness. "Mr. Ashmead, have you kept your promise; my name is not in the programme?"

"It is not; and a great mistake too."

"I have not been announced by name in any way?"

"No. But of course I have nursed you a bit."

"Nursed me? What is that? Oh, what have you been doing? No charlatanerie, I hope."

"Nothing of the kind," said Ashmead, stoutly; "only the regular business."

"And pray what is the regular business?" inquired Ina, distrustfully.

"Why, of course I sent on the manager to say that Mademoiselle Schwaub was taken seriously ill; that we had been fearing we must break faith with the public for the first time; but that a cantatrice, who had left the stage, appreciated our difficulty, and had, with rare kindness, come to our aid for this one night: we felt sure a Humbug audience—what am I saying?—a Homburg audience would appreciate this, and make due allowance for a performance undertaken in such a spirit, and with imperfect rehearsals, etc.; in short, the usual patter; and the usual effect, great applause—indeed, the only applause that I have heard in this theatre to-night. Ashmead ahead of Gounod, so far."

Ina Klosking put both hands before her face and uttered a little moan. She had really a soul above these artifices. "So then," said she, "if they do receive me, it will be out of charity."

"No, no; but on your first night you must have two strings to your bow."

"But I have only one. These cajoling speeches are a waste of breath. A singer can sing, or she can *not* sing, and they find out which it is as soon as she opens her mouth."

"Well, then, you open your mouth—that is just what half the singers can't do—and they will soon find out you can sing."

"I hope they may. I do not know. I am discouraged. I'm terrified. I think it is stage fright," and she began to tremble visibly, for the time drew near.

Ashmead ran off and brought her some brandy and water. She put up her hand against it with royal scorn. "No, Sir! If the theatre, and the lights, and the people, the mind of Goethe, and the music of Gounod, can't excite me without *that*, put me at the counter of a *café*, for I have no business here."

The power, without violence, and the grandeur with which she said this would have brought down the house had she spoken it in a play without a note of music; and Ashmead drew back respectfully, but chuckled internally at the idea of this Minerva giving change in a *café*.

And now her cue was coming. She ordered every body out of the entrance not very ceremoniously, and drew well back. Then, at her cue, she made a stately rush, and so, being in full swing before she cleared the wing, she swept into the centre of the stage with great rapidity and resolution; no trace either of her sorrowful heart or her quaking limbs was visible from the front.

There was a little applause, all due to Ashmead's preliminary apology, but there was no real reception; for Germany is large and musical, and she was not immediately recognized at Homburg. But there was that indescribable flutter which marks a good impression and keen expectation suddenly aroused. She was beautiful on the stage, for one thing; her figure rather tall and stately, and her face full of power: and then the very way she came on showed the step and carriage of an artist, at home upon the boards.

She cast a rapid glance round the house, observed its size, and felt her way. She sang her first song evenly, but not tamely, yet with restrained power; but the tones were so full and flexible, the expression so easy yet exact, that the judges saw there was no effort, and suspected something big might be yet in store to-night. At the end of her song she did let out for a moment, and at this well-timed foretaste of her power there was applause, but nothing extravagant.

She was quite content, however. She met Ashmead as she came off, and said, "All is well, my friend, so far. They are sitting in judgment on me, like sensible people, and not in a hurry. I rather like that."

"Your own fault," said Joseph. "You should have been announced. Prejudice is a surer card than judgment. The public is an ass."

"It must come to the same thing in the end," said the Klosking, firmly. "One can sing, or one can not."

Her next song was encored, and she came off flushed with art and gratified pride. "I have no fears now," said she to her Achates, firmly. "I have my barometer—a young lady in the stalls. Oh, such a beautiful creature, with black hair and eyes! She applauds me fearlessly. Her glorious eyes speak to mine, and inspire me. She is *happy*, she is. I drink sunbeams at her. I shall act and sing 'Le Parlate d' Amor' for *her*—and you will see."

Between the acts who should come in but Ned Severne, and glided into the vacant stall by Zoe's side.

She quivered at his coming near her; he saw it, and felt a thrill of pleasure himself.

"How is 'S. T.?'" said she, kindly.

"'S. T.?'" said he, forgetting.

"Why, your sick friend, to be sure."

"Oh, not half so bad as he thought. I was a fool to lose an hour of you for *him*. He was hipped; had lost all his money at *rouge et noir*. So I lent him fifty pounds, and that did him more good than the doctor. You forgive me?"

"Forgive you? I approve. Are you going back to him?" said she, demurely.

"No, thank you; I have made sacrifices enough."

And so indeed he had, having got cleaned out of £300 through preferring gambling to beauty.

"Singers good?" he inquired.

"Wretched; all but one; and she is divine."

"Indeed! Who is she?"

"I don't know. A gentleman in black came out—"

"Mephistopheles?"

"No—how dare you?—and said a singer that had retired would perform the part of Siebel, to oblige; and she has obliged me for one. She is, oh! so superior to the others. Such a heavenly contralto! and her upper notes honey dropping from the comb. And then she is so modest, so dignified, *and* so beautiful. She is fair as a lily; and such a queen-like brow, and deep gray eyes, full of sadness and soul! I'm afraid she is not happy. Once or twice she fixed them on me, and they magnetized me and drew me to her. So I magnetized her in return. I should know her any where fifty years hence. Now if I was a man, I should love that woman, and make her love me."

"Then I am very glad you are not a man," said Severne, tenderly.

"So am I," whispered Zoe, and blushed.

The curtain rose.

"Listen now, Mr. Chatterbox," said Zoe.

Ned Severne composed himself to listen; but Fräulein Graas had not sung many bars before he revolted. "Listen to what?" said he; "and look at what? The only Marguerite in the place is by my side."

Zoe colored with pleasure; but her good sense was not to be blinded. "The only good black Mephistophe*less* you mean," said she. "To be Marguerite, one must be great and sweet and tender—yes, and far more lovely than ever woman was. That lady is a better color for the part than I am; but neither she nor I shall ever be Marguerite."

He murmured in her ear, "You are Marguerite, for you could fire a man's heart so that he would sell his soul to gain you."

It was the accent of passion, and the sensitive girl quivered. Yet she defended herself—in words: "Hush!" said she. "That is wicked—out of an opera. Fanny would laugh at you if she heard."

Here were two reasons for not making such hot love in the stalls of an opera. Which of the two weighed most with the fair reasoner shall be left to her own sex.

The brief scene ended with the declaration of the evil spirit that Marguerite is lost.

"There," said Zoe, naïvely, "that is over, thank goodness. Now you will hear *my* singer."

Siebel and Marta came on from opposite sides of the stage. "See!" said Zoe; "isn't she lovely?" and she turned her beaming face full on Severne, to share her pleasure with him. To her amazement, the man seemed transformed: a dark cloud had come over his sunny countenance. He sat, pale, and seemed to stare at the tall, majestic, dreamy singer, who stood immovable, dressed like a velvet youth, yet looking like no earthly boy, but a draped statue of Mercury,

"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

The blood left his lips, and Zoe thought he was faint; but the next moment he put his handkerchief hastily to his nose, and wriggled his way out, with a rush and a crawl strangely combined, at the very moment when the singer delivered her first commanding note of recitative.

Every body about looked surprised and disgusted at so ill-timed an exit; but Zoe, who had seen his white face, was seriously alarmed, and made a movement to rise too, and watch, or even follow him; but when he got to the side, he looked back to her, and made her a signal that his nose was bleeding, but it was of no great consequence. He even pointed with his finger out and then back again, indicating he should not be long gone.

This re-assured her greatly; for she had always been told a little bleeding of that sort was good for hot-headed young people.

Then the singer took complete hold of her. The composer, to balance the delightful part of Marguerite, has given Siebel a melody with which wonders can be done; and the Klosking had made a considerable reserve of her powers for this crowning effort. After a recitative that rivaled the silver trumpet, she flung herself with immediate and electrifying ardor into the melody; the orchestra, taken by surprise, fought feebly for the old ripple, but the Klosking, resolute by nature, was now mighty as Neptune, and would have her big waves. The momentary struggle, in which she was loyally seconded by the conductor, evoked her grand powers. Catgut had to yield to brains, and the whole orchestra, composed, after all, of good musicians, soon caught the divine afflatus, and the little theatre seemed on fire with music; the air, sung with a large rhythm, swelled and rose, and thrilled every breast with amazement and delight; the house hung breathless; by-and-by there were pale cheeks, panting bosoms, and wet eyes, the true, rare triumphs of the sovereigns of song; and, when the last note had pealed and ceased to vibrate, the pent-up feelings broke forth in a roar of applause which shook the dome, followed by a clapping of hands, like a salvo, that never stopped till Ina Klosking, who had retired, came forward again.

She courtesied, with admirable dignity, modesty, and respectful gravity, and the applause thundered, and people rose at her in clusters about the house, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs at her, and a little Italian recognized her, and cried out as loud as he could, "Vivat la Klosking, vivat!" and she heard that, and it gave her a thrill; and Zoe Vizard, being out of England, and, therefore, brave as a lioness, stood boldly up at her full height, and taking her bouquet in the right hand, carried it swiftly to her left ear, and so flung it, with a free backhanded sweep, more Oriental than English, into the air, and it lighted by the singer; and she saw the noble motion, and the bouquet fly, and, when she made her last courtesy at the wing, she fixed her eyes on Zoe, and then put her hand to her heart with a most touching gesture, that said, "Most of all I value your bouquet and your praise."

Then the house buzzed, and ranks were leveled; little people spoke to big people, and big to little, in mutual congratulation; for at such rare moments (except in Anglo-Saxony) instinct seems to tell men that true art is a sunshine of the soul, and blesses the rich and the poor alike.

One person was affected in another way. Harrington Vizard sat rapt in attention, and never took his eyes off her, yet said not a word.

Several Russian and Prussian grandees sought an introduction to the new singer. But she pleaded fatigue. The manager entreated her to sup with him, and meet the Grand Duke of Hesse. She said she had a prior engagement.

She went quietly home, and supped with

her faithful Ashmead, and very heartily too; for nature was exhausted, and agitation had quite spoiled her dinner.

Joseph Ashmead, in the pride of his heart, proposed a bottle of Champagne. The Queen of Song, with triumph flushed, looked rather blue at that. "My friend," said she, in a meek, deprecating way, "we are working people: is not Bordeaux good enough for *us?*"

"Yes; but it is not good enough for the occasion," said Joseph, a little testily. "Well, never mind;" and he muttered to himself, "that is the worst of *good* women; they are so terribly stingy."

The Queen of Song, with triumph flushed, did not catch these words, but only a little growling. However, as supper proceeded, she got uneasy. So she rang the bell, and ordered *a pint:* of this she drank one spoonful. The remainder, co-operating with triumph and claret, kept Ashmead in a great flow of spirits. He traced her a brilliant career. To be photographed to-morrow morning as Siebel, and in plain dress. Paragraphs in *Era, Figaro, Galignani, Independance Belge,* and the leading dailies. Large wood-cuts before leaving Homburg for Paris, London, Vienna, Petersburg, and New York.

"I'm in your hands," said she, and smiled languidly, to please him.

But by-and-by he looked at her, and found she was taking a little cry all to herself.

"Dear me," said he, "what is the matter?"

"My friend, forgive me. *He* was not there to share my triumph."

CHAPTER IV.

As the opera drew to an end, Zoe began to look round more and more for Severne; but he did not come, and Lord Uxmoor offered his arm earnestly. She took it; but hung back a moment on his very arm to tell Harrington Mr. Severne had been taken ill.

At the railway station the truant emerged suddenly, just as the train was leaving; but Lord Uxmoor had secured three seats, and the defaulter had to go with Harrington. On reaching the hotel, the ladies took their bed candles; but Uxmoor found time to propose an excursion next day, Sunday, to a lovely little lake—open carriage, four horses. The young ladies accepted, but Mr. Severne declined; he thanked Lord Uxmoor politely, but he had arrears of correspondence.

Zoe cast a mortified, and rather a haughty glance on him, and Fanny shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

These two ladies brushed hair together in Zoe's room. That is a soothing operation, my masters, and famous for stimulating females to friendly gossip; but this time there was, for once, a guarded reserve. Zoe was irritated, puzzled, mortified, and even grieved by Severne's conduct. Fanny was gnawed by jealousy, and out of temper. She had forgiven Zoe Ned Severne. But that young lady was insatiable; Lord Uxmoor, too, had fallen openly in love with her; openly to a female eye: so then a blonde had no chance with a dark girl by: thus reasoned she, and it was intolerable.

It was some time before either spoke an atom of what was uppermost in her mind. They each doled out a hundred sentences, that missed the mind and mingled readily with the atmosphere, being in fact mere preliminary and idle air: so two deer, in duel, go about and about, and even affect to look another way, till they are ripe for collision. There be writers would give the reader all the preliminary puffs of articulated wind, and every body would say, "How clever! That is just the way girls really talk." But I leave the glory of photographing nullities to the geniuses of the age, and run to the first words which could, without impiety, be called dialogue.

"Don't you think his conduct a little mysterious?" said Zoe, *mal à propos* of any thing that had been said hitherto.

"Well, yes; rather," said Fanny, with marked carelessness.

"First, a sick friend; then a bleeding at the nose; and now he won't drive to the lake with us: arrears of correspondence? Pooh!"

Now Fanny's suspicions were deeper than Zoe's. She had observed Severne keenly, but it was not her cue to speak. She yawned, and said, "What *does* it matter?"

"Don't be unkind, Fanny. It matters to *me.*"

"Not it. You have another ready."

"What other? There is no one that I—Fanny."

"Oh, nonsense. The man is evidently smitten, and you keep encouraging him."

"No, I don't; I am barely civil. And don't be ill-natured. What *can* I do?"

"Why, be content with one at a time."

"It is very rude to talk so. Besides, I haven't got one, much less two. I begin to doubt *him;* and Lord Uxmoor! you know I can not possibly care for him—an acquaintance of yesterday."

"But you know all about him; that he is an excellent *parti,*" said Fanny, with a provoking sneer.

This was not to be borne.

"Oh!" said Zoe, "I see; you want him for yourself. It is *you* that are not content with one. You forget how poor Harrington would miss your attentions. He would *begin* to appreciate them—when he had lost them."

This stung, and Fanny turned white and red by turns. "I deserve this," said she, "for wasting advice on a coquette."

"That is not true. I'm no coquette; and here I am, asking your advice, and you only snub me. You are a jealous, cross, unreasonable thing."

"Well, I'm not a hypocrite."

"I never was called so before," said Zoe, nobly and gently.

"Then you were not found out, that is all. You look so simple and ingenuous, and blush if a man says half a word to you; and all the time you are a greater flirt than I am."

"Oh, Fanny!" screamed Zoe, with horror.

It seems a repartee may be conveyed in a scream; for Fanny now lost her temper altogether. "Your conduct with those two men is abominable," said she. "I won't speak to you any more."

"I beg you will *not*, in your present temper," said Zoe, with unaffected dignity, and rising like a Greek column.

Fanny flounced out of the room.

Zoe sat down and sighed, and her glorious eyes were dimmed. Mystery—doubt—and now a quarrel. What a day! At her age a little cloud seems to darken the whole sky.

Next morning the little party met at breakfast. Lord Uxmoor, anticipating a delightful day, was in high spirits, and he and Fanny kept up the ball. She had resolved, in the silent watches of the night, to contest him with Zoe, and make every possible use of Severne in the conflict.

Zoe was silent and *distraite*, and did not even try to compete with her sparkling rival. But Lord Uxmoor's eyes often wandered from his sprightly companion to Zoe, and it was plain he longed for a word from her mouth.

Fanny observed, bit her lip, and tacked internally, "'bout ship," as the sailors say. Her game now, conceived in a moment, and at once put in execution, was to encourage Uxmoor's attentions to Zoe. She began by openly courting Mr. Severne, to make Zoe talk to Uxmoor, and also make him think that Severne and she were the lovers.

Her intentions were to utilize the coming excursion; she would attach herself to Harrington, and so drive Zoe and Uxmoor together; and then Lord Uxmoor, at his present rate of amorous advance, would probably lead Zoe to a detached rock and make her a serious declaration. This good, artful girl felt sure such a declaration made a few months hence in Barfordshire would be accepted, and herself left in the cold. Therefore she resolved it should be made prematurely, and in Prussia, with Severne at hand, and so in all probability come to nothing. She even glimpsed a vista of consequences, and in that little avenue discerned the figure of Fanny Dover playing the part of consoler, friend, and ultimately spouse to a wealthy noble.

CHAPTER V.

THE letters were brought in. One was to Vizard, from Herries, announcing a remittance; one to Lord Uxmoor. On reading it he was surprised into an exclamation, and his face expressed great concern.

"Oh!" said Zoe—"Harrington!"

Harrington's attention being thus drawn, he said, "No bad news, I hope?"

"Yes," said Uxmoor, in a low voice, "very bad. My oldest, truest, dearest friend has been seized with small-pox, and his life is in danger. He has asked for me, poor fellow! This is from his sister. I must start by the twelve-o'clock train."

"Small-pox! why, it is contagious," cried Fanny, "and so disfiguring."

"I can't help that," said the honest fellow; and instantly rang the bell for his servant, and gave the requisite orders.

Zoe, whose eye had never left him all the time, said, softly, "It is brave and good of you. We poor, emotional, cowardly girls should sit down and cry."

"*You* would not, Miss Vizard," said he, firmly, looking full at her. "If you think you would, you don't know yourself."

Zoe colored high, and was silent.

Then Lord Uxmoor showed the true English gentleman. "I do hope," said he, earnestly, though in a somewhat broken voice, "that you will not let this spoil the pleasure we had planned together. Harrington will be my deputy."

"Well, I don't know," said Harrington, sympathizingly.

Mr. Severne remarked, "Such an occurrence puts pleasure out of one's head." This he said with his eyes on his plate, like one repeating a lesson.

"Vizard, I entreat you," said Uxmoor, almost vexed. "It will only make me more unhappy if you don't."

"We will go," cried Zoe, earnestly; "we promise to go. What does it matter? We shall think of you and your poor friend wherever we are. And I shall pray for him. But, ah! I know how little prayers avail to avert these cruel bereavements." She was young, but old enough to have prayed hard for her sick mother's life, and, like the rest of us, prayed in vain. At this remembrance the tears ran undisguised down her cheeks.

The open sympathy of one so young and beautiful, and withal rather reserved, made Lord Uxmoor gulp, and, not to break down before them all, he blurted out that he must go and pack. With this he hurried away.

He was unhappy. Besides the calamity he dreaded, it was grievous to be torn away from a woman he loved at first sight, and just when she had come out so worthy of his love: she was a high-minded creature; she had been silent and reserved so long as the conversation was trivial; but when trou-

ble came, she was the one to speak to him bravely and kindly. Well, what must be, must. All this ran through his mind, and made him sigh; but it never occurred to him to shirk—to telegraph instead of going—nor yet to value himself on his self-denial.

They did not see him again till he was on the point of going, and then he took leave of them all, Zoe last. When he came to her, he ignored the others, except that he lowered his voice in speaking to her. "God bless you for your kindness, Miss Vizard. It is a little hard upon a fellow to have to run away from such an acquaintance, just when I have been so fortunate as to make it."

"Oh, Lord Uxmoor," said Zoe, innocently, "never mind that. Why, we live in the same county, and we are on the way home. All I think of is your poor friend; and do please telegraph—to Harrington."

He promised he would, and went away disappointed somehow at her last words.

When he was gone, Severne went out on the balcony to smoke, and Harrington held a council with the young ladies. "Well, now," said he, "about this trip to the lake?"

"I shall not go, for one," said Zoe, resolutely.

"La!" said Fanny, looking carefully away from her to Harrington; "and *she* was the one that insisted."

Zoe ignored the speaker, and set her face stiffly toward Harrington. "She only *said* that to *him*."

FANNY. "But unfortunately ears are not confined to the noble."

ZOE. "Nor tongues to the discreet."

Both these remarks were addressed pointedly to Harrington.

"Hallo!" said he, looking from one flaming girl to the other; "am I to be a shuttlecock? and your discreet tongues the battledores? What is up?"

"We don't speak," said the frank Zoe; "that is up."

"Why, what is the row?"

"No matter" (stiffly).

"No great matter, I'll be bound. 'Toll, toll the bell.' Here goes one more immortal friendship—quenched in eternal silence."

Both ladies bridled. Neither spoke.

"And dead silence, as ladies understand it, consists in speaking *at* one another instead of *to*."

No reply.

"That is well-bred taciturnity."

No answer.

"The dignified reserve that distinguishes an estrangement from a squabble."

No reply.

"Well, I admire permanent sentiments, good or bad, constant resolves, etc. Your friendship has not proved immortal; so now let us see how long you can hold spite—SIEVES!" Then he affected to start. "What is this? I spy a rational creature out on yonder balcony. I hasten to join him. 'Birds of a feather,' you know;" and with that he went out to his favorite, and never looked behind him.

The young ladies, indignant at the contempt the big man had presumed to cast upon the constant soul of woman, turned two red faces and four sparkling eyes to each other, with the instinctive sympathy of the jointly injured; but remembering in time, turned sharply round again, and presented napes, and so sat sullen.

By-and-by a chilling thought fell upon them both at the same moment of time. The men were good friends, as usual, safe, by sex, from tiffs, and could do without them; and a dull day impended over the hostile pair.

Thereupon the ingenious Fanny resolved to make a splash of some sort and disturb stagnation. She suddenly cried out, "La! and the man is gone away, so what is the use?" This remark she was careful to level at bare space.

Zoe, addressing the same person—space, to wit—inquired of him if any body in his parts knew to whom this young lady was addressing herself.

"To a girl that is too sensible not to see the folly of quarreling about a man—*when he is gone*," said Fanny.

"If it is me you mean," said Zoe, stiffly, "*really* I am *surprised*. You forget we are at daggers drawn."

"No, I don't, dear; and parted forever."

Zoe smiled at that against her will.

"Zoe!" (penitentially).

"Frances!" (archly).

"Come, cuddle me quick!"

Zoe was all round her neck in a moment, like a lace scarf, and there was violent kissing, with a tear or two.

Then they put an arm round each other's waist, and went all about the premises intertwined like snakes; and Zoe gave Fanny her cameo brooch, the one with the pearls round it.

The person to whom Vizard fled from the tongue of beauty was a delightful talker: he read two or three newspapers every day, and recollected the best things. Now it is not every body can remember a thousand disconnected facts and recall them *à propos*. He was various, fluent, and above all superficial; and such are your best conversers; they have something good and strictly ephemeral to say on every thing, and don't know enough of any thing to impale their hearers. In my youth there talked in Pall Mall a gentleman known as "Conversation Sharpe." He eclipsed every body. Even Macaulay paled. Sharpe talked all the blessed afternoon, and grave men listened enchanted; and of all he said, nothing stuck. Where be now your Sharpiana? The learned may be

compared to mines; these desultory charmers are more like the ornamental cottage near Staines, forty or fifty rooms, and the whole structure one story high. The mine teems with solid wealth; but you must grope and trouble to come to it: it is easier and pleasanter to run about the cottage with a lot of rooms all on the ground-floor.

The mind and body both get into habits—sometimes apart, sometimes in conjunction. Nowadays we seat the body to work the intellect, even in its lower form of mechanical labor: it is your clod that toddles about laboring. The Peripatetics did not endure: their method was not suited to man's microcosm. Bodily movements fritter mental attention. We *sit* at the feet of Gamaliel, or, as some call him, Tyndall; and we sit to Bacon and Adam Smith. But when we are standing or walking, we love to take brains easy. If this delightful chatterbox had been taken down short-hand and printed, and Vizard had been set down to Severni opuscula, 10 vols.—and, mind you, Severne had talked all ten by this time—the Barfordshire squire and old Oxonian would have cried out for "more matter with less words," and perhaps have even fled for relief to some shorter treatise, Bacon's *Essays*, Browne's *Religio Medici*, or Buckle's *Civilization*. But lounging in a balcony, and lazily breathing a cloud, he could have listened all day to his desultory, delightful friend, overflowing with little questions, little answers, little queries, little epigrams, little maxims *à la Rochefoucauld*, little histories, little anecdotes, little gossip, and little snap shots at every feather flying.

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago Severni."

But alas! after an hour of touch-and-go, of superficiality and soft delight, the desultory charmer fell on a subject he had studied. So then he bored his companion for the first time in all the tour.

But, to tell the honest truth, Mr. Severne had hitherto been pleasing his friend with a cold-blooded purpose. His preliminary gossip, that made the time fly so agreeably, was intended to oil the way; to lubricate the passage of a premeditated pill. As soon as he had got Vizard into perfect good humor, he said, *à propos* of nothing that had passed, "By-the-bye, old fellow, that five hundred pounds you promised to lend me!"

Vizard was startled by this sudden turn of a conversation hitherto agreeable.

"Why, you have had three hundred and lost it," said he. "Now take my advice, and don't lose any more."

"I don't mean to. But I am determined to win back the three hundred, and a great deal more, before I leave this. I have discovered a system, an infallible one."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Harrington, gravely. "That is the second step on the road to ruin; the gambler with a system is the confirmed maniac."

"What! because *other* systems have been tried and proved to be false? Mine is untried, and it is mere prejudice to condemn it unheard."

"Propound it, then," said Vizard. "Only please observe the bank has got its system; you forget that; and the bank's system is to take a positive advantage, which must win in the long-run; therefore all counter systems must lose in the long-run."

"But the bank is tied to a long-run, the individual player is not."

This reply checked Vizard for a moment, and the other followed up his advantage. "Now, Vizard, be reasonable. What would the trifling advantage the bank derives from an incident, which occurs only once in twenty-eight deals, avail against a player who could foresee at any given deal whether the card that was going to come up the nearest thirty would be on the red or black?"

"No avail at all. God Almighty could break the bank every afternoon. *Après?* as we say in France. Do you pretend to omniscience?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, but prescience of isolated events, preceded by no *indicia*, belongs only to omniscience. Did they not teach you that much at Oxford?"

"They taught me very little at Oxford."

"Fault of the place, eh? You taught *them* something, though; and the present conversation reminds me of it. In your second term, when every other man is still quizzed and kept down as a Freshman, you were already a leader, a chief of misrule; you founded a whist club in Trinity, the primmest college of all. The Dons rooted you out in college; but you did not succumb; you fulfilled the saying of Sydney Smith, that 'cribbage should be played in caverns, and sixpenny whist in the howling wilderness.' Ha! ha! how well I remember riding across Bullington Green one fine afternoon, and finding four Oxford hacks haltered in a row, and the four under-graduates that had hired them on long tick, sitting cross-legged under the hedge, like Turks or tailors, round a rude table with the legs sawed down to stumps! You had two packs and a portable inkstand, and were so hard at it that I put my mare's nose right over the quartette before you saw either her or me. That hedge was like a drift of odoriferous snow with the hawthorn bloom, and primroses sparkled on its bank like topazes. The birds chirruped, the sky smiled, the sun burned perfumes; and there sat my lord and his fellow-maniacs, snick-snack—pit-pat—cutting, dealing, playing, revoking, scoring, and exchanging I.O.U.'s not worth the paper."

"All true but the revoking," said Severne, merrily. "Monster! by the memory of those youthful days, I demand a fair hearing." Then, gravely, "Hang it all, Vizard, I am not a fellow that is always intruding his affairs and his theories upon other men."

"No, no, no," said Vizard, hastily, and half apologetically; "go on."

"Well, then, of course I don't pretend to foreknowledge; but I do to experience, and you know experience teaches the wise."

"Not to fling five hundred after three. There—I beg pardon. Proceed, instructor of youth."

"Do listen, then: experience teaches us that luck has its laws; and I build my system on one of them. If two opposite accidents are sure to happen equally often in a total of fifty times, people who have not observed expect them to happen turn about, and bet accordingly. But they don't happen turn about; they make short runs and sometimes long ones. They positively avoid alternation. Have you not observed this at 'trente et quarante?'"

"No."

"Then you have not watched the cards."

"Not much. The faces of the gamblers were always my study. They are instructive."

"Well, then, I'll give you an example outside—for the principle runs through all equal chances. Take the university boat-race: you have kept your eye on that?"

"Rather. Never missed one yet. Come all the way from Barfordshire to see it."

"Well, there's an example."

"Of chance? No, thank you. That goes by strength, skill, wind, endurance, chaste living, self-denial, and judicious training. Every winning boat is manned by virtues." His eye flashed, and he was as earnest all in a moment as he had been listless. A Continental cynic had dubbed this insular cynic mad.

The professor of chances smiled superior. "Those things decide each individual race, and the best men win, because it happens to be the only race that is never sold. But go farther back, and you find it is chance. It is pure chance that sends the best men up to Cambridge two or three years running, and then to Oxford. With this key, take the facts my system rests on. There are two. The first is that in thirty and odd races and matches the university luck has come out equal on the river and at Lord's: the second is, the luck has seldom alternated. I don't say never. But look at the list of events; it is published every March. You may see there the great truth that even chances shun direct alternation. In this, properly worked, lies a fortune at Homburg, where the play is square. Red gains once; you back red next time, and stop. You are on black, and win; you double. This is the game if you have only a few pounds. But with five hundred pounds you can double more courageously, and work the short run hard; and that is how losses are averted and gains secured. Once at Weisbaden I caught a croupier out on a holiday. It was Good-Friday, you know. I gave him a stunning dinner. He was close as wax at first—that might be the salt fish; but after the *rognons à la brochette*, and a bottle of Champagne, he let out. I remember one thing he said. 'Monsieur, ce que fait la fortune de la banque ce n'est pas le petit avantage qu'elle tire du refait—quoique cela y est pour quelquechose—c'est la témérité de ceux qui perdent, et la timidité de ceux qui gagnent.'"

"And," says Vizard, "there is a French proverb founded on *experience*—

"'C'est encore rouge qui perd,
Et encore noir,
Mais toujours blanc qui gagne.'"

Severne, for the first time, looked angry and mortified; he turned his back, and was silent. Vizard looked at him uneasily, hesitated a moment, then flung the remainder of his cigar away, and seemed to rouse himself body and soul. He squared his shoulders, as if he was going to box the Demon of play for his friend, and he let out good sense right and left, and, indeed, was almost betrayed into eloquence. "What!" he cried; "you, who are so bright and keen, and knowing in every thing else, are you really so blinded by egotism and credulity as to believe that you can invent any method of betting at *rouge et noir* that has not been tried before you were born? Do you remember the first word in La Bruyère's famous work?"

"No," said Ned, sulkily. "Read nothing but newspapers."

"Good lad. Saves a deal of trouble. Well, he begins, 'Tout est dit'—'Every thing has been said:' and I say that, in your business, 'Tout est fait'—'Every thing has been done.' Every move has been tried before you existed, and the result of all is that to bet against the bank, wildly or systematically, is to gamble against a rock. *Si monumenta quæris, circumspice.* Use your eyes, man. Look at the Kursaal, its luxuries, its gardens, its gilding, its attractions, all of them cheap, except the one that pays for all: all these delights, and the rents, and the croupiers, and the servants, and the income and liveries of an unprincipled prince, who would otherwise be a poor but honest gentleman, with one *bonne*, instead of thirty blazing lackeys, all come from the gains of the bank, which are the losses of the players, especially of those that have got a system."

Severne shot in, "A bank was broken last week."

"Was it? Then all it lost has returned to it, or will return to it to-night; for gamblers know no day of rest."

"Oh yes, they do. It is shut on Good-Friday."

"You surprise me. Only three hundred and sixty-four days in the year. Brainless avarice is more reasonable than I thought. Severne, yours is a very serious case. You have reduced your income, that is clear; for an English gentleman does not stay years and years abroad unless he has outrun the constable, and I feel sure gambling has done it. You had the fever from a boy. Bullington Green! 'As the twig's bent, the tree's inclined.' Come, come, make a stand. We are friends. Let us help one another against our besetting foibles. Let us practice antique wisdom; let us 'know ourselves,' and leave Homburg to-morrow, instead of Tuesday."

Severne looked sullen, but said nothing; then Vizard gave him too hastily credit for some of that sterling friendship, bordering on love, which warmed his own faithful breast. Under this delusion he made an extraordinary effort; he used an argument which, with himself, would have been irresistible. "Look here," said he, "I'll—won't you have a cigar?—there; now I'll tell you something—I have a mania as bad as yours, only mine is intermittent, thank Heaven! I'm told a million women are as good, or better, than a million men. It may be so. But when I, an individual, stake my heart on lovely woman, she always turns out unworthy. With me, the sex *avoids alternation*. Therefore I rail on them wholesale. It is not philosophical; but I don't do it to instruct mankind; it is to soothe my spleen. Well, would you believe it, once in every three years, in spite of my experience, I am always bitten again. After my lucid interval has expired, I fall in with some woman, who seems not like the rest, but an angel. Then I, though I'm averse to the sex, fall an easy, an immediate, victim to the individual."

"Love at first sight."

"Not a bit of it. If she is as beautiful as an angel, with the voice of a peacock or a guinea-hen—and, luckily for me, that is a frequent arrangement—she is no more to me than the fire-shovel. If she has a sweet voice and pale eyes, I'm safe. Indeed, I am safe against Juno, Venus, and Minerva for two years and several months after the last; but when two events coincide, when my time is up, and the lovely, melodious female comes, then I am lost. Before I have seen her and heard her five minutes, I know my fate, and I never resist it. I never can: that is a curious part of the mania. Then commences a little drama, all the acts of which are stale copies; yet each time they take me by surprise, as if they were new. In spite of past experience, I begin all confidence and trust: by-and-by come the subtle but well-known signs of deceit; so doubt is forced on me; and then I am all suspicion, and so darkly vigilant that soon all is certainty; for 'les fourberies des femmes' are diabolically subtle, but monotonous. They seem to vary only on the surface. One looks too gentle and sweet to give any creature pain; I cherish her like a tender plant; she deceives me for the coarsest fellow she can find. Another comes the frank and candid dodge; she is so off-handed, she shows me it is not worth her while to betray; she deceives me, like the other, and with as little discrimination. The next has a face of beaming innocence, and a limpid eye that looks like transparent candor; she gazes long and calmly in my face, as if her eye loved to dwell on me—gazes with the eye of a gazelle or a young hare, and the baby lips below outlie the hoariest male fox in the Old Jewry. But, to complete the delusion, all my sweethearts and wives are romantic and poetical skin-deep, or they would not attract me, and all turn out vulgar to the core. By their lovers alone can you ever know them. By the men they can't love, and the men they do love, you find these creatures, that imitate sentiment so divinely, are hard, prosaic, vulgar little things, thinly gilt and double varnished."

"They are much better than we are; but you don't know how to take them," said Severne, with the calm superiority of success.

"No," replied Vizard, dryly; "curse me if I do. Well, I did hope I had outgrown my mania, as I have done the toothache; for this time I had passed the fatal period, the three years. It is nearly four years now since I went through the established process—as fixed beforehand as the dyer's or the cotton-weaver's — adored her, trusted her blindly, suspected her, watched her, detected her, left her. By-the-bye, she was my wife, the last; but that made no difference. She was neither better nor worse than the rest, and her methods and idiotic motives of deceit identical. Well, Ned, I was mistaken. Yesterday night I met my Fate once more."

"Where? in Frankfort?"

"No; at Homburg; at the opera. You must give me your word not to tell a soul."

"I pledge you my word of honor."

"Well, the lady who sang the part of Siebel."

"Siebel?" muttered Severne.

"Yes," said Vizard, dejectedly.

Severne fixed his eyes on his friend with a strange expression of confusion and curiosity, as if he could not take it all in. But he said nothing, only looked very hard all the time.

Vizard burst out, "'O miseræ hominum mentes, o pectora cæca!' There I sat, in the stalls, a happy man comparatively, because

my heart, though full of scars, was at peace, and my reason, after periodical abdications, had resumed its throne for good; so I, weak mortal, fancied. Siebel appeared; tall, easy, dignified, and walking like a wave; modest, fair, noble, great, dreamy, and, above all, divinely sad; the soul of womanhood and music poured from her honey lips. She conquered all my senses: I felt something like a bolt of ice run down my back. I ought to have jumped up and fled the theatre. I wish I had. But I never do. I am incurable. The charm deepened; and when she had sung 'Le Parlate d' Amor,' as no mortal ever sang and looked it, she left the stage, and carried my heart and soul away with her. What chance had I? Here shone all the beauties that adorn the body, all the virtues and graces that embellish the soul; they were wedded to poetry and ravishing music, and gave and took enchantment. I saw my paragon glide away, like a goddess, past the scenery, and I did not see her meet her lover at the next step—a fellow with a wash-leather face, greasy locks in a sausage roll, and his hair shaved off his forehead—and snatch a pot of porter from his hands, and drain it to the dregs, and say, 'It is all right, Harry: *that* fetched 'em.' But I know, by experience, she did; so 'sauve qui peut;' dear friend and fellow-lunatic, for my sake and yours, leave Frankfort with me to-morrow."

Severne hung his head and thought hard. Here was a new and wonderful turn. He felt all manner of strange things; a pang of jealousy for one. He felt that on every account it would be wise to go, and, indeed, dangerous to stay. But a mania is a mania, and so he could not. "Look here, old fellow," he said, "if the opera was on to-morrow, I would leave my three hundred behind me, and sacrifice myself to you, sooner than expose you to the fascinations of so captivating a woman as Ina Klosking."

"Ina Klosking? Is that her name? How do *you* know?"

"I—I fancy I heard so."

"Why, she was not announced. Ina Klosking! it is a sweet name;" and he sighed.

"But you are quite safe from *her* for one day," continued Severne, "so you *must* be reasonable. I will go with you Tuesday, as early as you like; but do be a good fellow, and let me have the five hundred to try my system with to-morrow."

Vizard looked sad, and made no reply.

Severne got impatient. "Why, what is it to a rich fellow like you? If I had twelve thousand acres in a ring-fence, no friend would ask me twice for such a trifling sum."

Vizard, for the first time, wore a supercilious smile at being so misunderstood, and did not deign a reply.

Severne went on mistaking his man: "I can give you bills for the money, and for the three hundred you did lend me."

Vizard did not receive this as expected. "Bills?" said he, gravely. "What, do you do that sort of thing as well?"

"Why not, pray? So long as I'm the holder, not the drawer nor the acceptor. Besides, they are not accommodation bills, but good commercial paper."

"You are a merchant, then, are you?"

"Yes: in a small way. If you will allow me, I will explain."

He did so: and to save comments, yet enable the reader to appreciate his explanation, the true part of it is printed in italics, the small, mendacious portion in ordinary type.

"*My estate in Huntingdonshire is not very large; and there are mortgages on it,* for the benefit of other members of my family. I was always desirous to pay off these mortgages, and took the best advice I could. *I have got an uncle:* he lives in the city. He put me on to a good thing. I bought a share in a trading vessel; she makes short trips, and turns her cargo often. She will take out paper to America, and bring back raw cotton: she will land that at Liverpool, and ship English hardware and cotton fabrics for the Mediterranean and Greece, and bring back currants from Zante, and lemons from Portugal. She goes for the nimble shilling. Well, you know ships wear out: *and if you varnish them rotten, and insure them high, and they go to glory, Mr. Plimsoll is down on you like a hammer.* So, when she had paid my purchase-money three times over, some fellows in the city made an offer for *The Rover:* that was her name. My share came to twelve hundred, and my uncle said I was to take it. *Now I always feel bound by what he decides.* They gave me four bills, for four hundred, three hundred, three hundred, and two hundred. The four hundred was paid at maturity. *The others are not due yet.* I have only to send them to London, and I can get the money back by Thursday: but you want me to start on Tuesday."

"That is enough," said Vizard, wearily; "I will be your banker, and—"

"You are a good fellow!" said Severne, warmly.

"No, no; I am a weak fellow, and an injudicious one. But it is the old story: when a friend asks you what he thinks a favor, the right thing is to grant it at once. He doesn't want your advice; he wants the one thing he asks for. There, get me the bills, and I'll draw a check on Müller: Herries advised him by Saturday's post; so we can draw on Monday."

"All right, old man," said Severne, and went away briskly for the bills.

When he got from the balcony into the room, his steps flagged a little; it struck

him that ink takes time to dry, and more time to darken.

As *The Rover*, with her nimble cargoes, was first cousin to *The Flying Dutchman*, with his crew of ghosts, so the bills received by Severne, as purchase-money for his ship, necessarily partook of that ship's aerial character. Indeed, they existed, as the Schoolmen used to say, in *posse*, but not in *esse*. To be less pedantic and more exact, they existed as slips of blank paper with a government stamp. To give them a mercantile character for a time, viz., until presented for payment, they must be drawn by an imaginary ship-owner or a visionary merchant, and indorsed by at least one shadow and a man of straw.

The man of straw sat down to inscribe self and shadows, and became a dishonest writer of fiction; for the art he now commenced appears to fall short of forgery proper, but to be still more distinct from justifiable fiction. The ingenious Mr. Defoe's certificate by an aerial justice of the peace to the truth of his ghostly narrative comes nearest to it in my poor reading.

Qualms he had, but not deep. If the bills were drawn by Imagination, accepted by Fancy, and indorsed by Impudence, what did it matter to Ned Straw, since his system would enable him to redeem them at maturity? His only real concern was to conceal their recent origin. So he wrote them with a broad-nibbed pen, that they might be the blacker, and set them to dry in the sun.

He then proceeded to a change of toilet.

While thus employed, there was a sharp tap at his door, and Vizard's voice outside. Severne started with terror, snapped up the three bills with the dexterity of a conjurer —the handle turned—he shoved them into a drawer—Vizard came in—he shut the drawer, and panted.

Vizard had followed the custom of Oxonians among themselves, which is to knock, and then come in, unless forbidden.

"Come," said he, cheerfully, "those bills; I'm in a hurry to cash them now, and end the only difference we have ever had, old fellow."

The blood left Severne's cheek and lips for a moment, and he thought swiftly and hard. The blood returned, along with his ready wit. "How good you are," said he: "but no. It is Sunday."

"Sunday!" shouted Vizard. "What is that to you—a fellow who has been years abroad?"

"I can't help it," said Severne, apologetically. "I am superstitious—don't like to do business on a Sunday. I would not even shunt at the tables on a Sunday—I don't think."

"Ah, you are not quite sure of that. There *is* a limit to your superstition! Well, will you listen to a story on a Sunday?"

"Rather!"

"Then once on a time there was a Scotch farmer who had a bonny cow, and another farmer coveted her honestly. One Sunday they went home together from kirk, and there was the cow grazing. Farmer 2 stopped, eyed her, and said to Farmer 1, 'Gien it were Monday, as it is the Sabba' day, what would ye tak' for your coow?' The other said the price would be nine pounds *if it was Monday*. And so they kept the Sabbath; and the cow changed hands, though to the naked eye she grazed on *in situ*. Our negotiation is just as complete. So what does it matter whether the actual exchange of bills and cash takes place to-day or to-morrow?"

"Do you really mean to say it does not matter to you?" asked Severne.

"Not one straw."

"Then, as it does not matter to you, and does to me, give me my foolish way, like a dear good fellow."

"Now that is smart," said Vizard—"very smart." Then, with a look of parental admiration, "He gets his own way in every thing. He *will* have your money—he *won't* have your money. I wonder whether he *will* consent to walk those girls out, and disburden me of their too profitable discourse."

"That I will, with pleasure."

"Well, they are at luncheon—with their bonnets on."

"I will join them in five minutes."

After luncheon, Miss Vizard, Miss Dover, and Mr. Severne started for a stroll.

Miss Maitland suggested that Vizard should accompany them.

"Couldn't think of deserting you," said he, dryly.

The young ladies giggled, because these two rarely opened their mouths to agree, one being a professed woman-hater, and the other a man-hater, in words.

Says Misander, in a sourish way, "Since you value my conversation so, perhaps you will be good enough not to smoke for the next ten minutes."

Misogyn consented, but sighed. That sigh went unpitied, and the lady wasted no time.

"Do you see what is going on between your sister and that young man?"

"Yes; a little flirtation."

"A great deal more than that. I caught them, in this very room, making love."

"You alarm me," said Vizard, with marked tranquillity.

"I saw him—kiss—her—hand."

"You relieve me," said Vizard, as calmly as he had been alarmed. "There's no harm in that. I've kissed the Queen's hand, and the nation did not rise upon me. However, I object to it. The superior sex should not play the spaniel. I will tell him to drop

that. But, permit me to say, all this is in your department, not mine."

"But what can I do against three of them, unless you support me? There you have let them go out together."

"Together with Fanny Dover, you mean."

"Yes; and if Fanny had any designs on him, Zoe would be safe—"

"And poor Ned torn in two."

"But Fanny, I am grieved to say, seems inclined to assist this young man with Zoe: that is because it does not matter to her. She has other views—serious ones."

"Serious! What? A nunnery? Then I pity my lady abbess."

"Her views are plain enough to any body but you."

"Are they? Then make me as wise as my neighbors."

"Well, then, she means to marry *you*."

"What! Oh, come!—that is too good a joke."

"It is sober earnest. Ask Zoe—ask your friend Mr. Severne—ask the chamber-maids—ask any creature with an eye in its head. Oh, the blindness of you men!"

The Misogyn was struck dumb. When he recovered, it was to repine at the lot of man.

"Even my own familiar cousin—once removed—in whom I trusted! I depute you to inform her that I think her *adorable*, and that matrimony is no longer a habit of mine. Set her on to poor Severne; he is a ladies' man, and 'the more the merrier' is his creed."

"Such a girl as Fanny is not to be diverted from a purpose of that sort. Besides, she has too much sense to plunge into the Severne and pauperism! She is bent on a rich husband, not a needy adventurer."

"Madam, in my friend's name, I thank you."

"You are very welcome, Sir—it is only the truth." Then, with a swift return to her original topic: "No; I know perfectly well what Fanny Dover will do this afternoon. She sketches."

"It is too true," said Vizard, dolefully: "showed me a ship in full sail, and I praised it *in my way*. I said, 'That rock is rather well done.'"

"Well, she will be seized with a desire to sketch. She will sit down apart and say, 'Please don't watch me; it makes me nervous.' The other two will take the hint, and make love a good way off; and Zoe will go greater lengths, with another woman in sight—but only just in sight, and slyly encouraging her—than if she was quite alone with her *mauvais sujet*."

Vizard was pleased with the old lady.

"This is sagacious," said he, "and shows an eye for detail. I recognize in your picture the foxy sex. But at this moment who can foretell which way the wind will blow? You are not aware, perhaps, that Zoe and Fanny have had a quarrel. They don't speak. Now in women, you know, vices are controlled by vices—see Pope. The conspiracy you dread will be averted by the other faults of their character, their jealousy, and their petulant tempers. Take my word for it, they are sparring at this moment, and that poor silly Severne mediating and moderating, and getting scratched on both sides for trying to be just."

At this moment the door opened, and Fanny Dover glittered on the threshold in Cambridge blue.

"There," said Vizard, "did not I tell you? They are come home."

"Only me," said Fanny, gayly.

"Where are the others?" inquired Miss Maitland, sharply.

"Not far off—only by the river-side."

"And you left those two alone!"

"Now don't be cross, aunt," cried Fanny, and limped up to her. "These new boots are so tight, I really couldn't bear them any longer. I believe I shall be lame as it is."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What will the people say?"

"La! aunt, it is abroad. One does what one likes—out of England."

"Here's a code of morals!" said Vizard, who must have his slap.

"Nonsense," said Miss Maitland; "she will be sure to meet somebody. All England is on the Rhine at this time of year; and whether or no, is it for you to expose that child to familiarity with a person nobody knows, nor his family either. You are twenty-five years old; you know the world; you have as poor an opinion of the man as I have, or you would have set your own cap at him—you know you would; and you have let out things to me when you were off your guard. Fanny Dover, you are behaving wickedly; you are a false friend to that poor girl."

Upon this, lo! the pert Fanny, hitherto so ready with her answers, began to cry bitterly; the words really pricked her conscience, and to be scolded is one thing, to be severely and solemnly reproached is another; and before a man!

The official woman-hater was melted in a moment by the saucy girl's tears. "There! there!" said he, kindly, "have a little mercy. Hang it all; don't make a mountain of a mole-hill."

The official man-hater never moved a muscle. "It is no use her crying to *me:* she must give me a *proof* she is sorry. Fanny, if you are a respectable girl, and have any idea of being my heir, go you this moment and bring them home."

"Yes, aunt," said Fanny, eagerly, and went off with wonderful alacrity.

It was a very long apartment, full forty feet; and while Fanny bustled down it,

Miss Maitland extended a skinny finger, like one of Macbeth's witches, and directed Vizard's eye to the receding figure so pointedly that he put up his spy-glass the better to see the phenomenon.

As Fanny skipped out and closed the door, Miss Maitland turned to Vizard, with lean finger still pointing after Fanny, and uttered a monosyllable—

"LAME!"

Vizard burst out laughing. "La fourbe!" said he. "Miss Maitland, accept my compliments; you possess the key to a sex no fellow can unlock. And, now I have found an interpreter, I begin to be interested in this little comedy. The first act is just over. There will be half an hour's wait till the simulatrix of infirmity comes running back with the pilgrims of the Rhine. Are they 'the pilgrims of the Rhine,' or 'the pilgrims of Love?' Time will show. Play to recommence with a verbal encounter; you will be one against three; for all that, I don't envy the greater number."

"Three to one? No. Surely you will be on the right side for once."

"Well, you see, I am the audience. We can't be all *dramatis personæ*, and no spectator. During the wait, I wonder whether the audience, having nothing better to do, may be permitted to smoke a cigar."

"So long a lucid interval is irksome, of course. Well, the balcony is your smoking-room. You will see them coming; please tap at my door the moment you do."

Half an hour elapsed, an hour, and the personages required to continue the comedy did not return.

Vizard, having nothing better to do, fell to thinking of Ina Klosking, and that was not good for him. Solitude and *ennui* fed his mania, and at last it took the form of action. He rang, and ordered up his man Harris, a close, discreet personage, and directed him to go over to Homburg, and bring back all the information he could about the new singer; her address in Homburg, married or single, prude or coquette. Should information be withheld, Harris was to fee the porter at the opera-house, the waiter at her hotel, and all the human commodities that knew any thing about her.

Having dismissed Harris, he lighted his seventh cigar, and said to himself, "It is all Ned Severne's fault. I wanted to leave for England to-day."

The day had been overcast for some time, and now a few big drops fell, by way of warning. Then it turned cool: then came a light drizzling rain, and, in the middle of this, Fanny Dover appeared, almost flying home.

Vizard went and tapped at Miss Maitland's door. She came out.

"Here's Miss Dover coming, but she is alone."

THE JUDGE'S FLIRTATION.

AS Dr. Hoffman drove up the avenue leading to Judge Cooper's house, he was startled by cries for help—cries continued and vociferous, then piteous, broken, and entreating.

Above all the accompanying chorus, shouting a negative that might have been heard in Babel, he detected the voice appealing for aid as belonging to the judge himself.

Bending his head from under the cover of his carriage that he might see the house, he was again alarmed at the unusual light and movement. Good heavens! could it be fire? Was any one sick unto sudden death?

It was the work of a moment to spring up the steps leading to the piazza, to open the shutters to the library window, and look in. What he saw seemed to satisfy and relieve him, for he walked down the steps with great deliberation, declined in rather a snappish way the hostler's offer to attend his horse, and acted altogether like a man who resented a false draft on his feelings.

Before peeping over the doctor's shoulder, it may be as well to say that during the Christmas holidays Judge Cooper's house—an old-fashioned country mansion, under whose roof-tree five generations of the name had lived and died—was literally an "open" one. It stood at the end of the main street, and just out of the little village of C——, the avenue or carriage-way leading to the house being a continuation of the street itself. At this time it was filled with Christmas guests and holiday cheer, the first being limited to suit the generous capacity of the house, while the latter never reached any stated limit except the forced ones of time and endurance.

About midway between the two more important days of Christmas and New-Year's occurred the judge's birthday, when the mirth and fun outran all bounds, when tricks were played upon the unsuspecting, and jokes of the most practical and personal character were permitted without offense, the master of the house being usually the ringleader and fountain-head of most of the uproarious jollity. No distinction of age counted, and from the judge himself to Louis, his five-year-old grandson, the only condition demanded was to be wide-awake and make as much noise as possible while strength lasted.

Dr. Hoffman alone of all the guests was allowed to come and go independent of time and occasion, his profession making the exception necessary; and so it happened that he missed many of the peculiar scenes that were enacted, and which would have shocked his rather prim sense of official propriety and dignity, and he was all the more scandalized when he peeped through the blind.

"I agree with the judge when he says

that for three hundred and fifty-five days he keeps house, and the other ten insane asylum," he was saying to himself as he gave the horse his supper before going in.

And who would not have been shocked, not having been present, and not understanding the situation, to see an elderly and ordinarily a dignified gentleman trying to balance himself while standing in the centre of a large library table? He was gesticulating violently in the endeavor to make himself heard, as he read from an ancient law-book, which he retained in his hand with great difficulty, and was surrounded by a shouting multitude who would neither let him dismount from his platform nor listen to his oration.

The fury of the mob subsided a little on the doctor's entrance, only to turn its force on him, and a dozen voices demanded,

"Isn't it cowardly in him to refuse, doctor, when he understood the terms?"

"Don't side with him, please, for he can't come down until he promises, anyway."

This slight diversion gave the judge his chance, and he proceeded to read the riot proclamation in the same solemn voice that had carried terror into the ranks of the wicked many a time in the court-room. His face was a picture of judicial earnestness as he rehearsed the terrible warning.

"'If you do not immediately disperse and peaceably depart to your own habitations, or to your lawful places of business, you will be within an hour seized, and, if you resist, be killed without benefit of clergy. God save the king!'"

But the disturbance was not so easily put down. Instead of being seized, his tormentors turned the table on the judge, and hustled the poor victim on his wheeled throne until he was glad to agree to terms, in order to give time to explain matters to the doctor, who was elected umpire, the condition being first enacted by the majority that the culprit be confined to the table until a decision was reached.

It seemed that a young lady from Boston, a friend of pretty Alice Cooper, had been trying to introduce and explain a new game, which she called "Impromptu," and which was in high favor in her native city.

Now, in the nature of things, a new game was a great acquisition, as the old stock was exhausted, and the demand for novelties lively. She explained to the doctor in a voice trembling from the late violent exercise: "You take two boxes or hats—hats will do nicely. In one you place the name of every person present, children and all, for the little ones make the best fun; then, for the other hat, you write on like slips of paper as many subjects for song, story, recitation—any thing you choose—as there are names. Shake them well, and let a name be drawn from one hat and a subject from the other, one with the right hand and the other with the left, the person drawing being securely blindfolded. Then a story, song, or whatever, *must* follow from said person on said subject. I speak with emphasis, that the offender may understand. N.B.—Tickets not transferable."

In the confusion of cross-explanation it came out that Judge Cooper had been delighted with the idea of the game, and had commended it to the girls as giving them a chance to show their quick wit; but when his name was drawn, followed by "Flirtation" as a text for his discourse, he had protested against the decree, and insisted on having another chance, or at least the privilege of exchanging with some one who had a theme within his knowledge.

"Why, doctor, I know less about this matter than old Prince, asleep there on the rug; and I appeal to your sense of justice. Here is my wicked daughter, who is going to tell us what she knows about 'Torpedoes,' and refuses to exchange with her poor old father, although she thoroughly understands his subject. Do you consider this fair?"

Yes, the doctor evidently did, for he heartlessly joined the party having the floor. What else could he do when Alice entreated? So the poor judge was forced to capitulate, and was released on parole.

"But you must give me a short reprieve; I insist on time to think it over a little. Here, let Louis tell his story first. What is it, Louis?—'Bears!' And you are exactly the man who can tell us all about them, after your last summer in the woods. Up you go!" and small Louis was swung to the rostrum lately vacated by the speaker.

The little fellow stood abashed for a minute, with a fist boring into each eye, suffering, the doctor said, from an attack of stage fright; but after a short whispered prompting from Aunt Alice, he said, in a low, gruff voice, "Up in the norf woods! Heard a big band of moosic! Big bear comed out and eat every body up! That's the end o' my story!" And stretching his toes down until they touched a convenient chair, reached the floor in triumph.

This rather mixed statement was received with shouts of applause and laughter, frightening the small orator out of his wits, but did not give the judge the time for preparation which, he insisted, every condemned man was entitled to.

"But I've caught at a slight clew, 'founded on fact,' and I hope it will unwind to your satisfaction. If not, why, I shall delight in the sufferings you have called down on yourselves, for you deserve it."

The noisy audience, quieting down, began to form a circle round the blazing fire, leaving a seat for the speaker in their midst, who, after a few moments' meditation and one or two preliminary coughs, began:

"In the old, old days, when I was in my Senior year in Columbia (I decline to mention the exact time, for some of you youngsters will be trying your skill in arithmetic on me; but I was a much older fellow than I am now), I had been home here for the Christmas holidays, and was to start next morning for New York to resume my work.

"In those days a journey from the interior of the State to New York city was, speaking after the manner of men, only a less serious matter than death. Indeed, among the country people very much the same preparation was made for each, as far as putting all business affairs on a possible *post-mortem* footing went, with a view of making a settlement easy 'in case any thing happened,' as it was quite likely to do. A summer journey was undertaken only under the most urgent stress of business, as the time occupied and expense incurred were things to be thought over and talked over before being realized. Of course we had steamboats, such as they were; but to the farmers in the retired districts the idea of going to 'York' in a steamboat was about as practicable as it would be to talk of crossing the ocean in a balloon in these later times. They much preferred the safer and cheaper sloops and other sail vessels which made regular trips between Albany and New York for the accommodation of travelers.

"If an average summer journey required all this forethought, for one undertaken in the winter, when we were obliged to cross the river and other streams hardly less dangerous on the ice, in a heavily laden coach drawn by four horses, to break our way through deep snow-drifts, or to go the wheels' depth in mud, the risk was very much enhanced. The advertised time for the winter trip was three or four days, and the small way-side taverns where we used to 'put up' at night are still standing. The promise as to time was rarely kept, depending as it did on the condition of the roads, and the last day of the journey we generally rode pretty well into the night. I remember very well being on the road eight days during my college years, when the passengers were obliged to pry the coach out of the mud several times. But as this doesn't seem to be intimately connected with my theme, I'll defer it.

"Charley R—— was my companion, and had been home with me for the holidays. A nice, clever chap enough, and to this day my good friend, but as a boy he was too effeminate to be very popular among his hardy classmates. He had remarkably small hands and feet, like a girl's, and, we used to say, was quite as proud of them. I could never understand why Charley, with his soft, womanish ways and manners, should have taken to the Church; but he did brave and effective work on the Western frontier, when it required as much courage to be a missionary as to lead a forlorn hope.

"We were obliged to go seven-and-twenty miles by private conveyance to reach Albany, from which place the stage started. We arrived there about ten o'clock in the evening, and enjoyed our night of freedom at the then famous Congress Hall—enjoyed it almost too well, we thought next morning, when we came down to the dimly lighted breakfast-room shivering and dispirited.

"It was the custom for the stage to go round from house to house to collect passengers, the seats being secured in advance, like boxes at the opera; so when it drove up to the hotel that dismal morning it was filled, with the exception of the two places which we had bespoken, one on the middle seat, where the only support to the back was a swaying leather strap, and the other on the front. We could see dimly by the driver's lantern that the two occupants of the front seat were an elderly gentleman, looking very cross, and evidently an invalid, and a pretty, fresh-looking young girl, rolled up to the eyes in a fur-lined mantle, and, as we found out later, the sick man's daughter. I don't think I ever saw so sweet a—"

"Come, come, Morris," interrupted Mrs. Cooper, "don't go into particulars, please, or you won't finish to-night."

"Charley had the good luck to get in first, and of course seized upon the seat by the pretty girl's side, leaving me to share mine with an old lady who took snuff, and carried a carpet-bag on her lap, poking me in the side with the brass rod that fastened it, when she did not crush my feet by letting it slide to the floor. With the daylight came a general straightening up, and a putting of ourselves in better shape, excepting the pretty girl, who was, from the first, distractingly graceful and sweet. I glared jealously at Charley, who was beaming with satisfaction, and already trying to be attentive, in a brotherly way, to his fair neighbor. 'Was she comfortable?' 'Had she sufficient room?' And I was delighted to see that farther civilities were not encouraged by the daughter, and that the father looked at my friend over the collar of his camlet cloak in a way to snub a much braver lad than Charley.

"Well, we jolted weary mile after weary mile, with nothing to break in upon the dullness of the still white road. We would toil heavily up hill, stop to breathe the horses, and slip down the other side almost as heavily, the wheels being held by the stout brakes. Once in a while we would whirl up with great flourish and racket to the tavern, and if the hour suited, we stopped for dinner or whatever meal was due. Sometimes we accepted the driver's advice to 'get out and stretch your legs'—

counsel that poor little Charley would gladly have realized in person.

"It was on our third day's ride, while taking a brisk walk back and forth on the road, that I got to talking more freely with the pretty girl's father, and learned that his name was Gardiner; that he was from Baltimore; that he was traveling for his health; that he was now on his way to Newburgh to visit a married daughter. In return, I told him my name, the same as my father's; where I lived; where I was going; and in the free and easy confidence of youth was making a long story of it, when it was checked by his telling me that father and he were old friends and classmates, and without having seen each other for thirty years, he had no doubt Morris Cooper remembered him well.

"Then we were thrown into the depths of despair by being told that they expected to reach Newburgh by nine o'clock that evening. I was pretty nearly frantic, with all sorts of desperate thoughts going through my head. Should I go into the house and order mulled wine for the party, giving a hint to have one made very strong, and given in the hope that it might make her watchful sentinel sleep on post? I had once heard of its being tried with success, but I lacked courage for it. And this was to be the end —to shake hands, say good-by, and go our ways! You will laugh if I talk about my three-days-old love, though I believed it had really come to that. How I hoped that an accident might happen, that we might collide with something, though it wasn't the fashion then to collide; and if a horse had gone lame or the coach tipped over, I should have regarded it as a special and timely blessing.

"But Fate sometimes will bring us our desires in a matter-of-course way so natural and simple that we overlook it in our high-strung moods; and so came my deliverance. I had noticed that Mr. Gardiner seemed uneasy and nervous about something—had loosened the mighty brass clasp that fastened his cloak, and had made vain attempts to unbutton the leather curtain at the side that he might admit the air. Both failing, he leaned across to me, and whispered,

"'Would you object to changing seats with me? It disagrees with me to ride backward, and I feel quite ill.'

"Object! I couldn't believe my ears, and in my eager delight and haste sprang to my feet, fearing he might change his mind and cheat me of my blissful chance. I tried to steady my voice and take a little of the evident joy out of it before saying,

"'Certainly. I am sorry you did not speak before.' And with the most considerate and hypocritical carefulness helped him to my place, hoping from my heart that the air would revive him sufficiently to relieve his illness, but not enough to make another change of seats possible.

"We changed just as the day began to fade, and she was to leave the coach in a few hours, and I should never see her again! You can imagine my desperation, so I will spare you the recital, only waiting to say that if you think it an exaggerated state of feeling, you must remember that in those days young people did not, as now, take these matters into their own hands. They did not make acquaintance on the street, nor did they, as you call it, 'flirt' by an understood code of signals. Young girls were surrounded by many prim formalities that would be laughed at now; but I've never lost my admiration for a fair blossom of a girl, having many of the sweet ways of the violet, especially its quality of shyness. In short, just such girls as present company.

"I was happy enough at first in merely sitting beside the charming girl and watching in the half-light her sweet comforting face, anxiety for her father being uppermost in it now. But the old gentleman presently settled down into a heavy sleep, evidently relieved of his vertigo.

"During my exile on the middle seat I had thought of many bright things to say, if I could only have the chance, and wondered at Charley's dullness, but now they were all gone. I stammered an awkward protest against the time going so swiftly, or something equally intelligent, and felt rather relieved when we stopped to change horses. On getting back again into the coach, I had the felicity of holding the young lady's muff while she adjusted her wraps. I even passed the cord or string attached to it over her head as she resumed her seat, which was more of a favor than had been shown Charley, in spite of his advantage in point of time. Then, growing braver, I folded her mantle around her, that had slipped from its place, for which she thanked me in a way that was entrancing.

"So far, you will see, nothing very original had been said, nor any great advance made toward intimate acquaintance, but it was enough to fill me with delight, and make me forget every thing except that time was going. Papa being safely and soundly asleep—you may depend there was no sleep in our young eyes—we had some very small talk among ourselves, during which, I remember, she referred to my being on my way to 'school,' and making me feel as young as the respectable butler did David Copperfield. I took special care to say 'college,' with strong emphasis, and to refer to my graduating the coming summer, in a tone that had a strong flavor of mannishness in it.

"In the mean time we were riding fast toward the dreaded hour, and I was wretched with the thought of never seeing this dear girl again. For three days we had

been together, and it was the one blessing of the old stage-coach that hours did the work of ordinary weeks in the way of making friends—or enemies, for I'm sure I hated the snuffy old woman as much as if I had known her twenty years. And now a sudden lurch of the coach forced me into a position most delightfully close to her side, and with my hand resting on her muff—an old-fashioned, generous muff, in which you could lose one of the toy affairs of the present day. The contact made me bold, and from the outside I shyly passed my hand inside the muff, and I can remember nothing in my after-life that has made me so entirely happy as when in that warm covert I felt her little gloved hand clasp mine. I wished the road would lengthen out indefinitely, that nine o'clock could be postponed for a week or two. The truth is, I felt like having a good cry as I whispered, in a shaky voice, 'You won't forget me?' Yes, I said something much tenderer than this, but I can not go on with my story if Mrs. Cooper looks at me in that savage way."

"Go on, dear, tell it all; only don't draw on your imagination too much," said his laughing wife.

"Did I say before that we had the coach to ourselves by this time? The other passengers had been dropped at intervals along the road. The old gentleman was sleeping peacefully, Charley had scarcely spoken for an hour, and I was awaiting in an agony of dread the minute when the driver would shout the fatal word. I suppose the wretched creature did right to anticipate our arrival at Newburgh with a yell loud enough to wake the dead, rousing papa to an upright position and a knowledge of his whereabouts.

"'Come, Annie,' he said, with a yawn. 'Here we are, and with this horrible river to cross again. Have you every thing ready, dear?'

"'I shall have in one moment,' she said, as the coach stopped, giving my hand a closer clasp before withdrawing it forever.

"Mr. Gardiner expressed himself with great friendliness, sent kind messages to father, hoped we might meet again, shook hands, and stepped down into the deep snow.

"'In one moment, papa,' she repeated. And then, in a lower tone, that he might not hear her, 'Pardon me, Mr. Cooper, but if you and your friend are through with my muff, I shall have to trouble you for it. I hope you have both found it comfortable. Thank you. No apologies, I beg. You were quite welcome to it. A pleasant journey. Good-night.' And she took her father's offered hand—he would not allow us to leave the coach to assist him—and left us both stunned.

"Even now, after all these years, I can not recall this, even when alone, without blushing and burning with shame. Think of us two boobies sitting there for three mortal hours squeezing each other's hands! I wasn't so much to blame, for Charley's hands, as I've told you, were small and delicate as a woman's. But think of his pressing such a hand as *that*, and supposing it belonged to pretty Annie Gardiner! I had a mind to cuff him then and there for the insult to her, but it was too abominably ridiculous for any thing but a laugh; and laugh we did, though there was more noise than mirth in it. We jumped over the seats, and pounded the cushions like a couple of lunatics, trying to emphasize our shouts.

"Charley's explanation and excuse was, that noticing his pretty neighbor kept only one hand in her muff, and desiring to make some tender demonstration before parting, he thought it wouldn't be amiss to capture and hold it, and was surprised when the indignant little hand was withdrawn. Before he could follow suit it seems that I was seized with the same desire, and he thought she had relented. Do you see?

"And there sat sweet Annie Gardiner behind her muff, her own hands half frozen, enjoying in advance our coming discomfiture, but looking like a prim little saint in whose heart no thought of mischief ever entered.

"It was very queer; but without exacting a promise from each other, I don't think either of the victims ever told the story, though the temptation to do so was very great. But perhaps you don't think it was queer? There, doctor, do you call that a flirtation? And have I paid my forfeit? If so, Mrs. Cooper will be kind enough to continue the entertainment, and give us her ideas of the 'Missing Link,' which, I am delighted to know, is her subject. Louis and I have done our part."

"But tell us, judge, did you never see the pretty girl again? and what became of Charley?" queried the proposer of the game.

"My dear, I am glad to have interested you enough to have you care to know. Charley is at this time a right reverend father in the Church, and well has he earned his promotion. And as for Annie, I think she must have gone down to see after our little evening supper. Suppose we follow her?"

"Ah, judge," said the girl, "but Mrs. Cooper's name was not Annie Gardiner at all. Alice told me only this morning that her mother's maiden name was Mary Robertson; so you may have cheated us about all the rest of it too."

"No, my dear child, every word else is true. But I did try the subterfuge familiar to my craft, and provided my wife with an *alias*. I could not give you in advance the only point in my poor little story. But let's go down to supper. It is getting late."

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DANIEL DERONDA.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," "Scenes of Clerical Life," etc.

BOOK VI.—REVELATIONS.

CHAPTER XLI.

"This, too, is probable, according to that saying of Agathon: 'It is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen.'"—Aristotle: *Poetics.*

I MAGINE the conflict in a mind like Deronda's, given not only to feel strongly, but to question actively, on the evening after that interview with Mordecai. To a young man of much duller susceptibilities the adventure might have seemed enough out of the common way to divide his thoughts; but it had stirred Deronda so deeply that, with the usual reaction of his intellect, he began to examine the grounds of his emotion, and consider how far he must resist its guidance. The consciousness that he was half dominated by Mordecai's energetic certitude, and still more by his fervent trust, roused his alarm. It was his characteristic bias to shrink from the moral stupidity of valuing lightly what had come close to him, and of missing blindly in his own life of to-day the crises which he recognized as momentous and sacred in the historic life of men. If he had read of this incident as having happened centuries ago in Rome, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Cairo, to some man young as himself, dissatisfied with his neutral life, and wanting some closer fellowship, some more special duty to give him ardor for the possible consequences of his work, it would have appeared to him quite natural that the incident should have created a deep impression on that far-off man, whose clothing and action would have been seen in his imagination as part of an age chiefly known to us through its more serious effects. Why should he be ashamed of his own agitated feeling merely because he dressed for dinner, wore a white tie, and lived among people who might laugh at his owning any conscience in the matter as the solemn folly of taking himself too seriously?—that bugbear of circles in which the lack of grave emotion passes for wit. From such cowardice before modish ignorance and obtuseness Deronda shrank. But he also shrank from having his course determined by mere contagion, without consent of reason, or from allowing a reverential pity for spiritual struggle to hurry him along a dimly seen path.

What, after all, had really happened? He knew quite accurately the answer Sir Hugo would have given: "A consumptive Jew, possessed by a fanaticism which obstacles and hastening death intensified, had fixed on Deronda as the antitype of some visionary image, the offspring of wedded hope and despair: despair of his own life, irrepressible hope in the propagation of his fanatical beliefs. The instance was perhaps odd, exceptional in its form, but substantially it was not rare. Fanaticism was not so common as bankruptcy, but taken in all its aspects, it was abundant enough. While Mordecai was waiting on the bridge for the fulfillment of his visions, another man was convinced that he had the mathematical key of the universe which would supersede Newton, and regarded all known physicists as conspiring to stifle his discovery and keep the universe locked; another, that he had the metaphysical key, with just that hair's-breadth of difference from the old wards which would make it fit exactly. Scattered here and there in every direction you might find a terrible person, with more or less power of speech, and with an eye either glittering or preternaturally dull, on the look-out for the man who must hear him; and in most cases he had volumes which it was difficult to get printed, or if printed, to get read. This Mordecai happened to have a more pathetic aspect, a more passionate, penetrative speech, than was usual with such monomaniacs: he was more poetical than a social reformer with colored views of the new moral world in parallelograms, or than an enthusiast in sewage; still he came under the same class. It would be only right and kind to indulge him a little, to comfort him with such help as was practicable; but what likelihood was there that his notions had the sort of value he ascribed to them? In such cases a man of the world knows what to think beforehand. And as to Mordecai's conviction that he had found a new executive self, it might be preparing for him the worst of disappointments—that which presents itself as final."

Deronda's ear caught all these negative whisperings; nay, he repeated them distinctly to himself. It was not the first, but it was the most pressing, occasion on which he had to face this question of the family likeness among the heirs of enthusiasm, whether prophets or dreamers of dreams, whether the

"Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,"

or the devotees of phantasmal discovery—from the first believer in his own unmanifested inspiration, down to the last inventor of an ideal machine that will achieve perpetual motion. The kinship of human passion, the sameness of mortal scenery, inevitably fill fact with burlesque and parody. Error and folly have had their hecatombs of martyrs. Reduce the grandest type of man hitherto known to an abstract statement of his qualities and efforts, and he appears in dangerous company: say that, like Copernicus and Galileo, he was immovably convinced in the face of hissing incredulity; but so is the contriver of perpetual motion. We can not fairly try the spirits by this sort of test. If we want to avoid giving the dose of hemlock or the sentence of banishment in the wrong case, nothing will do but

a capacity to understand the subject-matter on which the immovable man is convinced, and fellowship with human travail, both near and afar, to hinder us from scanning any deep experience lightly. Shall we say, "Let the ages try the spirits, and see what they are worth?" Why, we are the beginning of the ages, which can only be just by virtue of just judgments in separate human breasts—separate yet combined. Even steam-engines could not have got made without that condition, but must have staid in the mind of James Watt.

This track of thinking was familiar enough to Deronda to have saved him from any contemptuous prejudgment of Mordecai, even if their communication had been free from that peculiar claim on himself strangely ushered in by some long-growing preparation in the Jew's agitated mind. This claim, indeed, considered in what is called a rational way, might seem justifiably dismissed as illusory and even preposterous; but it was precisely what turned Mordecai's hold on him from an appeal to his ready sympathy into a clutch on his struggling conscience. Our consciences are not all of the same pattern, an inner deliverance of fixed laws: they are the voice of sensibilities as various as our memories (which also have their kinship and likeness). And Deronda's conscience included sensibilities beyond the common, enlarged by his early habit of thinking himself imaginatively into the experience of others.

What was the claim this eager soul made upon him?—"You must believe my beliefs—be moved by my reasons—hope my hopes—see the vision I point to—behold a glory where I behold it!" To take such a demand in the light of an obligation in any direct sense would have been preposterous—to have seemed to admit it would have been dishonesty; and Deronda, looking on the agitation of those moments, felt thankful that in the midst of his compassion he had preserved himself from the bondage of false concessions. The claim hung, too, on a supposition which might be—nay, probably was—in discordance with the full fact: the supposition that he, Deronda, was of Jewish blood. Was there ever a more hypothetic appeal?

But since the age of thirteen Deronda had associated the deepest experience of his affections with what was a pure supposition, namely, that Sir Hugo was his father: that was a hypothesis which had been the source of passionate struggle within him; by its light he had been accustomed to subdue feelings and to cherish them. He had been well used to find a motive in a conception which might be disproved; and he had been also used to think of some revelation that might influence his view of the particular duties belonging to him. To be in a state of suspense which was also one of emotive activity and scruple, was a familiar attitude of his conscience.

And now, suppose that wish-begotten belief in his Jewish birth, and that extravagant demand of discipleship, to be the foreshadowing of an actual discovery and a genuine spiritual result: suppose that Mordecai's ideas made a real conquest over Deronda's conviction? Nay, it was conceivable that as Mordecai needed and believed that he had found an active replenishment of himself, so Deronda might receive from Mordecai's mind the complete ideal shape of that personal duty and citizenship which lay in his own thought like sculptured fragments certifying some beauty yearned after, but not traceable by divination.

As that possibility presented itself in his meditations, he was aware that it would be called dreamy, and began to defend it. If the influence he imagined himself submitting to had been that of some honored professor, some authority in a seat of learning, some philosopher who had been accepted as a voice of the age, would a thorough receptiveness toward direction have been ridiculed? Only by those who hold it a sign of weakness to be obliged for an idea, and prefer to hint that they have implicitly held in a more correct form whatever others have stated with a sadly short-coming explicitness. After all, what was there but vulgarity in taking the fact that Mordecai was a poor Jewish workman, and that he was to be met perhaps on a sanded floor in the parlor of the *Hand and Banner*, as a reason for determining beforehand that there was not some spiritual force within him that might have a determining effect on a white-handed gentleman? There is a legend told of the Emperor Domitian, that having heard of a Jewish family of the house of David, whence the ruler of the world was to spring, he sent for its members in alarm, but quickly released them on observing that they had the hands of work-people—being of just the opposite opinion with that Rabbi who stood waiting at the gate of Rome in confidence that the Messiah would be found among the destitute who entered there. Both Emperor and Rabbi were wrong in their trust of outward signs: poverty and poor clothes are no sign of inspiration, said Deronda to his inward objector, but they have gone with it in some remarkable cases. And to regard discipleship as out of the question because of them would be mere dullness of imagination.

A more plausible reason for putting discipleship out of the question was the strain of visionary excitement in Mordecai, which turned his wishes into overmastering impressions, and made him read outward facts as fulfillment. Was such a temper of mind likely to accompany that wise estimate of consequences which is the only safeguard from fatal error, even to ennobling motive? But it remained to be seen whether that rare conjunction existed or not in Mordecai: perhaps his might be one of the natures where a wise estimate of consequences is fused in the fires of that passionate belief which determines the consequences it believes in. The inspirations of the world have come in that way too: even strictly measuring science could hardly have got on without that forecasting ardor which feels the agitations of discovery beforehand, and has a faith in its preconception that surmounts many failures of experiment. And in relation to human motives and actions, passionate belief has a fuller efficacy. Here enthusiasm may have the validity of proof, and, happening in one soul, give the type of what will one day be general.

At least, Deronda argued, Mordecai's visionary excitability was hardly a reason for concluding beforehand that he was not worth listening to except for pity's sake. Suppose he had introduced himself as one of the strictest reasoners: do they form a body of men hitherto free from false conclusions and illusory speculations? The driest argument has its hallucinations, too hastily concluding that its net will now at last be

large enough to hold the universe. Men may dream in demonstrations, and cut out an illusory world in the shape of axioms, definitions, and propositions, with a final exclusion of fact signed Q.E.D. No formulas for thinking will save us mortals from mistake in our imperfect apprehension of the matter to be thought about. And since the unemotional intellect may carry us into a mathematical dream-land where nothing is but what is not, perhaps an emotional intellect may have absorbed into its passionate vision of possibilities some truth of what will be—the more comprehensive massive life feeding theory with new material, as the sensibility of the artist seizes combinations which science explains and justifies. At any rate, presumptions to the contrary are not to be trusted. We must be patient with the inevitable make-shift of our human thinking, whether in its sum total or in the separate minds that have made the sum. Columbus had some impressions about himself which we call superstitions, and used some arguments which we disapprove; but he had also some true physical conceptions, and he had the passionate patience of genius to make them tell on mankind. The world has made up its mind rather contemptuously about those who were deaf to Columbus.

"My contempt for them binds me to see that I don't adopt their mistake on a small scale," said Deronda, "and make myself deaf with the assumption that there can not be any momentous relation between this Jew and me, simply because he has clad it in illusory notions. What I can be to him, or he to me, may not at all depend on his persuasion about the way we came together. To me the way seems made up of plainly discernible links. If I had not found Mirah, it is probable that I should not have begun to be specially interested in the Jews, and certainly I should not have gone on that loitering search after an Ezra Cohen which made me pause at Ram's book-shop and ask the price of *Maimon*. Mordecai, on his side, had his visions of a disciple, and he saw me by their light; I corresponded well enough with the image his longing had created. He took me for one of his race. Suppose that his impression—the elderly Jew at Frankfort seemed to have something like it—suppose, in spite of all presumptions to the contrary, that his impression should somehow be proved true, and that I should come actually to share any of the ideas he is devoted to? This is the only question which really concerns the effect of our meeting on my life.

"But if the issue should be quite different?—well, there will be something painful to go through. I shall almost inevitably have to be an active cause of that poor fellow's crushing disappointment. Perhaps this issue is the one I had need prepare myself for. I fear that no tenderness of mine can make his suffering lighter. Would the alternative—that I should not disappoint him—be less painful to me?"

Here Deronda wavered. Feelings had lately been at work within him which had very much modified the reluctance he would formerly have had to think of himself as probably a Jew. And, if you like, he was romantic. That young energy and spirit of adventure which have helped to create the world-wide legends of youthful heroes going to seek the hidden tokens of their birth and its inheritance of tasks, gave him a certain quivering interest in the bare possibility that he was entering on a like track—all the more because the track was one of thought as well as action.

"The bare possibility." He could not admit it to be more. The belief that his father was an Englishman only grew firmer under the weak assaults of unwarranted doubt. And that a moment should ever come in which that belief was declared a delusion, was something of which Deronda would not say, "I should be glad." His life-long affection for Sir Hugo, stronger than all his resentment, made him shrink from admitting that wish.

Which way soever the truth might lie, he repeated to himself what he had said to Mordecai—that he could not without farther reason undertake to hasten its discovery. Nay, he was tempted now to regard his uncertainty as a condition to be cherished for the present. If further intercourse revealed nothing but illusions as what he was expected to share in, the want of any valid evidence that he was a Jew might save Mordecai the worst shock in the refusal of fraternity. It might even be justifiable to use the uncertainty on this point in keeping up a suspense which would induce Mordecai to accept those offices of friendship that Deronda longed to urge on him.

These were the meditations that busied Deronda in the interval of four days before he could fulfill his promise to call for Mordecai at Ezra Cohen's, Sir Hugo's demands on him often lasting to an hour so late as to put the evening expedition to Holborn out of the question.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Wenn es eine Stufenleiter von Leiden giebt, so hat Israel die höchste Staffel erstiegen; wenn die Dauer der Schmerzen und die Geduld, mit welcher sie ertragen werden, adeln, so nehmen es die Juden mit den Hochgeborenen aller Länder auf; wenn eine Literatur reich genannt wird, die wenige klassische Trauerspiele besitzt, welcher Platz gebührt dann einer Tragödie die anderthalb Jahrtausende währt, gedichtet und dargestellt von den Helden selber?"—Zunz: *Die Synagogale Poesie des Mittelalters.*

"If there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a National Tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes?"

Deronda had lately been reading that passage of Zunz, and it occurred to him by way of contrast when he was going to the Cohens', who certainly bore no obvious stamp of distinction in sorrow or in any other form of aristocracy. Ezra Cohen was not clad in the sublime pathos of the martyr, and his taste for money-getting seemed to be favored with that success which has been the most exasperating difference in the greed of Jews during all the ages of their dispersion. This Jeshurun of a pawnbroker was not a symbol of the great Jewish tragedy; and yet, was there not something typical in the fact that a life like Mordecai's—a frail incorporation of the national consciousness, breathing with difficult breath—was nested in the self-gratulating ignorant prosperity of the Cohens?

Glistening was the gladness in their faces when Deronda re-appeared among them. Cohen himself took occasion to intimate that although the diamond ring, let alone a little longer, would have bred more money, he did not mind *that*—not a sixpence—when compared with the pleasure of the women and children in seeing a young gentleman whose first visit had been so agreeable that they had "done nothing but talk of it ever since." Young Mrs. Cohen was very sorry that baby was asleep, and then very glad that Adelaide was not yet gone to bed, entreating Deronda not to stay in the shop, but to go forthwith into the parlor to see "mother and the children." He willingly accepted the invitation, having provided himself with portable presents; a set of paper figures for Adelaide, and an ivory cup and ball for Jacob.

The grandmother had a pack of cards before her, and was making "plates" with the children. A plate had just been thrown down and kept itself whole.

"Stop!" said Jacob, running up to Deronda as he entered. "Don't tread on my plate. Stop and see me throw it up again."

Deronda complied, exchanging a smile of understanding with the grandmother, and the plate bore several tossings before it came to pieces; then the visitor was allowed to come forward and seat himself. He observed that the door from which Mordecai had issued on the former visit was now closed, but he wished to show his interest in the Cohens before disclosing a yet stronger interest in their singular inmate.

It was not until he had Adelaide on his knee, and was setting up the paper figures in their dance on the table, while Jacob was already practicing with the cup and ball, that Deronda said,

"Is Mordecai in just now?"

"Where is he, Addy?" said Cohen, who had seized an interval of business to come and look on.

"In the work-room there," said his wife, nodding toward the closed door.

"The fact is, Sir," said Cohen, "we don't know what's come to him this last day or two. He's always what I may call a little touched, you know"—here Cohen pointed to his own forehead—"not quite to say rational in all things, like you and me; but he's mostly wonderful regular and industrious as far as a poor creature can be, and takes as much delight in the boy as any body could. But this last day or two he's been moving about like a sleep-walker, or else sitting as still as a wax figure."

"It's the disease, poor dear creature," said the grandmother, tenderly. "I doubt whether he can stand long against it."

"No; I think it's only something he's got in his head," said Mrs. Cohen the younger. "He's been turning over writing continually, and when I speak to him, it takes him ever so long to hear and answer."

"You may think us a little weak ourselves," said Cohen, apologetically. "But my wife and mother wouldn't part with him if he was a still worse incumbrance. It isn't that we don't know the long and short of matters, but it's our principle. There's fools do business at a loss and don't know it. I'm not one of 'em."

"Oh, Mordecai carries a blessing inside him," said the grandmother.

"He's got something the matter inside him," said Jacob, coming up to correct this erratum of his grandmother's. "He said he couldn't talk to me, and he wouldn't have a bit o' bun."

"So far from wondering at your feeling for him," said Deronda, "I already feel something of the same sort myself. I have lately talked to him at Ram's book-shop—in fact, I promised to call for him here, that we might go out together."

"That's it, then!" said Cohen, slapping his knee. "He's been expecting you, and it's taken hold of him. I suppose he talks about his learning to you. It's uncommonly kind of *you*, Sir; for I don't suppose there's much to be got out of it, else it wouldn't have left him where he is. But there's the shop." Cohen hurried out, and Jacob, who had been listening inconveniently near to Deronda's elbow, said to him, with obliging familiarity, "I'll call Mordecai for you, if you like."

"No, Jacob," said his mother; "open the door for the gentleman, and let him go in himself. Hush! Don't make a noise."

Skillful Jacob seemed to enter into the play, and turned the handle of the door as noiselessly as possible, while Deronda went behind him and stood on the threshold. The small room was lit only by a dying fire and one candle with a shade over it. On the board fixed under the window various objects of jewelry were scattered: some books were heaped in the corner beyond them. Mordecai was seated on a high chair at the board with his back to the door, his hands resting on each other and on the board, a watch propped on a stand before him. He was in a state of expectation as sickening as that of a prisoner listening for the delayed deliverance—when he heard Deronda's voice saying, "I am come for you. Are you ready?"

Immediately he turned without speaking, seized his furred cap, which lay near, and moved to join Deronda. It was but a moment before they were both in the sitting-room, and Jacob, noticing the change in his friend's air and expression, seized him by the arm and said, "See my cup and ball!" sending the ball up close to Mordecai's face, as something likely to cheer a convalescent. It was a sign of the relieved tension in Mordecai's mind that he could smile and say, "Fine, fine!"

"You have forgotten your great-coat and comforter," said young Mrs. Cohen, and he went back into the work-room and got them.

"He's come to life again, do you see?" said Cohen, who had re-entered—speaking in an under-tone. "I told you so: I'm mostly right." Then, in his usual voice, "Well, Sir, we mustn't detain you now, I suppose; but I hope this isn't the last time we shall see you."

"Shall you come again?" said Jacob, advancing. "See, I can catch the ball; I'll bet I catch it without stopping, if you come again."

"He has clever hands," said Deronda, looking at the grandmother. "Which side of the family does he get them from?"

But the grandmother only nodded toward her son, who said, promptly, "My side. My wife's family are not in that line. But, bless your soul! ours is a sort of cleverness as good as gutta-percha; you can twist it which way you like. There's nothing some old gentlemen won't do if you set 'em to it." Here Cohen winked down at Jacob's back, but it was doubtful whether this judicious allusiveness answered its purpose, for its subject gave a nasal whinnying laugh, and stamped about,

singing "Old gentlemen, old gentlemen," in chiming cadence.

Deronda thought, "I shall never know anything decisive about these people until I ask Cohen point-blank whether he lost a sister named Mirah when she was six years old." The decisive moment did not yet seem easy for him to face. Still, his first sense of repulsion at the commonness of these people was beginning to be tempered with kindlier feeling. However unrefined their airs and speech might be, he was forced to admit some moral refinement in their treatment of the consumptive workman, whose mental distinction impressed them chiefly as a harmless, silent raving.

"The Cohens seem to have an affection for you," said Deronda, as soon as he and Mordecai were off the door-step.

"And I for them," was the immediate answer. "They have the heart of the Israelite within them, though they are as the horse and the mule, without understanding beyond the narrow path they tread."

"I have caused you some uneasiness, I fear," said Deronda, "by my slowness in fulfilling my promise. I wished to come yesterday, but I found it impossible."

"Yes, yes; I trusted you. But it is true I have been uneasy, for the spirit of my youth has been stirred within me, and this body is not strong enough to bear the beating of its wings. I am as a man bound and imprisoned through long years: behold him brought to speech of his fellow and his limbs set free: he weeps, he totters, the joy within him threatens to break and overthrow the tabernacle of flesh."

"You must not speak too much in this evening air," said Deronda, feeling Mordecai's words of reliance like so many cords binding him painfully. "Cover your mouth with the woolen scarf. We are going to the *Hand and Banner*, I suppose, and shall be in private there?"

"No, that is my trouble that you did not come yesterday. For this is the evening of the club I spoke of, and we might not have any minutes alone until late, when all the rest are gone. Perhaps we had better seek another place. But I am used to that only. In new places the outer world presses on me and narrows the inward vision. And the people there are familiar with my face."

"I don't mind the club, if I am allowed to go in," said Deronda. "It is enough that you like this place best. If we have not enough time, I will come again. What sort of club is it?"

"It is called, 'The Philosophers.' They are few—like the cedars of Lebanon—poor men given to thought. But none so poor as I am: and sometimes visitors of higher worldly rank have been brought. We are allowed to introduce a friend who is interested in our topics. Each orders beer or some other kind of drink, in payment for the room. Most of them smoke. I have gone when I could, for there are other men of my race who come, and sometimes I have broken silence. I have pleased myself with a faint likeness between these poor philosophers and the Masters who handed down the thought of our race—the great Transmitters, who labored with their hands for scant bread, but preserved and enlarged for us the heritage of memory, and saved the soul of Israel alive as a seed among the tombs. The heart pleases itself with faint resemblances."

"I shall be very glad to go and sit among them, if that will suit you. It is a sort of meeting I should like to join in," said Deronda, not without relief in the prospect of an interval before he went through the strain of his next private conversation with Mordecai.

In three minutes they had opened the glazed door with the red curtain, and were in the little parlor, hardly much more than fifteen feet square, where the gas-light shone through a slight haze of smoke on what to Deronda was a new and striking scene. Half a dozen men of various ages, from between twenty and thirty to fifty, all shabbily dressed, most of them with clay pipes in their mouths, were listening with a look of concentrated intelligence to a man in a pepper-and-salt dress, with blonde hair, short nose, broad forehead, and general breadth, who, holding his pipe slightly uplifted in the left hand, and beating his knee with the right, was just finishing a quotation from Shelley (the comparison of the avalanche in his "Prometheus Unbound")—

> "As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
> Is loosened, and the nations echo round."

The entrance of the new-comers broke the fixity of attention, and called for a re-arrangement of seats in the too narrow semicircle round the fire-place and the table holding the glasses, spare pipes, and tobacco. This was the soberest of clubs; but sobriety is no reason why smoking and "taking something" should be less imperiously needed as a means of getting a decent status in company and debate. Mordecai was received with welcoming voices which had a slight cadence of compassion in them, but naturally all glances passed immediately to his companion.

"I have brought a friend who is interested in our subjects," said Mordecai. "He has traveled and studied much."

"Is the gentleman anonymous? Is he a Great Unknown?" said the broad-chested quoter of Shelley, with a humorous air.

"My name is Daniel Deronda. I am unknown, but not in any sense great." The smile breaking over the stranger's grave face as he said this was so agreeable that there was a general indistinct murmur, equivalent to a "Hear, hear," and the broad man said,

"You recommend the name, Sir, and are welcome. Here, Mordecai, come to this corner against me," he added, evidently wishing to give the coziest place to the one who most needed it.

Deronda was well satisfied to get a seat on the opposite side, where his general survey of the party easily included Mordecai, who remained an eminently striking object in this group of sharply characterized figures, more than one of whom, even to Daniel's little exercised discrimination, seemed probably of Jewish descent.

In fact, pure English blood (if leech or lancet can furnish us with the precise product) did not declare itself predominantly in the party at present assembled. Miller, the broad man, an exceptional second-hand bookseller who knew the insides of books, had at least grandparents who called themselves German, and possibly far-away ancestors who denied themselves to be Jews; Buchan, the saddler, was Scotch; Pash, the watchmaker, was a small, dark, vivacious, triple-baked

Jew; Gideon, the optical instrument maker, was a Jew of the red-haired, generous-featured type easily passing for Englishmen of unusually cordial manners; and Croop, the dark-eyed shoemaker, was probably more Celtic than he knew. Only three would have been discernible every where as Englishmen: the wood inlayer Goodwin, well built, open-faced, pleasant-voiced; the florid laboratory assistant Marrables; and Lilly, the pale, neat-faced copying clerk, whose light brown hair was set up in a small parallelogram above his well-filled forehead, and whose shirt, taken with an otherwise seedy costume, had a freshness that might be called insular, and perhaps even something narrower.

Certainly a company select of the select among poor men, being drawn together by a taste not prevalent even among the privileged heirs of learning and its institutions; and not likely to amuse any gentleman in search of crime or low comedy as the ground of interest in people whose weekly income is only divisible into shillings. Deronda, even if he had not been more than usually inclined to gravity under the influence of what was pending between him and Mordecai, would not have set himself to find food for laughter in the various shades of departure from the tone of polished society sure to be observable in the air and talk of these men who had probably snatched knowledge as most of us snatch indulgences, making the utmost of scant opportunity. He looked around him with the quiet air of respect habitual to him among equals, ordered whiskey and water, and offered the contents of his cigar-case, which, characteristically enough, he always carried and hardly ever used for his own behoof, having reasons for not smoking himself, but liking to indulge others. Perhaps it was his weakness to be afraid of seeming strait-laced, and turning himself into a sort of diagram instead of a growth which can exercise the guiding attraction of fellowship. That he made a decidedly winning impression on the company was proved by their showing themselves no less at ease than before, and desirous of quickly resuming their interrupted talk.

"This is what I call one of our touch-and-go nights, Sir," said Miller—who was implicitly accepted as a sort of moderator—addressing Deronda by way of explanation, and nodding toward each person whose name he mentioned. "Sometimes we stick pretty close to the point. But to-night our friend Pash, there, brought up the law of progress, and we got on statistics; then Lilly, there, saying we knew well enough before counting that in the same state of society the same sort of things would happen, and it was no more wonder that quantities should remain the same than that qualities should remain the same, for in relation to society numbers are qualities—the number of drunkards is a quality in society—the numbers are an index to the qualities, and give us no instruction, only setting us to consider the causes of difference between different social states—Lilly saying this, we went off on the causes of social change, and when you came in I was going upon the power of ideas, which I hold to be the main transforming cause."

"I don't hold with you there, Miller," said Goodwin, the inlayer, more concerned to carry on the subject than to wait for a word from the new guest. "For either you mean so many sorts of things by ideas that I get no knowledge by what you say, any more than if you said light was a cause; or else you mean a particular sort of ideas, and then I go against your meaning as too narrow. For, look at it in one way, all actions men put a bit of thought into are ideas—say, sowing seed, or making a canoe, or baking clay; and such ideas as these work themselves into life and go on growing with it, but they can't go apart from the material that set them to work and makes a medium for them. It's the nature of wood and stone yielding to the knife that raises the idea of shaping them, and with plenty of wood and stone the shaping will go on. I look at it that such ideas as are mixed straight away with all the other elements of life are powerful along with 'em. The slower the mixing, the less power they have. And as to the causes of social change, I look at it in this way—ideas are a sort of parliament, but there's a commonwealth outside, and a good deal of the commonwealth is working at change without knowing what the parliament is doing."

"But if you take ready mixing as your test of power," said Pash, "some of the least practical ideas beat every thing. They spread without being understood, and enter into the language without being thought of."

"They may act by changing the distribution of gases," said Marrables; "instruments are getting so fine now, men may come to register the spread of a theory by observed changes in the atmosphere and corresponding changes in the nerves."

"Yes," said Pash, his dark face lighting up rather impishly, "there is the idea of nationalities; I dare say the wild asses are snuffing it, and getting more gregarious."

"You don't share that idea?" said Deronda, finding a piquant incongruity between Pash's sarcasm and the strong stamp of race on his features.

"Say, rather, he does not share that spirit," said Mordecai, who had turned a melancholy glance on Pash. "Unless nationality is a feeling, what force can it have as an idea?"

"Granted, Mordecai," said Pash, quite good-humoredly. "And as the feeling of nationality is dying, I take the idea to be no better than a ghost, already walking to announce the death."

"A sentiment may seem to be dying and yet revive into strong life," said Deronda. "Nations have revived. We may live to see a great outburst of force in the Arabs, who are being inspired with a new zeal."

"Amen, amen," said Mordecai, looking at Deronda with a delight which was the beginning of recovered energy: his attitude was more upright, his face was less worn.

"That may hold with backward nations," said Pash, "but with us in Europe the sentiment of nationality is destined to die out. It will last a little longer in the quarters where oppression lasts, but nowhere else. The whole current of progress is setting against it."

"Ay," said Buchan, in a rapid thin Scotch tone which was like the letting in of a little cool air on the conversation, "ye've done well to bring us round to the point. Ye're all agreed that societies change—not always and every where—but on the whole and in the long-run. Now, with all deference, I would beg t'observe that we have got

to examine the nature of changes before we have a warrant to call them progress, which word is supposed to include a bettering, though I apprehend it to be ill chosen for that purpose, since mere motion onward may carry us to a bog or a precipice. And the questions I would put are three: Is all change in the direction of progress? if not, how shall we discern which change is progress and which not? and thirdly, how far and in what ways can we act upon the course of change so as to promote it where it is beneficial, and divert it where it is injurious?"

But Buchan's attempt to impose his method on the talk was a failure. Lilly immediately said,

"Change and progress are merged in the idea of development. The laws of development are being discovered, and changes taking place according to them are necessarily progressive; that is to say, if we have any notion of progress or improvement opposed to them, the notion is a mistake."

"I really can't see how you arrive at that sort of certitude about changes by calling them development," said Deronda. "There will still remain the degrees of inevitableness in relation to our own will and acts, and the degrees of wisdom in hastening or retarding; there will still remain the danger of mistaking a tendency which should be resisted for an inevitable law that we must adjust ourselves to—which seems to me as bad a superstition or false god as any that has been set up without the ceremonies of philosophizing."

"That is a truth," said Mordecai. "Woe to the men who see no place for resistance in this generation! I believe in a growth, a passage, and a new unfolding of life whereof the seed is more perfect, more charged with the elements that are pregnant with diviner form. The life of a people grows, it is knit together and yet expanded, in joy and sorrow, in thought and action; it absorbs the thought of other nations into its own forms, and gives back the thought as new wealth to the world; it is a power and an organ in the great body of the nations. But there may come a check, an arrest; memories may be stifled, and love may be faint for the lack of them; or memories may shrink into withered relics—the soul of a people, whereby they know themselves to be one, may seem to be dying for want of common action. But who shall say, 'The fountain of their life is dried up, they shall forever cease to be a nation?' Who shall say it? Not he who feels the life of his people stirring within his own. Shall he say, 'That way events are wending, I will not resist?' His very soul is resistance, and is as a seed of fire that may enkindle the souls of multitudes, and make a new pathway for events."

"I don't deny patriotism," said Gideon, "but we all know you have a particular meaning, Mordecai. You know Mordecai's way of thinking, I suppose." Here Gideon had turned to Deronda, who sat next to him; but without waiting for an answer, he went on: "I'm a rational Jew myself. I stand by my people as a sort of family relations, and I am for keeping up our worship in a rational way. I don't approve of our people getting baptized, because I don't believe in a Jew's conversion to the Gentile part of Christianity. And now we have political equality, there's no excuse for a pretense of that sort. But I am for getting rid of all our superstitions and exclusiveness. There's no reason now why we shouldn't melt gradually into the populations we live among. That's the order of the day in point of progress. I would as soon my children married Christians as Jews. And I'm for the old maxim, 'A man's country is where he's well off.'"

"That country's not so easy to find, Gideon," said the rapid Pash, with a shrug and grimace. "You get ten shillings a week more than I do, and have only half the number of children. If somebody will introduce a brisk trade in watches among the 'Jerusalem wares,' I'll go—eh, Mordecai, what do you say?"

Deronda, all ear for these hints of Mordecai's opinion, was inwardly wondering at his persistence in coming to this club. For an enthusiastic spirit to meet continually the fixed indifference of men familiar with the object of his enthusiasm is the acceptance of a slow martyrdom, beside which the fate of a missionary tomahawked without any considerate rejection of his doctrines seems hardly worthy of compassion. But Mordecai gave no sign of shrinking: this was a moment of spiritual fullness, and he cared more for the utterance of his faith than for its immediate reception. With a fervor which had no temper in it, but seemed rather the rush of feeling in the opportunity of speech, he answered Pash:

"What I say is, let every man keep far away from the brotherhood and the inheritance he despises. Thousands on thousands of our race have mixed with the Gentile as Celt with Saxon, and they may inherit the blessing that belongs to the Gentile. You can not follow them. You are one of the multitudes over this globe who must walk among the nations and be known as Jews, and with words on their lips which mean, 'I wish I had not been born a Jew, I disown any bond with the long travail of my race, I will outdo the Gentile in mocking at our separateness,' they all the while feel breathing on them the breath of contempt because they are Jews, and they will breathe it back poisonously. Can a fresh-made garment of citizenship weave itself straightway into the flesh and change the slow deposit of eighteen centuries? What is the citizenship of him who walks among a people he has no hearty kindred and fellowship with, and has lost the sense of brotherhood with his own race? It is a charter of selfish ambition and rivalry in low greed. He is an alien in spirit, whatever he may be in form; he sucks the blood of mankind; he is not a man. Sharing in no love, sharing in no subjection of the soul, he mocks at all. Is it not truth I speak, Pash?"

"Not exactly, Mordecai," said Pash, "if you mean that I think the worse of myself for being a Jew. What I thank our fathers for is that there are fewer blockheads among us than among other races. But perhaps you are right in thinking the Christians don't like me so well for it."

"Catholics and Protestants have not liked each other much better," said the genial Gideon. "We must wait patiently for prejudices to die out. Many of our people are on a footing with the best, and there's been a good filtering of our blood into high families. I am for making our expectations rational."

"And so am I!" said Mordecai, quickly, leaning forward with the eagerness of one who pleads in some decisive crisis, his long thin hands clasped together on his lap. "I too claim to be a rational Jew. But what is it to be rational—what is

it to feel the light of the divine reason growing stronger within and without? It is to see more and more of the hidden bonds that bind and consecrate change as a dependent growth—yea, consecrate it with kinship: the past becomes my parent, and the future stretches toward me the appealing arms of children. Is it rational to drain away the sap of special kindred that makes the families of man rich in interchanged wealth, and various as the forests are various with the glory of the cedar and the palm? When it is rational to say, 'I know not my father or my mother, let my children be aliens to me, that no prayer of mine may touch them,' then it will be rational for the Jew to say, 'I will seek to know no difference between me and the Gentile, I will not cherish the prophetic consciousness of our nationality—let the Hebrew cease to be, and let all his memorials be antiquarian trifles, dead as the wall-paintings of a conjectured race. Yet let his child learn by rote the speech of the Greek, where he adjures his fellow-citizens by the bravery of those who fought foremost at Marathon—let him learn to say, that was noble in the Greek, that is the spirit of an immortal nation! But the Jew has no memories that bind him to action; let him laugh that his nation is degraded from a nation; let him hold the monuments of his law which carried within its frame the breath of social justice, of charity, and of household sanctities—let him hold the energy of the prophets, the patient care of the Masters, the fortitude of martyred generations, as mere stuff for a professorship. The business of the Jew in all things is to be even as the rich Gentile.'"

Mordecai threw himself back in his chair, and there was a moment's silence. Not one member of the club shared his point of view or his emotion; but his whole personality and speech had on them the effect of a dramatic representation which had some pathos in it, though no practical consequences; and usually he was at once indulged and contradicted. Deronda's mind went back on what must have been the tragic pressure of outward conditions hindering this man, whose force he felt to be telling on himself, from making any world for his thought in the minds of others—like a poet among people of a strange speech, who may have a poetry of their own, but have no ear for his cadence, no answering thrill to his discovery of latent virtues in his mother-tongue.

The cool Buchan was the first to speak, and hint the loss of time. "I submit," said he, "that ye're traveling away from the questions I put concerning progress."

"Say they're levanting, Buchan," said Miller, who liked his joke, and would not have objected to be called Voltairian. "Never mind. Let us have a Jewish night; we've not had one for a long while. Let us take the discussion on Jewish ground. I suppose we've no prejudice here; we're all philosophers; and we like our friends Mordecai, Pash, and Gideon as well as if they were no more kin to Abraham than the rest of us. We're all related through Adam, until further showing to the contrary; and if you look into history, we've all got some discreditable forefathers. So I mean no offense when I say I don't think any great things of the part the Jewish people have played in the world. What then? I think they were iniquitously dealt by in past times. And I suppose we don't want any men to be maltreated, white, black, brown, or yellow; I know I've just given my half crown to the contrary. And that reminds me, I've a curious old German book—I can't read it myself, but a friend was reading out of it to me the other day—about the prejudices against the Jews, and the stories used to be told against 'em, and what do you think one was? Why, that they're punished with a bad odor in their bodies; and *that*, says the author, date 1715 (I've just been pricing and marking the book this very morning)—that is true, for the ancients spoke of it. But then, he says, the other things are fables, such as that the odor goes away all at once when they're baptized, and that every one of the ten tribes—mind you, all the ten being concerned in the crucifixion—has got a particular punishment over and above the smell: Asher, I remember, has the right arm a hand-breadth shorter than the left, and Naphthali has pigs' ears and a smell of live pork. What do you think of that? There's been a good deal of fun made of rabbinical fables, but in point of fables my opinion is that all over the world it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. However, as I said before, I hold with the philosophers of the last century that the Jews have played no great part as a people, though Pash will have it they're clever enough to beat all the rest of the world. But if so, I ask, why haven't they done it?"

"For the same reason that the cleverest men in the country don't get themselves or their ideas into Parliament," said the ready Pash; "because the blockheads are too many for 'em."

"That is a vain question," said Mordecai, "whether our people would beat the rest of the world. Each nation has its own work, and is a member of the world, enriched by the work of each. But it is true, as Jehuda ha-Levi first said, that Israel is the heart of mankind, if we mean by heart the core of affection which binds a race and its families in dutiful love, and the reverence for the human body which lifts the needs of our animal life into religion, and the tenderness which is merciful to the poor and weak and to the dumb creature that wears the yoke for us."

"They're not behind any nation in arrogance," said Lilly; "and if they have got in the rear, it has not been because they were overmodest."

"Oh, every nation brags in its turn," said Miller.

"Yes," said Pash, "and some of them in the Hebrew text."

"Well, whatever the Jews contributed at one time, they are a stand-still people," said Lilly. "They are the type of obstinate adherence to the superannuated. They may show good abilities when they take up liberal ideas, but as a race they have no development in them."

"That is false!" said Mordecai, leaning forward again with his former eagerness. "Let their history be known and examined; let the seed be sifted, let its beginning be traced to the weed of the wilderness—the more glorious will be the energy that transformed it. Where else is there a nation of whom it may be as truly said that their religion and law and moral life mingled as the stream of blood in the heart and made one growth—where else a people who kept and enlarged their spiritual store at the very time when they were hunted with a hatred as fierce

as the forest fires that chase the wild beast from his covert? There is a fable of the Roman that, swimming to save his life, he held the roll of his writings between his teeth and saved them from the waters. But how much more than that is true of our race? They struggled to keep their place among the nations like heroes—yea, when the hand was hacked off, they clung with the teeth; but when the plow and the harrow had passed over the last visible signs of their national covenant, and the fruitfulness of their land was stifled with the blood of the sowers and planters, they said, 'The spirit is alive, let us make it a lasting habitation—lasting because movable—so that it may be carried from generation to generation, and our sons unborn may be rich in the things that have been, and possess a hope built on an unchangeable foundation.' They said it and they wrought it, though often breathing with scant life, as in a coffin, or as lying wounded amidst a heap of slain. Hooted and scared like the unowned dog, the Hebrew made himself envied for his wealth and wisdom, and was bled of them to fill the bath of Gentile luxury; he absorbed knowledge, he diffused it; his dispersed race was a new Phœnicia working the mines of Greece and carrying their products to the world. The native spirit of our tradition was not to stand still, but to use records as a seed, and draw out the compressed virtues of law and prophecy; and while the Gentile, who had said, 'What is yours is ours, and no longer yours,' was reading the letter of our law as a dark inscription, or was turning its parchments into shoe soles for an army rabid with lust and cruelty, our Masters were still enlarging and illuminating with fresh-fed interpretation. But the dispersion was wide, the yoke of oppression was a spiked torture as well as a load; the exile was forced afar among brutish people, where the consciousness of his race was no clearer to him than the light of the sun to our fathers in the Roman persecution, who had their hiding-place in a cave, and knew not that it was day save by the dimmer burning of their candles. What wonder that multitudes of our people are ignorant, narrow, superstitious? What wonder?"

Here Mordecai, whose seat was next the fireplace, rose and leaned his arm on the little shelf; his excitement had risen, though his voice, which had begun with unusual strength, was getting hoarser.

"What wonder? The night is unto them, that they have no vision; in their darkness they are unable to divine; the sun is gone down over the prophets, and the day is dark above them; their observances are as nameless relics. But which among the chief of the Gentile nations has not an ignorant multitude? They scorn our people's ignorant observance; but the most accursed ignorance is that which has no observance—sunk to the cunning greed of the fox, to which all law is no more than a trap or the cry of the worrying hound. There is a degradation deep down below the memory that has withered into superstition. In the multitudes of the ignorant on three continents who observe our rites and make the confession of the divine Unity, the soul of Judaism is not dead. Revive the organic centre: let the unity of Israel which has made the growth and form of its religion be an outward reality. Looking toward a land and a polity, our dispersed people in all the ends of the earth may share the dignity of a national life which has a voice among the peoples of the East and the West—which will plant the wisdom and skill of our race so that it may be, as of old, a medium of transmission and understanding. Let that come to pass, and the living warmth will spread to the weak extremities of Israel, and superstition will vanish, not in the lawlessness of the renegade, but in the illumination of great facts which widen feeling, and make all knowledge alive as the young offspring of beloved memories."

Mordecai's voice had sunk, but, with the hectic brilliancy of his gaze, it was not the less impressive. His extraordinary excitement was certainly due to Deronda's presence: it was to Deronda that he was speaking, and the moment had a testamentary solemnity for him which rallied all his powers. Yet the presence of those other familiar men promoted expression, for they embodied the indifference which gave a resistant energy to his speech. Not that he looked at Deronda: he seemed to see nothing immediately around him, and if any one had grasped him he would probably not have known it. Again the former words came back to Deronda's mind: "You must hope my hopes—see the vision I point to—behold a glory where I behold it." They came now with gathered pathos. Before him stood, as a living, suffering reality, what hitherto he had only seen as an effort of imagination, which, in its comparative faintness, yet carried a suspicion of being exaggerated: a man steeped in poverty and obscurity, weakened by disease, consciously within the shadow of advancing death, but living an intense life in an invisible past and future, careless of his personal lot, except for its possibly making some obstruction to a conceived good which he would never share except as a brief inward vision—a day afar off, whose sun would never warm him, but into which he threw his soul's desire with a passion often wanting to the personal motives of healthy youth. It was something more than a grandiose transfiguration of the parental love that toils, renounces, endures, resists, the suicidal promptings of despair—all because of the little ones, whose future becomes present to the yearning gaze of anxiety.

All eyes were fixed on Mordecai as he sat down again, and none with unkindness; but it happened that the one who felt the most kindly was the most prompted to speak in opposition. This was the genial and rational Gideon, who also was not without a sense that he was addressing the guest of the evening. He said:

"You have your own way of looking at things, Mordecai, and, as you say, your own way seems to you rational. I know you don't hold with the restoration to Judæa by miracle, and so on; but you are as well aware as I am that the subject has been mixed with a heap of nonsense both by Jews and Christians. And as to the connection of our race with Palestine, it has been perverted by superstition till it's as demoralizing as the old poor-law. The raff and scum go there to be maintained like able-bodied paupers, and to be taken special care of by the angel Gabriel when they die. It's no use fighting against facts. We must look where they point; that's what I call rationality. The most learned and liberal men among us who are attached to our religion are for clearing our liturgy of all such notions as a

literal fulfillment of the prophecies about restoration, and so on. Prune it of a few useless rites and literal interpretations of that sort, and our religion is the simplest of all religions, and makes no barrier, but a union, between us and the rest of the world."

"As plain as a pike-staff," said Pash, with an ironical laugh. "You pluck it up by the roots, strip off the leaves and bark, shave off the knots, and smooth it at top and bottom; put it where you will, it will do no harm, it will never sprout. You may make a handle of it, or you may throw it on the bonfire of scoured rubbish. I don't see why our rubbish is to be held sacred any more than the rubbish of Brahmanism or Buddhism."

"No," said Mordecai, "no, Pash, because you have lost the heart of the Jew. Community was felt before it was called good. I praise no superstition; I praise the living fountains of enlarging belief. What is growth, completion, development? You began with that question, I apply it to the history of our people. I say that the effect of our separateness will not be completed and have its highest transformation unless our race takes on again the character of a nationality. That is the fulfillment of the religious trust that moulded them into a people, whose life has made half the inspiration of the world. What is it to me that the ten tribes are lost untraceably, or that multitudes of the children of Judah have mixed themselves with the Gentile populations as a river with rivers? Behold our people still! Their skirts spread afar: they are torn and soiled and trodden on; but there is a jeweled breastplate. Let the wealthy men, the monarchs of commerce, the learned in all knowledge, the skillful in all arts, the speakers, the political counselors, who carry in their veins the Hebrew blood which has maintained its vigor in all climates, and the pliancy of the Hebrew genius for which difficulty means new device—let them say, 'We will lift up a standard, we will unite in a labor hard but glorious like that of Moses and Ezra, a labor which shall be a worthy fruit of the long anguish whereby our fathers maintained their separateness, refusing the ease of falsehood.' They have wealth enough to redeem the soil from debauched and paupered conquerors; they have the skill of the statesman to devise, the tongue of the orator to persuade. And is there no prophet or poet among us to make the ears of Christian Europe tingle with shame at the hideous obloquy of Christian strife which the Turk gazes at as at the fighting of beasts to which he has lent an arena? There is store of wisdom among us to found a new Jewish polity, grand, simple, just, like the old—a republic where there is equality of protection, an equality which shone like a star on the forehead of our ancient community, and gave it more than the brightness of Western freedom amidst the despotisms of the East. Then our race shall have an organic centre, a heart and brain to watch and guide and execute; the outraged Jew shall have a defense in the court of nations, as the outraged Englishman or American. And the world will gain as Israel gains. For there will be a community in the van of the East which carries the culture and the sympathies of every great nation in its bosom; there will be a land set for a halting-place of enmities, a neutral ground for the East as Belgium is for the West. Difficulties? I know there are difficulties. But let the spirit of sublime achievement move in the great among our people, and the work will begin."

"Ay, we may safely admit that, Mordecai," said Pash. "When there are great men on 'Change and high-flying professors converted to your doctrine, difficulties will vanish like smoke."

Deronda, inclined by nature to take the side of those on whom the arrows of scorn were falling, could not help replying to Pash's outfling, and said:

"If we look back to the history of efforts which have made great changes, it is astonishing how many of them seemed hopeless to those who looked on in the beginning. Take what we have all heard and seen something of—the effort after the unity of Italy, which we are sure soon to see accomplished to the very last boundary. Look into Mazzini's account of his first yearning, when he was a boy, after a restored greatness and a new freedom to Italy, and of his first efforts as a young man to rouse the same feelings in other young men, and get them to work toward a united nationality. Almost every thing seemed against him: his countrymen were ignorant or indifferent, governments hostile, Europe incredulous. Of course the scorners often seemed wise. Yet you see the prophecy lay with him. As long as there is a remnant of national consciousness, I suppose nobody will deny that there may be a new stirring of memories and hopes which may inspire arduous action."

"Amen," said Mordecai, to whom Deronda's words were a cordial. "What is needed is the leaven—what is needed is the seed of fire. The heritage of Israel is beating in the pulses of millions; it lives in their veins as a power without understanding, like the morning exultation of herds; it is the inborn half of memory, moving as in a dream among writings on the walls, which it sees dimly but can not divide into speech. Let the torch of visible community be lit! Let the reason of Israel disclose itself in a great outward deed, and let there be another great migration, another choosing of Israel to be a nationality whose members may still stretch to the ends of the earth, even as the sons of England and Germany, whom enterprise carries afar, but who still have a national hearth and a tribunal of national opinion. Will any say 'It can not be?' Baruch Spinoza had not a faithful Jewish heart, though he had sucked the life of his intellect at the breasts of Jewish tradition. He laid bare his father's nakedness and said, 'They who scorn him have the higher wisdom.' Yet Baruch Spinoza confessed he saw not why Israel should not again be a chosen nation. Who says that the history and literature of our race are dead? Are they not as living as the history and literature of Greece and Rome, which have inspired revolutions, enkindled the thought of Europe, and made the unrighteous powers tremble? These were an inheritance dug from the tomb. Ours is an inheritance that has never ceased to quiver in millions of human frames."

Mordecai had stretched his arms upward, and his long thin hands quivered in the air for a moment after he had ceased to speak. Gideon was certainly a little moved, for though there was no long pause before he made a remark in objection, his tone was more mild and deprecatory than before; Pash, meanwhile, pressing his lips togeth-

er, rubbing his black head with both his hands, and wrinkling his brow horizontally, with the expression of one who differs from every speaker, but does not think it worth while to say so. There is a sort of human paste that when it comes near the fire of enthusiasm is only baked into harder shape.

"It may seem well enough on one side to make so much of our memories and inheritance as you do, Mordecai," said Gideon; "but there's another side. It isn't all gratitude and harmless glory. Our people have inherited a good deal of hatred. There's a pretty lot of curses still flying about, and stiff settled rancor inherited from the times of persecution. How will you justify keeping one sort of memory and throwing away the other? There are ugly debts standing on both sides."

"I justify the choice as all other choice is justified," said Mordecai. "I cherish nothing for the Jewish nation, I seek nothing for them, but the good which promises good to all the nations. The spirit of our religious life, which is one with our national life, is not hatred of aught but wrong. The Masters have said an offense against man is worse than an offense against God. But what wonder if there is hatred in the breasts of Jews who are children of the ignorant and oppressed —what wonder, since there is hatred in the breasts of Christians? Our national life was a growing light. Let the central fire be kindled again, and the light will reach afar. The degraded and scorned of our race will learn to think of their sacred land not as a place for saintly beggary to await death in loathsome idleness, but as a republic where the Jewish spirit manifests itself in a new order founded on the old, purified, enriched by the experience our greatest sons have gathered from the life of the ages. How long is it? —only two centuries since a vessel carried over the ocean the beginning of the great North American nation. The people grew like meeting waters: they were various in habit and sect. There came a time, a century ago, when they needed a polity, and there were heroes of peace among them. What had they to form a polity with but memories of Europe, corrected by the vision of a better? Let our wise and wealthy show themselves heroes. They have the memories of the East and West, and they have the full vision of a better. A new Persia with a purified religion magnified itself in art and wisdom. So will a new Judæa, poised between East and West —a covenant of reconciliation. Will any say the prophetic vision of your race has been hopelessly mixed with folly and bigotry; the angel of progress has no message for Judaism—it is a half-buried city for the paid workers to lay open—the waters are rushing by it as a forsaken field? I say that the strongest principle of growth lies in human choice. The sons of Judah have to choose that God may again choose them. The Messianic time is the time when Israel shall will the planting of the national ensign. The Nile overflowed and rushed onward: the Egyptian could not choose the overflow, but he chose to work and make channels for the fructifying waters, and Egypt became the land of corn. Shall man, whose soul is set in the royalty of discernment and resolve, deny his rank and say, I am an onlooker, ask no choice or purpose of me? That is the blasphemy of this time. The divine principle of our race is action, choice, resolved memory. Let us contradict the blasphemy, and help to will our own better future and the better future of the world—not renounce our higher gift and say, 'Let us be as if we were not among the populations;' but choose our full heritage, claim the brotherhood of our nation, and carry into it a new brotherhood with the nations of the Gentiles. The vision is there; it will be fulfilled."

With the last sentence, which was no more than a loud whisper, Mordecai let his chin sink on his breast and his eyelids fall. No one spoke. It was not the first time that he had insisted on the same ideas, but he was seen to-night in a new phase. The quiet tenacity of his ordinary self differed as much from his present exaltation of mood as a man in private talk, giving reasons for a revolution of which no sign is discernible, differs from one who feels himself an agent in a revolution begun. The dawn of fulfillment brought to his hope by Deronda's presence had wrought Mordecai's conception into a state of impassioned conviction, and he had found strength in his excitement to pour forth the unlocked floods of emotive argument, with a sense of haste as at a crisis which must be seized. But now there had come with the quiescence of fatigue a sort of thankful wonder that he had spoken—a contemplation of his life as a journey which had come at last to this bourne. After a great excitement, the ebbing strength of impulse is apt to leave us in this aloofness from our active self. And in the moments after Mordecai had sunk his head, his mind was wandering along the paths of his youth, and all the hopes which had ended in bringing him hither.

Every one felt that the talk was ended, and the tone of phlegmatic discussion made unseasonable by Mordecai's high-pitched solemnity. It was as if they had come together to hear the blowing of the *shophar*, and had nothing to do now but to disperse. The movement was unusually general, and in less than ten minutes the room was empty of all except Mordecai and Deronda. "Good-nights" had been given to Mordecai, but it was evident he had not heard them, for he remained rapt and motionless. Deronda would not disturb this needful rest, but waited for a spontaneous movement.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"My spirit is too weak; mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
Like a sick eagle looking at the sky."
—Keats.

After a few minutes the unwonted stillness had penetrated Mordecai's consciousness, and he looked up at Deronda, not in the least with bewilderment and surprise, but with a gaze full of reposing satisfaction. Deronda rose and placed his chair nearer, where there could be no imagined need for raising the voice. Mordecai felt the action as a patient feels the gentleness that eases his pillow. He began to speak in a low tone, as if he were only thinking articulately, not trying to reach an audience.

"In the doctrine of the Cabala, souls are born again and again in new bodies till they are perfected and purified, and a soul liberated from a worn-out body may join the fellow-soul that needs

it, that they may be perfected together, and their earthly work accomplished. Then they will depart from the mortal region, and leave place for new souls to be born out of the store in the eternal bosom. It is the lingering imperfection of the souls already born into the mortal region that hinders the birth of new souls and the preparation of the Messianic time: thus the mind has given shape to what is hidden, as the shadow of what is known, and has spoken truth, though it were only in parable. When my long-wandering soul is liberated from this weary body, it will join yours, and its work will be perfected."

Mordecai's pause seemed an appeal which Deronda's feelings would not let him leave unanswered. He tried to make it truthful; but for Mordecai's ear it was inevitably filled with unspoken meanings. He only said,

"Every thing I can in conscience do to make your life effective I will do."

"I know it," said Mordecai, in the tone of quiet certainty which dispenses with further assurance. "I heard it. You see it all—you are by my side on the mount of vision, and behold the paths of fulfillment which others deny."

He was silent a moment or two, and then went on meditatively:

"You will take up my life where it was broken. I feel myself back in that day when my life was broken. The bright morning sun was on the quay—it was at Trieste—the garments of men from all nations shone like jewels—the boats were pushing off—the Greek vessel that would land us at Beyrout was to start in an hour. I was going with a merchant as his clerk and companion. I said, I shall behold the lands and people of the East, and I shall speak with a fuller vision. I breathed then as you do, without labor; I had the light step and the endurance of youth; I could fast, I could sleep on the hard ground. I had wedded poverty, and I loved my bride—for poverty to me was freedom. My heart exulted as if it had been the heart of Moses ben Maimon, strong with the strength of threescore years, and knowing the work that was to fill them. It was the first time I had been south: the soul within me felt its former sun; and standing on the quay, where the ground I stood on seemed to send forth light, and the shadows had an azure glory as of spirits become visible, I felt myself in the flood of a glorious life, wherein my own small year-counted existence seemed to melt, so that I knew it not; and a great sob arose within me as at the rush of waters that were too strong a bliss. So I stood there awaiting my companion; and I saw him not till he said, 'Ezra, I have been to the post, and there is your letter.'"

"Ezra!" exclaimed Deronda, unable to contain himself.

"Ezra," repeated Mordecai, affirmatively, engrossed in memory. "I was expecting a letter; for I wrote continually to my mother. And that sound of my name was like the touch of a wand that recalled me to the body wherefrom I had been released as it were to mingle with the ocean of human existence, free from the pressure of individual bondage. I opened the letter; and the name came again as a cry that would have disturbed me in the bosom of heaven, and made me yearn to reach where that sorrow was—'Ezra, my son!'"

Mordecai paused again, his imagination arrested by the grasp of that long-passed moment. Deronda's mind was almost breathlessly suspended on what was coming. A strange possibility had suddenly presented itself. Mordecai's eyes were cast down in abstracted contemplation, and in a few moments he went on:

"She was a mother of whom it might have come—yea, might have come to be said, 'Her children arise up and call her blessed.' In her I understood the meaning of that Master who, perceiving the footsteps of his mother, rose up and said, 'The majesty of the Eternal cometh near!' And that letter was her cry from the depths of anguish and desolation—the cry of a mother robbed of her little one. I was her eldest. Death had taken four babes, one after the other. Then came late my little sister, who was more than all the rest the desire of her mother's eyes; and the letter was a piercing cry to me—'Ezra, my son, I am robbed of her. He has taken her away, and left disgrace behind. They will never come again.'"

—Here Mordecai lifted his eyes suddenly, laid his hand on Deronda's arm, and said, "Mine was the lot of Israel. For the sin of the father my soul must go into exile. For the sin of the father the work was broken, and the day of fulfillment delayed. She who bore me was desolate, disgraced, destitute. I turned back. On the instant I turned—her spirit, and the spirit of her fathers, who had worthy Jewish hearts, moved within me, and drew me. God, in whom dwells the universe, was within me as the strength of obedience. I turned and traveled with hardship—to save the scant money which she would need. I left the sunshine, and traveled into freezing cold. In the last stage I spent a night in exposure to cold and snow. And that was the beginning of this slow death."

Mordecai let his eyes wander again, and removed his hand. Deronda resolutely repressed the questions which urged themselves within him. While Mordecai was in this state of emotion, no other confidence must be sought than what came spontaneously: nay, he himself felt a kindred emotion which made him dread his own speech as too momentous.

"But I worked. We were destitute—every thing had been seized. And she was ill: the clutch of anguish was too strong for her, and wrought with some lurking disease. At times she could not stand for the beating of her heart, and the images in her brain became as chambers of terror, where she beheld my sister reared in evil. In the dead of night I heard her crying for her child. Then I rose, and we stretched forth our arms together and prayed. We poured forth our souls in desire that Mirah might be delivered from evil."

"Mirah?" Deronda repeated, wishing to assure himself that his ears had not been deceived by a forecasting imagination. "Did you say Mirah?"

"That was my little sister's name. After we had prayed for her my mother would rest a while. It lasted hardly four years, and in the minutes before she died, we were praying the same prayer—I aloud, she silently. Her soul went forth upon its wings."

"Have you never since heard of your sister?" said Deronda, as quietly as he could.

"Never. Never have I heard whether she was delivered according to our prayer. I know not, I know not. Who shall say where the pathways

lie? The poisonous will of the wicked is strong. It poisoned my life—it is slowly stifling this breath. Death delivered my mother, and I felt it a blessedness that I was alone in the winters of suffering. But what are the winters now?—they are far off"—here Mordecai again rested his hand on Deronda's arm, and looked at him with that joy of the hectic patient which pierces us to sadness—"there is nothing to wail in the withering of my body. The work will be the better done. Once I said, the work of this beginning is mine, I am born to do it. Well, I shall do it. I shall live in you. I shall live in you."

His grasp had become convulsive in its force, and Deronda, agitated as he had never been before—the certainty that this was Mirah's brother suffusing his own strange relation to Mordecai with a new solemnity and tenderness—felt his strong young heart beating faster and his lips paling. He shrank from speech. He feared, in Mordecai's present state of exaltation (already an alarming strain on his feeble frame) to utter a word of revelation about Mirah. He feared to make an answer below that high pitch of expectation which resembled a flash from a dying fire, making watchers fear to see it dying the faster. His dominant impulse was to do as he had once done before: he laid his firm gentle hand on the hand that grasped him. Mordecai's, as if it had a soul of its own—for he was not distinctly willing to do what he did—relaxed its grasp, and turned upward under Deronda's. As the two palms met and pressed each other, Mordecai recovered some sense of his surroundings, and said,

"Let us go now. I can not talk any longer."

And in fact they parted at Cohen's door without having spoken to each other again—merely with another pressure of the hands.

Deronda felt a weight on him which was half joy, half anxiety. The joy of finding in Mirah's brother a nature even more than worthy of that relation to her, had the weight of solemnity and sadness: the reunion of brother and sister was in reality the first stage of a supreme parting—like that farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow. Then there was the weight of anxiety about the revelation of the fact on both sides, and the arrangements it would be desirable to make beforehand. I suppose we should all have felt as Deronda did, without sinking into snobbishness or the notion that the primal duties of life demand a morning and an evening suit, that it was an admissible desire to free Mirah's first meeting with her brother from all jarring outward conditions. His own sense of deliverance from the dreaded relationship of the other Cohens, notwithstanding their good nature, made him resolve if possible to keep them in the background for Mirah, until her acquaintance with them would be an unmarred rendering of gratitude for any kindness they had shown toward her brother. On all accounts he wished to give Mordecai surroundings not only more suited to his frail bodily condition, but less of a hinderance to easy intercourse, even apart from the decisive prospect of Mirah's taking up her abode with her brother, and tending him through the precious remnant of his life. In the heroic drama, great recognitions are not encumbered with these details; and certainly Deronda had as reverential an interest in Mordecai and Mirah as he could have had in the offspring of Agamemnon; but he was caring for destinies still moving in the dim streets of our earthly life, not yet lifted among the constellations, and his task presented itself to him as difficult and delicate, especially in persuading Mordecai to change his abode and habits. Concerning Mirah's feeling and resolve he had no doubt: there would be a complete union of sentiment toward the departed mother, and Mirah would understand her brother's greatness. Yes, greatness: that was the word which Deronda now deliberately chose to signify the impression that Mordecai made on him. He said to himself, perhaps rather defiantly toward the more negative spirit within him, that this man, however erratic some of his interpretations might be—this consumptive Jewish workman in threadbare clothing, lodged by charity, delivering himself to hearers who took his thoughts without attaching more consequences to them than the Flemings to the ethereal chimes ringing above their market-places—had the chief elements of greatness: a mind consciously, energetically moving with the larger march of human destinies, but not the less full of conscience and tender heart for the footsteps that tread near and need a leaning-place; capable of conceiving and choosing a life's task with far-off issues, yet capable of the unapplauded heroism which turns off the road of achievement at the call of the nearer duty whose effect lies within the beatings of the hearts that are close to us, as the hunger of the unfledged bird to the breast of its parent.

Deronda to-night was stirred with the feeling that the brief remnant of this fervid life had become his charge. He had been peculiarly wrought on by what he had seen at the club of the friendly indifference which Mordecai must have gone on encountering. His own experience of the small room that ardor can make for itself in ordinary minds had had the effect of increasing his reserve; and while tolerance was the easiest attitude to him, there was another bent in him also capable of becoming a weakness—the dislike to appear exceptional or to risk an ineffective insistence on his own opinion. But such caution appeared contemptible to him just now, when he for the first time saw in a complete picture and felt as a reality the lives that burn themselves out in solitary enthusiasm: martyrs of obscure circumstance, exiled in the rarity of their own minds, whose deliverances in other ears are no more than a long passionate soliloquy—unless perhaps at last, when they are nearing the invisible shores, signs of recognition and fulfillment may penetrate the cloud of loneliness; or perhaps it may be with them as with the dying Copernicus made to touch the first printed copy of his book when the sense of touch was gone, seeing it only as a dim object through the deepening dusk.

Deronda had been brought near to one of those spiritual exiles, and it was in his nature to feel the relation as a strong claim, nay, to feel his imagination moving without repugnance in the direction of Mordecai's desires. With all his latent objection to schemes only definite in their generality and nebulous in detail, in the poise of his sentiments he felt at one with this man who had made a visionary selection of him: the lines of what may be called their emotional theory touched. He had not the Jewish consciousness, but he had a yearning, grown the stronger for the denial which had been his grievance, after the obligation

of avowed filial and social ties. His feeling was ready for difficult obedience. In this way it came that he set about his new task ungrudgingly; and again he thought of Mrs. Meyrick as his chief helper. To her first he must make known the discovery of Mirah's brother, and with her he must consult on all preliminaries of bringing the mutually lost together. Happily the best quarter for a consumptive patient did not lie too far off the small house at Chelsea, and the first office Deronda had to perform for this Hebrew prophet who claimed him as a spiritual inheritor was to get him a healthy lodging. Such is the irony of earthly mixtures, that the heroes have not always had carpets and tea-cups of their own; and, seen through the open window by the mackerel vendor, may have been invited with some hopefulness to pay three hundred per cent. in the form of fourpence. However, Deronda's mind was busy with a prospective arrangement for giving a furnished lodging some faint likeness to a refined home by dismantling his own chambers of his best old books in vellum, his easiest chair, and the bass-reliefs of Milton and Dante.

But was not Mirah to be there? What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face? and is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice? Here is one good, at least, thought Deronda, that comes to Mordecai from his having fixed his imagination on me. He has recovered a perfect sister, whose affection is waiting for him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Fairy folk a-listening
Hear the seed sprout in the spring,
And for music to their dance
Hear the hedge-rows wake from trance,
Sap that trembles into buds
Sending little rhythmic floods
Of fairy sound in fairy ears.
Thus all beauty that appears
Has birth as sound to finer sense
And lighter-clad intelligence.

And Gwendolen? She was thinking of Deronda much more than he was thinking of her—often wondering what were his ideas "about things," and how his life was occupied. But a lap-dog would be necessarily at a loss in framing to itself the motives and adventures of doghood at large; and it was as far from Gwendolen's conception that Deronda's life could be determined by the historical destiny of the Jews as that he could rise into the air on a brazen horse, and so vanish from her horizon in the form of a twinkling star.

With all the sense of inferiority that had been forced upon her, it was inevitable that she should imagine a larger place for herself in his thoughts than she actually possessed. They must be rather old and wise persons who are not apt to see their own anxiety or elation about themselves reflected in other minds; and Gwendolen, with her youth and inward solitude, may be excused for dwelling on signs of special interest in her shown by the one person who had impressed her with the feeling of submission, and for mistaking the color and proportion of those signs in the mind of Deronda.

Meanwhile, what would he tell her that she ought to do? "He said I must get more interest in others, and more knowledge, and that I must care about the best things; but how am I to begin?" She wondered what books he would tell her to take up to her own room, and recalled the famous writers that she had either not looked into or had found the most unreadable, with a half-smiling wish that she could mischievously ask Deronda if they were not the books called "medicine for the mind." Then she repented of her sauciness, and when she was safe from observation, carried up a miscellaneous selection—Descartes, Bacon, Locke, Butler, Burke, Guizot—knowing, as a clever young lady of education, that these authors were ornaments of mankind, feeling sure that Deronda had read them, and hoping that by dipping into them all in succession, with her rapid understanding she might get a point of view nearer to his level.

But it was astonishing how little time she found for these vast mental excursions. Constantly she had to be on the scene as Mrs. Grandcourt, and to feel herself watched in that part by the exacting eyes of a husband who had found a motive to exercise his tenacity—that of making his marriage answer all the ends he chose, and with the more completeness the more he discerned any opposing will in her. And she herself, whatever rebellion might be going on within her, could not have made up her mind to failure in her representation. No feeling had yet reconciled her for a moment to any act, word, or look that would be a confession to the world; and what she most dreaded in herself was any violent impulse that would make an involuntary confession: it was the will to be silent in every other direction that had thrown the more impetuosity into her confidences toward Deronda, to whom her thought constantly turned as a help against herself. Her riding, her hunting, her visiting and receiving of visits, were all performed in a spirit of achievement which served instead of zest and young gladness, so that all round Diplow, in those weeks of the New Year, Mrs. Grandcourt was regarded as wearing her honors with triumph.

"She disguises it under an air of taking every thing as a matter of course," said Mrs. Arrowpoint. "A stranger might suppose that she had condescended rather than risen. I always noticed that doubleness in her."

To her mother most of all Gwendolen was bent on acting complete satisfaction, and poor Mrs. Davilow was so far deceived that she took the unexpected distance at which she was *kept*, *in* spite of what she felt to be Grandcourt's handsome behavior in providing for her, as a comparative indifference in her daughter, now that marriage had created new interests. To be fetched to lunch and then to dinner along with the Gascoignes, to be driven back soon after breakfast the next morning, and to have brief calls from Gwendolen in which her husband waited for her outside either on horseback or sitting in the carriage, was all the intercourse allowed to the mother.

The truth was, that the second time Gwendolen proposed to invite her mother with Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne, Grandcourt had at first been silent, and then drawled, "We can't be having *those people* always. Gascoigne talks too much. Country clergy are always bores—with their confounded fuss about every thing."

That speech was full of foreboding for Gwendolen. To have her mother classed under "those people" was enough to confirm the previous dread of bringing her too near. Still, she could not give the true reasons—she could not say to her mother, "Mr. Grandcourt wants to recognize you as little as possible; and besides, it is better you should not see much of my married life, else you might find out that I am miserable." So she waived as lightly as she could every allusion to the subject; and when Mrs. Davilow again hinted the possibility of her having a house close to Ryelands, Gwendolen said, "It would not be so nice for you as being near the Rectory here, mamma. We shall perhaps be very little at Ryelands. You would miss my aunt and uncle."

And all the while this contemptuous veto of her husband's on any intimacy with her family, making her proudly shrink from giving them the aspect of troublesome pensioners, was rousing more inward inclination toward them. She had never felt so kindly toward her uncle, so much disposed to look back on his cheerful, complacent activity and spirit of kind management, even when mistaken, as more of a comfort than the neutral loftiness which was every day chilling her. And here, perhaps, she was unconsciously finding some of that mental enlargement which it was hard to get from her occasional dashes into difficult authors, who, instead of blending themselves with her daily agitations, required her to dismiss them.

It was a delightful surprise one day when Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne were at Offendene to see Gwendolen ride up without her husband—with the groom only. All, including the four girls and Miss Merry, seated in the dining-room at lunch, could see the welcome approach; and even the elder ones were not without something of Isabel's romantic sense that the beautiful sister on the splendid chestnut, which held its head as if proud to bear her, was a sort of Harriet Byron or Miss Wardour re-appearing out of her "happiness ever after."

Her uncle went to the door to give her his hand, and she sprang from her horse with an air of alacrity which might well encourage that notion of guaranteed happiness; for Gwendolen was particularly bent to-day on setting her mother's heart at rest, and her unusual sense of freedom in being able to make this visit alone enabled her to bear up under the pressure of painful facts which were urging themselves anew. The seven family kisses were not so tiresome as they used to be.

"Mr. Grandcourt is gone out, so I determined to fill up the time by coming to you, mamma," said Gwendolen, as she laid down her hat and seated herself next to her mother; and then, looking at her with a playfully monitory air, "That is a punishment to you for not wearing better lace on your head. You didn't think I should come and detect you—you dreadfully careless about yourself mamma!" She gave a caressing touch to the dear head.

"Scold me, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, her delicate worn face flushed with delight. "But I wish there were something you could eat after your ride—instead of these scraps. Let Jocosa make you a cup of chocolate in your old way. You used to like that."

Miss Merry immediately rose and went out, though Gwendolen said, "Oh no, a piece of bread, or one of those hard biscuits. I can't think about eating. I am come to say good-by."

"What! going to Ryelands again?" said Mr. Gascoigne.

"No; we are going to town," said Gwendolen, beginning to break up a piece of bread, but putting no morsel into her mouth.

"It is rather early to go to town," said Mrs. Gascoigne, "and Mr. Grandcourt not in Parliament."

"Oh, there is only one more day's hunting to be had, and Henleigh has some business in town with lawyers, I think," said Gwendolen. "I am very glad. I shall like to go to town."

"You will see your house in Grosvenor Square," said Mrs. Davilow. She and the girls were devouring with their eyes every movement of their goddess, soon to vanish.

"Yes," said Gwendolen, in a tone of assent to the interest of that expectation. "And there is so much to be seen and done in town."

"I wish, my dear Gwendolen," said Mr. Gascoigne, in a tone of cordial advice, "that you would use your influence with Mr. Grandcourt to induce him to enter Parliament. A man of his position should make his weight felt in politics. The best judges are confident that the Ministry will have to appeal to the country on this question of further Reform, and Mr. Grandcourt should be ready for the opportunity. I am not quite sure that his opinions and mine accord entirely; I have not heard him express himself very fully. But I don't look at the matter from that point of view. I am thinking of your husband's standing in the country. And he is now come to that stage of life when a man like him should enter into public affairs. A wife has great influence with her husband. Use yours in that direction, my dear."

The Rector felt that he was acquitting himself of a duty here, and giving something like the aspect of a public benefit to his niece's match. To Gwendolen the whole speech had the flavor of bitter comedy. If she had been merry, she must have laughed at her uncle's explanation to her that he had not heard Grandcourt express himself very fully on politics. And the wife's great influence! General maxims about husbands and wives seemed now of a precarious usefulness. Gwendolen herself had once believed in her future influence as an omnipotence in managing—she did not know exactly what. But her chief concern at present was to give an answer that would be felt appropriate.

"I should be very glad, uncle. But I think Mr. Grandcourt would not like the trouble of an election—at least, unless it could be without his making speeches. I thought candidates always made speeches."

"Not necessarily—to any great extent," said Mr. Gascoigne. "A man of position and weight can get on without much of it. A county member need have very little trouble in that way, and both out of the House and in it is liked the better for not being a speechifier. Tell Mr. Grandcourt that I say so."

"Here comes Jocosa with my chocolate after all," said Gwendolen, escaping from a promise to give information that would certainly have been received in a way inconceivable to the good Rector, who, pushing his chair a little aside from the table and crossing his leg, looked as well as felt like a worthy specimen of a clergyman and mag-

istrate giving experienced advice. Mr. Gascoigne had come to the conclusion that Grandcourt was a proud man, but his own self-love, calmed through life by the consciousness of his general value and personal advantages, was not irritable enough to prevent him from hoping the best about his niece's husband because her uncle was kept rather haughtily at a distance. A certain aloofness must be allowed to the representative of an old family; you would not expect him to be on intimate terms even with abstractions. But Mrs. Gascoigne was less dispassionate on her husband's account, and felt Grandcourt's haughtiness as something a little blamable in Gwendolen.

"Your uncle and Anna will very likely be in town about Easter," she said, with a vague sense of expressing a slight discontent. "Dear Rex hopes to come out with honors and a fellowship, and he wants his father and Anna to meet him in London, that they may be jolly together, as he says. I shouldn't wonder if Lord Brackenshaw invited them, he has been so very kind since he came back to the Castle."

"I hope my uncle will bring Anna to stay in Grosvenor Square," said Gwendolen, risking herself so far, for the sake of the present moment, but in reality wishing that she might never be obliged to bring any of her family near Grandcourt again. "I am very glad of Rex's good fortune."

"We must not be premature, and rejoice too much beforehand," said the Rector, to whom this topic was the happiest in the world, and altogether allowable, now that the issue of that little affair about Gwendolen had been so satisfactory. "Not but that I am in correspondence with impartial judges, who have the highest hopes about my son, as a singularly clear-headed young man. And of his excellent disposition and principle I have had the best evidence."

"We shall have him a great lawyer some time," said Mrs. Gascoigne.

"How very nice!" said Gwendolen, with a concealed skepticism as to niceness in general which made the word quite applicable to lawyers.

"Talking of Lord Brackenshaw's kindness," said Mrs. Davilow, "you don't know how delightful he has been, Gwendolen. He has begged me to consider myself his guest in this house till I can get another that I like—he did it in the most graceful way. But now a house has turned up. Old Mr. Jodson is dead, and we can have his house. It is just what I want; small, but with nothing hideous to make you miserable thinking about it. And it is only a mile from the Rectory. You remember the low white house nearly hidden by the trees, as we turn up the lane to the church?"

"Yes, but you have no furniture, poor mamma," said Gwendolen, in a melancholy tone.

"Oh, I am saving money for that. You know who has made me rather rich, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, laying her hand on Gwendolen's. "And Jocosa really makes so little do for housekeeping—it is quite wonderful."

"Oh, please let me go up stairs with you and arrange my hat, mamma," said Gwendolen, suddenly putting up her hand to her hair, and perhaps creating a desired disarrangement. Her heart was swelling, and she was ready to cry. Her mother *must* have been worse off if it had not been for Grandcourt. "I suppose I shall never see all this again," said Gwendolen, looking round her as they entered the black and yellow bedroom, and then throwing herself into a chair in front of the glass with a little groan as of bodily fatigue. In the resolve not to cry she had become very pale.

"You are not well, dear?" said Mrs. Davilow.

"No; that chocolate has made me sick," said Gwendolen, putting up her hand to be taken.

"I should be allowed to come to you if you were ill, darling," said Mrs. Davilow, rather timidly, as she pressed the hand to her bosom. Something had made her sure to-day that her child loved her—needed her as much as ever.

"Oh yes," said Gwendolen, leaning her head against her mother, though speaking as lightly as she could. "But you know I never am ill. I am as strong as possible; and you must not take to fretting about me, but make yourself as happy as you can with the girls. They are better children to you than I have been, you know." She turned up her face with a smile.

"You have always been good, my darling. I remember nothing else."

"Why, what did I ever do that was good to you, except marry Mr. Grandcourt?" said Gwendolen, starting up with a desperate resolve to be playful, and keep no more on the perilous edge of agitation. "And I should not have done *that* unless it had pleased myself." She tossed up her chin, and reached her hat.

"God forbid, child! I would not have had you marry for my sake. Your happiness by itself is half mine."

"Very well," said Gwendolen, arranging her hat fastidiously, "then you will please to consider that you are half happy, which is more than I am used to seeing you." With the last words she again turned with her old playful smile to her mother. "Now I am ready; but oh, mamma, Mr. Grandcourt gives me a quantity of money, and expects me to spend it, and I can't spend it; and you know I can't bear charity children and all that; and here are thirty pounds. I wish the girls would spend it for me on little things for themselves when you go to the new house. Tell them so." Gwendolen put the notes into her mother's hand and looked away hastily, moving toward the door.

"God bless you, dear," said Mrs. Davilow. "It will please them so that you should have thought of *them* in particular."

"Oh, they are troublesome things; but they don't trouble me now," said Gwendolen, turning and nodding playfully. She hardly understood her own feeling in this act toward her sisters, but at any rate she did not wish it to be taken as any thing serious. She was glad to have got out of the bedroom without showing more signs of emotion, and she went through the rest of her visit and all the good-by's with a quiet propriety that made her say to herself sarcastically as she rode away, "I think I am making a very good Mrs. Grandcourt."

She believed that her husband was gone to Gadsmere that day—had inferred this, as she had long ago inferred who were the inmates of what he had described as "a dog-hutch of a place in a black country;" and the strange conflict of feeling within her had had the characteristic effect of sending her to Offendene with a tightened resolve—a form of excitement which was native to her.

She wondered at her own contradictions. Why should she feel it bitter to her that Grandcourt showed concern for the beings on whose account she herself was undergoing remorse? Had she not before her marriage inwardly determined to speak and act on their behalf?—and since he had lately implied that he wanted to be in town because he was making arrangements about his will, she ought to have been glad of any sign that he kept a conscience awake toward those at Gadsmere; and yet, now that she was a wife, the sense that Grandcourt was gone to Gadsmere was like red heat near a burn. She had brought on herself this indignity in her own eyes—this humiliation of being doomed to a terrified silence lest her husband should discover with what sort of consciousness she had married him; and, as she had said to Deronda, she "must go on." After the intensest moments of secret hatred toward this husband who from the very first had cowed her, there always came back the spiritual pressure which made submission inevitable. There was no effort at freedom that would not bring fresh and worse humiliation. Gwendolen could dare nothing except in impulsive action—least of all could she dare premeditatedly a vague future in which the only certain condition was indignity. In spite of remorse, it still seemed the worst result of her marriage that she should in any way make a spectacle of herself; and her humiliation was lightened by her thinking that only Mrs. Glasher was aware of the fact which caused it. For Gwendolen had never referred the interview at the Whispering Stones to Lush's agency; her disposition to vague terror investing with shadowy omnipresence any threat of fatal power over her, and so hindering her from imagining plans and channels by which news had been conveyed to the woman who had the poisoning skill of a sorceress. To Gwendolen's mind the secret lay with Mrs. Glasher, and there were words in the horrible letter which implied that Mrs. Glasher would dread disclosure to the husband, as much as the usurping Mrs. Grandcourt.

Something else, too, she thought of as more of a secret from her husband than it really was—namely, that suppressed struggle of desperate rebellion which she herself dreaded. Grandcourt could not, indeed, fully imagine how things affected Gwendolen: he had no imagination of any thing in her but what affected the gratification of his own will; but on this point he had the sensibility which seems like divination. What we see exclusively we are apt to see with some mistake of proportions; and Grandcourt was not likely to be infallible in his judgments concerning this wife who was governed by many shadowy powers, to him non-existent. He magnified her inward resistance, but that did not lessen his satisfaction in the mastery of it.

CHAPTER XLV.

Behold my lady's carriage stop the way,
With powdered lackey and with champing bay:
She sweeps the matting, treads the crimson stair,
Her arduous function solely "to be there."
Like Sirius rising o'er the silent sea,
She hides her heart in lustre loftily.

So the Grandcourts were in Grosvenor Square in time to receive a card for the musical party at Lady Mallinger's, there being reasons of business which made Sir Hugo know beforehand that his ill-beloved nephew was coming up. It was only the third evening after their arrival, and Gwendolen made rather an absent-minded acquaintance with her new ceilings and furniture, preoccupied with the certainty that she was going to speak to Deronda again, and also to see the Miss Lapidoth who had gone through so much, and was "capable of submitting to any thing in the form of duty." For Gwendolen had remembered nearly every word that Deronda had said about Mirah, and especially that phrase, which she repeated to herself bitterly, having an ill-defined consciousness that her own submission was something very different. She would have been obliged to allow, if any one had said it to her, that what she submitted to could not take the shape of duty, but was submission to a yoke drawn on her by an action she was ashamed of, and worn with a strength of selfish motives that left no weight for duty to carry.

The drawing-rooms in Park Lane, all white, gold, and pale crimson, were agreeably furnished, and not crowded with guests before Mr. and Mrs. Grandcourt entered; and more than half an hour of instrumental music was being followed by an interval of movement and chat. Klesmer was there with his wife, and in his generous interest for Mirah he proposed to accompany her singing of Leo's "*O patria mia*," which he had before recommended her to choose, as more distinctive of her than better-known music. He was already at the piano, and Mirah was standing there conspicuously, when Gwendolen, magnificent in her pale green velvet and poisoned diamonds, was ushered to a seat of honor well in view of them. With her long sight and self-command, she had the rare power of quickly distinguishing persons and objects on entering a full room, and while turning her glance toward Mirah, she did not neglect to exchange a bow and smile with Klesmer as she passed. The smile seemed to each a lightning flash back on that morning when it had been her ambition to stand as the "little Jewess" was standing, and survey a grand audience from the higher rank of her talent—instead of which she was one of the ordinary crowd in silk and gems, whose utmost performance it must be to admire or find fault. "He thinks I am in the right road now," said the lurking resentment within her.

Gwendolen had not caught sight of Deronda in her passage, and while she was seated acquitting herself in chat with Sir Hugo, she glanced round her with careful ease, bowing a recognition here and there, and fearful lest an anxious-looking exploration in search of Deronda might be observed by her husband, and afterward rebuked as something "damnably vulgar." But all traveling, even that of a slow gradual glance round a room, brings a liability to undesired encounters, and among the eyes that met Gwendolen's, forcing her into a slight bow, were those of the "amateur too fond of Meyerbeer," Mr. Lush, whom Sir Hugo continued to find useful as a half-caste among gentlemen. He was standing near her husband, who, however, turned a shoulder toward him, and was being understood to listen to Lord Pentreath. How was it that at this moment, for the first time, there darted through Gwendolen, like a disagreeable sensation, the idea that this man knew all about her husband's life? He had

been banished from her sight, according to her will, and she had been satisfied; he had sunk entirely into the background of her thoughts, screened away from her by the agitating figures that kept up an inward drama in which Lush had no place. Here suddenly he re-appeared at her husband's elbow, and there sprang up in her, like an instantaneously fabricated memory in a dream, the sense of his being connected with the secrets that made her wretched. She was conscious of effort in turning her head away from him, trying to continue her wandering survey as if she had seen nothing of more consequence than the picture on the wall, till she discovered Deronda. But he was not looking toward her, and she withdrew her eyes from him without having got any recognition, consoling herself with the assurance that he must have seen her come in. In fact, he was standing not far from the door with Hans Meyrick, whom he had been careful to bring into Lady Mallinger's list. They were both a little more anxious than was comfortable lest Mirah should not be heard to advantage. Deronda even felt himself on the brink of betraying emotion, Mirah's presence now being linked with crowding images of what had gone before and was to come after—all centring in the brother whom he was soon to reveal to her; and he had escaped as soon as he could from the side of Lady Pentreath, who had said, in her violoncello voice,

"Well, your Jewess is pretty—there's no denying that. But where is her Jewish impudence? She looks as demure as a nun. I suppose she learned that on the stage."

He was beginning to feel on Mirah's behalf something of what he had felt for himself in his seraphic boyish time, when Sir Hugo asked him if he would like to be a great singer—an indignant dislike to her being remarked on in a free and easy way, as if she were an imported commodity disdainfully paid for by the fashionable public; and he winced the more because Mordecai, he knew, would feel that the name "Jewess" was taken as a sort of stamp like the lettering of Chinese silk. In this susceptible mood he saw the Grandcourts enter, and was immediately appealed to by Hans about "that Vandyck duchess of a beauty." Pray excuse Deronda that in this moment he felt a transient renewal of his first repulsion from Gwendolen, as if she and her beauty and her failings were to blame for the undervaluing of Mirah as a woman—a feeling something like class animosity, which affection for what is not fully recognized by others, whether in persons or in poetry, rarely allows us to escape. To Hans, admiring Gwendolen with his habitual hyperbole, he answered, with a sarcasm that was not quite good-humored,

"I thought you could admire no style of woman but your Berenice."

"That is the style I worship—not admire," said Hans. "Other styles of woman I might make myself wicked for, but for Berenice I could make myself—well, pretty good, which is something much more difficult."

"Hush!" said Deronda, under the pretext that the singing was going to begin. He was not so delighted with the answer as might have been expected, and was relieved by Hans's movement to a more advanced spot.

Deronda had never before heard Mirah sing "*O patria mia.*" He knew well Leopardi's fine Ode to Italy (when Italy sat like a disconsolate mother in chains, hiding her face on her knees and weeping), and the few selected words were filled for him with the grandeur of the whole, which seemed to breathe as inspiration through the music. Mirah singing this, made Mordecai more than ever one presence with her. Certain words not included in the song nevertheless rang within Deronda as harmonies from one invisible—

"*Non ti difende*
Nessun de' tuoi? L' armi, qua l' armi: io solo
Combatterò, procomberò sol io"*—

they seemed the very voice of that heroic passion which is falsely said to devote itself in vain when it achieves the godlike end of manifesting unselfish love. And that passion was present to Deronda now as the vivid image of a man dying helplessly away from the possibility of battle.

Mirah was equal to his wishes. While the general applause was sounding, Klesmer gave a more valued testimony, audible to her only—"Good, good—the crescendo better than before." But her chief anxiety was to know that she had satisfied Mr. Deronda: any failure on her part this evening would have pained her as an especial injury to him. Of course all her prospects were due to what he had done for her; still, this occasion of singing in the house that was his home brought a peculiar demand. She looked toward him in the distance, and he could see that she did; but he remained where he was, and watched the stream of emulous admirers closing round her, till presently they parted to make way for Gwendolen, who was taken up to be introduced by Mrs. Klesmer. Easier now about "the little Jewess," Daniel relented toward poor Gwendolen in her splendor, and his memory went back, with some penitence for his momentary hardness, over all the signs and confessions that she too needed a rescue, and one much more difficult than that of the wanderer by the river—a rescue for which he felt himself helpless. The silent question, "But is it not cowardly to make that a reason for turning away?" was the form in which he framed his resolve to go near her on the first opportunity, and show his regard for her past confidence, in spite of Sir Hugo's unwelcome hints.

Klesmer, having risen to Gwendolen as she approached, and being included by her in the opening conversation with Mirah, continued near them a little while, looking down with a smile, which was rather in his eyes than on his lips, at the piquant contrast of the two charming young creatures seated on the red divan. The solicitude seemed to be all on the side of the splendid one.

"You must let me say how much I am obliged to you," said Gwendolen. "I had heard from Mr. Deronda that I should have a great treat in your singing, but I was too ignorant to imagine how great."

"You are very good to say so," answered Mirah, her mind chiefly occupied in contemplating Gwendolen. It was like a new kind of stage experience to her to be close to genuine grand ladies with genuine brilliants and complexions, and they impressed her vaguely as coming out of some unknown drama, in which their parts perhaps got more tragic as they went on.

* Do none of thy children defend thee? Arms! bring me arms! alone I will fight, alone I will fall.

"We shall all want to learn of you—I, at least," said Gwendolen. "I sing very badly, as Herr Klesmer will tell you"—here she glanced upward to that higher power rather archly, and continued —"but I have been rebuked for not liking to be middling, since I can be nothing more. I think that is a different doctrine from yours?" She was still looking at Klesmer, who said, quickly,

"Not if it means that it would be worth while for you to study further, and for Miss Lapidoth to have the pleasure of helping you." With that he moved away, and Mirah, taking every thing with *naïve* seriousness, said,

"If you think I could teach you, I shall be very glad. I am anxious to teach, but I have only just begun. If I do it well, it must be by remembering how my master taught me."

Gwendolen was in reality too uncertain about herself to be prepared for this simple promptitude of Mirah's, and in her wish to change the subject said, with some lapse from the good taste of her first address,

"You have not been long in London, I think? —but you were perhaps introduced to Mr. Deronda abroad?"

"No," said Mirah; "I never saw him before I came to England in the summer."

"But he has seen you often and heard you sing a great deal, has he not?" said Gwendolen, led on partly by the wish to hear any thing about Deronda, and partly by the awkwardness which besets the readiest person in carrying on a dialogue when empty of matter. "He spoke of you to me with the highest praise. He seemed to know you quite well."

"Oh, I was poor, and needed help," said Mirah, in a new tone of feeling, "and Mr. Deronda has given me the best friends in the world. That is the only way he came to know any thing about me—because he was sorry for me. I had no friends when I came. I was in distress. I owe every thing to him."

Poor Gwendolen, who had wanted to be a struggling artist herself, could nevertheless not escape the impression that a mode of inquiry which would have been rather rude toward herself was an amiable condescension to this Jewess who was ready to give her lessons. The only effect on Mirah, as always on any mention of Deronda, was to stir reverential gratitude and anxiety that she should be understood to have the deepest obligation to him.

But both he and Hans, who were noticing the pair from a distance, would have felt rather indignant if they had known that the conversation had led up to Mirah's representation of herself in this light of neediness. In the movement that prompted her, however, there was an exquisite delicacy, which perhaps she could not have stated explicitly—the feeling that she ought not to allow any one to assume in Deronda a relation of more equality or less generous interest toward her than actually existed. Her answer was delightful to Gwendolen: she thought of nothing but the ready compassion, which in another form she had trusted in and found for herself; and on the signals that Klesmer was about to play, she moved away in much content, entirely without presentiment that this Jewish *protégée* would ever make a more important difference in her life than the possible improvement of her singing—if the leisure and spirits of a Mrs. Grandcourt would allow of other lessons than such as the world was giving her at rather a high charge.

With her wonted alternation from resolute care of appearances to some rash indulgence of an impulse, she chose, under the pretext of getting farther from the instrument, not to go again to her former seat, but placed herself on a settee where she could only have one neighbor. She was nearer to Deronda than before: was it surprising that he came up in time to shake hands before the music began—then, that after he had stood a little while by the elbow of the settee at the empty end, the torrent-like confluences of bass and treble seemed, like a convulsion of nature, to cast the conduct of petty mortals into insignificance, and to warrant his sitting down?

But when at the end of Klesmer's playing there came the outburst of talk under which Gwendolen had hoped to speak as she would to Deronda, she observed that Mr. Lush was within hearing, leaning against the wall close by them. She could not help her flush of anger, but she tried to have only an air of polite indifference in saying,

"Miss Lapidoth is every thing you described her to be."

"You have been very quick in discovering that," said Deronda, ironically.

"I have not found out all the excellences you spoke of—I don't mean that," said Gwendolen; "but I think her singing is charming, and herself too. Her face is lovely—not in the least common; and she is such a complete little person. I should think she will be a great success."

This speech was grating to Deronda, and he would not answer it, but looked gravely before him. She knew that he was displeased with her, and she was getting so impatient under the neighborhood of Mr. Lush, which prevented her from saying any word she wanted to say, that she meditated some desperate step to get rid of it, and remained silent too. That constraint seemed to last a long while, neither Gwendolen nor Deronda looking at the other, till Lush slowly relieved the wall of his weight, and joined some one at a distance.

Gwendolen immediately said, "You despise me for talking artificially."

"No," said Deronda, looking at her coolly; "I think that is quite excusable sometimes. But I did not think what you were last saying was altogether artificial."

"There was something in it that displeased you," said Gwendolen. "What was it?"

"It is impossible to explain such things," said Deronda. "One can never communicate niceties of feeling about words and manner."

"You think I am shut out from understanding them," said Gwendolen, with a slight tremor in her voice, which she was trying to conquer. "Have I shown myself so very dense to every thing you have said?" There was an indescribable look of suppressed tears in her eyes, which were turned on him.

"Not at all," said Deronda, with some softening of voice. "But experience differs for different people. We don't all wince at the same things. I have had plenty of proof that you are not dense." He smiled at her.

"But one may feel things and not be able to do any thing better for all that," said Gwendolen, not smiling in return—the distance to which Deronda's words seemed to throw her chilling her too

much. "I begin to think we can only get better by having people about us who raise good feelings. You must not be surprised at any thing in me. I think it is too late for me to alter. I don't know how to set about being wise, as you told me to be."

"I seldom find I do any good by my preaching. I might as well have kept from meddling," said Deronda, thinking rather sadly that his interference about that unfortunate necklace might end in nothing but an added pain to him in seeing her, after all, hardened to another sort of gambling than roulette.

"Don't say that," said Gwendolen, hurriedly, feeling that this might be her only chance of getting the words uttered, and dreading the increase of her own agitation. "If you despair of me, I shall despair. Your saying that I should not go on being selfish and ignorant has been some strength to me. If you say you wish you had not meddled—that means, you despair of me and forsake me. And then you will decide for me that I shall not be good. It is you who will decide, because you might have made me different by keeping as near to me as you could, and believing in me."

She had not been looking at him as she spoke, but at the handle of the fan which she held closed. With the last words she rose and left him, returning to her former place, which had been left vacant; while every one was settling into quietude in expectation of Mirah's voice, which presently, with that wonderful, searching quality of subdued song in which the melody seems simply an effect of the emotion, gave forth, "*Per pietà non dirmi addio.*"

In Deronda's ear the strain was for the moment a continuance of Gwendolen's pleading—a painful urging of something vague and difficult, irreconcilable with pressing conditions, and yet cruel to resist. However strange the mixture in her of a resolute pride and a precocious air of knowing the world, with a precipitate, guileless indiscretion, he was quite sure now that the mixture existed. Sir Hugo's hints had made him alive to dangers that his own disposition might have neglected; but that Gwendolen's reliance on him was unvisited by any dream of his being a man who could misinterpret her was as manifest as morning, and made an appeal which wrestled with his sense of present dangers, and with his foreboding of a growing incompatible claim on him in her mind. There was a foreshadowing of some painful collision: on the one side the grasp of Mordecai's dying hand on him, with all the ideals and prospects it aroused; on the other this fair creature in silk and gems, with her hidden wound and her self-dread, making a trustful effort to lean and find herself sustained. It was as if he had a vision of himself besought with outstretched arms and cries, while he was caught by the waves and compelled to mount the vessel bound for a far-off coast. That was the strain of excited feeling in him that went along with the notes of Mirah's song; but when it ceased he moved from his seat with the reflection that he had been falling into an exaggeration of his own importance, and a ridiculous readiness to accept Gwendolen's view of himself, as if he could really have any decisive power over her.

"What an enviable fellow you are," said Hans to him, "sitting on a sofa with that young duchess, and having an interesting quarrel with her!"

"Quarrel with her?" repeated Deronda, rather uncomfortably.

"Oh, about theology, of course; nothing personal. But she told you what you ought to think, and then left you with a grand air which was admirable. Is she an Antinomian?—if so, tell her I am an Antinomian painter, and introduce me. I should like to paint her and her husband. He has the sort of handsome *physique* that the Duke ought to have in *Lucrezia Borgia*—if it could go with a fine barytone, which it can't."

Deronda devoutly hoped that Hans's account of the impression his dialogue with Gwendolen had made on a distant beholder was no more than a bit of fantastic representation, such as was common with him.

And Gwendolen was not without her afterthoughts that her husband's eyes might have been on her, extracting something to reprove—some offense against her dignity as his wife; her consciousness telling her that she had not kept up the perfect air of equability in public which was her own ideal. But Grandcourt made no observation on her behavior. All he said as they were driving home was,

"Lush will dine with us among the other people to-morrow. You will treat him civilly."

Gwendolen's heart began to beat violently. The words that she wanted to utter, as one wants to return a blow, were, "You are breaking your promise to me—the first promise you made me." But she dared not utter them. She was as frightened at a quarrel as if she had foreseen that it would end with throttling fingers on her neck. After a pause, she said, in the tone rather of defeat than resentment,

"I thought you did not intend him to frequent the house again."

"I want him just now. He is useful to me; and he must be treated civilly."

Silence. There may come a moment when even an excellent husband who has dropped smoking under more or less of a pledge during courtship, for the first time will introduce his cigar smoke between himself and his wife, with the tacit understanding that she will have to put up with it. Mr. Lush was, so to speak, a very large cigar.

If these are the sort of lovers' vows at which Jove laughs, he must have a merry time of it.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"If any one should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I feel it could no otherwise be expressed than by making answer, 'Because it was he; because it was I.' There is, beyond what I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and inevitable power that brought on this union."—MONTAIGNE: *On Friendship.*

THE time had come to prepare Mordecai for the revelation of the restored sister and for the change of abode which was desirable before Mirah's meeting with her brother. Mrs. Meyrick, to whom Deronda had confided every thing except Mordecai's peculiar relation to himself, had been active in helping him to find a suitable lodging in Brompton, not many minutes' walk from her own house, so that the brother and sister would be within reach of her motherly care. Her happy mixture of Scottish caution with her Scottish fervor and Gallic liveliness had enabled her to keep the secret close from the girls as well as from

Hans, any betrayal to them being likely to reach Mirah in some way that would raise an agitating suspicion, and spoil the important opening of that work which was to secure her independence —as we rather arbitrarily call one of the more arduous and dignified forms of our dependence. And both Mrs. Meyrick and Deronda had more reasons than they could have expressed for desiring that Mirah should be able to maintain herself. Perhaps "the little mother" was rather helped in her secrecy by some dubiousness in her sentiment about the remarkable brother described to her; and certainly, if she felt any joy and anticipatory admiration, it was due to her faith in Deronda's judgment. The consumption was a sorrowful fact that appealed to her tenderness; but how was she to be very glad of an enthusiasm which, to tell the truth, she could only contemplate as Jewish pertinacity, and as rather an undesirable introduction among them all of a man whose conversation would not be more modern and encouraging than that of Scott's Covenanters? Her mind was any thing but prosaic, and she had her soberer share of Mab's delight in the romance of Mirah's story and of her abode with them; but the romantic or unusual in real life requires some adaptation. We sit up at night to read about Çakya-Mouni, Saint Francis, or Oliver Cromwell; but whether we should be glad for any one at all like them to call on us the next morning, still more, to reveal himself as a new relation, is quite another affair. Besides, Mrs. Meyrick had hoped, as her children did, that the intensity of Mirah's feeling about Judaism would slowly subside, and be merged in the gradually deepening current of loving interchange with her new friends. In fact, her secret favorite continuation of the romance had been no discovery of Jewish relations, but something much more favorable to the hopes she discerned in Hans. And now—here was a brother who would dip Mirah's mind over again in the deepest dye of Jewish sentiment. She could not help saying to Deronda:

"I am as glad as you are that the pawnbroker is not her brother: there are Ezras and Ezras in the world; and really it is a comfort to think that all Jews are not like those shop-keepers who *will not* let you get out of their shops; and besides, what he said to you about his mother and sister makes me bless him. I am sure he's good. But I never did like any thing fanatical. I suppose I heard a little too much preaching in my youth, and lost my palate for it."

"I don't think you will find that Mordecai obtrudes any preaching," said Deronda. "He is not what I should call fanatical. I call a man fanatical when his enthusiasm is narrow and hoodwinked, so that he has no sense of proportions, and becomes unjust and unsympathetic to men who are out of his own track. Mordecai is an enthusiast: I should like to keep that word for the highest order of minds—those who care supremely for grand and general benefits to mankind. He is not a strictly orthodox Jew, and is full of allowances for others: his conformity in many things is an allowance for the condition of other Jews. The people he lives with are as fond of him as possible, and they can't in the least understand his ideas."

"Oh, well, I can live up to the level of the pawnbroker's mother, and like him for what I see to be good in him; and for what I don't see the merits of, I will take your word. According to your definition, I suppose one might be fanatical in worshiping common-sense; for my husband used to say the world would be a poor place if there were nothing but common-sense in it. However, Mirah's brother will have good bedding —that I have taken care of; and I shall have this extra window pasted up with paper to prevent draughts." (The conversation was taking place in the destined lodging.) "It is a comfort to think that the people of the house are no strangers to me—no hypocritical harpies. And when the children know, we shall be able to make the rooms much prettier."

"The next stage of the affair is to tell all to Mordecai, and get him to move—which may be a more difficult business," said Deronda.

"And will you tell Mirah before I say any thing to the children?" said Mrs. Meyrick. But Deronda hesitated, and she went on in a tone of persuasive deliberation: "No, I think not. Let me tell Hans and the girls the evening before, and they will be away the next morning."

"Yes, that will be best. But do justice to my account of Mordecai—or Ezra, as I suppose Mirah will wish to call him: don't assist their imagination by referring to Habakkuk Mucklewrath," said Deronda, smiling—Mrs. Meyrick herself having used the comparison of the Covenanters.

"Trust me, trust me," said the little mother. "I shall have to persuade them so hard to be glad, that I shall convert myself. When I am frightened, I find it a good thing to have somebody to be angry with for not being brave: it warms the blood."

Deronda might have been more argumentative or persuasive about the view to be taken of Mirah's brother, if he had been less anxiously preoccupied with the more important task immediately before him, which he desired to acquit himself of without wounding the Cohens. Mordecai, by a memorable answer, had made it evident that he would be keenly alive to any inadvertence in relation to their feelings. In the interval, he had been meeting Mordecai at the *Hand and Banner*, but now after due reflection he wrote to him saying that he had particular reasons for wishing to see him in his own home the next evening, and would beg to sit with him in his work-room for an hour, if the Cohens would not regard it as an intrusion. He would call with the understanding that if there were any objection, Mordecai would accompany him elsewhere. Deronda hoped in this way to create a little expectation that would have a preparatory effect.

He was received with the usual friendliness, some additional costume in the women and children, and in all the elders a slight air of wondering which even in Cohen was not allowed to pass the bounds of silence—the guest's transactions with Mordecai being a sort of mystery which he was rather proud to think lay outside the sphere of light which inclosed his own understanding. But when Deronda said, "I suppose Mordecai is at home and expecting me," Jacob, who had profited by the family remarks, went up to his knee and said, "What do you want to talk to Mordecai about?"

"Something that is very interesting to him," said Deronda, pinching the lad's ear, "but that you can't understand."

"Can you say this?" said Jacob, immediately

giving forth a string of his rote-learned Hebrew verses with a wonderful mixture of the throaty and the nasal, and nodding his small head at his hearer, with a sense of giving formidable evidence which might rather alter their mutual position.

"No, really," said Deronda, keeping grave; "I can't say any thing like it."

"I thought not," said Jacob, performing a dance of triumph with his small scarlet legs, while he took various objects out of the deep pockets of his knickerbockers and returned them thither, as a slight hint of his resources; after which, running to the door of the work-room, he opened it wide, set his back against it, and said, "Mordecai, here's the young swell"—a copying of his father's phrase which seemed to him well fitted to cap the recitation of Hebrew.

He was called back with hushes by mother and grandmother, and Deronda, entering and closing the door behind him, saw that a bit of carpet had been laid down, a chair placed, and the fire and lights attended to, in sign of the Cohens' respect. As Mordecai rose to greet him, Deronda was struck with the air of solemn expectation in his face, such as would have seemed perfectly natural if his letter had declared that some revelation was to be made about the lost sister. Neither of them spoke till Deronda, with his usual tenderness of manner, had drawn the vacant chair from the opposite side of the hearth and had seated himself near to Mordecai, who then said, in a tone of fervid certainty,

"You are come to tell me something that my soul longs for."

"It is true that I have something very weighty to tell you—something, I trust, that you will rejoice in," said Deronda, on his guard against the probability that Mordecai had been preparing himself for something quite different from the fact.

"It is all revealed—it is made clear to you," said Mordecai, more eagerly, leaning forward with clasped hands. "You are even as my brother that sucked the breasts of my mother—the heritage is yours—there is no doubt to divide us."

"I have learned nothing new about myself," said Deronda. The disappointment was inevitable: it was better not to let the feeling be strained longer in a mistaken hope.

Mordecai sank back in his chair, unable for the moment to care what was really coming. The whole day his mind had been in a state of tension toward one fulfillment. The reaction was sickening, and he closed his eyes.

"Except," Deronda went on, gently, after a pause—"except that I had really some time ago come into another sort of hidden connection with you, besides what you have spoken of as existing in your own feeling."

The eyes were not opened, but there was a fluttering in the lids.

"I had made the acquaintance of one in whom you are interested."

Mordecai opened his eyes and fixed them in a quiet gaze on Deronda: the former painful check repressed all activity of conjecture.

"One who is closely related to your departed mother," Deronda went on, wishing to make the disclosure gradual; but noticing a shrinking movement in Mordecai, he added—"whom she and you held dear above all others."

Mordecai, with a sudden start, laid a spasmodic grasp on Deronda's wrist: there was a great terror in him. And Deronda divined it. A tremor was perceptible in his clear tones as he said,

"What was prayed for has come to pass: Mirah has been delivered from evil."

Mordecai's grasp relaxed a little, but he was panting with a sort of tearless sob.

Deronda went on: "Your sister is worthy of the mother you honored."

He waited there, and Mordecai, throwing himself backward in his chair, again closed his eyes, uttering himself almost inaudibly for some minutes in Hebrew, and then subsiding into a happy-looking silence. Deronda, watching the expression in his uplifted face, could have imagined that he was speaking with some beloved object: there was a new suffused sweetness, something like that on the faces of the beautiful dead. For the first time Deronda thought he discerned a family resemblance to Mirah.

Presently, when Mordecai was ready to listen, the rest was told. But in accounting for Mirah's flight he made the statements about the father's conduct as vague as he could, and threw the emphasis on her yearning to come to England as the place where she might find her mother. Also he kept back the fact of Mirah's intention to drown herself, and his own part in rescuing her; merely describing the home she had found with friends of his, whose interest in her and efforts for her he had shared. What he dwelt on finally was Mirah's feeling about her mother and brother; and in relation to this he tried to give every detail.

"It was in search of them," said Deronda, smiling, "that I turned into this house: the name Ezra Cohen was just then the most interesting name in the world to me. I confess I had a fear for a long while. Perhaps you will forgive me now for having asked you that question about the elder Mrs. Cohen's daughter. I cared very much what I should find Mirah's friends to be. But I had found a brother worthy of her when I knew that her Ezra was disguised under the name of Mordecai."

"Mordecai is really my name—Ezra Mordecai Cohen."

"Is there any kinship between this family and yours?" said Deronda.

"Only the kinship of Israel. My soul clings to these people, who have sheltered me and given me succor out of the affection that abides in Jewish hearts, as a sweet odor in things long crushed and hidden from the outer air. It is good for me to bear with their ignorance and be bound to them in gratitude, that I may keep in mind the spiritual poverty of the Jewish million, and not put impatient knowledge in the stead of loving wisdom."

"But you don't feel bound to continue with them now there is a closer tie to draw you?" said Deronda, not without fear that he might find an obstacle to overcome. "It seems to me right now—is it not?—that you should live with your sister; and I have prepared a home to take you to in the neighborhood of her friends, that she may join you there. Pray grant me this wish. It will enable me to be with you often in the hours when Mirah is obliged to leave you. That is my selfish reason. But the chief reason is, that Mirah will desire to watch over you, and that you ought to give to her the guardianship of a broth-

er's presence. You shall have books about you. I shall want to learn of you, and to take you out to see the river and trees. And you will have the rest and comfort that you will be more and more in need of—nay, that I need for you. This is the claim I make on you, now that we have found each other."

Deronda, grasping his own coat collar rather nervously, spoke in a tone of earnest affectionate pleading, such as he might have used to a venerated elder brother. Mordecai's eyes were fixed on him with a listening contemplation, and he was silent for a little while after Deronda had ceased to speak. Then he said, with an almost reproachful emphasis,

"And you would have me hold it doubtful whether you were born a Jew! Have we not from the first touched each other with invisible fibres—have we not quivered together like the leaves from a common stem with stirrings from a common root? I know what I am outwardly—I am one among the crowd of poor—I am stricken, I am dying. But our souls know each other. They gazed in silence as those who have long been parted and meet again, but when they found voice they were assured, and all their speech is understanding. The life of Israel is in your veins."

Deronda sat perfectly still, but felt his face tingling. It was impossible either to deny or assent. He waited, hoping that Mordecai would presently give him a more direct answer. And after a pause of meditation he did say, firmly,

"What you wish of me I will do. And our mother—may the blessing of the Eternal be with her in our souls!—would have wished it too. I will accept what your loving-kindness has prepared, and Mirah's home shall be mine." He paused a moment, and then added, in a more melancholy tone, "But I shall grieve to part from these parents and the little ones. You must tell them, for my heart would fail me."

"I felt that you would want me to tell them. Shall we go now at once?" said Deronda, much relieved by this unwavering compliance.

"Yes; let us not defer it. It must be done," said Mordecai, rising with the air of a man who has to perform a painful duty. Then came, as an after-thought, "But do not dwell on my sister more than is needful."

When they entered the parlor he said to the alert Jacob, "Ask your father to come, and tell Sarah to mind the shop. My friend has something to say," he continued, turning to the elder Mrs. Cohen. It seemed part of Mordecai's eccentricity that he should call this gentleman his friend, and the two women tried to show their better manners by warm politeness in begging Deronda to seat himself in the best place.

When Cohen entered, with a pen behind his ear, he rubbed his hands and said, with loud satisfaction, "Well, Sir! I'm glad you're doing us the honor to join our family party again. We are pretty comfortable, I think."

He looked round with shiny gladness. And when all were seated on the hearth the scene was worth peeping in upon: on one side Baby under her scarlet quilt in the corner being rocked by the young mother, and Adelaide Rebekah seated on the grandmother's knee; on the other, Jacob between his father's legs; while the two markedly different figures of Deronda and Mordecai were in the middle—Mordecai a little backward in the shade, anxious to conceal his agitated susceptibility to what was going on around him. The chief light came from the fire, which brought out the rich color on a depth of shadow, and seemed to turn into speech the dark gems of eyes that looked at each other kindly.

"I have just been telling Mordecai of an event that makes a great change in his life," Deronda began, "but I hope you will agree with me that it is a joyful one. Since he thinks of you as his best friends, he wishes me to tell you for him at once."

"Relations with money, Sir?" burst in Cohen, feeling a power of divination which it was a pity to nullify by waiting for the fact.

"No; not exactly," said Deronda, smiling. "But a very precious relation wishes to be reunited to him—a very good and lovely young sister, who will care for his comfort in every way."

"Married, Sir?"

"No, not married."

"But with a maintenance?"

"With talents which will secure her a maintenance. A home is already provided for Mordecai."

There was silence for a moment or two before the grandmother said, in a wailing tone,

"Well, well! and so you're going away from us, Mordecai."

"And where there's no children as there is here," said the mother, catching the wail.

"No Jacob, and no Adelaide, and no Eugenie!" wailed the grandmother again.

"Ay, ay, Jacob's learning 'ill all wear out of him. He must go to school. It 'll be hard times for Jacob," said Cohen, in a tone of decision.

In the wide-open ears of Jacob his father's words sounded like a doom, giving an awful finish to the dirge-like effect of the whole announcement. His face had been gathering a wondering incredulous sorrow at the notion of Mordecai's going away: he was unable to imagine the change as any thing lasting; but at the mention of "hard times for Jacob" there was no further suspense of feeling, and he broke forth in loud lamentation. Adelaide Rebekah always cried when her brother cried, and now began to howl with astonishing suddenness, whereupon baby, awaking, contributed angry screams, and required to be taken out of the cradle. A great deal of hushing was necessary, and Mordecai, feeling the cries pierce him, put out his arms to Jacob, who in the midst of his tears and sobs was turning his head right and left for general observation. His father, who had been saying, "Never mind, old man; you shall go to the riders," now released him, and he went to Mordecai, who clasped him and laid his cheek on the little black head without speaking. But Cohen, sensible that the master of the family must make some apology for all this weakness, and that the occasion called for a speech, addressed Deronda with some elevation of pitch, squaring his elbows and resting a hand on each knee:

"It's not as we're the people to grudge any body's good luck, Sir, or the portion of their cup being made fuller, as I may say. I'm not an envious man, and if any body offered to set up Mordecai in a shop of my sort two doors lower down, *I* shouldn't make wry faces about it. I'm not one of them that had need have a poor opinion of themselves, and be frightened at any body else getting a chance. If I'm offal, let a wise

man come and tell me, for I've never heard it yet. And in point of business, I'm not a class of goods to be in danger. If any body takes to rolling me, I can pack myself up like a caterpillar, and find my feet when I'm let alone. And though, as I may say, you're taking some of our good works from us, which is a property bearing interest, I'm not saying but we can afford that, though my mother and my wife had the goodwill to wish and do for Mordecai to the last; and a Jew must not be like a servant who works for reward—though I see nothing against a reward if I can get it. And as to the extra outlay in schooling, I'm neither poor nor greedy—I wouldn't hang myself for sixpence, nor half a crown neither. But the truth of it is, the women and children are fond of Mordecai. You may partly see how it is, Sir, by your own sense. A man is bound to thank God, as we do every Sabbath, that he was not made a woman; but a woman has to thank God that He has made her according to His will. And we all know what He has made her—a child-bearing, tender-hearted thing is the woman of our people. Her children are mostly stout, as I think you'll say Addy's are, and she's not mushy, but her heart is tender. So you must excuse present company, Sir, for not being glad all at once. And as to this young lady—for by what you say 'young lady' is the proper term"—Cohen here threw some additional emphasis into his look and tone—"we shall all be glad for Mordecai's sake by-and-by, when we cast up our accounts and see where we are."

Before Deronda could summon any answer to this oddly mixed speech, Mordecai exclaimed:

"Friends, friends! For food and raiment and shelter, I would not have sought better than you have given me. You have sweetened the morsel with love; and what I thought of as a joy that would be left to me even in the last months of my waning strength was to go on teaching the lad. But now I am as one who had clad himself beforehand in his shroud, and used himself to making the grave his bed, and the divine command came, 'Arise, and go forth; the night is not yet come.' For no light matter would I have turned away from your kindness to take another's. But it has been taught us, as you know, that *the reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another*—so said Ben Azai. You have made your duty to one of the poor among your brethren a joy to you and me; and your reward shall be that you will not rest without the joy of like deeds in the time to come. And may not Jacob come and visit me?"

Mordecai had turned with this question to Deronda, who said,

"Surely that can be managed. It is no further than Brompton."

Jacob, who had been gradually calmed by the need to hear what was going forward, began now to see some daylight on the future, the word "visit" having the lively charm of cakes and general relaxation at his grandfather's, the dealer in knives. He danced away from Mordecai, and took up a station of survey in the middle of the hearth, with his hands in his knickerbockers.

"Well," said the grandmother, with a sigh of resignation, "I hope there'll be nothing in the way of your getting *kosher* meat, Mordecai. For you'll have to trust to those you live with."

"That's all right, that's all right, you may be sure, mother," said Cohen, as if anxious to cut off inquiry on matters in which he was uncertain of the guest's position. "So, Sir," he added, turning with a look of amused enlightenment to Deronda, "it was better than learning you had to talk to Mordecai about! I wondered to myself at the time. I thought somehow there was a something."

"Mordecai will perhaps explain to you how it was that I was seeking him," said Deronda, feeling that he had better go, and rising as he spoke.

It was agreed that he should come again and the final move be made on the next day but one; but when he was going, Mordecai begged to walk with him to the end of the street, and wrapped himself in coat and comforter. It was a March evening, and Deronda did not mean to let him go far, but he understood the wish to be outside the house with him in communicative silence, after the exciting speech that had been filling the last hour. No word was spoken until Deronda had proposed parting, when he said,

"Mirah would wish to thank the Cohens for their goodness. You would wish her to do so—to come and see them, would you not?"

Mordecai did not answer immediately, but at length said,

"I can not tell. I fear not. There is a family sorrow, and the sight of my sister might be to them as the fresh bleeding of wounds. There is a daughter and sister who will never be restored as Mirah is. But who knows the pathways? We are all of us denying or fulfilling prayers—and men in their careless deeds walk amidst invisible outstretched arms and pleadings made in vain. In my ears I have the prayers of generations past and to come. My life is as nothing to me but the beginning of fulfillment. And yet I am only another prayer—which you will fulfill."

Deronda pressed his hand, and they parted.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love."
—WORDSWORTH.

ONE might be tempted to envy Deronda providing new clothes for Mordecai, and pleasing himself as if he were sketching a picture in imagining the effect of the fine gray flannel shirts and a dressing-gown very much like a Franciscan's brown frock, with Mordecai's head and neck above them. Half his pleasure was the sense of seeing Mirah's brother through her eyes, and securing her fervid joy from any perturbing impression. And yet, after he had made all things ready, he was visited with a doubt whether he were not mistaking her, and putting the lower effect for the higher: was she not just as capable as he himself had been of feeling the impressive distinction in her brother all the more for that aspect of poverty which was among the memorials of his past? But there were the Meyricks to be propitiated toward this too Judaic brother; and Deronda detected himself piqued into getting out of sight every thing that might feed the ready repugnance in minds unblessed with that "precious seeing," that bathing of all objects in a solemnity as of sunset glow, which is begotten of a loving reverential emotion.

And his inclination would have been the more confirmed if he had heard the dialogue round

Mrs. Meyrick's fire late in the evening, after Mirah had gone to her room. Hans, settled now in his Chelsea rooms, had staid late, and Mrs. Meyrick, poking the fire into a blaze, said,

"Now, Kate, put out your candle, and all come round the fire cozily. Hans dear, do leave off laughing at those poems for the ninety-ninth time, and come too. I have something wonderful to tell you."

"As if I didn't know that, ma. I have seen it in the corner of your eye ever so long, and in your pretenses of errands," said Kate, while the girls came to put their feet on the fender, and Hans, pushing his chair near them, sat astride it, resting his fists and chin on the back.

"Well, then, if you are so wise, perhaps you know that Mirah's brother is found!" said Mrs. Meyrick, in her clearest accents.

"Oh, confound it!" said Hans, in the same moment.

"Hans, that is wicked," said Mab. "Suppose we had lost you?"

"*I can not* help being rather sorry," said Kate. "And her mother?—where is she?"

"Her mother is dead."

"I hope the brother is not a bad man," said Amy.

"Nor a fellow all smiles and jewelry—a Crystal Palace Assyrian with a hat on," said Hans, in the worst humor.

"Were there ever such unfeeling children?" said Mrs. Meyrick, a little strengthened by the need for opposition. "You don't think the least bit of Mirah's joy in the matter."

"You know, ma, Mirah hardly remembers her brother," said Kate.

"People who are lost for twelve years should never come back again," said Hans. "They are always in the way."

"Hans!" said Mrs. Meyrick, reproachfully. "If you had lost me for *twenty* years, I should have thought—"

"I said twelve years," Hans broke in. "Any where about twelve years is the time at which lost relations should keep out of the way."

"Well, but it's nice finding people—there is something to tell," said Mab, clasping her knees. "Did Prince Camaralzaman find him?"

Then Mrs. Meyrick, in her neat narrative way, told all she knew without interruption. "Mr. Deronda has the highest admiration for him," she ended—"seems quite to look up to him. And he says Mirah is just the sister to understand this brother."

"Deronda is getting perfectly preposterous about those Jews," said Hans, with disgust, rising and setting his chair away with a bang. "He wants to do every thing he can to encourage Mirah in her prejudices."

"Oh, for shame, Hans!—to speak in that way of Mr. Deronda," said Mab. And Mrs. Meyrick's face showed something like an under-current of expression, not allowed to get to the surface.

"And now we shall never be all together," Hans went on, walking about with his hands thrust into the pockets of his brown velveteen coat, "but we must have this prophet Elijah to tea with us, and Mirah will think of nothing but sitting on the ruins of Jerusalem. She will be spoiled as an artist—mind that—she will get as narrow as a nun. Every thing will be spoiled—our home and every thing. I shall take to drinking."

"Oh, really, Hans," said Kate, impatiently, "I do think men are the most contemptible animals in all creation. Every one of them must have every thing to his mind, else he is unbearable."

"Oh, oh, oh, it's very dreadful!" cried Mab. "I feel as if ancient Nineveh were come again."

"I should like to know what is the good of having gone to the university and knowing every thing, if you are so childish, Hans," said Amy. "You ought to put up with a man that Providence sends you to be kind to. *We* shall have to put up with him."

"I hope you will all of you like the new Lamentations of Jeremiah—'to be continued in our next'—that's all," said Hans, seizing his wide-awake. "It's no use being one thing more than another if one has to endure the company of those men with a fixed idea—staring blankly at you, and requiring all your remarks to be small foot-notes to their text. If you're to be under a petrifying well, you'd better be an old boot. I don't feel myself an old boot." Then abruptly, "Good-night, little mother," bending to kiss her brow in a hasty, desperate manner, and condescendingly, on his way to the door, "Good-night, girls."

"Suppose Mirah knew how you are behaving," said Kate. But her answer was a slam of the door. "I *should* like to see Mirah when Mr. Deronda tells her," she went on, to her mother. "I know she will look so beautiful."

But Deronda on second thoughts had written a letter, which Mrs. Meyrick received the next morning, begging her to make the revelation instead of waiting for him, not giving the real reason—that he shrank from going again through a narrative in which he seemed to be making himself important, and giving himself a character of general beneficence—but saying that he wished to remain with Mordecai while Mrs. Meyrick would bring Mirah on what was to be understood as a visit, so that there might be a little interval before that change of abode which he expected that Mirah herself would propose.

Deronda secretly felt some wondering anxiety how far Mordecai, after years of solitary preoccupation with ideas likely to have become the more exclusive from continual diminution of bodily strength, would allow himself to feel a tender interest in his sister over and above the rendering of pious duties. His feeling for the Cohens, and especially for little Jacob, showed a persistent activity of affection; but those objects had entered into his daily life for years; and Deronda felt it noticeable that Mordecai asked no new questions about Mirah, maintaining, indeed, an unusual silence on all subjects, and appearing simply to submit to the changes that were coming over his personal life. He donned his new clothes obediently, but said afterward to Deronda, with a faint smile, "I must keep my old garments by me for a remembrance." And when they were seated awaiting Mirah, he uttered no word, keeping his eyelids closed, but yet showing restless feeling in his face and hands. In fact, Mordecai was undergoing that peculiar nervous perturbation only known to those whose minds, long and habitually moving with strong impetus in one current, are suddenly compelled into a new or re-opened channel. Susceptible people whose strength has been long absorbed by a dominant bias dread an interview that imperiously revives the past, as they

would dread a threatening illness. Joy may be there, but joy, too, is terrible.

Deronda felt the infection of excitement, and when he heard the ring at the door, he went out, not knowing exactly why, that he might see and greet Mirah beforehand. He was startled to find that she had on the hat and cloak in which he had first seen her—the memorable cloak that had once been wetted for a winding-sheet. She had come down stairs equipped in this way, and when Mrs. Meyrick said, in a tone of question, "You like to go in that dress, dear?" she answered, "My brother is poor, and I want to look as much like him as I can, else he may feel distant from me"—imagining that she should meet him in the workman's dress. Deronda could not make any remark, but felt secretly rather ashamed of his own fastidious arrangements. They shook hands silently, for Mirah looked pale and awed.

When Deronda opened the door for her, Mordecai had risen, and had his eyes turned toward it with an eager gaze. Mirah took only two or three steps, and then stood still. They looked at each other, motionless. It was less their own presence that they felt than another's; they were meeting first in memories, compared with which touch was no union. Mirah was the first to break the silence, standing where she was.

"Ezra," she said, in exactly the same tone as when she was telling of her mother's call to him.

Mordecai with a sudden movement advanced and laid his hands on her shoulders. He was the head taller, and looked down at her tenderly while he said, "That was our mother's voice. You remember her calling me?"

"Yes, and how you answered her—'Mother!'—and I knew you loved her." Mirah threw her arms round her brother's neck, clasped her little hands behind it, and drew down his face, kissing it with child-like lavishness. Her hat fell backward on the ground and disclosed all her curls.

"Ah, the dear head, the dear head!" said Mordecai, in a low loving tone, laying his thin hand gently on the curls.

"You are very ill, Ezra," said Mirah, sadly, looking at him with more observation.

"Yes, dear child, I shall not be long with you in the body," was the quiet answer.

"Oh, I will love you and we will talk to each other," said Mirah, with a sweet outpouring of her words, as spontaneous as bird-notes. "I will tell you every thing, and you will teach me—you will teach me to be a good Jewess—what she would have liked me to be. I shall always be with you when I am not working. For I work now. I shall get money to keep us. Oh, I have had such good friends!"

Mirah until now had quite forgotten that any one was by, but here she turned with the prettiest attitude, keeping one hand on her brother's arm while she looked at Mrs. Meyrick and Deronda. The little mother's happy emotion in witnessing this meeting of brother and sister had already won her to Mordecai, who seemed to her really to have more dignity and refinement than she had felt obliged to believe in from Deronda's account.

"See this dear lady!" said Mirah. "I was a stranger, a poor wanderer, and she believed in me, and has treated me as a daughter. Please give my brother your hand," she added, beseechingly, taking Mrs. Meyrick's hand and putting it in Mordecai's, then pressing them both with her own and lifting them to her lips.

"The Eternal Goodness has been with you," said Mordecai. "You have helped to fulfill our mother's prayer."

"I think we will go now, shall we?—and return later," said Deronda, laying a gentle pressure on Mrs. Meyrick's arm, and she immediately complied. He was afraid of any reference to the facts about himself which he had kept back from Mordecai, and he felt no uneasiness now in the thought of the brother and sister being alone together.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

'Tis a hard and ill-paid task to order all things beforehand by the rule of our own security, as is well hinted by Macchiavelli concerning Cæsar Borgia, who, saith he, had thought of all that might occur on his father's death, and had provided against every evil chance save only one: it had never come into his mind that when his father died, his own death would quickly follow.

GRANDCOURT'S importance as a subject of this realm was of the grandly passive kind which consists in the inheritance of land. Political and social movements touched him only through the wire of his rental, and his most careful biographer need not have read up on Schleswig-Holstein, the policy of Bismarck, trade-unions, household suffrage, or even the last commercial panic. He glanced over the best newspaper columns on these topics, and his views on them can hardly be said to have wanted breadth, since he embraced all Germans, all commercial men, and all voters liable to use the wrong kind of soap, under the general epithet of "brutes;" but he took no action on these much-agitated questions beyond looking from under his eyelids at any man who mentioned them, and retaining a silence which served to shake the opinions of timid thinkers.

But Grandcourt within his own sphere of interest showed some of the qualities which have entered into triumphal diplomacy of the widest continental sort.

No movement of Gwendolen in relation to Deronda escaped him. He would have denied that he was jealous, because jealousy would have implied some doubt of his own power to hinder what he had determined against. That his wife should have more inclination to another man's society than to his own would not pain him: what he required was that she should be as fully aware as she would have been of a locked hand-cuff, that her inclination was helpless to decide any thing in contradiction with his resolve. However much of vacillating whim there might have been in his entrance on matrimony, there was no vacillating in his interpretation of the bond. He had not repented of his marriage; it had really brought more of aim into his life, new objects to exert his will upon; and he had not repented of his choice. His taste was fastidious, and Gwendolen satisfied it: he would not have liked a wife who had not received some elevation of rank from him; nor one who did not command admiration by her mien and beauty; nor one whose nails were not of the right shape; nor one the lobe of whose ear was at all too large and red; nor one who, even if her nails and ears were right, was at the same time a

ninny, unable to make spirited answers. These requirements may not seem too exacting to refined contemporaries whose own ability to fall in love has been held in suspense for lack of indispensable details; but fewer perhaps may follow him in his contentment that his wife should be in a temper which would dispose her to fly out if she dared, and that she should have been urged into marrying him by other feelings than passionate attachment. Still, for those who prefer command to love, one does not see why the habit of mind should change precisely at the point of matrimony.

Grandcourt did not feel that he had chosen the wrong wife; and having taken on himself the part of husband, he was not going in any way to be fooled, or allow himself to be seen in a light that could be regarded as pitiable. This was his state of mind—not jealousy; still, his behavior in some respects was as like jealousy as yellow is to yellow, which color we know may be the effect of very different causes.

He had come up to town earlier than usual because he wished to be on the spot for legal consultation as to the arrangements of his will, the transference of mortgages, and that transaction with his uncle about the succession to Diplow, which the bait of ready money, adroitly dangled without importunity, had finally won him to agree upon. But another acceptable accompaniment of his being in town was the presentation of himself with the beautiful bride whom he had chosen to marry in spite of what other people might have expected of him. It is true that Grandcourt went about with the sense that he did not care a languid curse for any one's admiration; but this state of not caring, just as much as desire, required its related object—namely, a world of admiring or envying spectators: for if you are fond of looking stonily at smiling persons, the persons must be there and they must smile—a rudimentary truth which is surely forgotten by those who complain of mankind as generally contemptible, since any other aspect of the race must disappoint the voracity of their contempt. Grandcourt, in town for the first time with his wife, had his non-caring abstinence from curses enlarged and diversified by splendid receptions, by conspicuous rides and drives, by presentations of himself with her on all distinguished occasions. He wished her to be sought after; he liked that "fellows" should be eager to talk with her and escort her within his observation; there was even a kind of lofty coquetry on her part that he would not have objected to. But what he did not like were her ways in relation to Deronda.

After the musical party at Lady Mallinger's, when Grandcourt had observed the dialogue on the settee as keenly as Hans had done, it was characteristic of him that he named Deronda for invitation along with the Mallingers, tenaciously avoiding the possible suggestion to any body concerned that Deronda's presence or absence could be of the least importance to him; and he made no direct observation to Gwendolen on her behavior that evening, lest the expression of his disgust should be a little too strong to satisfy his own pride. But a few days afterward he remarked, without being careful of the *à propos*,

"Nothing makes a woman more of a gawky than looking out after people and showing tempers in public. A woman ought to have fine manners. Else it's intolerable to appear with her."

Gwendolen made the expected application, and was not without alarm at the notion of being a gawky. For she, too, with her melancholy distaste for things, preferred that her distaste should include admirers. But the sense of overhanging rebuke only intensified the strain of expectation toward any meeting with Deronda. The novelty and excitement of her town life was like the hurry and constant change of foreign travel: whatever might be the inward despondency, there was a programme to be fulfilled, not without gratification to many-sided self. But, as always happens with a deep interest, the comparatively rare occasions on which she could exchange any words with Deronda had a diffusive effect in her consciousness, magnifying their communication with each other, and therefore enlarging the place she imagined it to have in his mind. How could Deronda help this? He certainly did not avoid her; rather he wished to convince her by every delicate indirect means that her confidence in him had not been indiscreet, since it had not lowered his respect. Moreover, he liked being near her—how could it be otherwise? She was something more than a problem: she was a lovely woman, for the turn of whose mind and fate he had a care which, however futile it might be, kept soliciting him as a responsibility, perhaps all the more that, when he dared to think of his own future, he saw it lying far away from this splendid sad-hearted creature, who, because he had once been impelled to arrest her attention momentarily, as he might have seized her arm with warning to hinder her from stepping where there was danger, had turned to him with a beseeching persistent need.

One instance in which Grandcourt stimulated a feeling in Gwendolen that he would have liked to suppress without seeming to care about it, had relation to Mirah. Gwendolen's inclination lingered over the project of the singing lessons as a sort of obedience to Deronda's advice, but day followed day with that want of perceived leisure which belongs to lives where there is no work to mark off intervals; and the continual liability to Grandcourt's presence and surveillance seemed to flatten every effort to the level of the boredom which his manner expressed: his negative mind was as diffusive as fog, clinging to all objects, and spoiling all contact.

But one morning when they were breakfasting, Gwendolen, in a recurrent fit of determination to exercise her old spirit, said, dallying prettily over her prawns without eating them,

"I think of making myself accomplished while we are in town, and having singing lessons."

"Why?" said Grandcourt, languidly.

"Why?" echoed Gwendolen, playing at sauciness; "because I can't eat *pâté de foie gras* to make me sleepy, and I can't smoke, and I can't go to the club to make me like to come away again—I want a variety of *ennui*. What would be the most convenient time, when you are busy with your lawyers and people, for me to have lessons from that little Jewess, whose singing is getting all the rage?"

"Whenever you like," said Grandcourt, pushing away his plate, and leaning back in his chair while he looked at her with his most lizard-like expression, and played with the ears of the tiny

spaniel on his lap (Gwendolen had taken a dislike to the dogs because they fawned on him).

Then he said, languidly, "I don't see why a lady should sing. Amateurs make fools of themselves. A lady can't risk herself in that way in company. And one doesn't want to hear squalling in private."

"I like frankness: that seems to me a husband's great charm," said Gwendolen, with her little upward movement of her chin, as she turned her eyes away from his, and lifting a prawn before her, looked at the boiled ingenuousness of its eyes as preferable to the lizard's. "But," she added, having devoured her mortification, "I suppose you don't object to Miss Lapidoth's singing at our party on the 4th? I thought of engaging her. Lady Brackenshaw had her, you know; and the Raymonds, who are very particular about their music. And Mr. Deronda, who is a musician himself, and a first-rate judge, says that there is no singing in such good taste as hers for a drawing-room. I think his opinion is an authority."

She meant to sling a small stone at her husband in that way.

"It's very indecent of Deronda to go about praising that girl," said Grandcourt, in a tone of indifference.

"Indecent!" exclaimed Gwendolen, reddening and looking at him again, overcome by startled wonder, and unable to reflect on the probable falsity of the phrase, "to go about praising."

"Yes; and especially when she is patronized by Lady Mallinger. He ought to hold his tongue about her. Men can see what is his relation to her."

"Men who judge of others by themselves," said Gwendolen, turning white after her redness, and immediately smitten with a dread of her own words.

"Of course. And a woman should take their judgment—else she is likely to run her head into the wrong place," said Grandcourt, conscious of using pincers on that white creature. "I suppose you take Deronda for a saint."

"Oh dear no!" said Gwendolen, summoning desperately her almost miraculous power of self-control, and speaking in a high hard tone. "Only a little less of a monster."

She rose, pushed her chair away without hurry, and walked out of the room with something like the care of a man who is afraid of showing that he has taken more wine than usual. She turned the keys inside her dressing-room doors, and sat down, for some time looking as pale and quiet as when she was leaving the breakfast-room. Even in the moments after reading the poisonous letter she had hardly had more cruel sensations than now; for emotion was at the acute point where it is not distinguishable from sensation. Deronda unlike what she had believed him to be was an image which affected her as a hideous apparition would have done, quite apart from the way in which it was produced. It had taken hold of her as pain before she could consider whether it were fiction or truth; and further to hinder her power of resistance came the sudden perception how very slight were the grounds of her faith in Deronda—how little she knew of his life—how childish she had been in her confidence. His rebukes and his severity to her began to seem odious, along with all the poetry and lofty doctrine in the world, whatever it might be; and the grave beauty of his face seemed the most unpleasant mask that the common habits of men could put on.

All this went on in her with the rapidity of a sick dream; and her start into resistance was very much like a waking. Suddenly from out the gray sombre morning there came a stream of sunshine, wrapping her in warmth and light where she sat in stony stillness. She moved gently and looked round her—there was a world outside this bad dream, and the dream proved nothing; she rose, stretching her arms upward and clasping her hands with her habitual attitude when she was seeking relief from oppressive feeling, and walked about the room in this flood of sunbeams.

"It is not true! What does it matter whether *he* believes it or not?" This was what she repeated to herself—but this was not her faith come back again; it was only the desperate cry of faith, finding suffocation intolerable. And how could she go on through the day in this state? With one of her impetuous alternations, her imagination flew to wild actions, by which she would convince herself of what she wished: she would go to Lady Mallinger and question her about Mirah; she would write to Deronda and upbraid him with making the world all false and wicked and hopeless to her—to him she dared pour out all the bitter indignation of her heart. No; she would go to Mirah. This last form taken by her need was more definitely practicable, and quickly became imperious. No matter what came of it. She had the pretext of asking Mirah to sing at her party on the 4th. What was she going to say besides? How satisfy herself? She did not foresee—she could not wait to foresee. If that idea which was maddening her had been a living thing, she would have wanted to throttle it without waiting to foresee what would come of the act. She rang her bell and asked if Mr. Grandcourt were gone out: finding that he was, she ordered the carriage, and began to dress for the drive; then she went down, and walked about the large drawing-room like an imprisoned dumb creature, not recognizing herself in the glass panels, not noting any object around her in the painted gilded prison. Her husband would probably find out where she had been, and punish her in some way or other—no matter—she could neither desire nor fear any thing just now but the assurance that she had not been deluding herself in her trust.

She was provided with Mirah's address. Soon she was on the way with all the fine equipage necessary to carry about her poor uneasy heart, depending in its palpitations on some answer or other to questioning which she did not know how she should put. She was as heedless of what happened before she found that Miss Lapidoth was at home as one is of lobbies and passages on the way to a court of justice—heedless of every thing till she was in a room where there were folding-doors, and she heard Deronda's voice behind them. Doubtless the identification was helped by forecast, but she was as certain of it as if she had seen him. She was frightened at her own agitation, and began to unbutton her gloves that she might button them again, and bite her lips over the pretended difficulty, while the door opened, and Mirah presented herself with perfect quietude and a sweet smile of recognition. There was relief in the sight of her face, and Gwendolen was able to smile in return, while she put out her

hand in silence; and as she seated herself, all the while hearing the voice, she felt some reflux of energy in the confused sense that the truth could not be any thing that she dreaded. Mirah drew her chair very near, as if she felt that the sound of the conversation should be subdued, and looked at her visitor with placid expectation, while Gwendolen began in a low tone, with something that seemed like bashfulness:

"Perhaps you wonder to see me—perhaps I ought to have written—but I wished to make a particular request."

"I *am glad to* see you instead of having a letter," said Mirah, wondering at the changed expression and manner of the "Vandyck duchess," as Hans had taught her to call Gwendolen. The rich color and the calmness of her own face were in strong contrast with the pale agitated beauty under the plumed hat.

"I thought," Gwendolen went on—"at least I hoped you would not object to sing at our house on the 4th—in the evening—at a party like Lady Brackenshaw's. I should be so much obliged."

"I shall be very happy to sing for you. At half past nine or ten?" said Mirah, while Gwendolen seemed to get more instead of less embarrassed.

"At half past nine, please," she answered; then paused, and felt that she had nothing more to say. She could not go. It was impossible to rise and say good-by. Deronda's voice was in her ears. She must say it—she could contrive no other sentence—

"Mr. Deronda is in the next room?"

"Yes," said Mirah, in her former tone. "He is reading Hebrew with my brother."

"You have a brother?" said Gwendolen, who had heard this from Lady Mallinger, but had not minded it then.

"Yes, a dear brother who is ill—consumptive—and Mr. Deronda is the best of friends to him, as he has been to me," said Mirah, with the impulse that will not let us pass the mention of a precious person indifferently.

"Tell me," said Gwendolen, putting her hand on Mirah's, and speaking hardly above a whisper—"tell me—tell me the truth. You are sure he is quite good? You know no evil of him? Any evil that people say of him is false?"

Could the proud-spirited woman have behaved more like a child? But the strange words penetrated Mirah with nothing but a sense of solemnity and indignation. With a sudden light in her eyes and a tremor in her voice, she said,

"Who are the people that say evil of him? I would not believe any evil of him if an angel came to tell it me. He found me when I was so miserable—I was going to drown myself—I looked so poor and forsaken—you would have thought I was a beggar by the way-side. And he treated me as if I had been a king's daughter. He took me to the best of women. He found my brother for me. And he honors my brother, though he too was poor—oh, almost as poor as he could be. And my brother honors him. That is no light thing to say"—here Mirah's tone changed to one of proud emphasis, and she shook her head backward—"for my brother is very learned and great-minded. And Mr. Deronda says there are few men equal to him." Some Jewish defiance had flamed into her indignant gratitude, and her anger could not help including Gwendolen, since she seemed to have doubted Deronda's goodness.

But Gwendolen was like one parched with thirst, drinking the fresh water that spreads through the frame as a sufficient bliss. She did not notice that Mirah was angry with her; she was not distinctly conscious of any thing but of the penetrating sense that Deronda and his life were no more like her husband's conception than the morning in the horizon was like the morning mixed with street gas: even Mirah's words seemed to melt into the indefiniteness of her relief. She could hardly have repeated them, or said how her whole state of feeling was changed. She pressed Mirah's hand, and said, "Thank you, thank you," in a hurried whisper—then rose, and added, with only a hazy consciousness, "I must go; I shall see you—on the 4th—I am so much obliged"—bowing herself out automatically; while Mirah, opening the door for her, wondered at what seemed a sudden retreat into chill loftiness.

Gwendolen, indeed, had no feeling to spare in any effusiveness toward the creature who had brought her relief. The passionate need of contradiction to Grandcourt's estimate of Deronda, a need which had blunted her sensibility to every thing else, was no sooner satisfied than she wanted to be gone: she began to be aware that she was out of place, and to dread Deronda's seeing her. And once in the carriage again, she had the vision of what awaited her at home. When she drew up before the door in Grosvenor Square, her husband was arriving with a cigar between his fingers. He threw it away and handed her out, accompanying her up stairs. She turned into the drawing-room, lest he should follow her farther and give her no place to retreat to; then sat down with a weary air, taking off her gloves, rubbing her hand over her forehead, and making his presence as much of a cipher as possible. But he sat too, and not far from her—just in front, where to avoid looking at him must have the emphasis of effort.

"May I ask where you have been at this extraordinary hour?" said Grandcourt.

"Oh yes; I have been to Miss Lapidoth's to ask her to come and sing for us," said Gwendolen, laying her gloves on the little table beside her, and looking down at them.

"And to ask her about her relations with Deronda?" said Grandcourt, with the coldest possible sneer in his low voice, which in poor Gwendolen's ear was diabolical.

For the first time since their marriage she flashed out upon him without inward check. Turning her eyes full on his, she said, in a biting tone,

"Yes; and what you said is false—a low, wicked falsehood."

"She told you so—did she?" returned Grandcourt, with a more thoroughly distilled sneer.

Gwendolen was mute. The daring anger within her was turned into the rage of dumbness. What reasons for her belief could she give? All the reasons that seemed so strong and living within her—she saw them suffocated and shriveled up under her husband's breath. There was no proof to give, but her own impression, which would seem to him her own folly. She turned her head quickly away from him, and looked angrily toward the end of the room: she would have risen, but he was in her way.

Grandcourt saw his advantage. "It's of no consequence so far as her singing goes," he said, in his superficial drawl. "You can have her to sing, if you like." Then, after a pause, he added, in his lowest imperious tone, "But you will please to observe that you are not to go near that house again. As my wife, you must take my word about what is proper for you. When you undertook to be Mrs. Grandcourt, you undertook not to make a fool of yourself. You have been making a fool of yourself this morning; and if you were to go on as you have begun, you might soon get yourself talked of at the clubs in a way you would not like. What do *you* know about the world? You have married *me*, and must be guided by my opinion."

Every slow sentence of that speech had a terrific mastery in it for Gwendolen's nature. If the low tones had come from a physician telling her that her symptoms were those of a fatal disease, and prognosticating its course, she could not have been more helpless against the argument that lay in it. But she was permitted to move now, and her husband never again made any reference to what had occurred this morning. He knew the force of his own words. If this white-handed man with the perpendicular profile had been sent to govern a difficult colony, he might have won reputation among his contemporaries. He had certainly ability, would have understood that it was safer to exterminate than to cajole superseded proprietors, and would not have flinched from making things safe in that way.

Gwendolen did not, for all this, part with her recovered faith—rather, she kept it with a more anxious tenacity, as a Protestant of old kept his Bible hidden or a Catholic his crucifix, according to the side favored by the civil arm; and it was characteristic of her that apart from the impression gained concerning Deronda in that visit, her imagination was little occupied with Mirah or the eulogized brother. The one result established for her was that Deronda had acted simply as a generous benefactor, and the phrase "reading Hebrew" had fleeted unimpressively across her sense of hearing, as a stray stork might have made its peculiar flight across her landscape without rousing any surprised reflection on its natural history.

But the issue of that visit, as it regarded her husband, took a strongly active part in the process which made a habitual conflict within her, and was the cause of some external change perhaps not observed by any one except Deronda. As the weeks went on, bringing occasional transient interviews with her, he thought that he perceived in her an intensifying of her superficial hardness and resolute display, which made her abrupt betrayals of agitation the more marked and disturbing to him.

In fact, she was undergoing a sort of discipline for the refractory which, as little as possible like conversion, bends half the self with a terrible strain, and exasperates the unwillingness of the other half. Grandcourt had an active divination rather than discernment of refractoriness in her, and what had happened about Mirah quickened his suspicion that there was an increase of it dependent on the occasions when she happened to see Deronda: there was some "confounded nonsense" between them: he did not imagine it exactly as flirtation, and his imagination in other branches was rather restricted; but it was nonsense that evidently kept up a kind of simmering in her mind—an inward action which might become disagreeably outward. Husbands in the old time are known to have suffered from a threatening devoutness in their wives, presenting itself first indistinctly as oddity, and ending in that mild form of lunatic asylum, a nunnery: Grandcourt had a vague perception of threatening moods in Gwendolen which the unity between them in his views of marriage required him peremptorily to check. Among the means he chose, one was peculiar, and was less ably calculated than the speeches we have just heard.

He determined that she should know the main purport of the will he was making, but he could not communicate this himself, because it involved the fact of his relation to Mrs. Glasher and her children; and that there should be any overt recognition of this between Gwendolen and himself was supremely repugnant to him. Like all proud, closely wrapped natures, he shrank from explicitness and detail, even on trivialities, if they were personal: a valet must maintain a strict reserve with him on the subject of shoes and stockings. And clashing was intolerable to him: his habitual want was to put collision out of the question by the quiet massive pressure of his rule. But he wished Gwendolen to know that before he made her an offer it was no secret to him that she was aware of his relations with Lydia, her previous knowledge being the apology for bringing the subject before her now. Some men in his place might have thought of writing what he wanted her to know, in the form of a letter. But Grandcourt hated writing: even writing a note was a bore to him, and he had long been accustomed to have all his writing done by Lush. We know that there are persons who will forego their own obvious interest rather than do any thing so disagreeable as to write letters; and it is not probable that these imperfect utilitarians would rush into manuscript and syntax on a difficult subject in order to save another's feelings. To Grandcourt it could not even occur that he should, would, or could write to Gwendolen the information in question; and the only medium of communication he could use was Lush, who, to his mind, was as much of an implement as pen and paper. But here too Grandcourt had his reserves, and would not have uttered a word likely to encourage Lush in an impudent sympathy with any supposed grievance in a marriage which had been discommended by him. Who that has a confidant escapes believing too little in his penetration, and too much in his discretion? Grandcourt had always allowed Lush to know his external affairs indiscriminately, irregularities, debts, want of ready money; he had only used discrimination about what he would allow his confidant to say to him; and he had been so accustomed to this human tool that the having him at call in London was a recovery of lost ease. It followed that Lush knew all the provisions of the will more exactly than they were known to the testator himself.

Grandcourt did not doubt that Gwendolen, since she was a woman who could put two and two together, knew or suspected Lush to be the contriver of her interview with Lydia, and that this was the reason why her first request was for his banishment. But the bent of a woman's

inferences on mixed subjects which excite mixed passions is not determined by her capacity for simple addition; and here Grandcourt lacked the only organ of thinking that could have saved him from mistake, namely, some experience of the mixed passions concerned. He had correctly divined one-half of Gwendolen's dread—all that related to her personal pride, and her perception that his will must conquer hers; but the remorseful half, even if he had known of her broken promise, was as much out of his imagination as the other side of the moon. What he believed her to feel about Lydia was solely a tongue-tied jealousy, and what he believed Lydia to have written with the jewels was the fact that she had once been used to wearing them, with other amenities such as he imputed to the intercourse of jealous women. He had the triumphant certainty that he could aggravate the jealousy and yet smite it with a more absolute dumbness. His object was to engage all his wife's egoism on the same side as his own, and in his employment of Lush he did not intend an insult to her: she ought to understand that he was the only possible envoy. Grandcourt's view of things was considerably fenced in by his general sense that what suited him, others must put up with. There is no escaping the fact that want of sympathy condemns us to a corresponding stupidity. Mephistopheles thrown upon real life, and obliged to manage his own plots, would inevitably make blunders.

One morning he went to Gwendolen in the boudoir beyond the back drawing-room, hat and gloves in hand, and said, with his best-tempered, most persuasive drawl, standing before her and looking down on her as she sat with a book on her lap,

"A—Gwendolen, there's some business about property to be explained. I have told Lush to come and explain it to you. He knows all about these things. I am going out. He can come up now. He's the only person who can explain. I suppose you'll not mind."

"You know that I do mind," said Gwendolen, angrily, starting up. "I shall not see him." She showed the intention to dart away to the door. Grandcourt was before her, with his back toward it. He was prepared for her anger, and showed none in return, saying, with the same sort of remonstrant tone that he might have used about an objection to dining out,

"It's no use making a fuss. There are plenty of brutes in the world that one has to talk to. People with any *savoir vivre* don't make a fuss about such things. Some business must be done. You don't expect agreeable people to do it. If I employ Lush, the proper thing for you is to take it as a matter of course. Not to make a fuss about it. Not to toss your head and bite your lips about people of that sort."

The drawling and the pauses with which this speech was uttered gave time for crowding reflections in Gwendolen, quelling her resistance. What was there to be told her about property? This word had certain dominant associations for her, first with her mother, then with Mrs. Glasher and her children. What would be the use if she refused to see Lush? Could she ask Grandcourt to tell her himself? That might be intolerable, even if he consented, which it was certain he would not, if he had made up his mind to the contrary. The humiliation of standing an obvious prisoner, with her husband barring the door, was not to be borne any longer, and she turned away to lean against a cabinet, while Grandcourt again moved toward her.

"I have arranged with Lush to come up now, while I am out," he said, after a long organ stop, during which Gwendolen made no sign. "Shall I tell him he may come?"

Yet another pause before she could say "Yes"—her face turned obliquely and her eyes cast down.

"I shall come back in time to ride, if you like to get ready," said Grandcourt. No answer. "She is in a desperate rage," thought he. But the rage was silent, and therefore not disagreeable to him. It followed that he turned her chin and kissed her, while she still kept her eyelids down, and she did not move them until he was on the other side of the door.

What was she to do? Search where she would in her consciousness, she found no plea to justify a plaint. Any romantic illusions she had had in marrying this man had turned on her power of using him as she liked. He was using her as he liked.

She sat awaiting the announcement of Lush as a sort of searing operation that she had to go through. The facts that galled her gathered a burning power when she thought of their lying in his mind. It was all a part of that new gambling in which the losing was not simply a *minus*, but a terrible *plus* that had never entered into her reckoning.

Lush was neither quite pleased nor quite displeased with his task. Grandcourt had said to him, by way of conclusion, "Don't make yourself more disagreeable than nature obliges you."

"That depends," thought Lush. But he said, "I will write a brief abstract for Mrs. Grandcourt to read." He did not suggest that he should make the whole communication in writing, which was a proof that the interview did not wholly displease him.

Some provision was being made for himself in the will, and he had no reason to be in a bad humor, even if a bad humor had been common with him. He was perfectly convinced that he had penetrated all the secrets of the situation; but he had no diabolic delight in it. He had only the small movements of gratified self-loving resentment in discerning that this marriage fulfilled his own foresight in not being as satisfactory as the supercilious young lady had expected it to be, and as Grandcourt wished to feign that it was. He had no persistent spite much stronger than what gives the seasoning of ordinary scandal to those who repeat it and exaggerate it by their conjectures. With no active compassion or good-will, he had just as little active malevolence, being chiefly occupied in liking his particular pleasures, and not disliking any thing but what hindered those pleasures—every thing else ranking with the last murder and the last *opera buffa*, under the head of things to talk about. Nevertheless, he was not indifferent to the prospect of being treated uncivilly by a beautiful woman, or to the counterbalancing fact that his present commission put into his hands an official power of humiliating her. He did not mean to use it needlessly; but there are some persons so gifted in relation to us that their "How do you do?" seems charged with offense.

By the time that Mr. Lush was announced, Gwendolen had braced herself to a bitter resolve that he should not witness the slightest betrayal of her feeling, whatever he might have to tell. She invited him to sit down, with stately quietude. After all, what was this man to her? He was not in the least like her husband. Her power of hating a coarse, familiar-mannered man, with clumsy hands, was now relaxed by the intensity with which she hated his contrast.

He held a small paper folded in his hand while he spoke.

"I need hardly say that I should not have presented myself if Mr. Grandcourt had not expressed a strong wish to that effect—as no doubt he has mentioned to you."

From some voices that speech might have sounded entirely reverential, and even timidly apologetic. Lush had no intention to the contrary, but to Gwendolen's ear his words had as much insolence in them as his prominent eyes, and the pronoun "you" was too familiar. He ought to have addressed the folding-screen, and spoken of her as Mrs. Grandcourt. She gave the smallest sign of a bow, and Lush went on, with a little awkwardness, getting entangled in what is elegantly called tautology.

"My having been in Mr. Grandcourt's confidence for fifteen years or more—since he was a youth, in fact—of course gives me a peculiar position. He can speak to me of affairs that he could not mention to any one else; and, in fact, he could not have employed any one else in this affair. I have accepted the task out of friendship for him. Which is my apology for accepting the task—if you would have preferred some one else."

He paused, but she made no sign, and Lush, to give himself a countenance in an apology which met no acceptance, opened the folded paper, and looked at it vaguely before he began to speak again.

"This paper contains some information about Mr. Grandcourt's will, an abstract of a part he wished you to know—if you'll be good enough to cast your eyes over it. But there is something I had to say by way of introduction—which I hope you'll pardon me for, if it's not quite agreeable." Lush found that he was behaving better than he had expected, and had no idea how insulting he made himself with his "not quite agreeable."

"Say what you have to say without apologizing, please," said Gwendolen, with the air she might have bestowed on a dog-stealer come to claim a reward for finding the dog he had stolen.

"I have only to remind you of something that occurred before your engagement to Mr. Grandcourt," said Lush, not without the rise of some willing insolence in exchange for her scorn. "You met a lady in Cardell Chase, if you remember, who spoke to you of her position with regard to Mr. Grandcourt. She had children with her—one a very fine boy."

Gwendolen's lips were almost as pale as her cheeks: her passion had no weapons—words were no better than chips. This man's speech was like a sharp knife-edge drawn across her skin; but even her indignation at the employment of Lush was getting merged in a crowd of other feelings, dim and alarming as a crowd of ghosts.

"Mr. Grandcourt was aware that you were acquainted with this unfortunate affair beforehand, and he thinks it only right that his position and intentions should be made quite clear to you. It is an affair of property and prospects; and if there were any objection you had to make, if you would mention it to me—it is a subject which, of course, he would rather not speak about himself—if you will be good enough just to read this." With the last words Lush rose and presented the paper to her.

When Gwendolen resolved that she would betray no feeling in the presence of this man, she had not prepared herself to hear that her husband knew the silent consciousness, the silently accepted terms, on which she had married him. She dared not raise her hand to take the paper, lest it should visibly tremble. For a moment Lush stood holding it toward her, and she felt his gaze on her as ignominy, before she could say even with low-toned haughtiness,

"Lay it on the table. And go into the next room, please."

Lush obeyed, thinking as he took an easy-chair in the back drawing-room, "My lady winces considerably. She didn't know what would be the charge for that superfine article, Henleigh Grandcourt." But it seemed to him that a penniless girl had done better than she had any right to expect, and that she had been uncommonly knowing for her years and opportunities: her words to Lydia meant nothing, and her running away had probably been part of her adroitness. It had turned out a master-stroke.

Meanwhile Gwendolen was rallying her nerves to the reading of the paper. She must read it. Her whole being—pride, longing for rebellion, dreams of freedom, remorseful conscience, dread of fresh visitation—all made one need to know what the paper contained. But at first it was not easy to take in the meaning of the words. When she had succeeded, she found that in the case of there being no son as issue of her marriage, Grandcourt had made the small Henleigh his heir; that was all she cared to extract from the paper with any distinctness. The other statements as to what provision would be made for her in the same case, she hurried over, getting only a confused perception of thousands and Gadsmere. It was enough. She could dismiss the man in the next room with the defiant energy which had revived in her at the idea that this question of property and inheritance was meant as a finish to her humiliations and her thralldom.

She thrust the paper between the leaves of her book, which she took in her hand, and walked with her stateliest air into the next room, where Lush immediately rose, awaiting her approach. When she was four yards from him, it was hardly an instant that she paused to say in a high tone, while she swept him with her eyelashes,

"Tell Mr. Grandcourt that his arrangements are just what I desired"—passing on without haste, and leaving Lush time to mingle some admiration of her graceful back with that half-amused sense of her spirit and impertinence which he expressed by raising his eyebrows and just thrusting his tongue between his teeth. He really did not want her to be worse punished, and he was glad to think that it was time to go and lunch at the club, where he meant to have a lobster salad.

What did Gwendolen look forward to? When her husband returned he found her equipped in her riding dress, ready to ride out with him. She was not again going to be hysterical, or take to her bed and say she was ill. That was the implicit resolve adjusting her muscles before she could have framed it in words as she walked out of the room, leaving Lush behind her. She was going to act in the spirit of her message, and not to give herself time to reflect. She rang the bell for her maid, and went with the usual care through her change of toilet. Doubtless her husband had meant to produce a great effect on her: by-and-by perhaps she would let him see an effect the very opposite of what he intended; but at present all that she could show was a defiant satisfaction in what had been presumed to be disagreeable. It came as an instinct rather than a thought, that to show any sign which could be interpreted as jealousy, when she had just been insultingly reminded that the conditions were what she had accepted with her eyes open, would be the worst self-humiliation. She said to herself that she had not time to-day to be clear about her future actions; all she could be clear about was that she would match her husband in ignoring any ground for excitement. She not only rode, but went out with him to dine, contributing nothing to alter their mutual manner, which was never that of rapid interchange in discourse; and curiously enough she rejected a handkerchief on which her maid had by mistake put the wrong scent—a scent that Grandcourt had once objected to. Gwendolen would not have liked to be an object of disgust to this husband whom she hated: she liked all disgust to be on her side.

But to defer thought in this way was something like trying to talk down the singing in her own ears. The thought that is bound up with our passion is as penetrative as air—every thing is porous to it; bows, smiles, conversation, repartee, are mere honey-combs where such thought rushes freely, not always with a taste of honey. And without shutting herself up in any solitude, Gwendolen seemed at the end of nine or ten hours to have gone through a labyrinth of reflection, in which already the same succession of prospects had been repeated, the same fallacious outlets rejected, the same shrinking from the necessities of every course. Already she was undergoing some hardening effect from feeling that she was under eyes which saw her past actions solely in the light of her lowest motives. She lived back in the scenes of her courtship, with the new bitter consciousness of what had been in Grandcourt's mind—certain now, with her present experience of him, that he had had a peculiar triumph in conquering her dumb repugnance, and that ever since their marriage he had had a cold exultation in knowing her fancied secret. Her imagination exaggerated every tyrannical impulse he was capable of. "I will insist on being separated from him," was her first darting determination; then, "I will leave him, whether he consents or not. If this boy becomes his heir, I have made an atonement." But neither in darkness nor in daylight could she imagine the scenes which must carry out those determinations with the courage to feel them endurable. How could she run away to her own family, carry distress among them, and render herself an object of scandal in the society she had left behind her? What future lay before her as Mrs. Grandcourt gone back to her mother, who would be made destitute again by the rupture of the marriage for which one chief excuse had been that it had brought that mother a maintenance? She had lately been seeing her uncle and Anna in London, and though she had been saved from any difficulty about inviting them to stay in Grosvenor Square by their wish to be with Rex, who would not risk a meeting with her, the transient visits she had had from them helped now in giving stronger color to the picture of what it would be for her to take refuge in her own family. What could she say to justify her flight? Her uncle would tell her to go back. Her mother would cry. Her aunt and Anna would look at her with wondering alarm. Her husband would have power to compel her. She had absolutely nothing that she could allege against him in judicious or judicial ears. And to "insist on separation!" That was an easy combination of words; but considered as an action to be executed against Grandcourt, it would be about as practicable as to give him a pliant disposition and a dread of other people's unwillingness. How was she to begin? What was she to say that would not be a condemnation of herself? "If I am to have misery anyhow," was the bitter refrain of her rebellious dreams, "I had better have the misery that I can keep to myself." Moreover, her capability of rectitude told her again and again that she had no right to complain of her contract, or to withdraw from it.

And always among the images that drove her back to submission was Deronda. The idea of herself separated from her husband gave Deronda a changed, perturbing, painful place in her consciousness: instinctively she felt that the separation would be from him too, and in the prospective vision of herself as a solitary, dubiously regarded woman she felt some tingling bashfulness at the remembrance of her behavior toward him. The association of Deronda with a dubious position for herself was intolerable. And what would he say if he knew every thing? Probably that she ought to bear what she had brought on herself, unless she were sure that she could make herself a better woman by taking any other course. And what sort of woman was she to be—solitary, sickened of life, looked at with a suspicious kind of pity?—even if she could dream of success in getting that dreary freedom. Mrs. Grandcourt "run away" would be a more pitiable creature than Gwendolen Harleth condemned to teach the bishop's daughters, and to be inspected by Mrs. Mompert.

One characteristic trait in her conduct is worth mentioning. She would not look a second time at the paper Lush had given her; and before ringing for her maid she locked it up in a traveling-desk which was at hand, proudly resolved against curiosity about what was allotted to herself in connection with Gadsmere—feeling herself branded in the minds of her husband and his confidant with the meanness that would accept marriage and wealth on any conditions, however dishonorable and humiliating.

Day after day the same pattern of thinking was repeated. There came nothing to change the situation—no new elements in the sketch—only a recurrence which engraved it. The May weeks went on into June, and still Mrs. Grandcourt was outwardly in the same place, present-

ing herself as she was expected to do in the accustomed scenes, with the accustomed grace, beauty, and costume; from church at one end of the week, through all the scale of desirable receptions, to opera at the other. Church was not markedly distinguished in her mind from the other forms of self-presentation, for marriage had included no instruction that enabled her to connect liturgy and sermon with any larger order of the world than that of unexplained and perhaps inexplicable social fashions. While a laudable zeal was laboring to carry the light of spiritual law up the alleys where law is chiefly known as the policeman, the brilliant Mrs. Grandcourt, condescending a little to a fashionable Rector and conscious of a feminine advantage over a learned Dean, was, so far as pastoral care and religious fellowship were concerned, in as complete a solitude as a man in a light-house.

Can we wonder at the practical submission which hid her constructive rebellion? The combination is common enough, as we know from the number of persons who make us aware of it in their own case by a clamorous unwearied statement of the reasons against their submitting to a situation which, on inquiry, we discover to be the least disagreeable within their reach. Poor Gwendolen had both too much and too little mental power and dignity to make herself exceptional. No wonder that Deronda now marked some hardening in a look and manner which were schooled daily to the suppression of feeling.

For example. One morning, riding in Rotten Row with Grandcourt by her side, she saw standing against the railing at the turn, just facing them, a dark-eyed lady with a little girl and a blonde boy, whom she at once recognized as the beings in all the world the most painful for her to behold. She and Grandcourt had just slackened their pace to a walk; he, being on the outer side, was the nearer to the unwelcome vision, and Gwendolen had not presence of mind to do any thing but glance away from the dark eyes that met hers piercingly toward Grandcourt, who wheeled past the group with an unmoved face, giving no sign of recognition.

Immediately she felt a rising rage against him mingling with her shame for herself, and the words, "You might at least have raised your hat to her," flew impetuously to her lips—but did not pass them. If as her husband, in her company, he chose to ignore these creatures whom she herself had excluded from the place she was filling, how could she be the person to reproach him? She was dumb.

It was not chance, but her own design, that had brought Mrs. Glasher there with her boy. She had come to town under the pretext of making purchases—really wanting educational apparatus for the children, and had had interviews with Lush in which he had not refused to soothe her uneasy mind by representing the probabilities as all on the side of her ultimate triumph. Let her keep quiet, and she might live to see the marriage dissolve itself in one way or other—Lush hinted at several ways—leaving the succession assured to her boy. She had had an interview with Grandcourt too, who had, as usual, told her to behave like a reasonable woman, and threatened punishment if she were troublesome; but had, also as usual, vindicated himself from any wish to be stingy, the money he was receiving from Sir Hugo on account of Diplow encouraging his disposition to be lavish. Lydia, feeding on the probabilities in her favor, devoured her helpless wrath along with that pleasanter nourishment; but she could not let her discretion go entirely without the reward of making a Medusa-apparition before Gwendolen, vindictiveness and jealousy finding relief in an outlet of venom, though it were as futile as that of a viper already flung to the other side of the hedge. Hence each day, after finding out from Lush the likely time for Gwendolen to be riding, she had watched at that post, daring Grandcourt so far. Why should she not take little Henleigh into the Park?

The Medusa-apparition was made effective beyond Lydia's conception by the shock it gave Gwendolen actually to see Grandcourt ignoring this woman who had once been the nearest in the world to him, along with the children she had borne him. And all the while the dark shadow thus cast on the lot of a woman destitute of acknowledged social dignity spread itself over her visions of a future that might be her own, and made part of her dread on her own behalf. She shrank all the more from any lonely action. What possible release could there be for her from this hated vantage-ground, which yet she dared not quit, any more than if fire had been raining outside it? What release, but death? Not her own death. Gwendolen was not a woman who could easily think of her own death as a near reality, or front for herself the dark entrance on the untried and invisible. It seemed more possible that Grandcourt should die—and yet not likely. The power of tyranny in him seemed a power of living in the presence of any wish that he should die. The thought that his death was the only possible deliverance for her was one with the thought that deliverance would never come—the double deliverance from the injury with which other beings might reproach her and from the yoke she had brought on her own neck. No! she foresaw him always living, and her own life dominated by him; the "always" of her young experience not stretching beyond the few immediate years that seemed immeasurably long with her passionate weariness. The thought of his dying would not subsist: it turned as with a dream-change into the terror that she should die with his throttling fingers on her neck avenging that thought. Fantasies moved within her like ghosts, making no break in her more acknowledged consciousness and finding no obstruction in it: dark rays doing their work invisibly in the broad light.

Only an evening or two after that encounter in the Park there was a grand concert at Klesmer's, who was living rather magnificently now in one of the large houses in Grosvenor Place, a patron and prince among musical professors. Gwendolen had looked forward to this occasion as one on which she was sure to meet Deronda, and she had been meditating how to put a question to him which, without containing a word that she would feel a dislike to utter, would yet be explicit enough for him to understand it. The struggle of opposite feelings would not let her abide by her instinct that the very idea of Deronda's relation to her was a discouragement to any desperate step toward freedom. The next wave of emotion was a longing for some word of his to enforce a resolve. The fact that her opportunities of conversation with him had always to be snatched in the doubt-

ful privacy of large parties caused her to live through them many times beforehand, imagining how they would take place and what she would say. The irritation was proportionate when no opportunity came; and this evening at Klesmer's she included Deronda in her anger, because he looked as calm as possible at a distance from her, while she was in danger of betraying her impatience to every one who spoke to her. She found her only safety in a chill haughtiness which made Mr. Vandernoodt remark that Mrs. Grandcourt was becoming a perfect match for her husband. When at last the chances of the evening brought Deronda near her, Sir Hugo and Mrs. Raymond were close by and could hear every word she said. No matter: her husband was not near, and her irritation passed without check into a fit of daring which restored the security of her self-possession. Deronda was there at last, and she would compel him to do what she pleased. Already and without effort rather queenly in her air as she stood in her white lace and green leaves, she threw a royal permissiveness into her way of saying, "I wish you would come and see me to-morrow between five and six, Mr. Deronda."

There could be but one answer at that moment: "Certainly," with a tone of obedience.

Afterward it occurred to Deronda that he would write a note to excuse himself. He had always avoided making a call at Grandcourt's. But he could not persuade himself to any step that might hurt her, and whether his excuse were taken for indifference or for the affectation of indifference it would be equally wounding. He kept his promise. Gwendolen had declined to ride out on the plea of not feeling well enough, having left her refusal to the last moment when the horses were soon to be at the door—not without alarm lest her husband should say that he too would stay at home. Become almost superstitious about his power of suspicious divination, she had a glancing forethought of what she would do in that case, namely, have herself denied as not well. But Grandcourt accepted her excuse without remark, and rode off.

Nevertheless, when Gwendolen found herself alone, and had sent down the order that only Mr. Deronda was to be admitted, she began to be alarmed at what she had done, and to feel a growing agitation in the thought that he would soon appear, and she should soon be obliged to speak: not of trivialities, as if she had had no serious motive in asking him to come; and yet what she had been for hours determining to say began to seem impossible. For the first time, the impulse of appeal to him was being checked by timidity; and now that it was too late she was shaken by the possibility that he might think her invitation unbecoming. If so, she would have sunk in his esteem. But immediately she resisted this intolerable fear as an infection from her husband's way of thinking. That *he* would say she was making a fool of herself was rather a reason why such a judgment would be remote from Deronda's mind. But that she could not rid herself from this sudden invasion of womanly reticence was manifest in a kind of action which had never occurred to her before. In her struggle between agitation and the effort to suppress it, she was walking up and down the length of two drawing-rooms, where at one end a long mirror reflected her in her black dress, chosen in the early morning with a half-admitted reference to this hour. But above this black dress her head on its white pillar of a neck showed to advantage. Some consciousness of this made her turn hastily and hurry to the boudoir, where again there was glass, but also, tossed over a chair, a large piece of black lace, which she snatched and tied over her crown of hair so as completely to conceal her neck, and leave only her face looking out from the black frame. In this manifest contempt of appearance, she thought it possible to be freer from nervousness, but the black lace did not take away the uneasiness from her eyes and lips.

She was standing in the middle of the room when Deronda was announced, and as he approached her she perceived that he too for some reason was not his usual self. She could not have defined the change except by saying that he looked less happy than usual, and appeared to be under some effort in speaking to her. And yet the speaking was the slightest possible. They both said, "How do you do?" quite curtly; and Gwendolen, instead of sitting down, moved to a little distance, resting her arms slightly on the tall back of a chair, while Deronda stood where he was, holding his hat in one hand and his coat collar with the other—both feeling it difficult to say any thing more, though the preoccupation in his mind could hardly have been more remote than it was from Gwendolen's conception. She naturally saw in his embarrassment some reflection of her own. Forced to speak, she found all her training in concealment and self-command of no use to her, and began with timid awkwardness:

"You will wonder why I begged you to come. I wanted to ask you something. You said I was ignorant. That is true. And what can I do but ask you?"

And at this moment she was feeling it utterly impossible to put the questions she had intended. Something new in her nervous manner roused Deronda's anxiety lest there might be a new crisis. He said, with the sadness of affection in his voice,

"My only regret is, that I can be of so little use to you." The words and the tone touched a new spring in her, and she went on with more sense of freedom, and yet still not saying any thing she had designed to say, and beginning to hurry, that she might somehow arrive at the right words:

"I wanted to tell you that I have always been thinking of your advice, but is it any use?—I can't make myself different, because things about me raise bad feelings—and I must go on—I can alter nothing—it is no use."

She paused an instant, with the consciousness that she was not finding the right words, but began again as hurriedly, "But if I go on, I shall get worse. I want not to get worse. I should like to be what you wish. There are people who are good and enjoy great things—I know there are. I am a contemptible creature. I feel as if I should get wicked with hating people. I have tried to think that I would go away from everybody. But I can't. There are so many things to hinder me. You think, perhaps, that I don't mind. But I do mind. I am afraid of every thing. I am afraid of getting wicked. Tell me what I can do."

She had forgotten every thing but that image of

her helpless misery which she was trying to make present to Deronda in broken allusive speech—wishing to convey but not express all her need. Her eyes were tearless, and had a look of smarting in their dilated brilliancy; there was a subdued sob in her voice which was more and more veiled, till it was hardly above a whisper. She was hurting herself with the jewels that glittered on her tightly clasped fingers pressed against her heart.

The feeling Deronda endured in these moments he afterward called horrible. Words seemed to have no more rescue in them than if he had been beholding a vessel in peril of wreck—the poor ship with its many-lived anguish beaten by the inescapable storm. How could he grasp the long-growing process of this young creature's wretchedness?—how arrest and change it with a sentence? He was afraid of his own voice. The words that rushed into his mind seemed in their feebleness nothing better than despair made audible, or than that insensibility to another's hardship which applies precept to soothe pain. He felt himself holding a crowd of words imprisoned within his lips, as if the letting them escape would be a violation of awe before the mysteries of our human lot. The thought that urged itself foremost was, "Confess every thing to your husband; leave nothing concealed:" the words carried in his mind a vision of reasons which would have needed much fuller expression for Gwendolen to apprehend them; but before he had begun to utter those brief sentences, the door opened and the husband entered.

Grandcourt had deliberately gone out and turned back to satisfy a suspicion. What he saw was Gwendolen's face of anguish framed black like a nun's, and Deronda standing three yards from her with a look of sorrow such as he might have bent on the last struggle of life in a beloved object. Without any show of surprise, Grandcourt nodded to Deronda, gave a second look at Gwendolen, passed on, and seated himself easily at a little distance, crossing his legs, taking out his handkerchief and trifling with it elegantly.

Gwendolen had shrunk and changed her attitude on seeing him, but she did not turn or move from her place. It was not a moment in which she could feign any thing, or manifest any strong revulsion of feeling: the passionate movement of her last speech was still too strong within her. What she felt besides was a dull despairing sense that her interview with Deronda was at an end: a curtain had fallen. But he, naturally, was urged into self-possession and effort by susceptibility to what might follow for her from being seen by her husband in this betrayal of agitation; and feeling that any pretense of ease in prolonging his visit would only exaggerate Grandcourt's possible conjectures of duplicity, he merely said,

"I will not stay longer now. Good-by."

He put out his hand, and she let him press her poor little chill fingers; but she said no good-by.

When he had left the room, Gwendolen threw herself into a seat, with an expectation as dull as her despair—the expectation that she was going to be punished. But Grandcourt took no notice; he was satisfied to have let her know that she had not deceived him, and to keep a silence which was formidable with omniscience. He went out that evening, and her plea of feeling ill was accepted without even a sneer.

The next morning at breakfast he said, "I am going yachting to the Mediterranean."

"When?" said Gwendolen, with a leap of heart which had hope in it.

"The day after to-morrow. The yacht is at Marseilles. Lush is gone to get every thing ready."

"Shall I have mamma to stay with me, then?" said Gwendolen, the new sudden possibility of peace and affection filling her mind like a burst of morning light.

"No; you will go with me."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Ever in his soul
That larger justice which makes gratitude
Triumphed above resentment. 'Tis the mark
Of regal natures, with the wider life,
And fuller capability of joy:
Not wits exultant in the strongest lens
To show you goodness vanished into pulp
Never worth "thank you"—they're the devil's friars,
Vowed to be poor as he in love and trust,
Yet must go begging of a world that keeps
Some human property.

DERONDA, in parting from Gwendolen, had abstained from saying, "I shall not see you again for a long while: I am going away," lest Grandcourt should understand him to imply that the fact was of importance to her.

He was actually going away under circumstances so momentous to himself that when he set out to fulfill his promise of calling on her, he was already under the shadow of a solemn emotion which revived the deepest experience of his life.

Sir Hugo had sent for him to his chambers, with the note, "Come immediately. Something has happened:" a preparation that caused him some relief when, on entering the Baronet's study, he was received with grave affection instead of the distress which he had apprehended.

"It is nothing to grieve you, Sir?" said Deronda, in a tone rather of restored confidence than question, as he took the hand held out to him. There was an unusual meaning in Sir Hugo's look, and a subdued emotion in his voice, as he said,

"No, Dan, no. Sit down. I have something to say."

Deronda obeyed, not without presentiment. It was extremely rare for Sir Hugo to show so much serious feeling.

"Not to grieve me, my boy, no. At least, if there is nothing in it that will grieve you too much. But I hardly expected that this—just this—would ever happen. There have been reasons why I have never prepared you for it. There have been reasons why I have never told you any thing about your parentage. But I have striven in every way not to make that an injury to you."

Sir Hugo paused, but Deronda could not speak. He could not say, "I have never felt it an injury." Even if that had been true, he could not have trusted his voice to say any thing. Far more than any one but himself could know of was hanging on this moment when the secrecy was to be broken. Sir Hugo had never seen the grand face he delighted in so pale—the lips pressed together with such a look of pain. He went on with a more anxious tenderness, as if he had a new fear of wounding.

"I have acted in obedience to your mother's

wishes. The secrecy was her wish. But now she desires to remove it. She desires to see you. I will put this letter into your hands, which you can look at by-and-by. It will merely tell you what she wishes you to do, and where you will find her."

Sir Hugo held out a letter written on foreign paper, which Deronda thrust into his breast pocket, with a sense of relief that he was not called on to read any thing immediately. The emotion in Daniel's face had gained on the Baronet, and was visibly shaking his composure. Sir Hugo found it difficult to say more. And Deronda's whole soul was possessed by a question which was the hardest in the world to utter. Yet he could not bear to delay it. This was a sacramental moment. If he let it pass, he could not recover the influences under which it was possible to utter the words and meet the answer. For some moments his eyes were cast down, and it seemed to both as if thoughts were in the air between them. But at last Deronda looked at Sir Hugo, and said, with a tremulous reverence in his voice—dreading to convey indirectly the reproach that affection had for years been stifling—

"Is my father also living?"

The answer came immediately in a low emphatic tone:

"No."

In the mingled emotions which followed that answer it was impossible to distinguish joy from pain.

Some new light had fallen on the past for Sir Hugo too in this interview. After a silence in which Deronda felt like one whose creed is gone before he has religiously embraced another, the Baronet said, in a tone of confession,

"Perhaps I was wrong, Dan, to undertake what I did. And perhaps I liked it a little too well—having you all to myself. But if you have had any pain which I might have helped, I ask you to forgive me."

"The forgiveness has long been there," said Deronda. "The chief pain has always been on account of some one else—whom I never knew—whom I am now to know. It has not hindered me from feeling an affection for you which has made a large part of all the life I remember."

It seemed one impulse that made the two men clasp each other's hand for a moment.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THOSE who suppose that the popular interest and excitement which naturally attend a Presidential election have always been shown in the same way will be surprised to know that the monster meetings and the universal stump-speaking are a comparatively modern practice. The national nominating convention itself is not half a century old. The old practice was a caucus of the members of Congress belonging to the different parties. The last of these was held with doubt and protest in 1824, and nominated Mr. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Monroe. But that election was a "scrub-race" between General Jackson, John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford, and Henry Clay, in which the caucus candidate received only forty-one electoral votes, while Jackson received ninety-nine, Adams eighty-four, and Clay thirty-seven. This was the end of the Congressional nominating caucus. The next step was the nomination by State Legislatures, and at length by the National Convention. As the method of nomination has become more popular, the prosecution of the canvass has assumed more of the same character. The fathers of the Constitution intended that the selection of a candidate should be made not by the voters themselves, but by representatives chosen by the people for that purpose. But this method failed for obvious reasons. The nomination by the Congressional caucus was a practice which retained something of the spirit of the original plan. But the argument against the one was conclusive against the other, and as the method of nomination has changed, so that of the election will probably be modified.

With the nominating conventions, which were in the beginning often mass-meetings, the system of monster meetings was introduced. The beginning is noticed by John Quincy Adams, the most experienced political observer in the country, with great alarm and apprehension. The convention of the Whig young men in Baltimore in 1840 which nominated General Harrison amounted, he says, with amazement, to twenty thousand delegates. This was followed by "convocations of thousands of people to hear inflammatory harangues against Martin Van Buren and his administration by Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and all the principal opposition orators in and out of Congress." Mr. Adams was invited to address such meetings in all parts of the country, including Virginia, Tennessee, and Maryland, but he declined with a kind of terror. Mr. Caleb Cushing's political friends gave him a public dinner, amidst popular festivities, at Newburyport, and invited their neighbor, the ex-President, a tough and courageous man of seventy-six, to attend. But he declined, and wrote in his diary: "Mr. Webster and Mr. Saltonstall were there, and a stump-speech scaffold, and, it is said, a procession of six thousand people or more, and a dinner of eighteen hundred. Here is a revolution in the habits and manners of the people. Where will it end? These are party movements, and must, in the natural progress of things, become antagonistical. These meetings can not be multiplied in numbers and frequency without resulting in yet deeper tragedies. Their manifest tendency is to civil war."

The experience of a generation has not justified these lugubrious forebodings, which were yet natural to a public man, seventy-six years old, who had seen the earlier and simpler methods. A man, however, who had also seen the election of Jefferson by the House might have felt that there was no more danger in the popular than in the exclusive system. Party spirit was never more fierce than in the younger days of John Quincy Adams. The later methods of free and general expression have remedied some of its perils. The very canvass which Mr. Adams contemplated with astonishment and dread was full

of good humor. It will always be known as the hard-cider campaign, and it was a kind of universal jollification. "Lillibullero" did not more surely sing King James out of the three kingdoms than "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" sang Van Buren out of the Presidency.

There will be nothing at the Centennial Exhibition so remarkable and significant to that distinguished visitor, "the thoughtful foreigner," as the spectacle of the nation itself engaged in the canvass for the Presidency. It is at such times, in the midst of the great assemblies stimulated and swayed by partisan oratory, that the essential character of our system is seen. The meetings are huge, but they are instinctively self-governing. The police would be powerless should they attempt to cope with any serious disturbance at such meetings, except from the consciousness of every officer that he is supported by the approval, and if necessary the muscle, of the vast multitude. The crowd does not represent hostility to the government or to law, for it is itself consciously part of the government and of the law-making power. Moreover, the great meetings are great safety-valves. Passion exhales in free expression. The appeal to rancorous and mischievous feeling fails in a comfortable and good-natured crowd of industrious people who have a real "stake in the state"—and almost every large collection of Americans must be of that kind—as Canning's radical failed with the needy knife-grinder. Indeed, it is the radical who must have a story to tell. The first requirement of the orator of a monster meeting in a Presidential campaign is that he shall be entertaining. Mr. Webster did not prove to be the hero of such assemblies. "Tom" Corwin, "Jim Nye"—then on the other side—and in one year John Van Buren, were the kind of orator that the occasion demanded. Mr. Adams would have been lost in amazement if he could have known that, twenty years after he saw with fear the beginning of the mass-meetings, and on the eve of a dreadful civil war, the Presidential canvass would be conducted with perfect toleration upon both sides in that part of the country where there were two sides.

The "thoughtful foreigner" will see the same spectacle this year, happily without the gloomy background. He will see the whole country politically alive, active, and noisy. Huge meetings, tumultuous enthusiasm, endless speeches, music, fire-works, shouting that will seem to ring from ocean to ocean, then a quiet voting between sunrise and sunset of a November day, followed by universal acquiescence in the result, and the return of every body to his ordinary occupation. It will be a spectacle more inspiring than that of Japanese ware at the Centennial Exhibition—a result worth a hundred years of experiment.

Madame Roland did not love liberty less because of the crimes which she deplored as committed in its name, and doubtless the stanch believers in "spiritualism" do not relax their faith because of the exposure of dishonesty upon the part of some who pretend to be faithful. It has, indeed, always been unfortunate for those who sincerely hold that the familiar phenomena of "table-tipping" and "rapping" and mysterious sounds and sights are manifestations of the agency of the departed spirits of men and women, that the beginning of the new dispensation was the Rochester "knockings." There is great doubt—or, as would be alleged by many, great certainty—about the Rochester knockings. They would in any case be a very unstable foundation for religious faith. But it is certainly not surprising that there should have been canny speculators who would turn to their private pecuniary advantage the curiosity, or the faith, or the credulity that the subject excited. These speculators, of both sexes, have attended the progress of "spiritualism" from the beginning, with the effect, so exceedingly disagreeable to the sincerely faithful, of showing that the most extraordinary and inexplicable of all the phenomena are simply clever juggling tricks.

The persuasive spirit of Katie King, which so deeply influenced Mr. Wallace and other men of science and note in England, was unable to cope with the unsparing rigors of our climate, and turned out to be a very simple deception. The more recent wonders of the same kind also have been wholly deprived of their miraculous character. Indeed, the grave trouble with the phenomena has always been their ludicrous character. There are, however, instances of singular responses made by the "mediums" to certain questions—evidences of knowledge of things peculiarly intimate and personal, which are curious and surprising, and for the explanation of which the key seems not to have been found. These, however, may fairly be classed with all well-attested phenomena of the night side of nature. And as many other apparently inexplicable phenomena occurring at the same time and under the same circumstances are attributed by the operators to spiritual agencies, but prove to be the result of exceedingly material forces, it is illogical to assume that the rest can not have a similar explanation. Many, fortunately, require none. The poetry of the departed Shakespeare and the wisdom of the translated Bacon or Franklin are plainly due to lunar influences not in heaven, but upon earth. Consolation administered by spry table legs, and assurances of immortality proceeding from tambourines, happily do not cry for explanation. They explain themselves. Signor Blitz could give such spirits odds and win the game.

One of the recent avatars was that of a woman who, being tied fast, was in some manner waited upon by mysterious agencies, which did what no living person could do who could not use arms, hands, feet, or body. As usual, the things were done behind a screen. The "spirits" are not content with their own invisibility. The laws of the spiritual world, it seems, require that the medium through whom they manifest themselves should be invisible also. If a guitar is played, it must be in a box or a cabinet, or in the dark, or behind a screen. Why the spirits of heavenly light fear the light of earth, or the spirits of just men made perfect are unwilling to confront the gaze of very unjust and imperfect men, doth not appear. The medium can only assure us that it is part of the mystery. Doubtless there are many honest people who went to the exhibitions of the medium, paying money at the door, and who came away firmly convinced that they had witnessed supernatural phenomena. For how could a woman with her hands tied behind her back thrum a guitar, put a pail upon her head, drive a nail into a board, blow a flageolet, or tie a knot in a band around her neck?

These were precisely the questions which Mr. W. Irving Bishop undertook to answer. That such things could be done by spirits he did not propose to question. He would only show that they could be done by men and women also. If he could do this, the "supernatural" element would vanish, and the "medium" would be compelled to prove that they were not done by her clever self behind the screen. If, again, she could not prove this, she must be considered an exposed "humbug," and "spiritualism" would have severely suffered, as when poor Katie King yielded to the pitiless confession of Mrs. Somebody in Philadelphia. Mr. Irving Bishop did what he promised. In company with a committee of well-known citizens of New York of high character, he appeared upon the platform at Chickering Hall. He was placed in a chair, and his hands were tied closely to a ring in a post behind him, and his neck was tied to another, as if he were about to undergo the punishment of the garrote. His feet were also tied together by a rope, the end of which was held by a spectator. A tambourine was then laid upon his lap, with several bells, and, like the "medium," he was then hidden by a curtain drawn before him. Instantly the tambourine resounded, the bells rang, and both tambourine and bells came flying over the curtain, which was at once withdrawn, and Mr. Bishop was found closely tied. It was obviously mysterious, and probably the work of spirits. Perhaps Plato and Galileo were thus illustrating the immortality of the soul.

A board with a nail and hammer was placed by his side, the curtain was drawn, and instantly hammering was heard. The curtain was pulled back; Mr. Bishop was tied close, and the spirits had hammered the nail fast into the board. A pail was placed upon his lap, the curtain drawn to supply the proper spiritual conditions, and the next moment he was seen with the pail, like a night-cap, upon his head. A doll was cut from paper, a guitar was played, water was drunk from a tumbler on his knee, while his feet were held fast and his neck tied close to a ring behind him. All was done behind a screen, and if it was not spirits, what was it? It is the question which very honest and intelligent and scientific men have asked. No man bound in this manner could possibly do these things. But they are done. No human collusion is possible. What does them? "My hands," answered Mr. Bishop. And forthwith, bound as he was, and in full view of the audience, he repeated what he had done behind the curtain, and showed that it was due to suppleness, agility, great quickness, and self-possession. Alas for Plato and Galileo! Supernaturalism? Spiritual agencies? Does the courteous reader recall the concluding words of Dr. Brownson's *Charles Elwood*, "And Elizabeth—will you tell us nothing of her? Pardon me: I have planted wild flowers upon her grave and watered them with my tears."

Our friends the pessimists are turning the Centennial season to good account, and it is pleasant to think that their labors will not be unfruitful. Their philosophy is not unlike Carlyle's, the secret whisper of whose protest and satire seems always to be, "Think what we might be, and see what we are!" Just now, however, the pessimist philosophers are more inclined to say, as more appropriate to the Fourth of July of this year of grace, "Think what we were, and see what we are!" They have a good deal of comfort in contemplating some things that not even the most resolute optimist can help seeing; and if he suggests that notwithstanding he has not yet lost all faith, and believes that some may yet be saved, they reply, with the good old Calvinist lady, that they hope for better things. The past to which we are so ruefully referred was not altogether a millennial time. It is wise to remember that, and to insist upon testing the golden age, not, indeed, to excuse ourselves, but to save ourselves from the direful conclusion that we are all deteriorating and fast sinking hopelessly into the "mud oceans."

The Easy Chair lately encountered a knight of the most woful visage, who announced that America was a dead failure, that it had demonstrated the futility of popular government, and that the best thing that could happen to us would be to organize a sound monarchy. The Easy Chair inquired what model could be recommended—whether we should take, of existing monarchies, England, Spain, Russia, Italy, Germany, or Austria as our example, and whether, upon the whole, it were more desirable to be a subject of either of those crowns or a citizen of the United States, errors excepted. The woful knight declared that there were very many things that could be wisely borrowed from England, for instance. "There is nothing truer," replied the Easy Chair; "but could the mother country wisely learn nothing from her child?" Then the woful knight, in the language of the prize ring, came up smiling, for he instantly said, "Look at the leading public men in England a hundred years ago and at the leaders now. Then look at the American leaders in public life a hundred years ago and at those of to-day. Which country shows the higher type? which shows progress or decline? Or, again," said the woful knight, pressing home, "consider the tone of public life and men then and now, and say honestly is it now higher or lower than then?"

Under certain circumstances the Easy Chair has always found great comfort in the remark of a venerable preacher, who, having stated his proposition and the objections to it, gravely concluded, "And thus, brethren, we see that there is a great deal to be said upon both sides." It is true that some of the greatest men in our history, some of the noble men of all history, were leaders in American affairs a century ago. There was one man whose name is as illustrious as that of any man at any time in any country. There were others around him only less than he. At the end of the Revolution, Jay, Adams, Franklin, and Laurens were sent to negotiate the treaty with England. There were no purer patriots, no better men. But the Continental Congress instructed them to do nothing but by the advice of the French minister, the Count de Vergennes. We are apt to think of the people of the country during the Revolution as ready to sacrifice every thing for the great cause of independence, and devoted with affection and enthusiasm to Washington. Yet the Conway cabal to supersede him in the midst of the war had the sympathy of "Old Put" and of Samuel Adams, while the little army was most scantily and grudgingly supported. When the hour for disbanding ap-

proached, they were unable to get their pay, and some of the officers seriously thought of retaining the soldiers under arms until their just dues were paid. Even Washington said that a large part of the officers, who had served so well and sacrificed every thing for the country, had nothing better than a jail to expect if they were discharged without payment of their accounts. In fact, the soldiers of the Revolution went to their homes with no other pay than their pockets full of rags called money, but so utterly worthless that they became the synonym of worthlessness. "Not worth a Continental," as Mr. Morris says in his *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, meant inconceivably valueless. If the popular gratitude and enthusiasm for the soldiers who have saved the life or liberties of the country be a measure of the sincerity of patriotism, the close of the century does not compare unfavorably with the beginning.

If it must be conceded to the woful knight that the number of truly great and able men in public life was proportionately larger then than now, it may also be said that, like the Elizabethan literary era in England, the Revolutionary epoch in America was exceptional in its men. But the days of Jefferson's and Adams's contest, the days of Aaron Burr and the Jacobin clubs, with the earlier dismal decade after the war, when the country had neither union, nor efficient government, nor foreign respect, nor domestic confidence—when the general tone of public morality was painfully low, and the very foundations of political society seemed to be crumbling—the situation, indeed, described with vivid power by Hamilton in the fifteenth number of the *Federalist*—were days to which even now we can recur without longing or bitter regret. Party spirit runs high among us, but with all our ardor and unsparing invective, we do not surpass the vituperation and unfairness and slander of the earlier epoch. The time in which a man lives seems to him the worst time. But his father looks placidly upon the trials of the son, and remembers that his own were quite as severe. The war that we have seen has left us some figures quite as imposing and revered as those of the Revolution. And if we justly deplore many of the consequences that have naturally followed the war, not less did Hamilton say at the close of the Revolution, in the paper to which the Easy Chair has alluded, "We may, indeed, with propriety be said to have reached almost the last stage of national humiliation." That our fathers were in the mud is, indeed, no reason that we should be satisfied to be in the mire. But it is a reason for believing that we have not invented uncleanness.

The woful knight must scan the history of a hundred years; he must consider the situation from 1780 to 1790; the enormous development that followed, with its congenital and fatal vice; the consequent war, its character, its extent, and its result; he must see the tranquil dispersion of the armies; the reunion in Congress without the shadow of a scaffold falling upon it; the demoralization that inevitably follows war; the financial expansion and reaction, official misconduct, and with them all, good and bad, the quick perception of the evils and the swift universal popular demand and resolution that they shall be remedied, and that not so much the actual as the ideal tone and methods of an earlier day shall be restored; and the pessimist knight of the woful countenance will hardly deny that his fellow-citizen who insists upon not despairing, and who is proud with generous and hopeful pride that he is an American, has good reason for the faith that is in him.

What was known a generation ago as transcendentalism was not only a philosophy, but a life. To the world at large its most tangible phenomenon was Brook Farm, but its real power is the influence which, through those who were moulded by it, it has exerted upon American thought and society. Mr. Frothingham has written a delightful history of the transcendental epoch in its various aspects, which must become a permanent authority for a just estimate of one element in the development of our national character. A comprehensive and scholarly sketch of the rise and progress of the transcendental philosophy, which treats a subject remote from general sympathy with a certain charm which is free from superficiality, is followed by descriptions of the kind of work done by the leaders of the "newness," and of the characteristics of the leaders themselves. The germ was the study of the German philosophy of Kant and his followers, interpreted in England by Coleridge, and cultivated by a circle of Boston scholars. Perhaps the local and social spring of the movement may be found in the assemblies for intellectual intercourse at the famous Dr. Channing's. His sensitive spiritual nature, his tranquil and refined manner, and his slight person were a kind of avatar of the new impulse. Those who recall him speak of him with an affectionate reverence and tenderness which are full of suggestion of the peculiar quality of his character. His personal influence as an orator was masterful but gentle. It was the fullness of Matthew Arnold's sweetness and light. He went to lecture in Philadelphia. The hall was very full, and the great crowd listened intently. He spoke wholly without loudness, or declamation, or passion, and with entire simplicity. Presently he said, quietly, that he was fatigued, and would rest for a moment. He seated himself, while the audience remained perfectly still, and after pausing for some minutes he arose and resumed the even thread of his discourse.

Dr. Channing had already a great literary reputation, and the young scholars and seekers naturally sought him. But he was an invalid, and never an aggressive reformer, as some of his disciples became. As the questions of the time became more positive and the feeling of the scholarly circle gradually demanded some form of experimental action, the place of meeting was gradually changed to the house of Mr. George Ripley, then a settled clergyman in Boston, and his real prominence in the transcendental movement is for the first time properly stated by Mr. Frothingham. Since those days Mr. Ripley has become widely known as the chief of literary critics in the daily press, where his humane and comprehensive spirit, his ample and well-ordered scholarship, his shrewd perception and love of justice, have endeared him to writers and readers as both the truest and kindest of critics. His service in this way to American literature has been great and constant, and it is one of the debts that the country owes to the transcendental movement. In the earlier day of which the Easy Chair is speaking, Mr. Ripley was one of the few

American scholars who were thoroughly familiar with German theology and philosophy, and his word had therefore a weight in the general discussion which was not surpassed. It was in his library that the project of Brook Farm took shape, and under his auspices that that Arcadian experiment was finally begun.

The name of Brook Farm has a very vague significance to those to whom it means any thing whatever, and Mr. Frothingham seems to be of opinion that its story will never be adequately, even if formally, told. This is not surprising, for those of its leaders who are still living are no longer young, and the subject is not one that would readily take literary form. The most complete attempt to depict that Arcadia, but by implication and suggestion rather than by detailed description, was made in a series of papers published in early numbers of the *Old and New* magazine. Mr. Hawthorne's references to it in his Note-Books rather dissipate any dreamy character which it may have acquired, and he always spoke of it in the tone of his notes. He expressly declared, also, that the *Blithedale Romance* was not to be taken as a picture of Brook Farm and the life there. But that romance was the real impression which he brought away—the impression of the imagination. It could not have been written but for Brook Farm, and it is the chief purely creative product and account in literature of the spirit of that time. Mr. Emerson's essays were among the moving and inspiring forces, as they are the noble and permanent record, of the transcendental spirit.

The Easy Chair describes Brook Farm as an Arcadia, for such in effect was the intention, and such is the retrospect to those who recall the hope from which it sprang. Hawthorne's humor was always touched by the contrast between his expectation and his experience there. "I went for poetry, and I found muck," he used to say, with a smile; "I went to drive the horses of the sun, and I sat in the manure milking a kicking cow." And the curious visitors who came to see poetry in practice, quoting George Herbert, a favorite poet of the transcendentalists,

> "Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
> Makes that and the action fine,"

saw with dismay hard work on every side, plain houses and simple fare, and a routine with little æsthetic aspect. Individual whims in dress and conduct, however, were exceptional in the golden age or early days at Brook Farm, and those are wholly in error who suppose it to have been a grotesque colony of idealogues. It was originally a company of highly educated and refined persons, who felt that the immense disparity of condition and opportunity in the world was a practical injustice full of peril for society, and that the vital and fundamental principle of Christianity was universally rejected by Christendom as impracticable. Every person, they held, is entitled to mental and moral culture, but it is impossible that he should enjoy his rights as long as all the hard physical work of the world is done by a part only of its inhabitants. Were that work limited to what is absolutely necessary, and shared by all, all would find an equal opportunity for higher cultivation and development, and the evil of an unnatural and cruelly artificial system of society would disappear. It was a thought and a hope as old as humanity, and as generous as old. No common mind would have cherished such a purpose, no mean nature have attempted to make the dream real. The practical effort failed in its immediate object, but, in the high purposes it confirmed and strengthened, it had remote and happy effects which are much more than personal.

It is an error, which Mr. Frothingham corrects, to suppose that many of the more famous "transcendentalists" were of the Brook Farm company. Mr. Emerson, for instance, was never there except as a visitor. Margaret Fuller was often a visitor, and passed many days together as a guest, but she was never, except in sympathy, one of the Brook Farmers. Theodore Parker was a neighbor, and had friendly relations with many of the fraternity, but he seldom came to the farm. Meanwhile the enterprise was considered an unspeakable folly, or worse, by the conservative circle of Boston. In Boston, where a very large part of the "leaders" of society in every way were Unitarians, Unitarian conservatism was most peremptory and austere. The entire circle of which Mr. Ticknor—whose lately published life and letters is a delightful book, of which the Easy Chair has before spoken—was the centre or representative, the world of Everett and Prescott and their friends, regarded transcendentalism and Brook Farm, its fruit, with good-humored wonder as with Prescott, or with severe reprobation as with Mr. Ticknor. The general feeling in regard to Mr. Emerson, who was accounted the head of the school, is well expressed by John Quincy Adams in 1840. The old gentleman, whose glory is that he was a moral and political gladiator and controversialist, deplores the doom of the Christian Church to be always racked with differences and debates, and after speaking of "other wanderings of mind" that "let the wolf into the fold," proceeds to say: "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once-loved friend William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented son George, after failing in the every-day avocations of a Unitarian preacher and school-master, starts a new doctrine of 'transcendentalism,' declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations." Mr. Adams was just on the eve of his antislavery career, but he continues: "Garrison and the non-resistant Abolitionists, Brownson and the Marat democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling caldron of religion and politics." C. P. Cranch, the poet and painter, was a relative of Mr. Adams, and then a clergyman; and the astounded ex-President says: "Pearse Cranch, ex ephebis, preached here last week, and gave out quite a stream of transcendentalism most unexpectedly."

This was the general view of transcendentalism and its teachers and disciples held by the social, political, and religious establishment. The separation and specialty of the "movement" soon passed. The leaders and followers were absorbed in the great world of America; but that world has been deeply affected and moulded by this seemingly slight and transitory impulse. How much of the wise and universal liberalizing of all views and methods is due to it? How much of the moral training that revealed itself in the war

was part of its influence? The transcendental or spiritual philosophy has been strenuously questioned and assailed. But the life and character it fostered are its sufficient vindication. Nothing, indeed, should teach the most positive dogmatist the value and the virtue of charity more than such a passage as that just quoted from Mr. Adams's diary. If any man in the world thought that he "knew what he was talking about," it was John Quincy Adams, and in certain directions and upon certain themes he was justified in thinking so. But this allusion to Mr. Emerson, and the absolute incapacity of Mr. Adams to understand the transcendental impulse or to sympathize with it while he wrote so surely, are both amusing and pathetic. It is like stout old Admiral Montague, loyal to King George and the integrity of the British Empire, shaking his fist in rage at Sam Adams's rebel friends as they returned from the tea ships, and shouting to them that they would soon and righteously come to the gallows. How surprised would Mr. Adams have been could some good genius have whispered to him, as he denounced one of the regenerating impulses of his time, that he was doing what one of the men whom he would least like to resemble did at the beginning of the Revolution—the anonymous Boston Tory who wrote, in 1774, "That mighty wise patriot, Mr. John Hancock, from the Old South Meeting-house, has lately repeated a hash of abusive treasonable stuff composed for him by the joint efforts of the Rev. Divine Samuel Cooper, that rose of Sharon, and the very honest Samuel Adams, clerk."

Editor's Literary Record.

THE life story of a great and good man is always an inspiration. This is emphatically true of *The Life and Letters of Rev. Dr. M'Clintock*, by his co-laborer and friend, Dr. G. R. Crooks (Nelson and Phillips). For Dr. M'Clintock's greatness was of a kind that encourages imitation and quickens aspiration—the greatness of singleness of purpose, assiduity of industry, unselfishness of spirit, and unflinching courage. He was neither born great, nor had greatness thrust upon him; he achieved it; and this he did by consecrating himself once for all to the service of God and his fellow-men, and then by doing with his might whatever his hand found to do. He threw himself with equal ardor into every pursuit, and accomplished success in positions so different, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to say to which form of work he was best adapted. As professor, first of mathematics and afterward of the classics, in Dickinson College, he was a deserved favorite with his pupils. As a defender of fugitive slaves, he proved himself no mean proficient in the law, though never trained for the bar. As editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, he not only gave to it the character which it has ever since maintained, but put forth a potent and palpable influence in elevating the scholarship of the Church, and in directing the thoughts of its ministry to the problems of modern life. As a preacher and pastor, he built up St. Paul's, in this city, from its foundations, and held together the American chapel in Paris, at a time when our civil war threatened to destroy and disintegrate its congregation. As a statesman, he contributed to the rectification of public opinion in Great Britain by his appeals from the officials and the aristocratic few whom they represented, to the consciences and the sympathies of the plebeian many whose opinions they dared not disregard. As an administrator, he built up Drew Seminary on so firm a foundation that the partial failure of its endowment has not seriously impaired its present usefulness or its future prospects. As a scholar and thinker, he laid the foundations for a great religious cyclopedia, his best, as it will be his most enduring, monument, which in the breadth of its view, the catholicity of its spirit, and the thoroughness of its literary workmanship is a worthy embodiment of the architect who designed and in no small measure built it. Dr. Crooks has done his work well. He tells the story briefly in his own language, and appends to each chapter the letters which are pertinent thereto, thus adding the autobiographical element without perplexing the reader by the constant interjection of letters to break the continuity of the narrative.

Though the fame of William Godwin did not outlive him, there are many respects in which *William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries* (Roberts Brothers), by C. Kegan Paul, is a valuable addition to history. Mr. Godwin was a once-famous, and in certain respects deservedly famous, exponent of the extreme school of liberalism in theology, sociology, and politics. He was born in an age—the latter half of the eighteenth century—when the mind was just coming into its long-delayed inheritance of freedom. He was one of the soldiers in that army which fought in England the battle for liberty of speech, whose victory in the State Trials gave not only to Mr. Erskine, its advocate, his chief right to a permanent place in the world's memory, but also to the English-speaking world its acknowledged right to perfect freedom of speech and of the press. But he belonged also to a class of thinkers who, just coming into liberty, knew not how to use it. The unfledged birds tried to soar, and only fluttered and fell to the earth. In their protest against superstition, they cast discredit on all religion; in their revolt against social despotism, they recognized neither the dangers of social anarchy nor the need of social law. Assuming in mankind a virtue which as yet the race does not possess, they would have left every man to be both a law and a light to himself, and would with one breath have extinguished the light of revelation, and with one blow broken all shackles of law. Of this school Mr. Godwin was an intellectual leader, perhaps the least practical and the most thoroughly a metaphysician of them all. Without passion, he expected all men to be guided by reason. Of overweening self-conceit, he could conceive no reason but pride, prejudice, or self-interest that should keep any one from accepting his opinions. Trained for the Calvinistic ministry, he became a professed atheist; trained in a circle where the family was accounted God's first

and most sacred institution, he called for the abrogation of all marriage laws, albeit yielding to them and marrying once, and seeking, after two failures, successfully, a second wife. His once famous *Political Justice* is now completely forgotten, though in its day quite as great a sensation as Darwin's *Origin of Species* in our own. But, unlike that book, it was based not on observation, but on *a priori* reasoning, and however fascinating as a theory, was deservedly forgotten as soon as experience and the sober second thought of men had demonstrated that the theorem wrought out in the study could not stand the crucial test of life. Mr. Godwin was a thorough *doctrinaire* both in politics and theology. His life is valuable largely as a demonstration of the truth that no intellectual work is of permanent value which does not employ as its material the facts, and as its guide the experience, of life. To the historian, to the philosopher, to the theologian, to the moralist, these two volumes are an inside disclosure of the genesis of a school of thought whose influence is abated, but not ended, whose theories of life various socialistic schemers in America have attempted in one form or another to put into practical execution, and whose fundamental postulate, that there is no need for either light or law outside the bosom of the individual man, is still consciously or unconsciously accepted as an axiom by a few careful and by many crude thinkers even in our own day. Both the origin of and the excuse for this philosophy of virtuous lawlessness are disclosed in this work, and we greatly misapprehend the temper of the average American if the disclosure attracts him to it.

By *The Ancient Régime* (Henry Holt and Co.) M. Taine means the social, political, and moral condition of France during the eighteenth century. An expression in his preface implies that he purposes to follow this account of causes with a description of their effect—in other words, with a historical picture of the Revolution, or period of transition, and the new régime, or present status of France, to which it conducted. If he fulfills this implied promise, he will have contributed not a little to the comprehension of what is to most American readers an almost insoluble enigma. This volume is divided into five books. In the first he describes the structure of society in its three privileged orders—the clergy, the nobles, and the king. This is the least interesting and perhaps the least valuable portion. It wearies with details, without producing any profound impression. In the second book he describes the habits and characters of French society. He takes as the centre, and as the model for every social centre, the court at Versailles. In this book his pictorial powers have ample opportunity —and he does not neglect his opportunity. The reader does, indeed, grow weary of the oppressive magnificence in description, just as he would with the reality; but even if he does not stop to study the details, if he is content to stand, as it were, at the door of the palace and look in, he perceives enough to enable him to understand measurably the enervation and emasculation which this indulgence of prodigality produced on the nation. In a third book the author analyzes the spirit and the doctrine of the age, which, following close on the heels of such an era, tended to add to the inevitable reaction. He is too anxious to simplify, to reduce all social changes to the operation of a few forces, and makes too little of the composite character of the elements which produce social revolutions. His analysis is helpful, but it is incomplete. The fourth book, on the propagation of the doctrine, is really a continuation of and complement to the preceding one, while it seems to us that his description of the people in book fifth belongs properly with his second book, since it describes one of the most potent causes of the Revolution. The lesson of French history is ill read if the student does not discover that to treat men as brutes is inevitably to make them so. Taken as a whole, M. Taine appears to be oppressed by the very richness of his material, and to fail in that skillful disposition of it, in illustration and exposition of great central truths and facts, which is essential to the highest value of such a work—a failure the more surprising since this power of generalization M. Taine seems to possess in a remarkable degree, and by it has made his *English Literature* without a peer in its department. Characterized by a much greater array of facts and a much more sparing use of figures than his previous works, *The Ancient Régime* may be pronounced the most substantial and the least brilliant, the most trustworthy and the least fascinating, of any of the author's productions. The pen-and-ink portraits of the condition of the various classes, from the peasantry up to the king, constitute its most valuable feature.

There is a certain rough vigor in Joaquin Miller's first novel—*First Families of the Sierras* (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.). In this respect it recalls the characteristics of his poetry. Unlike some of his poetry, however, it does not obtrude vulgarity or slang; it does not misrepresent the nature of the wild men of the mountains; it does not cast a glamour over vice nor a cloud over religion. It is, on the contrary, a humanizing book, and the "widow," though not altogether what one would wish a heroine to be, is a true heroine nevertheless, her life of self-sacrifice a really noble one, and the story of her life, in a certain rude way, elevating. There is some genuine humor in the book, and the characters are vigorously conceived, but, in drawing, are to a true artist's work what a cartoon in charcoal is to a finely finished portrait.

A curious compound is Anthony Trollope's last novel, *The Prime Minister* (Harper and Brothers). It is emphatically a composite—a society, political, commercial, love story. The love is the least satisfactory of the four strands. There is no real satisfactory love-making till the last chapter, except a little between the duke and his wife, and the reader's soul is harrowed by the ineffable meanness of poor Emily's husband, whose wickedness is not of a sort to arouse even a good comfortable feeling of indignation. The only commendable act he ever performs is his suicide, and even that is cold-blooded. The society is most of it high society, and, like the actual which it portrays, neither very vivacious nor very brilliant, and certainly not tender or emotional. The American reader will, however, from the commercial and political aspects of the novel, get a good picture of commercial and political aspects of life in Great Britain. He will understand something of the secrets of a Parliamentary career, and how both M.P.'s and Prime Ministers are made and unmade. He will get some insight into the character of the commercial adventures and adventurers who are

the curse of London as well as of New York. In short, he will find himself studying not the painting of an artist of brilliant and inspiring imagination, but the photograph of one whose picture is true to life, but whose chosen subject is somewhat commonplace and sombre.

Sights and Insights, by Mrs. WHITNEY (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is also a composite, one part travels, one part fiction, one part a mystic theology—not that of the theological schools, but that of a genuine and spiritual poet. An elderly maiden lady of New England goes to Europe, taking with her a servant who needs a change of air and a rest. She falls in with and makes the acquaintance of another traveling party, and of their joint experiences the story consists. Their life goes on as life really does in such experiences of sight-seeing, and the music of love synchronizes with that of art and nature in a foreign land. There are no thrilling adventures or hair-breadth escapes; the only romance is that of the heart. But it is an axiom with Mrs. Whitney that nature is a hieroglyph, and her delight is to decipher its language. Her fiction and travels afford constant opportunity for spiritual teaching, in which, through her various characters, she undertakes to interpret the mystical meanings hidden beneath the symbols which make the world a temple and nature a book in a truer sense than many imagine. This feature, more or less characteristic of all her writings, is especially so of this novel. Her sights are much like those of other writers; her insights are peculiarly her own.

An Odd Couple, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (Porter and Coates), is constructed on a new and improved pattern. It begins with a separation between husband and wife. They have two children; the husband takes the girl, the wife the boy; each falls into unnatural and serious, but happily not fatal, blunders in the education. The boy is barely kept from flying off on an African expedition; the girl is just saved from a disastrous elopement. Misfortunes bring the "odd couple" together again, and the curtain falls on a peaceful and happy tableau. There is no passion, no jealousy, no tragedy of any sort; the separation is because of uncongeniality in temperament, and the lesson taught is, To bear and forbear is the law of married life; obedience brings happiness; disobedience, misery; and the endeavor to escape the law by separation is a wretched failure.

The Hand of Ethelberta (Henry Holt and Co.), Mr. HARDY'S last story, is a very good one for the dog-days. It is what he entitles it, "a comedy in chapters," and may be read with no intellectual effort, and very little emotional excitement. The heroine, the daughter of a London butler, and early left the widow of a young man of good family, lives a double life, keeping from society the secret of her birth, coquetting with a troop of her admirers to secure her position by a second marriage as favorable as the first, and yet retaining her affection for, and her active interest in, her brothers and sisters, despite their humble belongings. She is not intriguing enough to disgust, nor unselfish enough to attract. Her fortunes rather than herself interest the reader; he enjoys the improbable story of her life, and bids her good-by, when her aim is accomplished, without regret, much as, at the close of a brilliant evening, he bids adieu to a vivacious but otherwise indifferent host.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON'S *Sylvan Year* (Roberts Brothers) is in form a fiction; it can hardly be called a novel. A widower and his son seek relief from their fresh sorrow by burying themselves in a retreat in the heart of the forests of Burgundy. The house is an ancient monastic establishment, seven miles from the nearest public road. The study of nature is their chief employment; the companionship of nature is their chief society; description of nature is the chief charm of the book. Next to Ruskin, there is no writer who better teaches the art of observation than Mr. Hamerton. The *Sylvan Year* is in this respect a book to be studied as well as read. Bound up with it is *The Unknown River*. The two books are congenial companions; but he who has ever seen the original edition of the latter work will sadly miss the etchings which were so far essential to its existence that in this form the life of that quaint panorama appears to be gone.

My Young Alcides (Macmillan and Co.) is in some sense a new departure for Miss YONGE. This modern Hercules is Harold Alison, an English youth; the field of his exploits is Australia; the adventures in which he participates are adapted from the ancient Greek myth. On the whole, it is no objection that the author sometimes, as in the experience with the escaped lion, exhibits her hero's physical prowess, and sometimes, as in his fight with the "Dragon's Head," his moral courage. The too-evident endeavor to run this English story in the ancient Greek grooves gives it an aspect of artificiality; but Miss Yonge has accomplished the adaptations so well that, but for the title of the story, the reader would hardly suspect that she was writing to a model. Religious the story is, as all that Miss Yonge writes; but it is not ecclesiastical, as much that she has written is, the religion being that of individual character, not that of institutions and observances.

Benjamin Franklin (Dodd and Mead) concludes Mr. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S historical series of "Pioneers and Patriots." While there are one or two characters which we should not have recommended for this portrait gallery, notably Captain Kidd, and some that we regret to see omitted—Thomas Jefferson, for example—the series is an admirable one, for a double purpose. It will awaken the youth's interest in history. He must be very dull indeed who does not find these romances quite as entertaining as those of fiction. And, awakening his interest, it will give him graphic pictures of the early life of our country, and some knowledge of the men who formed it. This personal and particular knowledge should precede, and will prepare the way for, a larger and more general view of the political and military history of the country as a whole. Good biography is always a good introduction to history. But why will the publishers inflict on American readers such illustrations?—The second volume of the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (Harper and Brothers) completes the work, covering the period from 1838 to 1859. The lesson is that of the biographies of all truly great men—a tribute to the value of conscientious, patient industry. This is even more apparent in the second than in the first volume.—A second edition, revised and printed from entirely new plates, of Dr. DRAPER'S *Intellectual Development of Europe* (Harper and Brothers), presents in a form both more attractive and more convenient this well-known work.

Based upon a recognition of the principle that society as well as physical nature is governed by law, it exhibits the application of this principle in the development of modern civilization. It is quite the best work to afford the reader a clear conception of modern history as interpreted by the modern scientific school of thought.—The second volume of the Comte de Paris's *History of the Civil War in America* (J. H. Coates and Co.) brings down the history to the Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863. It includes a chapter on the financial measures inaugurated by Secretary Chase, and one on emancipation, and the preparatory measures that led to it. The author strongly reprobates the removal of General M'Clellan, whose previous military course he has not, however, hesitated to criticise. The course of Porter he attributes to confusion in the general management of the army, and he treats as unworthy of consideration the charges of "incapacity, cowardice, and treason" preferred against him. The calmness and candor of the author are strikingly illustrated in his treatment of these controverted points, which an American could hardly write upon without passion or prejudice; and his dominant desire to be always just is exemplified by a correction in a note respecting Mr. Floyd's administration of the War Department under President Buchanan. The second volume only confirms the favorable judgment expressed by all critics upon the first.—Mr. Stieger sends us four boxes of "Kindergarten Occupations for the Family," accompanying some pamphlet publications on the practical methods of employing Froebel's admirable system. These boxes contain materials for stick-laying, drawing, perforating, and weaving. We have had occasion to witness some practical exhibitions of Froebel's system in primary schools lately, and we have made in a small way a trial of one of these boxes before a jury of two in our own household, and the only criticism we have to suggest is that no father can safely open one of these boxes for the instruction of his little ones if he is not willing to open it again and give them another lesson very soon. They are admirable as instruments to teach the children both how to observe and how to use their hands with care in delicate operations.—In *Words: Their Use and Abuse* (S. C. Griggs and Co.), Dr. William Mathews makes very interesting what to most people is unhappily a very dry subject. This is due not merely to his style, which is vivacious and sprightly, nor to his illustrative anecdotes, which are numerous, well selected, and generally fresh, but principally to a certain moral insight which perceives principles in words, and clothes them with a real dignity and importance. Less erudite than the works of some of his predecessors, it is likely to be more useful because more readable. Mechanically, the book is a fine specimen of American art.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—Dr. Vogel, of Leipsic, has just published the determination of the places of 140 nebulæ between $+9°\ 30'$ and $+15°\ 10'$ of declination—a work undertaken in connection with Bruhns's zone observations of stars in this zone. Bruhns also proposes to re-observe the double stars in this zone. Vogel's work is on the same general plan as his previous series (1867), and his probable error of a final nebula position is $\pm 0.09''$ in right ascension, $\pm 1.1''$ in declination. Three star clusters have been micrometrically measured. The nebula G. C. 2211 is probably variable in brightness. Holden, of Washington, publishes in *Silliman's Journal* a study of the Omega nebula (G. C. 4403), in which he examines the evidences of change in this nebula as derived from the drawings of Trouvelot and himself and others since 1833. The conclusion arrived at is that the drawings do show strong evidence of a change of interior structure. Attention is called to the proper motion of the Trifid nebula (G. C. 4355), which appears to be marked.

One of the important events of the month of May is the opening of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. A more complete notice of the exhibits in astronomy and geodesy will be given later. A hurried inspection indicates that they are not large. Clark and Sons send no specimens of their optical work; a 6-inch equatorial, beautifully mounted, on the general plans of Cooke, of York, by Fauth and Co., of Washington, has, however, a Clark objective. Feil, of Paris, and Chance, of Birmingham, send optical glass; Voigtländer, of Vienna, has small telescopes and some large photographic objectives; Beck and other English manufacturers and some of the Swiss exhibitors send philosophical instruments; Negus, of New York, and Bond, of Boston, send chronometers to the Naval Observatory exhibit; Frodsham, of England, Fasoldt, of Albany, and Howard, of Boston, send clocks. The Lake Survey sends specimen geodesic and astronomical instruments, as do Lieutenant Wheeler's surveying expedition and the Coast Survey. The base apparatus of the Coast Survey is especially noteworthy. Trouvelot exhibits many exquisite pastel drawings of astronomical subjects in the Art Gallery and some with the Naval Observatory. From the list of jurors we extract the following: Instruments of precision, research, etc.—Professor Joseph Henry, LL.D., Secretary of Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.; Professor F. A. P. Barnard, S.T.D., Columbia College, New York; Professor J. E. Hilgard, Washington, D. C.; Professor J. C. Watson, Ann Arbor, Michigan; H. K. Oliver, Salem, Massachusetts; George F. Bristow, New York; Sir William Thompson, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Great Britain; Jul. Schiedmayer, Germany; M. Levasseur, France; P. K. Kupka, Austria. The special reports of these gentlemen will be looked forward to with great interest.

In the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society for March there are given three drawings of Coggia's comet of 1874—two drawn by Mrs. Newall with the Cooke 25-inch refractor, and one by With with silvered glass specula. Mr. Ranyard has also notes on its structure, in which he expresses his belief that a disruption analogous to that observed in Biela's comet was going on.

The second part of the Annals of the Observatory of Moscow for 1875 has just been published by Bredichin. It contains spectroscopic observations of the sun and nebulæ, etc., by the director, meridian observations by Gromadski, and photometric and photographic work by Céraski. Daily photographs of the sun are taken at Moscow.

In the *Astronomical Register* for May, Mr. Sadler gives a list of the colors of the components of sixty-three double stars, as resulting from his own observations and comparisons with the results of other observers. This is a work which American amateurs might well take up, and which, properly conducted, would yield results of interest and value.

The observatory of Brussels has since 1857 been engaged on the observations of stars suspected to have large proper motions. About 12,000 stars have been observed, 40,000 observations in right ascension and 30,000 in declination having been made. The catalogue, which is in course of preparation, will give the star places for 1870.0.

The Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh for 1874–75 contains several papers by Sang, the computer of a new logarithmic table of fifteen places, on the French Table of Prony (Tables de Cadastre), with remarks on this by M. Lefort, to whom we owe the best account of Prony's work extant.

The publication of Burnham's double-star catalogue has been commenced, a more detailed account of it will be given subsequently.

In a note to the editors of the *American Journal of Science*, Professor T. P. Mendenhall, of Columbus, Ohio, calls attention to some observations made by him, which show that temperature has an important effect on his large spectroscope, so that the readings of his micrometer on the same spectral line vary greatly, according as the apparatus is exposed to a temperature of 32° or the ordinary temperature of a room. This he attributes to a change in the index of refraction of his prisms. The numerical value of the change is closely proportioned to the number of prisms employed. These experiments will be continued.

Mr. Henry C. Lewis, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, is engaged in regular observations of the zodiacal light. He has succeeded, after much practice in viewing so faint an object, in tracing the light quite across the sky, and this on every clear and dark night, and the limits are regularly plotted on a star map. A series of such observations carefully discussed can not fail to be of high value, and it is to be hoped that they may be continued.

Moesta, of Santiago, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 2089, gives a thorough comparison of his star positions with those of Taylor and Johnson. It appears that the positions of southern stars require careful revision, particularly those in Taylor's general catalogue.

Lieutenant Greene, U.S.A., has presented to the Philosophical Society of Washington an important paper on the station errors or abnormal deflections of the plumb-line at the forty-one astronomical stations on the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, the boundary between the United States and the British possessions.

M. Eichens, of Paris (the constructor of the large Paris reflector), has proposed to M. Leverrier to construct the refractor from the rough disks now in the possession of the Paris Observatory, agreeing to finish it in two years and one-half. This offer has been accepted, and 210,000 francs are to be paid for the work.

The Foucault reflector (thirty-one inches aperture) of the observatory of Toulouse has been mounted since February, and M. Tisserand, the director, has already commenced a study of the Orion nebula with especial reference to the variable stars, and of the satellites of Uranus and Jupiter.

Dr. Valentiner, of the observatory of Leyden, has been called to the directorship of the observatory of Mannheim, *vice* Schoenfeld, who has taken Argelander's place at Bonn; Krueger, of Helsingfors, has been appointed to Gotha in the stead of Hansen.

The regular annual meeting of the Chicago Astronomical Society was held May 11. It appears that the observatory is useful in distributing time to various places in and near Chicago. Unfortunately this observatory has no astronomer at present, and its two fine instruments have contributed nothing to astronomy during the past year—a condition of things which requires a remedy.

In the *Meteorological* record we have first to speak of the third annual session of the permanent committee of the Vienna Meteorological Congress. Six members were present. It was reported that almost perfect uniformity had now been attained in the publications for international purposes of the limited number of stations allotted to each country for climatological statistics. It was resolved that barometric gradients may be expressed in millimeters per degree (69⅓ statute miles) or tenths of inch per 50 miles. An attempt will be made at the next meeting (in Rome, September, 1877) to bring together from all central offices well-compared standard barometers, and perhaps thermometers, for the purpose of comparison.

The establishment of new stations is diligently prosecuted by the London or British Meteorological Society, which reports twenty-two new ones during the year ending April 22.

An interesting paper, both in a theoretical and practical point of view, is that by Dr. Von Lang, of Vienna, on experiments on the friction between water and air. These experiments were made by measuring the amount of air drawn along after a falling column of water. The friction of air slipping over the surface of water and causing it to slowly follow is one of the important elements in terrestrial physics, and is directly involved in Von Lang's experiments.

The solar radiation has been studied by Violle, who, from observations made on Mont Blanc, concludes the temperature of the solar surface to be about 1500° C.

The origin of the slight quantity of ammonia present in the atmosphere has been further elucidated by Schloesing, who finds that earth mould absorbs ammonia instead of exhaling it, as it is commonly supposed to do.

The presence of some of the common but minor constituents of the atmosphere is ordinarily due to animal and vegetable life, and is the result of processes of diffusion through membranes. The general subject of the laws of diffusion is clearly set forth in an article by J. C. Maxwell reviewing an investigation by Wroblewski on the relation

between the rate of diffusion and the pressure on the two sides of a membrane of caoutchouc which was impervious to air, but not so to carbonic acid gas or to hydrogen.

The subject of atmospheric ozone is further investigated by Marié Davy at Mont Souris.

In regard to meteorological instruments, the month of May has been made notable by reason of the opening of the exhibitions at Philadelphia and at the South Kensington Museum. Although in the former collection science forms but a minor feature, yet the apparatus sent from Sweden and from England is very interesting, while the display of the Weather Bureau of the Army Signal-office is exceedingly attractive and complete. The greatest interest, however, must attach to the unprecedented opportunities now temporarily offered in London for the study of the present state of exact science and its progress during the past two hundred and fifty years. There are placed side by side the barometers of Fahrenheit, Hooke, and Fortin, and the recording barometers of the Kew and numberless other patterns; the thermometers of Galileo and of Casella; the anemometers of Lind, Robinson, Wild; the electrometers of Thomson and of Dellmann; the polarimeters of Arago, Brewster, and Rubenson, etc., etc. An almost exhaustive array of every conceivable form of rain-gauges and other apparatus for atmospherical research is there to instruct the student. The United States has, we regret to say, sent nothing, but it is to be hoped that we may in some way derive benefit from this unique collection. In order to improve these opportunities to the uttermost, a most admirable catalogue and hand-book has been published by the Royal Science Commission, with dissertations by eminent specialists: that on meteorology is by R. H. Scott. A series of scientific conferences has also been begun: that on meteorology occupied three days, ending June 2. Commissioners from most of the European states were present, and it seems desirable that American scientists should have an opportunity to be present at these conferences, as it is understood that the various departments of government have, in reply to the invitation extended to them, felt forced to reply that their whole energies were absorbed by our Centennial.

A very important addition to the rapidly increasing literature relating to anemometers has just been made by the venerable Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, the inventor of the well-known hemispherical cup anemometer, who has, in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, given us his latest views on the analytical theory of this and similar instruments.

Duclaux shows that mixtures in definite proportions of crystallizable salts and water deposit their crystals at very definite temperatures, and thus become excellent thermometers.

The application of the balloon to meteorological study receives a new impetus in the publication of De Fonvielles *Aventures Aériennes*, wherein he has brought his wide experience to bear on the failures of many who have attempted aeronautics. Much of our knowledge of the temperature and currents of the upper atmosphere has been derived from balloon ascensions, but much remains to be done. We note with great regret the abandonment of a plan for a fixed balloon in connection with the Centennial Exposition, and by means of which Mr. S. A. King hoped to be able to make numerous interesting investigations.

Janssen has, by means of temporary apparatus at Montmartre, been lately taking daily photographs of the solar disk. He finds that during the late cold spell in the first of May the sun had no solar spots whatever—an incident quite in accordance with the most generally accepted view, according to which in high latitudes the colder seasons occur when few spots prevail on the sun.

Baron Wrangell has contributed to Wild's *Repertorium* a short study into certain phenomena of the winds, as exhibited at Novorossisk, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and which are, as he shows, identical with the bora of the Adriatic Gulf. The description and explanation given by Wrangell apply very perfectly to the phenomena of the northers of our own Western plains. These all consist of currents of dry cold air flowing over descending plains and underrunning the warm moist air that previously occupied the lowlands. The attempt to deduce a formula that shall give approximately the numerical value of the velocity of the descending wind seems quite successful, inasmuch as Wrangell calculates for a very fair average case that the velocity must be at least seventy feet per second, or forty-eight miles per hour, corresponding to a moderate gale. In conclusion, Wrangell makes a bold and apparently very plausible proposition to the effect, namely, that by cutting into the mountain back of Novorossisk the violence of the bora will be very materially abated, and that port be made far safer than at present for the shipping of the Black Sea.

We regret to learn of the very sudden death, on March 29, of Lieutenant J. E. Cornelissen, superintendent for sixteen years of the marine division of the Royal Meteorological Institute of the Netherlands, and whose name we have recently had occasion to mention in connection with his charts of winds, currents, and temperature of the Atlantic.

Chemistry.—During the past month a national chemical society, with the title of the American Chemical Society, was organized in New York. The objects of this body are the encouragement and advancement of chemistry in all its branches, in furtherance of which monthly meetings will be held in New York, and an annual meeting at some selected place. The society starts with a membership of 133, under the presidency of Professor J. W. Draper.

Paper and card-board made from peat were recently presented at a meeting of the Berlin Polytechnic Society, and a factory for its manufacture is about to be erected in Prussia. The paper resembles in quality that made from wood or straw.

The discoverer of the new element, gallium, has succeeded in obtaining a grain and a half of the metal in the pure state, and has determined that it melts at 85.1° F., so that it liquefies when held in the hand. Its specific gravity is 4.7, water being 1.

A new test paper, prepared by Waller, is made by soaking strips of unsized paper in a solution of coralline, and is said to be exceedingly sensitive to the presence of alkalies, turning a beautiful red color, while acids turn it yellow. Waller proposes it as an alkaline reagent in place of litmus.

The ammonia-soda process of Solvay has, according to German accounts, been lately so much improved as to threaten the abandonment of the standard method in Germany.

Microscopy.—Mr. W. H. Walmsley, of Philadelphia, writes to *Science Gossip* recommending glycerine in mounting vegetable and insect preparations. He considers the white zinc cement, when properly prepared, as the most satisfactory. The cells are made with this cement by means of the turn-table, and kept ready for use, only applying a thin coating of the zinc when needed for mounting. The value of glycerine, and also chloride of calcium, as a mounting fluid, arises from the fact that the preparation is not lost, even by considerable leakage, but will remain sufficiently moist to be recovered. We have seen anatomical injections, mounted now over thirty years, in glycerine and water, and which have only had in all this time two or three fresh applications of the cement —in this case, asphalt varnish.

In the April number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* Professor Rupert Jones makes some corrections of his paper "On the Variability of Foraminifera," as printed in the February number of the same journal, and he remarks that varieties among foraminifera are of equal value to species, and even genera, as with higher animals, so far as concerns bathymetrical and geographical distribution.

The microscopical study of rocks, which has but recently received much attention, is proving of interest and value, especially as suggesting caution upon coming to conclusions upon mere resemblances. Many things at first sight supposed to be organic, or of ordinary crystalline structure, upon more careful study are found to be more than doubtfully so. Two excellent and well-illustrated papers appear in the April and May numbers of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, the former by A. Rénard, "A Study of the Belgian Plutonic Rocks;" the latter by Frank Rutley, F.G.S., "On some Structures in Obsidian, Perlite, and Leucite."

An elaborate article, and excellent and exhaustive in its way, "On Measurements of Möller's Diatomacean Probe-plate," by Professor Edward W. Morley, of Hudson, Ohio, is printed in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for May. Among the causes affecting the resolvability of a given diatom the author omits one that, even in tolerably experienced hands, is of no little moment—the difficulty in securing precisely the same perfect illumination upon different occasions: a difficulty so great that Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale have contrived a special apparatus for this purpose, and the very best attainable results, as they show, depend upon such delicate manipulations of the source of illumination, as well as its character, that it is only in the ordinary way accomplished, as one might say, by accident. Every microscopist who has endeavored to show what he himself, at some fortunate sitting, has seen of a given object, with a given objective, knows how often this has resulted in a failure. The author makes the common mistake of supposing that diatoms grow, increase in size by age. It is time this idea was dropped. The younger frustules—those immediately from the sporangium—are, if there is any difference in size at all, nearly twice the size of the parent frustules, and the oldest frustules are the smallest—a necessary result from self-division. The measurements of Professor Morley are, no doubt, very accurately made, and will be highly acceptable to those using the diatomaceæ as tests. We may remark here that the two forms figured among the spicules of glass sponges in the May number of this journal, and alluded to as probably foraminiferal, are diatoms, *Campylodiscus*. Foraminifera would scarcely have stood the treatment with acids.

In the *American Naturalist* for May is a list of American microscopical societies, some twenty-seven in number, and we find also in it the following hints from Mr. C. Merriman, of Rochester, on "Polarizing Crystallizations." All solutions must be in distilled water, and carefully filtered. Solution of gum-arabic must be added to the crystalline solution until the drops will dry on the slide without crystallizing. Then the drop on the slide is to be held over steam until one or more points of crystallization appear, then at once dried over an alcohol lamp; then held over the steam again until the crystals have grown a trifle larger, and so on until the specimen is satisfactory. The specimens are to be first varnished over with a film of collodion, and then mounted in old Canada balsam.

That flies have teeth seems now decided—at least what serve for teeth. Quite a discussion of this subject may be found in the Notes and Queries in *Science Gossip* for April.

Anthropology.—Major J. W. Powell has just sent to the National Museum a collection of ethnological specimens from the Pueblo Indians. They represent every class of objects in a museum of culture. Some of the forms are quite new, and bridge over the chasm between the northern and southern part of our country. Among these may be mentioned double and triple vases in pottery, images of the mother-goddess, and implements very similar to mound-builders' materials.

Dr. Edward Palmer sends to the *American Naturalist* a description of a large mound near St. George, South Utah, which he has evidence to believe was built up by the successive burning of the lodge inclosing the corpse, and the addition of new earth to form the foundation for the hut of some survivor. The succeeding layers of ashes and clay give great plausibility to Dr. Palmer's opinion.

In *Ausland* for April 24 commences a series of articles entitled "Zur Geschichte des alten Perus." From the spirit of the opening paper we infer that the author will treat his subject in a very thorough manner.

Sir William R. Wilde, M.D., died April 19, at Dublin, aged sixty-two. He was a devoted student of the antiquities and early history of his country. His most important work was the series of the catalogues of the Royal Irish Museum which bear his name.

The Rev. W. C. Lukis has prepared a "Guide to the Chambered Barrows of Brittany." The object of the manual is to enable tourists to make good use of their time in visiting the dolmens of this interesting district.

The April number of *Matériaux* contains articles by Pigorini, De Caix de Saint-Aymour, Mortillet, Goss, and Lewis. The paper of the latter is an interesting description of the erection of megalithic monuments in the mountain districts of India. The long slabs split from the cliff with

wedges are laid on a frame of logs and bamboo poles so constructed that a hundred men can lift. After being carried to the place of its erection, the frame is tilted up like a ladder, and the stone slid into the hole previously prepared.

Mr. Brabrook in April read a paper before the Anthropological Institute, written by Mr. B. Walker, entitled "Religion, Politics, and Commerce of Old Calabar," which contained an account of the singular institution of Egbo, the principal object of which is to secure mutual protection among the freemen. Admission into the various grades, nine in number, is by purchase. As regards religion, each district has a separate but subordinate divinity.

Sampson Low and Co., of London, have just published a translation of Colonel N. Prejevalsky's *Mongolia, the Tangut Country, and the Solitudes of Northern Thibet*, by E. Delmar Morgan, with an introduction by Colonel Yule. The same intrepid traveler has organized a new company to spend three years in the same field. The ethnology of the district will receive a large share of their attention.

Professor Flower, in closing the Hunterian Lectures on the Relation of Extinct to Existing Mammalia, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons recently, says: "No actual remains of man have been met with which can be said with certainty to be older than the pleistocene period, though it is asserted that his existence upon the earth in the pliocene and even miocene epoch is proved by works of art found in deposits of those ages. The oldest known remains of man from European caves (with perhaps the exception of the celebrated Neanderthal, the age of which is doubtful) do not differ more from Europeans than do several of the lowest modern races. In other words, no proof of the existence in former times of a race of men inferior in general organization to the Australian, and forming any nearer approach to the lower animals, has yet been discovered."

Zoology.—The zoology of Kerguelen Island has been farther elaborated by Dr. J. H. Kidder in a second series of memoirs by himself with the aid of various authors. The eggs found upon the island are described by Drs. Kidder and Coues. The only mammal on the island is the common mouse. The sea-elephants formerly so abundant on this island are now very rare. They visit the island about the 10th of October, and remain ashore until well into the month of January. "The old bulls, which alone are provided with a proboscis, take charge each of a large number of females, guarding them from the approach of other bulls, and (so the sealers assert) prevent them from returning to the sea before the young are old enough to do so with safety. During the breeding season the bulls are very pugnacious, fighting fiercely with each other, and even attacking the sealers themselves. Although seemingly so unwieldy, they are described as getting over the beaches with surprising speed, advancing both flippers at a time, and using them like crutches. The beaches of Royal Sound are fringed by innumerable wallows—cradle-shaped pits—in which the animals lie during the breeding season, recalling the buffalo wallows of our Western prairies." The fish, few in number, have been identified by Professor T. Gill, and the mollusks by Dr. Dall, a new genus of Lamellibranchs being described, and named in honor of Dr. Kidder. A few insects and spiders were collected, while the crustacea have been worked up by Professor S. J. Smith, and the annelid worms and echinoderms by Professor A. E. Verrill. The report concluded with "A Study of *Chionis minor*, with Reference to its Structure and Systematic Position," by Drs. Kidder and Coues. They conclude that this bird is a connecting link, closing the narrow gap between the plovers and gulls of the present day. "In our opinion this group represents the survivors of an ancestral type, from which both gulls and plovers have descended."

An interesting article on the habits of the singular fluviatile shell *Io* is contributed to the *American Naturalist* by Dr. Lewis. They live in the rivers of Tennessee, and are so solid and of such bright colors that they might be mistaken for sea-shells. It seems that they were known to the Indians before the advent of European races, as they have been found in their graves.

The last annual report of Professor Hayden's United States Geological Survey contains an excellent account of the snails collected in Colorado by Mr. E. Ingersoll. Six new species were collected, and much interesting information given regarding the vertical distribution of the species found.

A case of the occurrence of the larvæ of a fly (*Anthomyia scalaris*) in the bowels of a boy who had been seized with spasms is noticed in the *American Naturalist* for June. About fifty were expelled after a purgative had been administered, and the worms, uninjured, transformed into flies.

An excellent account of the fishes of Bermuda, by Professor Goode, forms the fifth Bulletin of the United States National Museum. Particular attention is bestowed upon the food fishes. Some new observations on the flight of the flying-fish are of interest. They were seen to fly from six to one hundred yards. "When they leave the water, the pectorals assume a rapid vibration, reminding one of the flight of a grouse, the tail also rapidly vibrating. The fins soon assume a rigid position, and the fish rises over the crests and falls in the trough of the waves, following their motion; sometimes it dashes through the crests, and on re-appearing the fins are again in motion. They seem unable to fly except in a straight line (I afterward saw them veering considerably from a straight line, taking a direction nearly at right angles with their first course), but are not dependent on the direction of the wind."

The earlier phases of the development of the frog are described by Moquin-Tandon in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*.

For our knowledge of the pterodactyls of the cretaceous rocks of North America we are indebted to the researches of Professor O. C. Marsh. It will be remembered that these are bird-like lizards, with wings somewhat like those of a bat, and with large teeth. Now a new suborder of *Pterosauria* has been discovered by him which were toothless; hence he terms the new group *Pteranodontia*. It seems that the jaws of *Pteranodon*, the sole representative of the suborder, are more like those of birds than of any known reptiles. All the specimens found were from the upper cretaceous formation of Western Kansas; and it is an interesting fact, says the author, that the localities and geological horizon of these specialized, toothless pterodactyls are precisely the

same as those of the *Odontornithes*, or birds with teeth, and the two doubtless lived together in the same region.

Botany.—At the Royal Agricultural Society of England a paper was read by Professor A. de Bary, of Strasburg, entitled "Researches into the Nature of the Potato Fungus." De Bary makes a new genus for the fungus causing the rot, changing the name from *Peronospora* to *Phytophthora infestans*. He does not admit that the bodies described by Worthington Smith as the oospores of this fungus have any direct connection with it, but suggests that they belong to a new species of *Pythium*, which he calls *Pythium nexans*.

Reinke gives a somewhat detailed account in the *Botanische Zeitung* of his experiments on the growth of plants, and Holle describes the structure of the root tip in angiosperms in most points with Janchewski.

In the *Annales des Sciences*, Duchatre gives his observations on the bulbs of lilies, and Julien Vesque a long article on the comparative anatomy of the bark of plants.

At a meeting of the botanical section of the Boston Natural History Society, Mr. Burge stated that he had discovered that the leaves of *Sarracenia* secreted sugar, and Mr. Greenleaf gave an account of the flowers of an apple-tree which is supposed to bear fruit without flowering. The flowers of this tree are very peculiar, the petals being changed to carpels, which lie over the normal ovary, thus making it appear to be two-storied.

In the field of *Engineering*, it is worth while to note the completion, on the 20th of May, of the new basin dry-dock built by Messrs. Cramp and Sons at Philadelphia. The dock is pronounced by competent judges to be a superior piece of workmanship, and will add materially to the value and importance of the port. The capacity of the dock is sufficient to accommodate the largest vessels.

The work on the Bergen Hill Tunnel, it is affirmed, will be finished during the month of June.

A temporary injunction, it appears, was lately issued restraining the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, the Bridge Company, and others interested from building the bridge "over the East River at the height of 135 feet above mean high water, or at any other height that shall obstruct, impair, or injuriously modify the navigation of said river." It is a curious circumstance that the discovery should only be made at this late day that the great structure so long in course of erection will prove an obstruction to navigation.

The ninth annual Convention of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association was held in the hall of the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, on May 16 and 17. The most valuable report presented was by the Committee on the Best Material, Form, and Proportion of Locomotive Boilers and Fire-Boxes, from which it appeared that the companies using steel fire-boxes most largely gave them undoubted preference.

The event of the month was the opening of the great International Exhibition at Philadelphia on the appointed day, which was done with much *éclat*. The preparations on the part of exhibitors and authorities, although in some respects backward, were, on the whole, much further advanced than has been the case at previous exhibitions, and at the time of writing may be regarded as practically complete, and the Exhibition itself a magnificent success. The large demand for space has necessitated the erection of numerous annexes to the main buildings, enormous as these are; numerous enterprising trade organizations likewise have erected separate buildings for their special exhibits, while there are other buildings in great number and for every conceivable purpose on the grounds.

With reference to the proposed international exhibition in Paris in 1878, to which allusion has been made in a previous issue, it has been decided that it shall be opened on May 1, and continue until October 31 of the same year. A commission has been appointed to make preliminary preparations; and a subcommittee, charged with the duty of devising a project for the buildings, has reported that it was necessary to have the covered space amount to 2,255,000 square feet.

The twin steamer *Castalia*, which during several months of the past year made daily trips between Dover and Calais, appears to have given satisfaction in every respect save speed. It is now affirmed that the Channel Steam-ship Company has decided to build another twin steamer upon the general plan of the first, but with certain improvements which experience has suggested, and with engines of such power as to realize a speed of not less than fourteen knots per hour.

The city of New York will doubtless have in operation by the time of the appearance of these lines a system of pneumatic dispatch tubes and subterranean telegraph, which is now being rapidly completed.

The *Railroad Gazette* reports the completion of 542 miles of new railroad in the United States in 1876, up to the close of May, against 260 miles reported for the same period of 1875, and 436 in 1874.

The secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association has just published the official figures giving the statistics of the production of iron and steel in the United States in 1875. The figures are represented as being very reliable, being based upon returns received from every furnace except five, every rolling-mill except two, and every steel-works except one, while the capacity and condition of the eight non-reporting works were tolerably well known. The more important figures are herewith briefly presented. The production of pig-iron in 1875 was 2,266,581 net tons, against 2,689,413 tons in 1874, and 2,868,278 tons in 1873. The decrease in 1875, as compared with 1874, was 422,832 tons, or more than fifteen per cent. The number of completed furnace stacks at the close of 1875 (abandoned stacks excluded) was 713, against 693 at the close of 1874. The total production of all kinds of rolled iron in 1875 was 1,890,379 net tons, against 1,839,560 tons in 1874. The production of iron and steel rails of all sizes in 1875 was 792,512 net tons, against 729,413 tons in 1874; of this total, 290,863 tons were Bessemer steel rails, against 144,944 tons in 1874. Forty-four establishments made steel other than Bessemer during 1875, their aggregate production amounting to 61,058 tons, against 49,681 tons in 1874. The production of open-hearth, or Siemens-Martin steel, amounted to 9050 tons, against 7000 tons in 1874. The total value of our imports of iron and steel during the year 1875 was $15,273,315, against $26,600,720 in 1874.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of June.—The United States Senate, May 29, by a majority of eight, decided that it has jurisdiction in the Belknap impeachment case; it has since been determined to prosecute the case during the present session.

In the House, May 28, the bill for the payment of the judgments of the Court of Alabama Claims was passed.

In the House, June 3, Mr. Wood, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported in regard to the Alaska fur-seal fishery lease, exonerating officers of the government and of the company from all allegations of fraud.

The Naval Appropriation Bill, appropriating $12,432,855, was passed by the House, May 23.—The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate, June 7. The House bill appropriated $12,998,815, but the Senate bill contains a large number of amendments nullifying reductions made by the House.—The Fortification Bill ($315,000) passed the Senate, June 7, without amendment.—The Indian Appropriation Bill ($3,905,771) was passed by the House, June 6.—The Senate passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill, with important amendments, June 9.—The Army Appropriation Bill ($23,155,077) was reported in the House, June 9.

The President sent a special message to Congress, June 17, urging prompt action on the pending appropriation bills, and suggesting a joint resolution to meet the embarrassing contingency of a failure to pass the bills during the current fiscal year. This proposed joint resolution provides for "extending the provisions of all appropriations for the present fiscal year to the next, in all cases where there is a failure on the 1st of July to supply such appropriation," until Congress shall make the regular appropriation.

A joint resolution, proposing to modify the treaty with China so as to reserve to each government reciprocally the right to regulate, restrict or prevent immigration, except for commercial pursuits, was passed by the House, June 12.

In the House, June 10, a bill was passed providing for the issue of $10,000,000, silver coin, in redemption of an equal amount of legal tenders; also a bill providing for the additional issue of $20,000,000 in silver coin.

In the Senate, June 3, a bill was passed authorizing the President to appoint five Commissioners to treat with the Sioux Indians for the cession of the Black Hills region.

The bill providing for the return to Japan of the Japanese Indemnity Fund, without interest, was passed in the Senate, May 31.

The President sent a special message to Congress, June 20, on the subject of extradition, announcing the release of Winslow and Brent by the British government, and the abrogation of the treaty by that act, unless its operation should be differently regarded by Congress.

B. H. Bristow, June 17, resigned his seat in the cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury.

Henry B. Anthony was re-elected United States Senator from Rhode Island, June 13.—E. H. Rollins, June 20, was elected United States Senator from New Hampshire.

The Illinois Republican State Convention, May 23, nominated Shelby M. Cullom for Governor.—May 31, the Alabama Democratic State Convention renominated G. S. Houston for Governor.—June 1, the Vermont Democratic State Convention nominated William H. Bingham for Governor.—The Arkansas Democratic State Convention, June 14, nominated W. R. Miller for Governor.—The North Carolina Democratic State Convention, June 15, nominated Z. B. Vance for Governor.

The National Republican Convention, at Cincinnati, Ohio, June 16, nominated Governor Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, for President of the United States, and the Hon. William A. Wheeler, of New York, for Vice-President.

The Spanish Cortes has passed the new constitution, including the religious toleration clause, by a vote of 285 to 40.

The result of the Parliamentary elections in Belgium, June 13, giving the clerical party a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, caused unusual popular excitement and some violence.

Abdul-Aziz, the Sultan of Turkey, was dethroned, May 31. His nephew, Murad Effendi, was proclaimed Sultan. The deposed Sultan committed suicide on the 4th of June.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, June 15, Justice Sir John Mellor granted an order for the release of the Boston forger, E. D. Winslow.

The French Chamber of Deputies, June 7, passed the University Education Bill giving the state the exclusive right to confer degrees. M. Buffet was elected Senator, June 16, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of M. Ricard. M. Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction, has informed the Budget Committee that the government has decided to accept the principle of obligatory primary instruction. The minister proposes to organize a great university at each of the following cities, Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Nancy, each university having an independent status.

DISASTERS.

May 30.—Great fire in Quebec. Nearly five hundred houses destroyed.

June 16.—Fire in a carpet manufactory in Ayr, Scotland. Twenty-four women buried in the ruins.

June 10.—At Vallon, France, three soldiers of a regiment there encamped killed by lightning, and eleven others paralyzed.

OBITUARY.

May 28.—Near Cincinnati, Ohio, G. M. D. Bloss, one of the editors of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, killed while walking on the railroad track, in his fiftieth year.

June 8.—At Amherst, Massachusetts, Dr. William A. Stearns, president of Amherst College, aged seventy-one years.

June 20.—At Portland, Maine, John Neal, a well-known author, aged eighty-three years.

May 25.—In England, Henry Kingsley, the author, and brother of the late Canon Kingsley.

June 8.—At Paris, France, George Sand, the celebrated novelist, aged seventy-two years.

June 15.—Intelligence by cable from London of the death of Dr. Julius H. Petermann, the well-known Orientalist, aged seventy years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE misquotation of the Bible given in a late number of the Drawer has brought to us the following: Some years ago, during a Democratic State Convention held at Syracuse, there occurred a large Sunday-school picnic, to which many of the delegates were invited, and which a few attended. Among those who accepted were John Van Buren and General Nye. Mr. Van Buren was requested to make a little speech to the little people, and though it was a little out of his line, cheerfully assented. In the course of it he sought to impress upon the juveniles that honesty was the best policy, and that politicians of all classes were quite too apt to sell and be sold. By way of illustration he added, "You remember how Abraham of old traded his birthright for a mess of pottage." General Nye, who sat directly behind him, gave a pull at his coat tails, and said, "Hold on, John, *you have got the hair on the wrong man.*"

FUNNY things will happen at the most inconvenient times. Witness the following, which lately occurred in Chautauqua County: Little Carrie was very fond of her big brother Charlie. One day came the sad news that Charlie had died suddenly, and away from home. Some one was sent to the school to inform little Carrie, and to bring her home. The poor child was very much grieved, and seemed inconsolable; but on reaching home, and finding the family weeping, her own childish tears were soon dried as she attempted to comfort the others. "Mamma," she said, "don't feel so bad; I know we're havin' *a tuckerin' time*, but we can't help it."

ROBERT SMALLS is known to fame as the colored man who ran off with the steamer *Planter* in Charleston Harbor, passing the rebel forts, and delivering her to the United States blockading fleet. His prominence then gave him a good start when politics became of use to his race in 1868. He has been a member of the Constitutional Convention, a member of the Legislature, a Senator, a major-general of militia, and is now a member of Congress. His rise and progress has attracted the wonder and envy of his constituents.

A day or two after the last election two dusky voters, while waiting for the ferry-boat to St. Helena, beguiled the time by discussing the election returns.

"You know dat Smalls is elected?"

"Ya; he goen to Washington, ent 'e?"

"Tell you, dat Smalls is a great mon; he kin do any ting he wants to."

"How dat?"

"Why, he fust went to de Legislatur', den he beat Whipper for de Senate, now he goen to Congress. He a great, great mon, I tell you."

"Well, he be a great mon, but he not as great as God; he can't do ebery ting."

"No, he not as great as God; but den, you know, Smalls he young yet."

JUDGE W——, of the First Judicial District of Colorado, was never known to excuse a juror from service, and was always on the alert to fine a delinquent attorney or any tardy member of the sacred twelve. A member of the Denver bar sends this story of the judge to the Drawer, where a juror wished to be excused from duty for one day:

JUDGE W——. "Why do you wish to be excused from serving on the jury to-day?"

JUROR. "My wife is dead; the funeral 'comes off' at three o'clock, and I feel it to be my duty to be there."

JUDGE W——. "How long has she been dead?"

JUROR. "Two days, Sir."

JUDGE W——. "Do you call *that* an excuse? Mr. Clerk, enter an order that this juror buy one hundred pounds of ice to keep the corpse, and that the funeral be postponed till ten o'clock next Sunday morning. The public business can not be interrupted with trifles. The juror is fined five dollars, and stands committed till paid."

SOME years ago a benevolent lady of this city took a little negro girl into her family, intending to give her a very thorough moral and religious training. Unfortunately the child was much given to lying, and though the mistress strove incessantly by precept and example to eradicate this vice, her efforts were far from successful. One day, returning home after some hours' absence, the lady was met at the door by her sable handmaid, who with many tears informed her that she had broken a very valuable china pitcher, an heir-loom in the family.

Here was light in the darkness at last, strict truthfulness in the face of reprimand or punishment, and the good mistress was delighted. Such an opportunity to reward and strengthen virtue must not be lost; so the lady magnanimously forgot her annoyance at the loss of her cherished pitcher (one of a pair), and taking out a penny, said, kindly, "Well, Jenny, since you have been such a good girl, and told the truth so quickly, I shall not even scold you. Here is a penny for you."

Alas! the next morning the lady, on returning home from market, was met at the door again by her promising pupil, who delightedly exclaimed: "Oh missus! I's broke the *other* pitcher. *Won't you give me another penny?*"

Further description of that good woman's state of mind would be superfluous.

THIS, from Nevada, speaks for itself: An Irishman in Virginia City, being tried for assault and battery, when asked if he had any thing to say by way of defense, replied, "Well, your honor, I saw but little of the fight, as I was underneath most of the time."

JUDGE DAY, who was a very tall man, was seen walking with Sir Arthur Clarke, whose dwarfish figure presented a very marked contrast to that of the judge. "There goes," said a witty barrister, "the longest *Day* and the shortest (*k*)*night*."

At the assizes of Limerick Judge Day was trying to dispose of a heavy calendar, and was going into a fresh case so late as twelve o'clock at night, despite the earnest protest of the bar. He would listen to no remonstrance, and was directing the jury to be sworn, when a note was handed him by the crier. The judge read it, his features relaxed into a smile, and he suddenly declared he would

go no further that night. The note contained the lines, written by a member of the circuit named Casey:

> Try men by *night!* My Lord, forbear:
> Think what the wicked world will say:
> Methinks I hear the rogues declare
> That *justice is not seen by Day.*

One of the wits of the Munster bar was Ned Lysaght, who startled a Dublin banker one day as he was walking home from the bank by asking him for employment in the bank.

"*You*, my dear Lysaght!" exclaimed the banker. "What situation in my concern would suit you?"

"I could manage two, if you'd let me."

"Tell me what they are," said the astonished banker.

"If you let me act as your *cashier* for one day, I'll turn *runner* the next," replied the wag.

The *Dublin University Magazine* is publishing a series of interesting reminiscences of the Munster Circuit. Among other anecdotes it gives the following, which is simply "too neat for any thing:"

Lord Avonmore (Barry Yelverton), while holding the office of Attorney-General, was spending some time with the Earl of Kenmare at Killarney, who gave a stag hunt in his honor. The stag, after a long chase, reached the hill from which the Attorney-General, the witty Father O'Leary, and other guests of Lord Kenmare were viewing the chase. Close to the feet of Yelverton the panting stag lay down.

"How natural that is!" said Father O'Leary to the Attorney-General. "The stag comes to you in hopes you will cause a *nolle prosequi* to be issued in his favor."

This to the Drawer from Victoria, Texas:

A man and brother was on trial at La Grange, Texas, before Judge Barden, charged with horse-stealing. He was a diminutive African, very black, and about twenty-five years old. The case was rather hard against him. The first witness in his behalf was another colored man, black as the ace of spades, with shiny face, very fat, over six feet high, and pompous in speech and manner. His testimony was straight for the defendant. The District Attorney thought he was lying, and commenced the cross-examination, to show the interest of the witness, by asking him,

"Witness, you say you have known the defendant a long time. Is he any relation of yours?"

"Yes, Sah."

"What relation?"

The witness, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the District Attorney squarely in the face, promptly replied, "*I'm his niece, Sah.*"

And while the Court, jury, and audience laughed, the "brother" thought every thing was right.

Another case before the same judge occurred at Corpus Christi. It was a gaming case. The State had placed on the stand a keen, shrewd darky named Sam West to prove that the defendant at the time and place alleged had been gambling. West was up to that kind of sport himself; admitted he was there and at the table; and though watching the game a long time, was unable to tell whether the defendant actually gambled or not. The District Attorney tried in vain to get the whole truth out of Sam. Finally the judge took him in hand. Sam would not swear a man played cards or put his money down on a card unless he actually saw him do it, and here his memory failed him as to the act of the defendant. At length this colloquy occurred:

Judge. "Well, Sam, you say you never know a thing takes place unless you see it?"

Sam. "Yes, Sah."

Judge. "Suppose you heard a horse neigh out in the yard, but did not see it, would you not know a horse was there?"

Sam. "No, Sah."

Judge. "Why not?"

Sam. "No, Sah, I would not know it was a horse, Sah. It might be a *mare*, Sah!"

Sam had the laugh on the judge that time, but it was only a little time afterward that the judge sent him to the penitentiary for burglary.

Why people will always be poking fun at New Jersey is something we can not understand. For example, what but a strong infusion of total depravity could induce any one to invent such a calumny as this: A Woodbridge youth was taken to Newark on a visit a few weeks ago, and on the night of his arrival at his aunt's, she inquired if he liked milk. When answered in the affirmative, she told him where he would find some. The boy found a bowl of spearmint tea where she said the milk was, and he had swallowed about half of it, when the lady came out, saw the mistake, and exclaimed,

"Goodness! that isn't milk."

"Isn't it?" asked the boy, as he stood off and surveyed it.

"Why, that's spearmint tea. Didn't you know it wasn't milk?"

"I knew it wasn't like Woodbridge milk," was the reply; "but I thought it might be as good as you ever got in Newark."

Lord Houghton lost none of his wit by his recent absence from England. On getting home from the United States, he met at an evening party a lady more beautiful in her own eyes than in those of the world, who boasted that she had had hundreds of men at her feet. Lord Houghton remarked, in an under-tone, "Chiropodists."

We "expect" that there are no people in the world so distinguished for courtesy as the people of Boston. A few days since a lady of that city, with her child, entered a Beacon Street car, and mentioned to the conductor that she desired to get out near Arlington Street. No doubt astonished at the variety of cars, and the many directions from which they came and went, seemingly without regularity, she innocently but politely remarked to the conductor as he landed her, "I'm very *much* obliged to you, I'm sure; but I'm afraid I've taken you out of your way!"

Our legal readers will appreciate the following, fresh from the other side: A distinguished barrister was traveling down to his suburban house one night, when a friend asked him how it was that he managed to overtake all his work, and especially how he got on when two cases were called in different courts at the same time. "Well," replied the sergeant, "I will give you a sample. To-day I was just in such a fix. One of

my clients was a clergyman, and the other a railway company, and I thought the best thing I could do was to stick by the railway company, and leave the clergyman to Providence. I won my case." The occupants of the carriage in which they were riding were amused at the division of labor, and were laughing at it somewhat immoderately, when a mild-looking stranger in a white neck-cloth interposed and said, "And perhaps you will allow me to add, Mr. Sergeant, that we lost ours."

GUESSING bees are just now the rage in the old country. The latest of the conundrums offered for the investigation of that people was this: "In what respect are a spinster who (notwithstanding her frost-tinctured hair) still looks out for a husband, and a young buxom quean from the country who adjusts my lady's toilet, the same? Do you give it up?—They are both *waiting maids.*"

FROM the old country we have another small lot of epitaphs, all quite old, that are far superior to any thing of the kind we can produce here. The first is in the pompous style, and eulogizes the good points of Elizabeth and Richard Barklamb, of Ercall Magna, Shropshire:

When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
Then celestial virtues with their full, effulgent, brilliant essence,
Shall, with beaming beauteous radiance, through the ebullition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions, beatifical, sublime;
Then human power absorbed, deficient to delineate such effulgent, lasting sparks,
Where honest plebeians ever will have precedence over ambiguous great monarchs.

Self-sufficiency presents a fine example in the following, on Stephen Dean, in Chelmsford churchyard:

His enemy might write his epitaph, still would his spirit, based on rectitude, stand firm. Integrity's Colossus o'er Slander's eternal stream—beyond all reach.

In Chichester Cathedral:

Here rests all that is mortal of Richard Smith, Gent. The immortal part is gone to join its great original in heaven.

On Rebecca Smith:

Her transition from earth to join the blood-bought throng took place, according to Eternal Destination, in 1843.

In Bath Abbey:

Here lies Ann Mann.
She lived an old Maid, and died an old Mann.

In Ockham Church, Surrey:

The Lord saw good, I was topping off wood,
And down I fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and broke my blessed neck,
And so death topp'd off me.

In Bideford church-yard:

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided:
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sickened and he dieded.

At Chelmsford, Essex:

Here lies the man Richard
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And his wife wore the breeches.

FROM a very Scotch gentleman we have these two:

The first, chiefly odd on account of its orthography, is taken from a stone in the grave-yard at Stratford-on-Avon:

Death creeps Abought onhard,
And steals Abroad on seen;
Hur darts are suding and her arous keen,
Hur Stroks are deadly com they soon or late
When being Strock Repentance is too Late.
Death is Aminute ful of Suden Sorrow.
Then liue to day as thou mayest Dy to Morow.

Mike was in temper and in sole sinsere
Ann Husband tendur and a Fathur deer
He was a fathur kind
And modist was in mind
A greeter blessin to a umman
Never mor was givn
Nor a greeter loss eksept the loss of heavn.

The next is in Claverley Church, Shropshire. Neither name nor date is visible. It is of great antiquity:

Come Let Us Go See Mans. But A Fashion
Here Dyed One Whilst In His Station
Who Journey'd Long, Long Journeys Also March'd
Rushing Into Death, Leaving Every Yard
Near To His Home and Dear Relation,
Here For to Seal His Habitation.

ANOTHER from Scotland, showing that the justice of the peace of that unco' guid country is not a whit better qualified for his position than his brother in the wilds of the United States:

A bailie of the Gorbals, Glasgow, was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before his tribunal with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "I hae nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en oot o' my ain pouch this vera week." The same magisterial logician was on another occasion seated on the bench when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful phraseology of the indictment, the bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime ye are fined half a guinea." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proven. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just mak the fine five shillings." On another occasion a fellow was charged with stealing poultry. The bailie, as solemnly as if he had assumed the black cap, addressed the man thus: "Prisoner at the bar, the Almighty has blessed you with health and strength—instead of which you go about the country stealing hens."

THE Baptists in Tennessee are making great efforts to signalize the Centennial by extra effort in the endowment of one of their colleges. The "Centennial agent" met recently an Episcopal clergyman, and pleasantly chaffed him on the indifference of his Church to the great jubilee. "It is well enough," said the other, "for you young fellows to get excited over such matters; the novelty makes it natural for you; but our folks, having had eighteen of them, have grown kind o' tired of centennials."

APROPOS of Mr. Gardner's recent report on the accuracy of private surveys as they have been conducted in this State (New York), comes a story from a friend in Massachusetts. He had been staying for a while in a village in Worcester County, where, the day that he left, he learned that he could purchase at a reasonable price a small farm which he had coveted. As it was impossible for him to delay his departure, he asked

one of those busybodies who are always interested in other people's affairs, but not in their own, named Q——, to superintend the surveying of it. To satisfy each party, the surveyor requested the party who sold the land to carry one end of the chain, and the party who represented the buyer to take the other. When the survey was completed, Q—— informed his friend of it, and quaintly added he was sure he had secured full measure, for he guessed he had *lapped* as much as the other fellow had *slipped*. On a resurvey it was found that there was a full half acre more than the deed gave title to.

What diabolical beings those London cabmen are, to be sure! An elderly lady was recently observed hovering on the side of the pavement, vainly endeavoring to get across the street; but the stream of cabs, busses, and vehicles of all descriptions went flowing on, and somehow she never seemed to be able to venture over in safety. At last she made a start, when a Hansom-cab driver, crawling along, saw her, made a sudden spurt, and nearly succeeded in knocking her over. Happily, however, for the old woman, she escaped, and the driver said, as he drove on, "Missed her, by Jove!" just as if she had been a bird.

This, now, is straightforward and business-like: A applied to B for a loan of $100. B replied, "My dear A, nothing would please me more than to oblige you, and I'll do it. I haven't $100 by me; but make a note, and I'll indorse it, and you can get the money from the bank." A proceeded to write the note. "Stay," said B; "make it $200. I want $100 myself." A did so, B indorsed the paper, the bank discounted it, and the money was divided. When the note became due, B was in California, and A had to meet the payment. What he is unable to cipher out is whether he borrowed $100 of B, or B borrowed $100 of him.

An Irishman who professed to be a great sportsman, but who in reality had never loaded or fired a gun, went out with a party on a gunning expedition. By some mistake he had managed to get a double charge of powder in his fowling-piece; and seeing a young squirrel within range, he aimed at it and pulled trigger. The same moment he found himself lying flat upon the ground, his shoulder aching from the recoil of the gun. Looking around to find the squirrel, which he supposed he had demolished, he spied him skipping about on the rail of a fence as chirk and lively as ever. Rubbing his shoulder, the sportsman apostrophized his would-be victim as follows: "Bad luck till ye, ye varmint! Ye're chipper enough now; but if ye had been at *this* end of the gun, ye'd not be goin' chip, chipper on the fence there by this time, ye villain ye!"

It was the last night but one of a protracted meeting at a little place called Webster, in the southeastern part of Missouri. A large crowd had gathered in the old one-room log-cabin where the services were held. The rickety seats were nothing but strips of board resting on small blocks, and were getting uncomfortably filled. To make more space for the ladies, half a dozen or so of the best-looking men in the room voluntarily stood up at one side, and as they were all six feet and over, they made a goodly show. It is just possible they knew this, seeing there were so many pretty girls present. The services began by reading, singing, and a prayer. No words could describe that supplication, shouted out at the highest pitch of the minister's voice. One sentence alone remains as a legend in the place: "Bless us all in these last ends of the earth. And, O! our heavenly Father, help us—O! help us now to pray for the *tall sinners* of Webster!"

Down like a shot went those sinful men, and the maidens tittered.

In a pamphlet entitled "Reminiscences," by W. H. Sumner, among other curious items is the following, which will be of interest to our readers in connection with the biographical sketch of Sam Adams given in the July number of this Magazine:

In 1853, Mr. W. H. Sumner, by invitation of Lady Abingdon, lunched at Wytham, the seat of the Earl of Abingdon, four miles from Oxford. Lord Abingdon's first wife was a daughter of General Gage, and cousin to Mrs. Sumner. While awaiting the arrival of the host, Mr. Sumner was examining the family portraits that hung upon the walls, and was much struck by one that extremely resembled the Revolutionary patriot Samuel Adams. When his lordship appeared, Mr. Sumner remarked that it seemed strange to see in his house a picture so like one of the so-denominated Revolutionary patriots proscribed by his father.

"Why," answered Lord A., "singular as it may seem, that is the portrait of General Gage, the very man who proscribed him."

It is quite possible, with this clew, to trace a resemblance even in the ordinary wood-cuts of the two men, so unlike in temperament, disposition, and circumstances—a curious problem for the phrenologist and physiognomist.

Concerning the Centennial, this is not bad:

At a colored church in Greeneastle, Pennsylvania, a few days ago, a colored woman brought up an ebony youngster for baptism.

"What is the child's name?" asked the minister.

"Thomas Centennial Middleton," said the mother.

This being apparently too lengthy for the minister, he concluded to abbreviate it, which he did in this wise: "Thomas *S.* Middleton, I baptize you," etc.

The recent death of Hon. J. W. Longyear, judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan, recalls an incident which occurred during the session of the National Republican Convention, held at Crosby's Opera-house, Chicago, May, 1868. When the time came for selecting the committee on credentials, the secretary was instructed to call the names of the States in alphabetical order, that each State might name a delegate to act on the committee. When Maryland was called, Mr. Creswell gave the name of J. W. Longnecker. The secretary, as was his custom, repeated the name in a stentorian voice, and in this instance placed a marked emphasis on the first two syllables. The Convention was not slow "to see the point," and a perceptible titter ran through the house. Michigan was next call-

ed. General Cuteheon arose and pronounced the name of John W. Longyear, which the secretary attempted to repeat by roaring into the ears of the Convention, "John W. Long-ears," at which the entire audience burst into a loud, full, and almost uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which the judge heartily joined. As soon as the first paroxysm of mirth had subsided, the delegate arose, and addressing the president, said, "You will please instruct the secretary to insert a *y* before the *e*," and sat down, while renewed peals of merriment filled the house.

A SHARP-LOOKING country chap went into a drug store one day in pursuit of an article the name of which he had forgotten, but felt sure that he could pick it out from the chemicals exposed in jars upon the shelves. Glancing his eyes along one row of bottles after another, they rested at length upon a jar containing red precipitate, known in pharmacopœian nomenclature as hydrargyri oxidum rubrum, but which was abbreviated upon the label so as to read "hyd. ox. rub." Scrutinizing the drug for a moment, and then directing his attention to the label, he read aloud, "Hyd. ox. rub.—rub ox hide," and exclaimed, triumphantly, "That is the thing, sure. I want it to rub on my oxen, to kill the lice."

STANDING one day upon a street corner in a Western city, my attention was attracted by a passing funeral procession. The deceased, judging from the long line of carriages and the multitude of Irish following the hearse, must have been "a foine ould Irish gintleman," and having a curiosity to know on whose account this great parade was being made, I asked of an Irishman standing near, "Who is dead?"

"Indade, Sur," he replied, "I dun know; but whoever he be, be jabers and he may well be proud of his funeral."

TOM HOWARD kept a gun shop in the town of Riverside. Tom was a first-class workman, but distressingly dilatory in the dispatch of business. He would meet his patrons with a positive promise, which he would renew month after month, until at length his shop became an armory of unfinished rifles and fowling-pieces. One day his neighbor Smith, who had suffered repeatedly by Tom's habit of procrastination, entered his shop. "Tom," said he, "I want you to make a gun for my little boy—a small, well-finished piece, and as light in the barrel as will be consistent with safety."

"Oh yes," said Tom. "I will make it immediately. You shall have it at once. But, by-the-way, how old is the boy?"

"Well, as to that," replied Smith, "the boy is not born yet, but I thought I had better get the gun under way."

H. G. (not Horace Greeley), a noted Michigan auctioneer, who was for a long time "going, going," and who has at last "gone," upon one occasion looked down from his stand upon a great crowd of hangers-on, who had been attracted to the sale more to hear the fun than to purchase goods. The auctioneer, finding no disposition to raise the bid on an article which he was crying "dog cheap," suddenly paused, and with an expression of contempt which it would be impossible to put upon paper, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, it is conceded by all that I am the meanest cuss in the whole country, but I am happy to inform you that *I feel perfectly at home in this crowd.*"

AN eccentric poet of Newark, New Jersey, well known to the last generation as Matt Ward, was the author of the following epitaph on a dog named "Spring:"

On brute and monarch death alike will call;
Dogs have their day, and Spring hath had his fall.
Doctors by barking, lawyers biting, thrive:
Spring could do both—both could not make him live.

From human puppies he had gifts apart:
They heartless souls, but he a soulless heart;
They, doomed to future life, meet death with fear,
But he, more happy, sleeps forever here.

A WELL-DISPOSED gentleman at Bloomfield, New Jersey, sends the following:

A few months ago the janitor of the public school died. The school building being closed on the day of the funeral, Johnny M—— spent the time playing by the lake near his house. A few days since his mother sent him to school as usual, but Johnny preferred playing at the lake, where he met his father at work. Mr. M—— inquired why he was not at school. Johnny said there was no school, and when pressed for a reason, replied, triumphantly, "That man is dead again."

TALKING of babies and servants, these two from auld Scotia are rather neat:

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down the garden.

"Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener.

"A laddie," said the maid.

"Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world."

"Heeh, mon," said the girl, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

THE answers of servants often curiously illustrate the habits and manners of the head of the household. A bright maid-of-all-work, alluding to the activity and parsimony of her mistress, said, "She's vicious upo' the wark, but eh, she's vary mysterious o' the victualing."

ELDER STARK and his worthy wife were the happy parents of nine children—girls and boys—and a riproarious set they were. Day and night they made things lively around the old hearthstone, for even the darkness failed entirely to quell their turbulent spirits, for by the time the older ones had quieted down to sleep the younger scions would begin to stir. But at the table, while the blessing was being asked, absolute quiet and attention were strenuously insisted upon.

Happening in to dinner one day (for the elder's hospitality was as large as his family was numerous), I watched with interest the marshaling of these fractious elements about the table. One after another was cuffed, chided, or rebuked by the worthy dame, while the elder sat with hands meekly folded, watching eagerly for the first sign of a calm. At length, when a momentary lull settled down upon the expectant circle, the mother gave the table a smart rap with her knuckles, and shouted, "Quick, quick, pa! now is your time;" and grace was said.

HARPER
NEW MONTHLY M

No. CCCXVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1

LIFE AT LONG BRAI

By OLIVE LOGAN.



OCEAN AVENUE AFTER ARRIVAL OF EVENING TRAIN.

LONG BRANCH is like the lady's foot of *Punch's* shoe-maker—remarkably long and narrer. The fashionable watering-place reaches from Financier Jay Gould's cottage on the north to President Grant's cottage on the south, a distance of two or three miles, and somewhat suggests a carpenter's set scene at the theatre; it is painted on a straight piece of canvas: what is behind it, the audience neither knows nor cares. Those who have taken the trouble to look behind the scenes at Long Branch—a proportion of the great public which bears about the same relation to the mass that the actors, scene-shifters, and other employés of a theatre do to the public in the auditorium—are aware that there is a little New Jersey village back there, with some pretty farms and parks, a race-track, and a few such trifles. But the crowds which come and go in the season, on pleasure bent, do not for the most part take cognizance of any thing but the gay scene along the shore, with its straggling hotels and abundance of piazza looking ever out to sea. The popular drive is along the beach road called Ocean Avenue, which is the main artery, the Broadway, the Boulevard, of the "summer capital." It has been a newspaper fashion lately to call Long Branch the American Brighton, but a Brighton it certainly is not, and will never be until the barn-like frame buildings which serve it as hotels are pulled down and others are erected of a material more solid, substantial, and imposing. It is these sprawling wooden

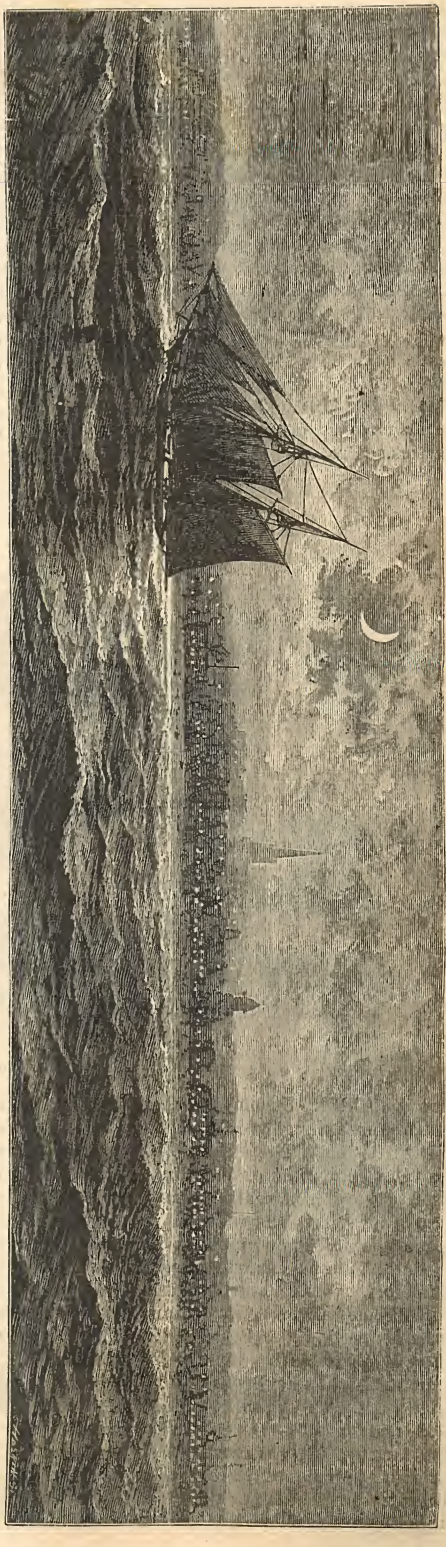
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

...ranch that ...ngerbread ... Newport ...ith scorn. ...uch who ...ne-paint- ...the alter- ...ce is very ...he dinner ... of the day ...ur of mid- ...ne but the ... Avenue is ...ven by men ... as those of ...eying loads ...esidence, cot- ...; when num- ...ed, white, and ...es on lawns and ...nds blare on the ...nd there side-show- ...s of pop and ginger- ...with air-guns at striped ... canvas sides in the breeze ...ng sea—indeed, the whole ...istibly suggestive of sawdust ..., and one looks about instinctive- ...e red-lipped clown, and listens for ...erry "Houp la!" of the riders. The ...s and the flags and the fast-flying ...horses are no doubt intended by the inn-keepers, who principally plan and shape the manners and customs here, to awaken a mad feeling of hilarity in the bosom of the arriving guest; but they are destructive to the sentiment of quiet and elegant repose which should no doubt inspire the existence of an altogether high-toned summer resort.

Long Branch is *sui generis;* and it is perhaps better in accord with the spirit of American institutions than any other of our watering-places. It is more republican than either Newport or Coney Island, because within its bounds the extremes of our life meet more freely. It is not so aristocratic as Newport, yet the President of the United States lives there, and so do many other prominent examples of our political, literary, artistic, commercial, and social life. It is not so democratic as Coney Island, yet the poorer and more ignorant classes are largely represented throughout the season. On hot Sundays there come to Long Branch great throngs of cheap excursionists, small tradesmen and artisans with their families, with a sprinkling of roughs and sharpers—just such throngs as also go to Coney Island on the same day. Long Branch has equal attractions for rich and poor. It is quite astonishing with what ease the millionaire can get rid of dollars there, and it is almost equally astonishing what cheap and comfortable quarters are at the command of the humblest purses. The same magnificent sea view which is put so heavily in the bill of the lodger on the first floor of the big hotels can be enjoyed by the poorer lodger near the roof of the cheaper houses at a comparatively insignificant cost. If there are great taverns where one pays four or five dollars a day, with huge extras for special rooms and luxuries, there are also cheap hotels and even German *Gasthausen* where poorer folk can live. If there are elegant cottages for Presidents and merchant princes and railway kings, there are also abundant boarding-houses for people who count their pennies carefully before spending them. Some of the most crushing dandies who loaf in the parlor door at the fashionable hotels when the Saturday night "hop" is on, faultless in attire and killingly eyeglassed and mustached, might be traced to humble abodes in the back region behind the theatrical scene when they saunter homeward in the hour approaching midnight. They sometimes condescend to join the dancers on the floor, and they bathe at the fashionable hour with great assiduity, but where they eat and sleep can only be conjectured. They are just as well-bred, well-mannered, and well-appearing gentlemen as any at Long Branch, and are just as well received by what is there called society.

Long Branch further illustrates a side of American character in the fact that it is a direct result of business energy, enterprise, shrewdness, and "push." It did not grow up slowly, year by year, an outcome of the natural fitness of things, as Brighton did, and as Dieppe and Trouville did—nay, as Newport and Saratoga did. As things go in this country, Newport and Saratoga are old. They figured in the Revolutionary period, and were even known as watering-places as far back as 1800—further, perhaps. But Long Branch is as striking an example of rapid growth in its way as Chicago itself is. Twenty years ago it had no fashionable existence, which is only saying it had no existence at all. There was nothing there but a lonely stretch of sandy shore, against which the surf beat unhonored and unsung. If the slow-going villager back under the trees there, a mile from the beach, had been told that Long Branch was the future great marine suburb of the great metropolis, he would no doubt have smiled incredulous. And even now one seeks in vain for the reason why this particular spot was chosen for this purpose, until his seeking brings him to the simple truth that certain speculators willed it so, and set about making their scheme a reality by those methods which are so well known to the builders of paper cities in this country. They willed that the tide of New York's summer-resort seekers should pass by the charming Highlands of the Navesink, which now blink dully at the

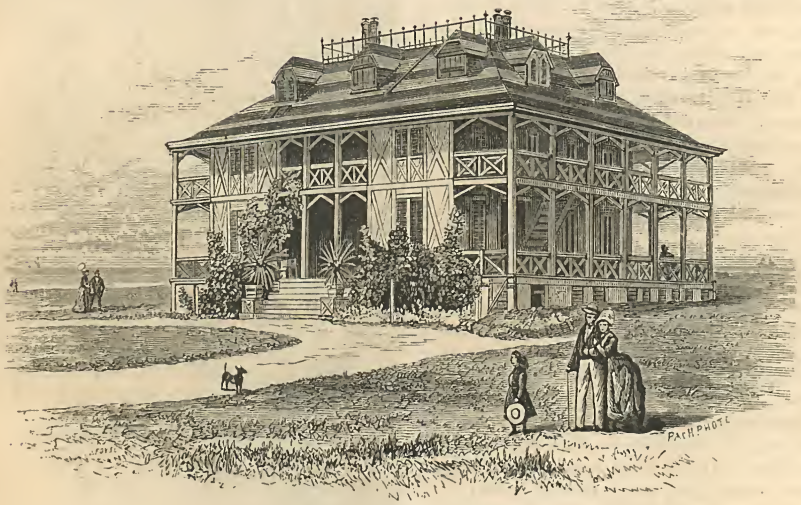
long whizzing trains flitting past them five or six times a day, loaded down with merry throngs all the summer through. Along the road from Sandy Hook to Long Branch lie beautiful little villages which have their yearly throng of summer patrons, but they are not "the Branch," and their strongest recommendation as watering-places is that they are within easy driving distance of the summer capital. The glory and gain of transforming Long Branch from a deserted stretch of New Jersey coast into *the* sea-side city of to-day, and of familiarizing its name to the popular ear to such an extent that Chicago itself is not more celebrated, undoubtedly rest with a few capitalists, who bought farms in Monmouth County for thirty or forty dollars an acre, and set about turning their corn fields into villa plots. Easy enough to do this much on paper, but to make the public buy the plots was something calling for ability and energy of the first order. A scheme of advertising was adopted, brave, expensive, and perilous, by which the place was persistently brought before the public attention summer after summer. The ubiquitous correspondent of the daily press was sent down to report. It was not a very fascinating spot in those early days, but the reporter who can not write an attractive letter merely because there is nothing attractive to write about has mistaken his vocation. A vivid imagination, a touch of Thackeray's wit and Dickens's inventive genius, are much more valuable in a watering-place correspondent than the mere photographic faculty of reproducing facts. To "call a spade a spade" is fatal to the charm of letters from the sea-side, especially if the place be dull and uninteresting. There were as charming letters written from Long Branch when it was dull and uninviting as now when it is animated and attractive in the season. By one device and another, legitimate and illegitimate, by building a new railroad, by improvements of various sorts, and divers plans for attracting public attention to their pet and pride, the capitalists forced the growth of the place in public appreciation, and achieved a veritable *coup d'état* when they induced President Grant to go and live there in the summer. Long Branch became the summer capital, and its fortune was made. The villa plots sold like the proverbial hot cakes. The hotels built huge additions to themselves, and all the world rushed to sleep in them. Those who had money in their pockets found it burning most uncomfortably there until they had bought a villa plot, or a corner of a farm, or an old house



LONG BRANCH, FROM THE SEA.

that could be turned into a summer seat. Many outsiders made large sums by buying this week to sell the next at an enormous advance. Lots that one summer sold for $500 were held the following summer at $5000. Every body was elated, excited; there was Champagne in the air; and life was gay and fascinating to residents as to the going and coming crowd. The summer capital was a success.

There have been unfavorable comments made upon the President's course in accepting his handsome cottage by the sea, and for living in it a portion of his time in summer; but the American public must always have something it can scold its Presidents for, and I do not suppose General Grant slept less soundly, lulled by the murmur of the waves upon the beach, because of his critics. Probably Presidents get used to being scolded. From Washington's time to the present, they have all had a goodly share of the thing. The city of Washington is not the healthiest or pleasantest of abodes during the fierce heats of July and August, and others than our present Chief Magistrate have avoided it as much as duty would allow. Thomas Jefferson spent some months of each year at his remote home of Monticello, on top of a woody Virginian hill, while he was occupying the Presidential office; and Monticello in his day was further from Washington than Long Branch is in this Centennial year. The rumbling old gig in which Jefferson trundled to and fro between Washington and Charlottesville did not accomplish its journey of a hundred and odd miles in as little time as the palace-car now takes to pass over the two hundred and odd miles between Washington and Long Branch. And although axe-grinders no doubt followed even Jefferson to his sky-perched retreat, it need hardly be said that he was, while there, far less capable of attending to the business of the government than Grant is in his sea-side home. It is a lovely home; and when the President sits on his back piazza of a summer evening to smoke his after-dinner cigar, with his gentle and amiable wife and his comely children about him, it is a sight which no lover of his country need feel uneasy at seeing. At such a time, doors and windows all wide open, and the interior furnishing glimpses of a comfortable but not showy home, with pictures and books about and lamps burning, perhaps a group of carriages will come rolling down the road from the hotel region, and a crowd of friends and fellow-citizens, with a band of music, will invade the lawn. Then the dulcet strains of a serenade will rise on the evening air, and the family group will sit listening, to break into a little ripple of applause now and then, and Mrs. Grant, leaning over the piazza railing, will chat familiarly with whomsoever chances to be standing near, and press her visitors to come in. "*Do* come in," I once heard her say on such an occasion; "we can give you a cracker at least in our little cot." Simple, unpretentious, and kindly, a scene like this is worthy to live in the records of our republican land, a type of its best spirit.



PRESIDENT GRANT'S COTTAGE.

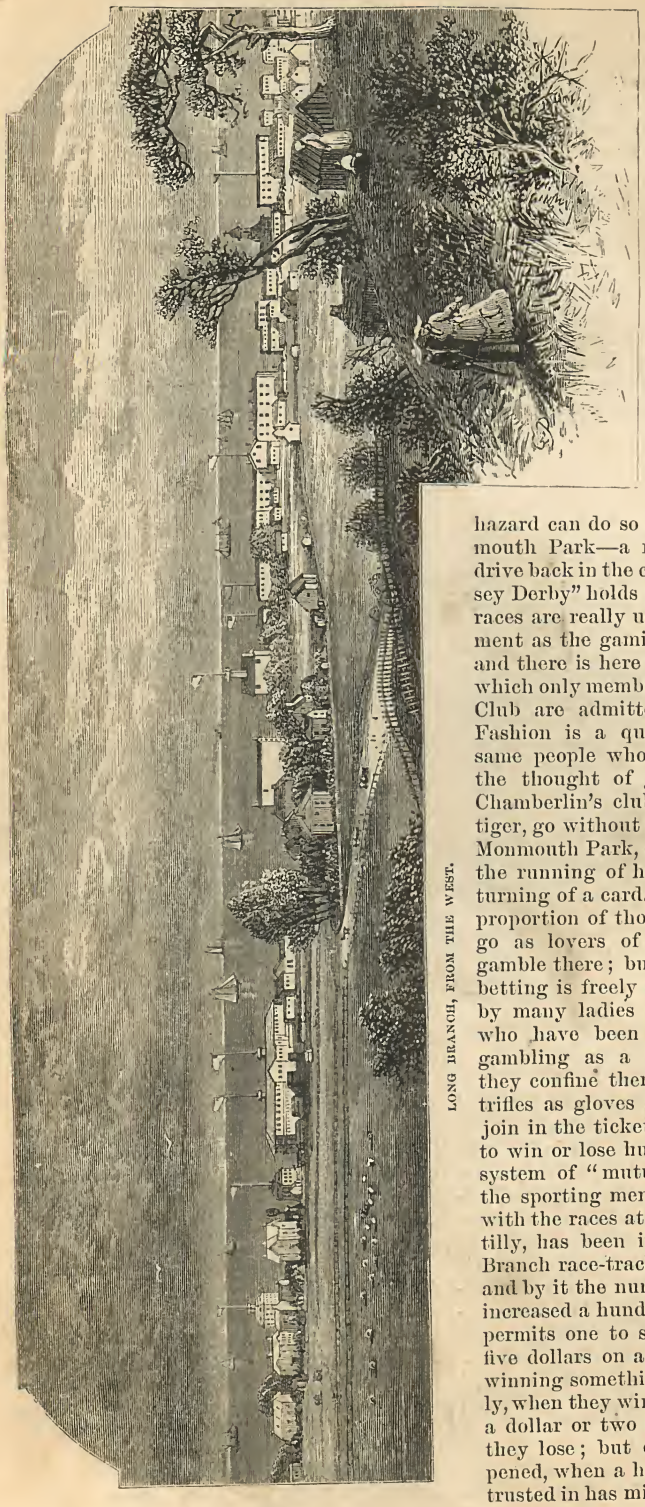
In the vicinity of President Grant's home are the cottages of a number of people more or less known to fame. Conspicuous among these are several members of the theatrical profession—a class of people usually clan-

nish, and avoiding familiarity with the world outside its own ranks. The time has gone by when the members of this profession were classed with the Ishmaelites and Bohemians of society, and those who have been so fortunate as to penetrate to the friendly acquaintanceship of the actors in their homes at Long Branch have found the domestic altar as charmingly surrounded as in any homes in the land. The cottages and hotels at Long Branch are built very much alike in essential details—that is to say, as much like "all out-doors" as possible—with abundance of piazza stretching on every side, and often on every story; with large windows, wide halls, and airy rooms. The cottages occupied by the dramatic fraternity present no features differing from others, unless it be a superiority in the matter of interior adornment. Their luxury in this respect is, indeed, in several cases very striking, the reason for it being partly, perhaps, that the players have no town homes, as a rule, their winters being mostly passed in traveling, and dwelling in hotels. So their summer homes, to which they hie for rest as soon as their "season" of active labor is over, become in a peculiar sense dear to them. One of the most conspicuous examples of the luxury of these homes is furnished in the cottage owned and occupied by Maggie Mitchell, "The Cricket." She owns a number of cottages and farms at Long Branch; the one in which she dwells was built by Edwin Booth, and in its large parlor he was married. It is profusely ornamented within with paintings, statuary, *objets d'art*, rare and costly volumes, and especially with quaint and beautiful articles of Japanese manufacture. Among her books is one of the three copies of Boydell's 1793 edition of Shakspeare—a huge volume containing a hundred steel plates, and valued at several hundred dollars. A striking picture of an English village, with a crowded mass of picturesque houses, an ivy-hung church, an antique bridge, and a crumbling castle, is Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, where the actress's mother was born. All the evidences of an affectionate domestic spirit are abundant in this little artist's abode; and the same is true of the other homes of the player folk at Long Branch. Children make merry in their roomy halls; gray-haired parents sit at the hospitable board; the house-dog barks and the chickens cluck and the cattle low about these homes as about the homes of other good and gentle people. For the most part they are somewhat remote from the gay scene which looks on the sea, where Pleasure holds her court in hotel parlors, on the lawns where the brass-bands blare, and up and down the drive. The players rather favor a quieter mode of life in summer than that which is popular with the majority of visitors to Long Branch. They like to be near it, but they are seldom of it. Their time is passed in home hospitalities, in the entertainment of their friends, in reading the long summer hours away on their piazzas or lolling in tree-swung hammocks, and in driving about the country in cozy family carriages, rather than in the feverish atmosphere of fashionable ball-rooms, the daily gambol in the surf, or the exciting delights of the gaming table.



MAGGIE MITCHELL'S COTTAGE.

A flavor of Baden-Baden, as it was in the days before gambling was prohibited, is furnished at Long Branch by Chamberlin's club-house, an elegant "cottage"—for every building is a cottage here, unless it is a hotel—situated within a stone's-throw of the West End Hotel, and within sight of the President's home. (The "West End" at Long Branch, it may be explained in passing, is, in fact, the south end, and the "East End" is the north end, so complacently does



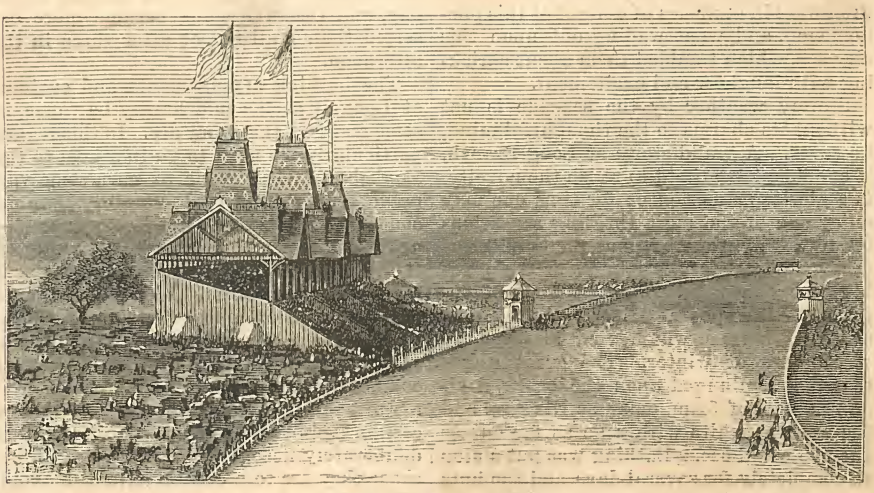
LONG BRANCH, FROM THE WEST.

fashion ignore points of the compass in its nomenclature.) In the club-house there are tables for roulette, *rouge et noir*, and other games of chance, and I am told the scene late at night, when the place is thronged with Wall Street men and other skillful skirmishers with the goddess of luck, is a very brilliant one; but unlike the gaming *salons* of Baden-Baden, the gentler sex do not mingle in the scene at Chamberlin's. Those ladies who wish to indulge their passion for winning or losing at hazard can do so on stated days at Monmouth Park—a racing ground a short drive back in the country, where the "Jersey Derby" holds its "meetings." These races are really under the same management as the gaming tables on the shore, and there is here also a "club-house," to which only members of the Jersey Jockey Club are admitted, with their friends. Fashion is a queer moralist; and the same people who would be horrified at the thought of joining the throng in Chamberlin's club-house to toy with its tiger, go without a qualm to the races at Monmouth Park, and bet their money on the running of horses instead of on the turning of a card. It is true that a large proportion of those who go to the races go as lovers of horseflesh, and never gamble there; but it is equally true that betting is freely and openly indulged in by many ladies as well as gentlemen, who have been taught to look upon gambling as a terrible vice. Nor do they confine themselves to betting such trifles as gloves and *bonbons*, but boldly join in the ticket buying of the "pools," to win or lose hundreds of dollars. The system of "mutual" pools, invented by the sporting men of Paris in connection with the races at Longchamps and Chantilly, has been introduced at the Long Branch race-track within a year or two, and by it the number of bettors has been increased a hundredfold; for this system permits one to stake as small a sum as five dollars on a race, with a chance of winning something handsome. Generally, when they win, they win but a trifle—a dollar or two or three—and generally they lose; but occasionally it has happened, when a horse that almost nobody trusted in has miraculously won the race,

that the investor of a five-dollar bill in a "mutual" pool has won two or three hundred dollars. It is easy to see what temptation these possible prizes offer, and how enormously this system must increase the number of bettors.

As a spectacle of our democratic American tricks and manners, a visit to Monmouth Park on a race-day is, no doubt, instructive to the foreigner who visits Long Branch. It is not so gay a scene, either on the road or at the track, as that which one views who goes to the English Derby at Epsom, where the road is thronged with thousands and thousands of equipages of every conceivable variety, and the grounds are crowded with people, among whom negro minstrels bang their tambourines, and jugglers juggle, and gymnasts tumble, and fortune-tellers and thimble-riggers drive their trade. But it must be a novelty to an Englishman to see elegantly dressed ladies complacently trundling to the races in a common hotel omnibus—fare, twenty-five cents. There are many fine turn-outs on the road, to be sure, but a man worth a million is capable, at Long Branch, of bundling his wife and daughters into the omnibus at his hotel door, in case of no other conveyance conveniently offering, and it is not considered a matter for special remark. It is noticeable, too, that the American generally goes to the races in a grave and sedate manner—he might be going to a Methodist camp-meeting so far as hilarity indicates his destination. There is none of that wild chaffing and outlandish prankishness which make the road to the Epsom Derby one continuous raree-show. On the ground he walks about decorously with his hands in his pockets; he buys at the pools with the serious air of a man investing his money in grain or real estate. There are on the grounds no sports, shows, or incidental diversions; no loud talking, no quarreling; very little tipsiness; and there are long years, eternities, of inane dullness between the "heats," in which one is nearly consumed with *ennui*. All this is characteristically American.

The season of Long Branch is supposed to open about the 15th of June, and to close about the 15th of September—at least this is the period fixed by the hotel-keepers, who would, however, willingly extend it. But the fact is, the weather regulates the matter, and it has happened that Long Branch has been less full in the middle of July than it was at a far earlier period in the summer. A cold wind may come blowing out of the sea in the midst of a "heated term," and send the crowd of pleasure-seekers skurrying away to their homes inland like so many flies, while those who remain huddle together in their bedrooms, or sit about in the least airy corners of parlor and hall, wrapped in warm shawls. The long cool piazzas which furnish such a delightful lounge when Sol smites saucily at noonday, or on a warm moon-lit night, are then deserted. In the ocean gale the frame hotels quiver and rattle and shed clapboards in the most surprising way, and whispers of doubt and fear pass from lip to lip as to the likelihood of a roof being sent flying inland or of windows tumbling into the room. A sudden storm came up one day last summer which played queer pranks in the parlor of the Ocean House. This parlor is used for dancing, and its carpet is covered over with a linen cloth; the furniture is of willow; and though the servants made all haste to close the windows and fasten the blinds, the wind swept in under the dancing cloth



MONMOUTH RACE-COURSE.



STORM AT LONG BRA

and blew it up like a huge bladder, upon which tables and chairs rode high in air, like little ships upon a rolling sea. Children were in ecstasies of delight at this phenomenon, and went wading out upon this airy sea, which tumbled them about shrieking with laughter and excitement.

Stormy weather by the sea-side is not without its charms to the thoughtful mind, however. A grand storm at Long Branch, if one is not too timid to relish the novelty, is a glorious experience; for thus one may enjoy one of the most thrilling sensations of an ocean voyage without the unpleasant accompaniment of seasickness or the possibility of shipwreck. The first week of August, 1875, was characterized by a prolonged series of storms, which vied in intensity with those of winter. The great waves roared and plunged upon the beach, a gigantic wall of foam, noisy as Niagara, and the sea was white with rage as far out as the eye could see. Bathing was put a stop to completely for several days, and the huts on the sands were so drenched with water that they were hardly dry again that season, but set one to sneezing whenever they were ventured into for disrobing purposes. Many of them were washed away; and after the storm was over, the shore was strewn for miles with strange objects, *débris* of shipwrecked craft, great piles of the slimy vegetation of the sea, dead fish and animals. What wild tragedies were enacted out upon the bosom of the broad ocean, amidst the warring of the elements, with thunder and lightning more terrific than that which took place on the blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches, who could tell? But it set us thinking to walk on the beach that Sunday morning after the long storm, and view the snapped masts, broken spars, baskets, boxes, and other *disjecta membra* of foundered craft — among them a defunct camel, water-swollen and hideous.

The stormy weather furnished grand sea sights for those who staid at the Branch; but it was as bad as an epidemic for the hotel-keepers. The "season" took a disheartening nap right in its natural noonday, and Ocean Avenue became more deserted than Wall Street after three in the afternoon.

The bathing arrangements and customs at Long Branch could hardly be worse, in some respects, than they are. In this regard particularly we need to go to school to the English and the French to learn some valuable lessons from each nation. Both as concerns the comfort—not to say luxury—of the bathers, and as regards the safety of their lives, the beach at Long Branch needs thorough reformation. I do not mean to say that life is often lost there, for it seldom is; but it sometimes is, and it is a wild absurdity that this should ever be. When we commit ourselves to an ocean steamer or to a railroad train, we know that there is a certain definite danger in so doing, and we deliberately accept the risk and peril, because they are to a certain extent unavoidable. Those who go down to the sea in ships do so in spite of the fact that innumerable lives have been lost at sea, and put their trust in Providence; but those who go down to the sea to bathe, in the heart of a populous community whose very existence is based on the idea that people shall bathe in the sea, ought not to feel that there is one iota more danger in the surf than in a bath-tub under a roof. Yet not a summer passes but a life or two is lost at Long Branch, which need not have been lost if the precautions used at European watering-places were practiced here.

At the opening of the summer season the shore in front of each hotel at Long Branch is taken possession of by certain men of semi-seafaring appearance, who proceed to set up on the sands, just under the bluff, rows of bathing huts of an architecture so contemptible that even Uncle Tom and Topsy would have turned up their noses at them—shanties, of course, weather-browned boards.

unpainted and often even unplaned, rudely nailed together, sides and roof of the same material, as incapable of keeping out wind and rain as so many paper boxes. The same men also set up a shanty of a larger sort, with a roof that is water-tight, which they occupy, in company with piles of faded woolen garments which they facetiously denominate "bathing dresses," and which they still more facetiously let to ladies and gentlemen throughout the summer at the rate of half a dollar for each bath. I suppose these men do not really look upon this transaction in the light of being the huge joke it is, but it certainly would not surprise me to learn that a beginner at the business was tortured with mad longings to rush behind the shanty and relieve his pent-up risibles in writhings of laughter after each successive letting of a damp woolen shirt and trowsers tied with a string as a "bathing dress" to a gentleman in the ordinary attire of civilization. Those who pass any considerable time at the Branch, and bathe with regularity, of course provide themselves with bathing suits of their own; but transient visitors do not find it convenient to do this; and how greatly in demand the garments of the bath-keepers are, is shown by the fact that they are often furnished damp and clammy to the new-comer, having had no time to dry since their last tenant paid for their occupancy. If the Witch of Endor had presided at the construction of these miraculous bathing suits, they could scarcely be more ugly and fantastic than they are. That so many Americans are to be found who are willing to put them on, and walk unflinchingly across the stretch of sand between disrobing hut and surf, under the fire of hundreds of glances from the ladies and gentlemen present, is proof that the bravery of the nation should not be lightly impugned. True, they have their reward when the kind ocean covers them with her modest mantle of cool waves. There is no heroism without some guerdon.

Bathing dresses less shabby, and which are scrupulously dried between lettings, to be leased for a sum less absurdly close to their net value, are one item of the reform which is imperatively demanded at Long Branch. If the semi-seafaring Jerseymen who "farm out" these garments can not make a large enough profit—or think they can not—without continuing the existing reproach, the hotel-keepers should take the matter in their own hands. It would certainly be found a wise policy to make the surf bathing a more attractive feature of life at Long Branch than it now is. More people would bathe, and as a consequence—for surf bathing is a passion which grows with indulgence—more people would stay at the hotels, instead of hurrying away, bored, unamused, half disgusted, by the wretched customs of the beach. The very scene would be more attractive to those people—always in considerable force at Long Branch—who do not care to bathe, but like to see the bathers



THE BATHING HOUR.

at their frolics. It is a mistake to think that the spectators derive any considerable amusement from the shabby and wretched aspect presented by a bather in an ugly suit. But a group of bathers, such as may sometimes be seen at a French watering-place, where the suits are varied in color and pattern, and fit neatly, is a sight so picturesque that one does not tire of it. There is no good reason why gentlemen who are well dressed in the city should look like scrubbed chimney-sweeps on the bath-ground; nor why ladies should not display coquetry in bath dresses as well as in ball dresses. The *idea that* a handsome bathing suit "attracts attention" is absurd; nothing attracts so much attention, nor attracts it so unpleasantly, as an ugly and unbecoming bath dress. French ladies realize this, and dress accordingly, selecting their bathing outfit as carefully, with respect to becomingness in color and cut, freshness and fit, as any dress they wear. It is a delicate rose flannel, with pleatings of white; hat trimmed in accordance; pink hose and straw shoes; or it is a navy blue serge, with stripes of yellow, or of white, or of brown merino, or some other tasteful combination. At Long Branch it is almost always a coarse dark flannel, much too large, and crowned with a rough straw hat more fit for a gutter than for a lady's wear. And as for the gentlemen! Ye heathen deities! what scarecrows they usually are! Description could do them no justice. Yet once in a while a handsome or a picturesque costume may be observed among them—a tight-fitting blue *gilet de laine*, with a white star on the breast, or a loose sailor's shirt and trowsers handsomely braided. There was one tall athlete seen on the sands for a few days last summer who wore while bathing the veritable "togs" of a professional gymnast—hauberk and foot-pieces, tights and trunks. He was really a trapeze performer at a variety show somewhere back in the village, I was told, and so was no true part of the fashionable throng; but he helped to make it picturesque, and his departure left a sombre void.

Another imperative need of the bathers at Long Branch is the hot-water foot-bath, to equalize the circulation after the surf bath is over. This, also, is a feature of French watering-places which we might copy to advantage. So is the provision of better bath-houses. But this, perhaps, is too much to expect; and, after all, it is a minor matter. Not so, however, the matter of safety for the bathers while in the water.



THE PRESIDENT'S TURN-OUT.

The semi-seafaring Jerseymen who lease the bathing dresses are the only guardians of the beach. Sometimes they are two in number; at the larger hotels, three; but they ought to be a dozen. They loiter on the sands—when not otherwise occupied with their tenancy work—and keep a good-natured eye upon the bathers, ready to go in and help should there be a cry for help. But it is easy to see that when their presence is most needed, when the bathers are most numerous, why, precisely then their garment-letting trade is liveliest, and absorbs all their attention. There should be men to guard the beach, like watchmen, at all hours, with no other duty than to dissuade persons from bathing at unsafe conditions of the tide, and watching those who do bathe, assiduously and unceasingly. Life-



OCEAN GROVE.

boats should be constantly plying. This is done in France, and it can be done here. The only protection our bathers have is a rope fastened to stakes on shore and in the water —a great convenience certainly, but puerile indeed when viewed as a measure of safety. When the surf is strong, the rope becomes useless to women and children, whose hands are torn violently from it by the power of the waves.

The Centennial visitor to Long Branch, if he be the brave reformer we hope he is, should insist on clean and dry bath dresses, hot foot-baths, and protection from the dangers of drowning. The futility of having lived a hundred years, if we can not yet cope with the effete despotisms of Europe in such a matter as this, is apparent.

The bathing-machines of Brighton are an institution which it would be agreeable, to the softer sex at least, to have at Long Branch. The long walk across the sands from the disrobing huts to the water's edge is a painful ordeal to many ladies, especially those who do not bathe often. Use breeds ease, and ladies who have dwelt summer after summer at Long Branch, bathing regularly throughout the season, find the walk down to the surf no more trying than another. Certainly, in the matter of modesty, there is no special offense to be taken herein, for the simple reason that custom rules in this as in all things. The innocent Irish maiden who shows her bare legs to the knee is certainly as modest as the society lady who bares her shoulders in the glare of a gas-lit parlor. In fact, neither is immodest, for she is merely doing what custom ordains in her sphere of life. So the lady who would not show her boot-top in a ball-room (though she would freely accept the close embrace of the waltz) will walk on the sands in a Bloomer costume with knee-reaching Turkish trowsers, and propriety is not offended, for custom rules. Probably the English bathing-machines are not altogether feasible on our softer sands and in our rougher surf.

The bathing hour at Long Branch is generally in the earlier half of the day, but occasionally it falls in the afternoon. It is regulated, of course, by the tide; when the tide is lowest, bathing is safest. The signal to hotel and cottage people is a white flag, which is seen flying from a short staff at the head of the wooden staircase that leads from the grassy summit of the bluff down to the sands. Each of the great hotels includes in its grounds a strip of beach, as do those cottages which look on Ocean Avenue. There is nothing exclusive about any of the hotel bathing grounds. Ostensibly for the "guests" of the hotel, they are actually open to any one who chooses to avail himself of their limited conveniences. When the white flag is seen flying, there begins a general hegira of men, women, and children, who go streaming down to the beach in crowds, some to bathe, some to look on. The scene when the day is fair and the bathing good, the water mild in temperature and the surf rolling gently in with a long shallow stretch, is a very animated one. From a central point, like that of the Ocean Hotel grounds, one may look up and down the beach for miles, witnessing schools of bathers at frequent intervals throughout the entire distance.

Some days one may see two or three thousand bathers in the water at once, making the air vocal with shouts and laughter, the nervous shrieks of the timid and the boisterous merriment of the brave. The sexes mingle freely in the pastime, and it is no uncommon experience for the belles and beaux of the ball-room to make appointments between the figures in the Lancers for the next day's bath.

The morning being usually devoted to the bath, the afternoon is set apart for excursions and drives. The drives we have always with us; the occasions for excursions are afforded from time to time variously. In general terms they may be specified in three divisions: first, excursions to Pleasure Bay; second, excursions to Monmouth Park; third, excursions to Ocean Grove. Those to Pleasure Bay may be subdivided into ordinary and extraordinary, the ordinary being that which is available on any pleasant day throughout the season, the extraordinary that which is warranted by the announcement of some special festivity at Pleasure Bay, such as a clam-bake or a regatta. You are liable to meet the most important people at the Branch at these festivities. The President himself, who never goes to the races, has at times deigned to attend a clam-bake. Pleasure Bay is a charming drive, from the centre of gayety at the Branch, just a mile and a half, through a lovely open country, to an old-fashioned original New Jersey tavern, in the midst of a green grove on the bank of a placid sheet of water. There is a flavor of combined Bohemianism and rustic simplicity about the place which contrasts delightfully with the ostentation and luxury of the sea-side hotel where you are staying; and it is but a carping critic who would discuss, while enjoying the cheap delights of the Old Pleasure Bay House, whether the landlord maintains its primitive simplicity out of a sentimental, poetic love of nature, or merely because (as some assert) he is too stingy to spend any of his profits in modern improvements. Be this as it may, it is pleasant to sit at the weather-beaten tables under the green trees and eat his crabs, and then go and catch some. It makes you think of Squeers and his class in "bottiney;" first they spell it, and then they go and do it. A fairy-like yacht with spreading sail receives you at the water's edge, and you are blown over to the opposite shore, where, with a chunk of fish on the end of a string, and a net at the end of a pole, you find that catching crabs is as easy as eating them. The sail gives you a glorious appetite, and if there is a clam-bake when you return, you will proceed to eat ravenously of a conglomeration of green corn, clams, crabs, potatoes, and yellow-legged chickens that would make Delmonico's head cook turn green with horror merely to smell of it; taste such a savage mess I am sure he never would—no, not if



SERVICES ON THE BEACH, OCEAN GROVE.

thumb-screws and red-hot plowshares were the alternative.

The excursions to Monmouth Park are afforded by the races; of them I have spoken. The excursions to Ocean Grove, like those to Pleasure Bay, are both for special and general reasons, the special being the camp-meetings which are held there at intervals during the summer. Ocean Grove is a summer city of Methodists, an hour's brisk carriage drive from Long Branch, through a somewhat monotonous country. It is on the sea-shore, and its bathing habits are precisely as those of Long Branch; in most other respects there is a complete dissimilarity. No balls, no billiards, no bars, no late hours, no dissipations of any sort, are permitted at Ocean Grove, and existence there is carried on inexpensively. It is a sort of poor man's paradise, though there are rich people there; but even the rich dwell in modest cottages, while those who must practice a close economy live in tents or in cheaply constructed cabins in the woods. The place is curious and interesting in many respects, and visitors to Long Branch do not feel that they have seen all the "lions" until they have driven down to Ocean Grove. The gates of the community are closed at an early hour in the evening and on Sundays; but as one side of the Grove is not fenced in, but looks on a pretty sheet of water, visitors to the Sunday camp-meeting quit their carriages on the shore of the little lake, and are smuggled over—not very surreptitiously—in row-boats for a one-cent fare. The meetings are sometimes held on the seashore, right down where the surf makes music in harmony with the human chorus, and sometimes under the trees in the grove.



LOVERS' STROLLS BY MOONLIGHT.

The amusements of the evening at Long Branch are varied: not to speak of such favorite diversions as lovers' strolls in moonlight or starlight on the beach, there are dancing parties every evening in the parlors of all the large hotels, with occasional concerts, dramatic entertainments, etc., usually given by amateurs and for some charitable object. Occasionally, too, a circus comes along and pitches its tent on the vacant lot near the Ocean Hotel, and, strange as it may seem to those who know not the ways of the fashionable world, the circus is packed full, not with the Jerseymen from the back village merely, but with the leaders of the *monde* at Long Branch. The favorite night for dancing is Saturday; custom has made this the most brilliant night in the week in the parlors of the hotels; more people arrive on Saturday than on any other day, and in the height of the season on a Saturday night the piazzas will be so thronged that it is almost impossible to move about, thousands of men and women in gala attire sitting by the open windows to listen to the music and see the dancers. They have the best of it too, for dancing in midsummer ball-rooms is hot work, and the sterner sex invariably maintain that they

thus make martyrs of themselves only to please the fair. Dancing is always concluded at half past ten, except on Saturday nights, when it is sometimes prolonged till the stroke of twelve. On Sunday nights, at some of the hotels, an instrumental concert—called "sacred" by courtesy—is given on the balcony, the piano being wheeled out there for the occasion. On other nights, after the dance is over, parties will sometimes be made up to go and serenade the President, or some other person of consequence, or lady of social popularity. Groups go strolling on the grassy bluff, or gather in some favorite nook to sing hilarious songs, with wine and wit and spirits bent on driving dull care away.

Beyond all question, the most delightful time of the year at Long Branch, but not



WESLEY LAKE, OCEAN GROVE.

the most fashionable, is the autumn, when there comes upon the shining face of the sea a soft haze, which is most agreeable to the eye, and the air is full of balmy odors. To many people the sight of the sea with the sunlight beating on it in the bright days of summer is painful and wearisome. "Oh, I can't bear that sea!" cried a poet of my acquaintance, one day, as we stood on the bluff; "it puts my eyes out." On some hot days the great waters will lie almost rippleless, save for a little surfy dog-day frothing at the mouth, all the long hours from morn till dewy eve, glittering like a burnished shield, and flashing in the eyes of the beholder until he is fain to fly. But in the mellow days of autumn this is not so. Though the ocean then grows smoother than even in the hottest of the dog-days —though it will sometimes lie for days together like a mirror, it is not a mirror which flashes back dazzling sunbeams, but absorbs them, and the eye is rested. Then the lapping waves woo the shore so gently and playfully that bathing therein is an Oriental luxury not to be resisted. The atmosphere is so sweet and pure you can almost taste it, and the waters, warmed by the long heats of summer, are as balmy as the air. When the tide is low, there lie exposed such long reaches of shallow bathing ground as the bathers of the midsummer would hardly believe possible. On the same spot of shore where, in July, the surf buffeted strong men in its giant arms as pigmies, and tossed them, panting with exhaustion, on the hot sands, now, in September, they might wade out half a mile from shore before they would meet a surf sufficiently strong to knock them off their feet. But in September, when the surf-bathing was like this, there would be no more than three or four lonely bathers in the sea at the hour when formerly there were a hundred. The writer remained at Long Branch last season until near October, and does not speak from hearsay. The hotels were utterly deserted; cows pastured on the lawns in front of them; the windows were nailed up with boards; the bathing huts were torn to pieces, and lay piled, mere every-day lumber, in heaps on the grassy bluff; no carriages rolled up and down the Avenue; no lovers strolled upon the sands; yet the days were simply heavenly, and passed by like dreams of fairy-land. Long

Branch was at its loveliest, but the crowds were gone. Fashion is the jade who has wrought this grievous wrong upon our fellow-men.

The cottage owners at Long Branch do not obey the orders of Fashion so meekly and with such alacrity as the hotel dwellers. After the latter rush away, the former stay—just as long as they can. The President's family stay till October, some few cottagers even till November; and the bravest are the happiest. But there is something about the aspect of those huge deserted hotels that is awfully depressing as the lonely cottager drives down the Avenue at dusk. So brilliant but a week or two ago, with colored lamps flashing on the lawns, and gayly dressed throngs moving in the glare of the chandeliers, a thousand windows lighted, and streams of music issuing in harmony with the sound of voices and laughter from the crowded parlors; and now, utter desertion, barred windows, silence like that of the dead. And the cottager pulls his hat over his eyes, and whips up his nag, eager to reach his cheerful home circle. This sort of thing wears on the stoutest nerves at last, and the panic takes them one by one, and off they go by the first train they can get. Nature has charms, but to the most of us human nature is the more potent winner. We long for our kind. We love to keep with the crowd. Hence great cities, and hence, also, watering-places.

The cloud of financial depression which has cast its shadow over the whole country for two or three years past has not failed to include Long Branch in its gloom. Property has depreciated in value there as elsewhere, and the grand industry of the place —which is hotel-keeping, I take it—has not thriven as of old. It is quite possible that, unless our next President should choose Long Branch as his summer residence also, many years will elapse before the flow of prosperity will lead to the high prices in real estate which formerly prevailed there. Yet the prediction would be childish which should intimate that the best days of Long Branch are over. The probability is rather that this charming resort will grow more and more in favor; and not only this, but it is likely that other localities by the ocean's brink, easily accessible to the great metropolis, will develop their resources in like manner, and blossom into summer resorts for an overheated city populace year upon year.

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

"Why does the East Wind always complain?—
Because he is married to the Rain.

"Why is the North Wind's breath so strong?—
He has wrestled with icebergs fierce and long.

"Why is the South Wind's step so light?—
Out of a sleeping land in flight.

"Why is the West Wind's touch aflame?—
Out of a sunset cloud he came."

Lying under a summer tree,
This is what Zephyr sang to me.

Zephyr, with flattering words and low,
Tells but half of the truth I know.

Four great boys in an ancient hall,
They grew up thinking their will was all.

Sweet Mother Nature, the dearest dame—
I fear her softness is much to blame—

Lovely and quiet, year out, year in,
Her soft white blankets she sits to spin;

Rose-hued curtains and carpets green,
Broidered cushions of satin sheen.

Her guests are bidden, her house is fair—
Four wild rovers have entrance there.

Never's an hour so still and sweet
But may be broken by trampling feet;

But when from the ruin they turn away,
Oh, who so gentle and blithe as they!

They rock the cradles in tall tree-tops,
They run with the tripping water-drops;

Daintily courting, they sigh and pine
Round the flower-ladies so pure and fine.

Well they love pleasure, but mischief best—
Too swift and subtle and strong for rest.

Up and down in the world they go,
And mock us with every voice we know.

They pipe to the dreamers at even-song;
They mourn to the watchers all night long.

Then down the chimney they shout and roar,
Shriek at the lattice and shake the door.

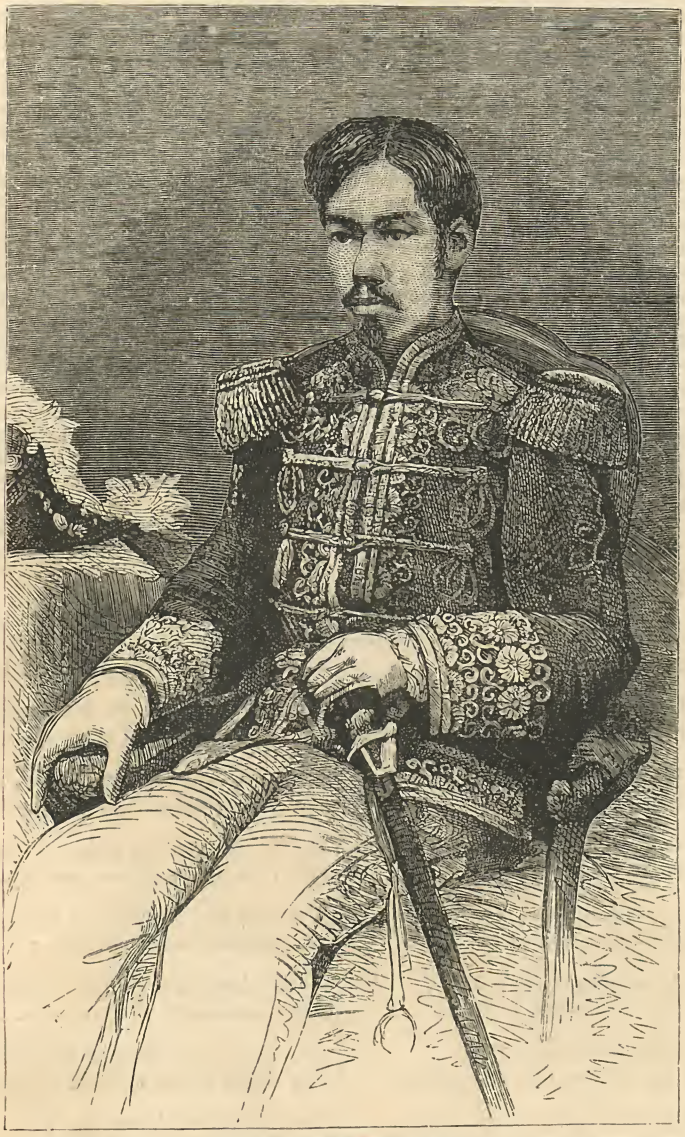
The old man, sighing, repeateth still,
"The will o' the wind is boyhood's will;"

The boy, with wondering, silent lips,
Thinks of the sea and the wafted ships;

And each, in his dim heart, longs to find
Out of his world the way o' the wind.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.*

AT last we have a book upon Japan and the Japanese of real and substantial value—valuable not only for what it contains, but also as indicating the abundance of material at the command of the future student and observer. The advantages possessed by Mr. Griffis are clearly and modestly set forth by him. Eight years ago several young men were sent by the authorities of Japan to pursue their studies in this country. Some of these were for two years under the instruction of the author, and he was, he says, "surprised to find these earnest youths equals of American students in good-breeding, courtesy, and mental acumen." He was invited by the Japanese Prince of Echi-



MUTSŬHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

* *The Mikado's Empire.* Book I.—History of Japan from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D. Book II.—Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870–1874. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, A.M., late of the Imperial University, Tōkiō, Japan. New York: Harper and Brothers.

zen to go out and organize a scientific school on the American principle. He reached Japan in December, 1870, and remained there until July, 1874. "During all my residence," he says, "I enjoyed the society of cultivated scholars, artists, priests, antiquaries, and students, both in the provincial and native capitals. I bore letters of introduction to the prominent men in the Japanese government, and thus were given to me opportunities for research and observation not often afforded to foreigners. I was witness of the marvelous development, reforms, dangers, pageants, and changes of the epochal years 1872, 1873, and 1874. My facilities for extended travel were limited only by my duties. Nothing Japanese was foreign to me, from palace to beggar's hut. I may truly say that I have felt the pulse and heart of New Japan."

When we compare these abundant facilities with the obstructions thrown in the way of every European who until within the last ten years has visited Japan, we are warranted in expecting something very different from the accounts given by previous writers, and we have a right to require that the man who had such advantages, if he undertook to put forth a book, should give his



HARUKO, EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

readers the benefit of them. Mr. Griffis had before given good proof of his capacity to deal with Japanese subjects, notably in the very admirable article upon Japan in Appleton's *American Cyclopedia*, and in the first clear account of the recent revolutions in Japan, contributed by him to the *North American Review*. He himself shall tell us of the spirit which influenced him in the preparation of the present work:

"It is time that a writer treated Japan as something else than an Oriental puzzle—a nation of recluses, a land of fabulous wealth, of universal licentiousness, or of Edenic purity; the fastness of a treacherous and fickle crew, or a paradise of guileless children. . . .My endeavor during eight years' living contact with these people has been, from their language, books, life, and customs, to determine their mental parallax, and find out how they think and feel. I have not made this book in libraries at home, but largely on the soil of the Mikado's empire. I have slight obligation to acknowledge to foreign writers, except to those working scholars in Japan who have written during the last decade with knowledge of the language. To them I owe much; first, and most of all, to Mr. Ernest Satow, who, in the special department of historical research, stands leader."

The work is divided into two parts: the first being a *résumé* of the history of Japan from the earliest times, mainly as told by the Japanese themselves; the second, narrating the author's personal experiences, observations, and studies during the years from 1870 to 1875. The native materials for the history of Japan are almost superabundant. First and foremost are the two great works, the *Dai Nihon Shi* ("History of Great Japan"), and the *Nihon Guai Shi* ("Japanese Military History"). These, especially the latter, according to Mr. Griffis, "are models of compression and elegance, and glow with the chastened eloquence that springs from clear discernment and conviction of truth, gained after patient sifting of facts and groping through difficulties that lead to discovery." In the minor accessories for historical research Japan is also rich. Almost every one of the eighty-six provinces, and nearly every large city, has its own special historian; towns and villages have their local written annals; family records are faithfully kept up from generation to generation; diaries and notes of passing events are preserved in most of the large Buddhist temples and monasteries; histories for the young are counted by hundreds. The drama draws its subjects mainly from actual life, past or present, of the people, and is often the most faithful mirror of actual history. And beyond these there are numerous works which we should designate as historical novels.*

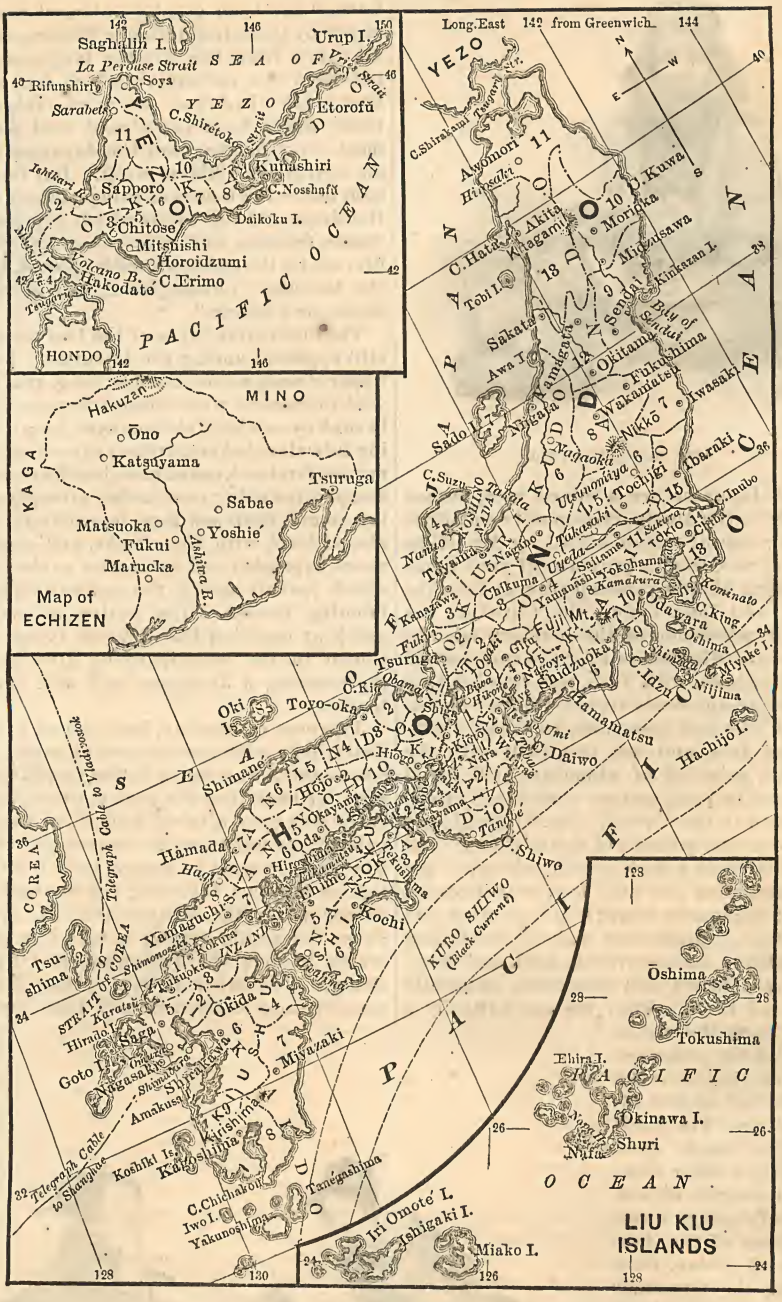
In a series of brilliant *tableaux* Mr. Griffis presents a rapid view of the history of Japan from 660 B.C., the time when the first of the 123 successive Mikados is said to have ascended the throne, down to the year 1875. In this paper we can only give a hasty presentation of some of the features which go to make up what we may designate as the romance of the history of Japan.

Dai Nippon (sometimes softened in pronunciation to Dai Nihon), that is, "Great Nippon," is the proper name of what we call Japan, which is a corruption of the Chinese *Shi-pen-kue*, "Sunrise Kingdom." The empire is composed mainly of four considerable islands lying in a crescent-shaped form off the northeastern coast of Asia, opposite Corea and the possessions recently wrested by Russia from China, from which it is separated by the Sea of Japan. Yezo, the northern island, has an area of about 30,000 square miles, but is very thinly inhabited, the population being only about 120,000. Next comes Hondo, the main island (on all our maps named Niphon),* with an area of about 90,000 square miles, and a population of about 24,500,000; then, cut off by the narrow winding strait called the Inland Sea from the southeastern edge of Hondo, is Shikokŭ, with an area of 7000 square miles, and a population of about 3,225,000; and south of all is Kiushiu, with 15,000 square miles, and nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants. Besides these four main islands are many others, some of them of considerable size, and many of them mere specks of rock, the whole number being officially stated at nearly 4000. The entire area of the empire is not far from 150,000 square miles, and the population, as reported in the census of 1872, is 33,110,825. The entire area of the empire is about equal to that of our New England and Middle States, the population somewhat exceeding that of Great Britain, and approximating to that of France. Of the three great cities, Tōkiō (formerly Yedo) has nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants, Kiōto and Ōzaka more than 500,000 each; there are six other cities with more than 100,000, about as many with more than 50,000, and probably fifty with more than 20,000.

The northern point of Yezo is in about the latitude of Quebec, the southern point of Kiushiu in about that of Mobile; but owing to the surrounding ocean the climate, except when influenced by altitude, is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than that of our Atlantic coast. Two-thirds of the surface of Hondo consist of

* The article on the Language and Literature of Japan, by Dr. J. C. Hepburn, of Yokohama, in the *American Cyclopedia*, presents an admirable *résumé* of the subject.

* Popularly speaking, the Japanese have no special name for this principal island; but on the map published by the government in 1872 it is marked as Hondo, which means simply the "main-land," or, as we should say, "continent." We give the population of the empire as quoted by Mr. Griffis from the census of 1872.



MAP OF JAPAN.

mountain land, rising gradually from each extremity toward near the centre, where it culminates in the magnificent peak of Fujiyama, fourteen thousand feet above the sea. The whole of Japan is an emerged crest of a submarine mountain, whose foot lies beneath the ocean which laves its breast. Perhaps, indeed, it is the edge of a hard rock left by the submergence of what was once a portion of the earth's crust, but which floors the Sea of Japan and the Gulf of Tartary. In the geologic ages volcanic action must have been extremely violent, and in all historic times it has been almost continual. There are now fully twenty active volcanoes, besides hundreds of dormant ones.



AINŌ CHIEF FROM YEZO.

The Japanese are a mixed race, formed mainly by the amalgamation of two distinct stocks; one of which, styled by Mr. Griffis the Yamato, from a province of that name in Central Hondo, came apparently from the south, and long before the Christian era were in possession of the southern islands, from which they set out for the conquest of Hondo, which, with Yezo, was peopled by a race contemptuously styled *ebisŭ*, or "barbarians," who had descended from the northeast of Asia, and are identified with the Ainōs, a remnant of whom are still found unmixed in Yezo, and are occasionally to be met with in the capital. Mr. Griffis gives a characteristic portrait of one of these. The complexion is a dark brown; the eyes not set obliquely; the nose low, with rounded lobes; the mouth large; the hair black and abundant, clipped short in front, but falling in abundant masses over the back and shoulders; the beard and mustaches unusually long and thick. They are emphatically a hairy race, the entire body of the males being sometimes covered with a fell of hair an inch long. The Ainōs are the stock upon which the other races have been grafted, and whose language forms the basis of the Japanese of to-day, compelling the numerous words which have been adopted from the Chinese to conform to its own laws of construction, somewhat as the Saxon masters the Latin element of the English language. "The Japanese vocabulary," says Dr. Hepburn, "has been greatly enlarged and enriched by the introduction of Chinese words, all taken from the written language, and not from the colloquial, which has never been spoken in Japan. So extensively have these words been introduced that for almost every native word the Japanese have an equivalent Chinese word. But in common usage the names of things, family relationships, and the words which express the wants, feelings, and concerns of every-day life, are for the most part native words, while the technical, philosophical, and scientific terms are Chinese."

The distinctive types of the two races are still apparent among the Japanese. In the upper classes we see the fine, long, oval face, with prominent, well-chiseled features, deeply sunk eye sockets, oblique eyes, long drooping lids, elevated and arched eyebrows, high narrow forehead, round nose, bud-like mouth, and pointed chin; contrasting strongly with the round, flattened face, less oblique eyes almost level with the cheeks, and straight noses, expanded and turned up at the roots, which prevail among the agricultural and laboring classes. The native artists are quick at catching the different types, as is shown in the accompanying illustration, representing a Japanese lady and her attendant.

Japanese cosmogony, legend, and history deal wholly with the conquering race. The cosmogony, as set down in the sacred books, runs far back into the past eternity, before there was even a being, and when nothing existed but unformed and uncreated chaos. The chaotic mass at length took form, the lighter portions becoming the heavens, the denser parts the earth — that is, Japan. From the mould sprang a reed-like germ, which became the self-animated Original Being. Two other Beings sprang in like manner into existence, and then several



HIGH AND LOW TYPE OF THE JAPANESE FACE.

Kami, or deities, such as the Kami of the Earth, of Sand, of Dwelling-places, who set about the work of creation by separating the primordial substance into the five elements—wood, fire, metal, earth, and water. Then in time the male and female principles that pervade all things manifested themselves in human form, and from them sprung offspring, one of whom became the Goddess of the Sun, another of the Moon, another of Storms, and another of the Sea. After æons of celestial turmoil the Sun-goddess bore a son who became the husband of a daughter of the first human pair, and she wished to make their son, Ninigi, the ruler over the terrestrial world. She invested him with the symbols of royalty—a mirror, a round stone, and a sword—bidding him, "Govern this country with the pure lustre which radiates from this mirror; deal with thy subjects with the gentleness typified by this smooth round stone; combat the enemies of thy kingdom with this sword, and slay them with the edge thereof." Then, accompanied by a host of inferior deities, Ninigi descended the floating bridge from earth to the near heavens, the bridge was withdrawn, the heavens and the earth receded from each other, and all access from one to the other was withdrawn. And so, in the words of one of the sacred books, "They caused him to thrust from him heaven's eternal throne, to fling open heaven's eternal doors, to cleave with might his way from out heaven's many-piled clouds, and then to descend from heaven."

In this legend lies the heart of the mystery of Japanese thought and institutions; for Jimmu Tennō, with whom Japanese history begins, was the fifth in descent from Ninigi, and the first Mikado,* and the ancestor of the long line of 123 sovereigns who for more than two thousand five hundred years have ruled Dai Nippon. Whether Jimmu was in any respect a historical person, or merely the personified embodiment of the national thought and tradition, is uncertain; but in the popular belief he is as real as any other hero; his name heads the list of Mikados, and the seventh day of the fourth month, answering to our April, when, 660 years before Christ, he assumed the sovereignty of the realm which he had won by his sword, is the national holiday of Japan.

Stripped of its miraculous accompaniments, the story of Jimmu runs briefly thus: From the foot of the sacred mountain in Kiushiu, upon which Ninigi had descended, he set out, at the age of fifty years, on his career of conquest. Crossing the narrow Inland Sea, he landed at Hondo, marched eastward, and after fifteen years of uninterrupted success he came to the spot where now stands the imperial city of Ōzaka. Here he suffered a severe defeat, which was ascribed to the wrath of the Sun-goddess, because he had marched from the west to the east, instead of following her course, from the east to the west. Leaving the ill-omened shores, he rounded the southern end of the island, and landed on the east shore, where a peaceful triumph awaited him, the king of the country acknowledging him as his sovereign by surrendering his sword. A representation of this scene appears on one denomination of the Japanese bank-notes. Moving westward across the mountains, and overcoming the Ainōs in many a battle, Jimmu reached the great plain, and fixed his seat near where now stands Kiōto, which until 1871 remained the capital of the empire which he founded. He lived to the age of 127 years, when he died, leaving three sons, one of whom he appointed to succeed him, and from that day to this the right of naming his successor has belonged to the Mikado. He also apportioned the lands of the conquered people among his principal followers, upon condition of military service, and thus laid the foundation of that feudal system which, culminating in a kind of dual government, has formed the distinguishing feature in the political history of Japan.

Passing over eight Mikados, most of whom lived for more than a century, we come to Sūjin, who reigned from 97 to 30 B.C., and is styled the civilizer of his people. Up to his time the sacred insignia of Ninigi had been kept in the imperial palace. Sūjin built for them the shrine of Uji, and placed them under the charge of his daughter, and ever since—so it is held—they have remained there under the charge of a virgin priestess of the imperial blood. Sūjin is styled the father of Japanese husbandry, for he introduced a general system of irrigation, by which alone the culture of rice, the staple grain of the country, could be carried on. He also divided his empire into military departments, and assigned his people into those military and agricultural classes which still form the groundwork of Japanese society.

The actual dominions of the Mikado in Hondo were as yet confined to the portion lying west of the great central range, the Ainōs to the east of it being only partially subdued. The conqueror of this region was the Prince Yamato-Daké, a grandson of Sūjin, whose career reminds one of the famous Edward, the Black Prince, of England. In early youth he had distinguished himself by his prowess, and at the age of thirty-three was sent by the Mikado, his father, to subdue the Ainōs beyond the mountains. Stopping at the shrine of Iji, he took the miraculous sword of Ninigi, and after numerous conflicts descended into the great plain which stretches away from the bay of Yedo,

* The word Mikado, according to the most probable etymology, means merely "elevated gate," equivalent to the "Sublime Porte," the title of the Sultan of Turkey.



THE MIKADO ON HIS THRONE, SEVENTH TO TWELFTH CENTURY.

which he attempted to cross. The Sea-god, enraged at his presumption, raised a mighty tempest, and he was told that the wrath of the deity could be appeased only by the sacrifice of a voluntary human victim. His wife sprang overboard into the boiling waves, and the tempest subsided. The sole relic of her, her perfumed wooden comb, drifted ashore at a spot still shown within the bounds of the city of Tōkiō, and here he erected an altar. The spot is still marked by a shrine, at which the fishermen and sailors are wont to pay their devotions. The hero then pushed his conquest to the north, and upon his return crossed a high ridge, from which he looked down upon the bay of Yedo. The memory of her who had here sacrificed her life for him was recalled to his heart. "Adzuma! adzuma!" (My wife! my wife!) he exclaimed. The exclamation has become immortal. In Japanese poetry the plain of Yedo is styled Adzuma; and "Adzuma-kuan" is the name given to the Japanese iron-clad, once the Confederate ram *Stonewall*. On his way home Yamato was struck with mortal sickness. He wrote to his father, recounting his exploits and begging to see him. Before the messengers from his father arrived, the son was dead and buried. At their approach, a white bird flew up from the tomb, and sailed away into the blue air. When the tomb was opened, there was nothing within but the chaplet and robes of the hero. The flight of the white bird was watched until it alighted and disappeared. The spot still bears the name of "The Imperial Tomb of the White Bird."

Of the one hundred and twenty-three Mikados, ten were females. The most famous of these is Jingu Kōgō, the Semiramis of Japan, who reigned from 201 to 269 A.D. In 193 she accompanied her husband, the Mikado Chiuai, to suppress a rebellion which had broken out in the province of Kumaso, in Kiushiu. While worshiping on a lofty islet, the Sea-god appeared to her, and asked why she cared for so poor a conquest as that of Kumaso, while far away over the waters was the rich land of Shiraki, which we call Corea. "Worship me," he said, "and I will give you power to conquer that country, and by my help and the glory of your conquest Kumaso will straightway be yours." She told her husband of the divine message. He climbed to the summit of the mountain, gazed westward over the waters, and returning, said, "I looked every where, and saw water, but no land. Is there a country in the sky? If not, you deceive me." To which the Sea-god, speaking through the empress, made reply, "If you say there is no country where I have declared there is one, you blaspheme, and shall not go thither; but the empress, your wife, has conceived, and the child within her shall conquer that country." The Mikado marched upon Kumaso, was defeated and slain; but the empress took command, suppressed the rebellion, and then, encouraged by divine omens, equipped a fleet and sailed for the unknown land. As the white-winged vessels neared the shore, the monarch was astounded. "We never knew," he said to his followers, "that there was any country outside of ours. Have our gods forsaken us?" The Coreans acknowledged the supremacy of the invaders, and swore allegiance to Jingu.

That she might accomplish this bloodless conquest, the time for her motherhood was miraculously deferred; but to Ojin, her unborn child, the glory of the conquest is assigned in the sacred legends. He was born, at length, grew up to be a great warrior, and when sixty years old succeeded his

mother, and died at the age of one hundred and eleven, being the last but one of the Mikados whose lives reached a century. He was deified as the God of War, and is still worshiped by the military class. When, in 1874, the Japanese troops embarked on the expedition to Formosa, many of them implored the special protection of Ōjin.

The conquest of Corea opened a new era in Japanese civilization. Through this country Chinese culture and arts were slowly introduced into Japan. Foremost among these were the art of writing and the Buddhist religion. The ancient faith of the Japanese is called by them *Kami no michi*, "the doctrine of the gods," precisely our term "theology;" its Chinese equivalent is *Shintō*. We can here only cite from Mr. Griffis a few paragraphs, much abridged, indicating the nature of Shintō as it finally developed itself as the religion of the state:

"In Japanese mythology the universe is Japan. All the deities, with perhaps a few exceptions, are historical personages, and the conclusion of the whole matter of cosmogony and celestial genealogy is that the Mikado is the descendant and representative of the gods who created the heavens and Japan. Hence the imperative duty of all Japanese is to obey him. Its principles, as summed up by the Department of Religion and promulgated throughout the empire so late as 1872, are expressed in the following commandments: '1. Thou shalt honor the gods, and love thy country. 2. Thou shalt clearly understand the principles of heaven and the duty of man. 3. Thou shalt revere the Mikado as thy sovereign, and obey the will of his court.' Shintō has no moral code, no accurately defined system of ethics. The leading principle of its adherents is imitation of the illustrious deeds of their ancestors, and they are to prove themselves worthy of their descent by the purity of their lives. It expresses great detestation of all forms of uncleanness, and is remarkable for the fullness of its ceremonies for bodily purification. In its higher forms Shintō is simply a cultivated and intellectual atheism; in its lower forms it is blind obedience to governmental and priestly dictates. The united verdict given me by native scholars and even Shintō officials in Fukui and Tōkiō was, 'Shintō is not a religion, it is a system of government regulations, very good to keep alive patriotism among the people.'"

We have not the space here to give even an abstract of Mr. Griffis's account of Buddhism, which in Japan assumed a form suited to the practical character of the people, but keeping prominent the essential feature of metempsychosis, that is, that not only are men rewarded or punished hereafter for deeds done here in the body, but that they are also rewarded or punished here for deeds done in some previous state of existence. Buddhism was fairly introduced into Japan about 550 A.D. In time it branched into several sects, and one who should look upon Buddhism and Catholicism with an indifferent eye would discover not a few similarities between the development of the two systems. Take, for example, a rite called *nagaré kanjō*—"the flowing invocation."



THE MOTHER'S MEMORIAL, NAGARÉ KANJŌ—THE FLOWING INVOCATION.



KŌBŌ DAISHI.

Sometimes in the cities, but very frequently in country places, one will see by the side of a spring or rivulet a square of cotton cloth suspended by sticks at the four corners in such a way as to form a basin. Upon the cloth is written a name and the invocation, *Namu miō hō ren gé kiō*—"Glory to the salvation-bringing Scriptures." Near by, perhaps in the hollow of the cloth, is a wooden dipper, and by it stands an upright lath, notched at the top, and inscribed with a brief legend in Sanskrit characters. Ever and anon a passer-by, most likely a woman, will pause, offer up a prayer, pour a dipperful of water into the hollow of the cloth, and wait till every drop has strained through, all the while murmuring prayers. In almost all Eastern faiths there is something of impurity connected with birth and death. The newly made mother must be purified; a corpse is impure, and transmits its uncleanness to any one who touches it. When birth and death come together, as when a woman dies in childbirth, the impurity is intensified. It is a sure token that the mother has in some former cycle of existence committed some awful transgression, and is now suffering for it in some fearful metempsychosis, from which she can not be released until her spirit has been purified from this mortal stain. The "flowing invocation" is a vicarious rite of lustration, and is accomplished only when the symbolic cloth is worn out, so that the water no longer drains, but falls through at once. Then the freed spirit rises to a higher cycle of existence. Like Catholic masses for the dead, it is a touching rite, whatever we may think of its efficacy. "But," says Mr. Griffis, "the cotton cloth, inscribed with the name of the deceased, to be efficacious can be purchased only at the temples. It is no secret that rich people are able to secure a napkin which when stretched but a few days will rupture and let the water pass through at once. The poor man can get only the stoutest and most closely woven fabric; the rich man's napkin is scraped thin in the middle."

To one Buddhist monk the Japanese owe a lasting debt. This was Kōbō Daishi, born in 774 A.D., the inventor of the Japanese syllabic alphabet, one of the most perfect ever thought out, resembling in its essential features that of the Cherokee language devised by the half-breed whom we know as George Guess. His portrait, copied from a statue in a temple at Kiōto, bears no slight resemblance to the bust of Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon.

The golden age of Japan was the period between the ninth and the twelfth centuries, when Chinese civilization received a development far beyond what it ever knew in its original home, yet modified by the Japanese national character. Agriculture was reduced to a system, if not to a science; the arts of pottery, lacquering, gilding, bronze casting, engraving, chasing, inlaying, sword-making, and goldsmith's work were brought to perfection. To this period belongs the colossal statue of Dai Butsŭ, "Great Buddha," 53½ feet high as it sits; the breadth across the shoulders is nearly 29 feet, the face being 16 feet from crown to chin, and 9½ feet broad. The bronze of which it is composed contains 500 pounds of gold, 1954 of mercury, 16,287 of tin, and 986,080 of copper, the entire weight being about 450 tons. Bell-founding was carried



TEMPLE BELL FROM KIŌTO.

to a point of perfection never exceeded. Some of the great bells are ten feet high, chased and engraved with an elaboration which no other people has lavished upon such objects. That from the temple at Kiōto is adorned with sacred texts, images of heavenly beings, and of Buddha sitting on the sacred lotus, all in high relief. It is struck from without by a heavy beam of wood suspended by two cords, the bellman holding back the beam on its rebound until the notes begin to die away. On a still night the air is filled with the quivering melody for a circuit of a score of miles.

Kiōto, the imperial city of the Mikado, was the centre from which radiated all the influences which have moulded the national life. It is beautifully situated on a crater-like plain at the base of Lake Biwa, girt in by high wooded mountains. Streams, which unite just below to form the river Yodo, the outlet of the lake, nearly encircle it. It was magnificent, not so much for the imposing character of its architecture as for its shady squares, picturesque temples, pagodas, and shrines. To this sacred city came pilgrims from every quarter of the empire to pray at its holy shrines. Hither came artisans to study the work of the great masters of their crafts, and to carry back with them the skill thus acquired, which was transmitted from father to son from generation to generation. Here dwelt the poets, novelists, historians, and grammarians who created the national literature. Hither flocked the great nobles to bow before the Mikado, to learn the art of war, the etiquette of the court, the science of government, and the intrigues of the cabinet. Kiōto was at once the Rome, the Mecca, and the Paris of Japan.

But the seeds of decay lurked in all this splendor. First and foremost was the constitution of the Mikadoship itself. He had but one legal wife, but, to guard against the failure of the sacred line, he was allowed twelve concubines, all of whose children were legitimate and eligible to the succession at the will of the Mikado, and that successor might be an infant in the cradle. "Woe to the land whose king is a child." And as the golden age drew to its close, there was a succession of baby rulers. Thus, in 1108, Toba was made Mikado at the age of six; at seventeen he abdicated, or most likely was forced to abdicate, in favor of Shiutoku, his son of four years. He abdicated at twenty-four in favor of Konoyé, an infant, who died at sixteen. The next Mikado reigned three years, when he abdicated in favor of a boy of sixteen, who after six years was replaced by an infant; and he, three years after, by a boy of eight, who after thirteen years resigned in favor of a child of three years. Of course during this time, and before and after it, the real power lay not in these children, but in the politicians and warriors who elevated and displaced them. Meanwhile the great vassals away from the court gradually assumed a most independent authority, until the condition of Japan was very nearly that of France during that period of anarchy which followed its virtual conquest by Henry V. of England.

At length the imperial court took a step which changed the whole state of affairs, and decided the course of Japanese history for almost nine centuries. For this period we can but briefly touch upon a few of the salient points. Among the most able of the Japanese warriors was Yoritomo, the son of a court noble by a peasant woman. He was appointed *Shōgun*, a title which originally meant merely a general, and was borne by any commander of high rank. It now assumed a new significance, and the Shōgun became all and more than all that is now implied in our word "general" of the army.



JAPANESE WAR JUNK, TWELFTH CENTURY.
[Vignette illustration on the national bank-notes.]

Yoritomo having put down the general anarchy, established his "head-quarters" at Kamakura, 250 miles from Kiōto, and about thirty-five miles from where Yedo was built five centuries later. Here he set up a rival court, although under him and all his successors the supremacy of that of Kiōto was acknowledged, while its power was hardly felt. The Shōguns, or rather, in time, the court of the Shōgun, were the virtual rulers of Japan from about 1200 to about 1868.

During all the years of its history Japan has been less disturbed by foreign enemies than any other nation. No foreign army has ever fairly held a rood of its soil. Once, indeed, such an attempt was made. About 1270, the Mongols, having overrun China, their leader, Kublai Khan, sent envoys to Japan with insolent demands, to which the Shōgun would not even listen. This was

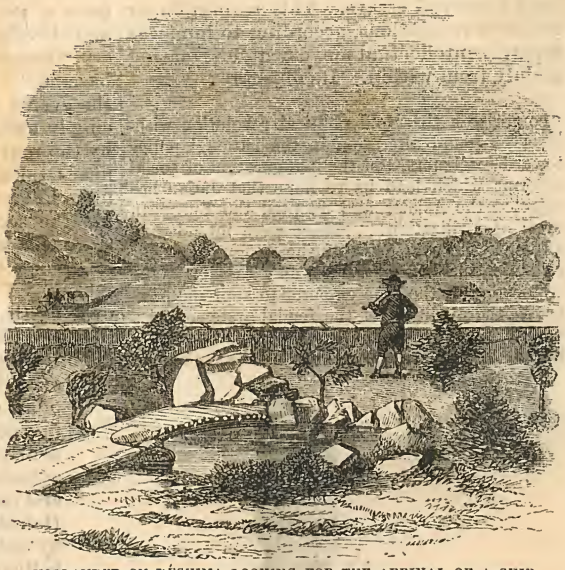
repeated six times, and to the last summons the Shōgun Hōjō Tokimuné made sharp reply by cutting off the heads of the nine envoys. The Mongol ruler now equipped an armada, said to have consisted of 3500 junks and more than 100,000 men, for the conquest of Japan, and in 1281 their sails whitened the waters of the Inland Sea. The story of



THE REPULSE OF THE MONGOL TARTARS.

the "invincible armada" sent by Spain to conquer Great Britain is almost a repetition of that of the armada sent from China to conquer Great Nippon. The Japanese war junks were inferior in size and number to those of the enemy, still they were extremely formidable antagonists in the naval warfare of the time. Moreover, they were better handled, and the invaders, in spite of all their efforts, could only effect partial landings. The winds and waves fought for Japan. In no seas are the storms so sudden and violent as in those which encircle the islands of Japan. The Mikado and his predecessor, who had abdicated and retired to a monastery, wrote out a petition to the gods, which was sent by the Shintō chief priest to the holy shrine of Isé. At the moment of his arrival—so the record runs—a small cloud, like a man's hand, appeared in the blue sky. In a few minutes a fierce typhoon burst upon the Chinese fleet, dashing the vessels together, and flinging them by hundreds upon the rocks, strewing the shore with the bod-

ies of the dead. Those which escaped wreck were drifted to the little island of Taka, where the crews landed. Here they were attacked by the Japanese, and all were slain except three, who were sent back to China to tell their master how the gods of Japan had overwhelmed his proud armada. A painting of this repulse, made long after by a Japanese artist, who had evidently studied under Dutch artists, is a spirited battle piece, although it can not be accepted as a historical representation, or as a specimen of genuine Japanese art.



HOLLANDER ON DÉSHIMA LOOKING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF A SHIP.

In 1335 the Shōgunate fell into the hands of the Ashikaga family, who held it until 1574. This period is known as the "epoch of war," the country being, with short intervals of peace, torn by contests between contending clans. Nobunaga, who had the power of a Shōgun, without being one, undertook to reduce all the rival clans, but was assassinated in 1582. He hated the Buddhist priests, and welcomed the Jesuits, in whom he saw a possible rival to their power over the people. His successor, Hidéyoshi, a man of low birth but of great ability, also at first favored the Jesuit missionaries. He died in 1598, leaving an infant son, who was named as Shōgun. But his claims were contested by the Tokugawa clan, one of whom, Iyéyasŭ, perhaps the greatest name in Japanese history, became Shōgun in 1604, and founded the dynasty of Shōguns which ruled until the revolution of 1868, by which the whole feudal and dual system of government was swept away, the Shōgunate abolished, and the Mikado made the actual as well as the nominal ruler of the empire.

Europeans first set foot in Japan in 1542. They were three Portuguese sailors, who, in the language of the Jesuit fathers, "breathed into the Japanese atmosphere the first breath of Christianity." Missionaries soon followed, notable among whom was Francis Xavier, and in the course of half a century so numerous were the converts that one might fairly hope that in a few years the whole empire would be Christianized. But the Shōgun Hidéyoshi, who had learned of the Portuguese and Spanish conquests in India, grew suspicious of the new doctrines, and instituted a violent persecution of the Christians, which was continued by his successors. In 1637 it was alleged that the native Christians had entered into a conspiracy with the Portuguese government to overthrow the imperial throne. The whole sect was remorselessly crushed; all foreigners were expelled from the empire, excepting the Dutch, who had aided the Shōgun, and who were allowed to keep up a trading establishment on the little island of Déshima, which they were not allowed to leave, and where they were in effect prisoners, only three vessels being allowed once a year to come to them from Holland. Weary must have been the watch of these exiled traders as they paced along the shore of their little prison, straining their eyes in gazing over the blue waters to catch the first glimpse of the white sails which were to bring them some tidings from the world without. From this time dates that system of jealous seclusion which for more than two centuries kept Japan a sealed book from the rest of the world. Yet during all this time the empire enjoyed profound tranquillity under the system of dual government, which had in effect been instituted as early as the twelfth century, but had been brought to perfection by Iyéyasŭ and his grandson Iyémitsŭ. The introduction of Christianity and its complete extermination form a thrilling episode, but, after all, only an episode, leaving behind it no trace on the history of Japan and its institutions.

But the elements of change were at work as early as a century and a half ago, although they did not become apparent until after the arrival of the American expedition under Commodore Perry in 1853. It is utterly impossible, within the space at our disposal, to give any thing like an abstract of the admirable chapter of Mr. Griffis on "The Recent Revolution in Japan"—a chapter as clear and definite, and wanting little of being as brilliant, as the best of Macau-

lay's historical essays. This revolution, or series of revolutions, according to him, was a purely intellectual movement, originating mainly from within. Its objects

"comprise a threefold political revolution within, a profound alteration in the national policy toward foreigners, and the inauguration of social reforms which lead us to hope that Japan has rejected the Asiatic and adopted the European ideal of civilization. . . . These were intended to effect, 1, the overthrow of the Sh̄ogun, and his reduction to his proper level as a vassal; 2, the restoration of the true emperor to supreme power; 3, the abolition of the feudal system, and a return to the ancient imperial *régime;* 4, the abolition of Buddhism, and the establishment of



KEIKI, THE LAST SHŌGUN OF JAPAN.

pure Shintō as the national faith and the engine of government. These four movements were historically and logically connected. The 5th was the expulsion of the 'foreign barbarians,' and the dictatorial isolation of Japan from the rest of the world; the 6th, the abandonment of this design, the adoption of Western civilization, and the entrance of Japan into the comity of nations."

The immediate occasion, though by no means the cause, of the revolution, was the signing by the Shōgun (who assumed for the occasion the unknown title of Tai-Kun or Tycoon ("Great Lord") of the treaties with the foreign powers, beginning with the United States in 1854. The signing of these without the consent of the Mikado gave a point of union to the opposition, and the whole country resounded with the cry, "Honor the Mikado, and expel the barbarians!" We can not even touch upon the events of the civil war which, commencing in 1863, was virtually brought to a close by the rout of the Shōgun's army in a battle near Ōzaka, which lasted three days, beginning February 27, 1868. The Shōgun, Keiki—the second who had filled that post since the signing of the treaties—found refuge on board an American vessel, and reaching Yedo sought the seclusion of his own castle, where his retainers urged him to renew the contest. He refused. One of his ministers then exhorted him to commit *hara-kiri*, in order to preserve the honor of his clan; and the suggestion not being acceded to, the proposer incontinently cut open his own bowels. His adherents continued the war for several months, making their last stand at Hakodaté, on the island of Yezo; but by July 1, 1869, all vestiges of the rebellion had vanished, and "the empire was grateful for universal peace."

Meanwhile the Mikadoship had fallen to Mutsŭhito, "The Man of Peace," a lad of sixteen, who was entirely under the influence of men whose leading idea was the restoration of the ancient order of things, and not a few of even the ablest and most patriotic of them were also bitterly hostile to foreigners. Edicts against the Christians were issued (Mr. Griffis saw them still posted up in the streets of Tōkiō in 1871, although they had become a dead letter). But fortunately there were wiser men, who saw that the old order of things belonged to the dead past, and could never be revived, and they undertook to convert their associates.

"The great work of enlightening the Mikado's followers," says Mr. Griffis, "was begun by the Japanese leaders, Ōkubo, Kido, and Gotō, all of them students of the ancient native literature and of foreign ideas. The *kugé*, or court nobles, wished to ignore the existence of foreigners, drive them out of the country, or worry them by appointing officers of low rank in the Foreign Office, then an inferior sub-bureau. Ōkubo, Gotō, and Kido opposed the plan, and sent a prince of the imperial blood and the Daimiō of Uwajima to the port of Hiōgo to give the Mikado's consent to the treaties, and to invite the foreign ministers to an audience with the emperor in Kiōto. The British and Dutch ministers accepted the invitation; the others declined. The train of the British envoy was assaulted by fanatics, one of whom lost his head by a sweep of the sword of Gotō, who rode by the side of the foreigners, determined to secure their audience with the Mikado. At first sight of the strangers the conversion of the kugé was thorough and instantaneous. They



CHILDREN'S GAMES AND SPORTS.

made friends with the men they once thought were beasts; and now many of the very men who once wished the ports closed, the foreigners expelled, and who considered all aliens as little above the level of beasts, are members of the Mikado's government, the exponents of advanced ideas, the defenders and executors of Western civilization."

Ōkubo astounded the court by a memorial in which he said: "Since the Middle Ages our emperor has lived behind a screen; nothing which went on outside this screen ever penetrated his sacred ear. The imperial residence was profoundly secluded and unlike the outer world. Kiōto is in an out-of-the-way position. Let his Majesty take up temporarily his abode at Ōzaka, removing his capital thither, and thus cure one of the hundred evils which we have inherited from past ages." This, and more than this, was done. In a short time the seat of government was removed to Yedo, which in 1871 received the name of Tōkiō, "The Eastern Capital." The Mikado had in the mean while taken an oath before the Council of State and all the court nobles and daimiōs that "a deliberative assembly should be formed, all measures be decided by public opinion, the uncivilized customs of former times be broken through, and intellect and learning be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of the empire."

What would seem to be the finishing stroke to the old order of things was the decree of July, 1871, by which the old feudal system was swept away at a blow, the revenues which the daimiōs and their ancestors had enjoyed for a thousand years sequestered, and replaced by salaries and pensions of a tenth of their amount, and all local forms of authority superseded by that of the nation. These pensions now constitute more than a quarter of the expenditures of the government.

About one-half of Mr. Griffis's book—would that it were twice as large—is devoted to sketches of the social life and manners of the Japanese. Of special interest are the chapters describing his residence of nearly a year as head of the college at Fukui, province of Echizen, in the very heart of Japan, where a foreigner had never before been seen, and where, for the greater part of the time, he was the only white person. It will be borne in mind that he had gone to Japan, upon the invitation of the Prince of Echizen, to organize "a scientific school on the American principle." The arrangements were soon made after his arrival at Tōkiō. A contract was duly drawn up in Chinese and English. By it he agreed to teach chemistry and physics for three years, and "not to enter into any trading operations with the native merchants," the Japanese authorities agreeing to pay his salary, to build for him a house in the European style, to hand his corpse over to the United States consul in case he should die, or to take him to the consul in case he should be disabled through sickness. Nothing was said about the matter of religion, but he was to be free from all duties on Sundays, and had absolute liberty to speak, teach, and do as he pleased in his own house.

The journey occupied eleven days: first, a voyage of two days in an English steamer to Hiōgo; thence in a steamer with a Yankee captain to Ōzaka; then by a boat propelled by poling up the Kobo River to Lake Biwa, and in a little steamer across the lake; thence overland by *norimono*, or palanquin, to Fukui, although for a good part of the three days he trusted to the means of locomotion with which nature had provided him. The entire party consisted of



ADULT GAMES AND SPORTS.



TRAVELING BY NORIMONO.

eight persons, among whom was the indispensable interpreter. For this purpose he had endeavored to procure the services of that personage known some ten years before in America as "Tommy," and the Echizen authorities offered him $1000 a year in gold, quite equivalent to the salary of a member of the cabinet in the United States; but Tommy, now grown into a rather "fast" middle-aged man, declined the offer; he preferred to enjoy the gayeties of the capital and the prospect of official promotion to burying himself in a dull provincial town. It was fortunate for our author that this was so, for the engagement fell upon Iwabuchi, a young man of twenty, "with broad, high forehead, luxuriant hair cut in foreign style, of delicate frame, his face lightened by intellect; as gentle as a lady; the very type of a Japanese man of letters. For over a year," continues Mr. Griffis, "he was invaluable to me, until my own articulation became bilingual, and from first to last we continued, and remain, fast friends."

When the land journey was begun, the party, including baggage carriers, numbered fifty-four persons—certainly a very respectable escort for the principal of a college. Twelve miles from Fukui, at a town where he was to pass the night, he was met by a number of officers of the prince, bearing presents; and late the next morning, twelve finely caparisoned horses having been provided, he and his escort rode on in state, reaching the city toward night. Of the number of the population of Fukui we find no mention in the account by Mr. Griffis, but we find it elsewhere named among the cities of the second class, that is, having more than 50,000 inhabitants. It is by no means an imposing town. "Upon approaching it," says our author, "I saw no spires, golden-vaned, no massive pediments, façades, or grand buildings, but simply a dark, vast array of low-roofed houses, colossal temples, gables, tufts of bamboo, and groves of trees."

Upon reaching the house which was to be his residence until his own could be built, he was welcomed by several officers, "all in their best silks, swords, sandals, and top-knots, with low bows, and such awkward but hearty hand-shakings as men unused to it might be supposed to achieve." Upon entering, he found that ample preparations had been made for his comfort. There were glass windows, a stove whose inscription showed that it had been cast at Peekskill, on the Hudson, a handsome bedstead, bureau, chairs, and other furniture. He was wondering how all this had come there, when one of the officers said, in broken English: "I been in New York. I understand. You like." This officer, well named Sasaki —"Tree of Help"—became his right-hand man from that moment. The house was a grand old mansion of solid timber, sixty feet broad by one hundred deep, one story high, and with twelve spacious apartments, besides long, well-lighted corridors, and in the rear were servants' quarters. There were ten acres of ground, containing a beautiful garden, many tall old trees, and a neglected fish pond. The household, when fairly organized, consisted of the professor and his interpreter; the officer appointed to look after their wants, with an assistant and a clerk; four stout swordsmen, who were to act as escort when he went abroad, though



GONJI IN A BROWN-STUDY.

he soon found that there was no need for their services; a porter at the main entrance, and eight men to guard the four other gates. As for the servants, we are quite unable to enumerate them. Mr. Griffis particularizes several of them, among whom were Sahei, the head servant and *factotum;* his wife, child, and Gonji, a very fat and rather stupid boy, whose chief amusement was to wait upon the servant's child and worry the dogs, but who was occasionally suffered to wait at table, and was always thrown into a deep brown-study at beholding the wonderful manner in which the white man partook of his food. The domestic catalogue is thus tersely summarized: "The long, low house stretching away to the eastward was full of folks of the humbler sort, with many children and babies, and of dogs not a few."



MATSUDAIRA YOSHINAGA, EX-DAIMIŌ OF ECHIZEN, CHIEF MINISTER OF STATE IN 1862.

The day after his arrival, Mr. Griffis had a formal audience with the prince and his ministers. The prince presented him with an autograph letter of welcome and his photographic *carte de visite*, and all sat down to dinner. Then "followed a lively conversation, which kept Iwabuchi's two tongues busy for nearly an hour. Icy etiquette melted into good humor, and good humor flowed into fun. We had made the mutual discovery that we could get along together very well. Education and culture easily bridge the gulf that lies between two races, religions, and civilizations. I felt perfectly at home in the presence of these courtly and polished gentlemen, and the hour passed very pleasantly." The letter of the prince is a model of dignity and courtesy. It runs:



FATHER AND CHILDREN.

"It is a matter of congratulation that the President of your country is in good health. I greatly rejoice and am obliged to you that you have arrived so promptly from so great a distance over seas and mountains, to teach the sciences to the youth of Fukui. Concerning matters connected with the school, the officers in charge of education will duly consult you. As Fukui is a secluded place, you will be inconvenienced in many respects. Whenever you have



A LITTLE DAIMIŌ.

need of any thing, please make your wants known without ceremony.

"MATSUDAIRA, *Fukui Han-Chiji.*"

"These words," says Mr. Griffis, "struck the key-note of my whole reception in Fukui. During the entire year of my residence, unceasing kindnesses were showered upon me. From the prince and officers to the students, citizens, and the children, who learned to know me and welcome me with smiles and bows, and 'Good-morning, teacher,' I have nothing to record but respect, consideration, sympathy, and kindness. My eyes were opened. I needed no revolver, nor were guards necessary. I won the hearts of the people; and among my happiest memories are those of Fukui."

A special favorite of his was a son of the prince—a lively, laughing little fellow of four years old, with merry black eyes, delicate brown skin flushed with health, rosy cheeks, and head shaven, except a little round space like a cap, from which projected a tiny queue. He wore a gold-hilted short sword in his girdle, while a lad of thirteen attended him as sword-bearer, carrying the longer badge of his rank. Fukui was the residence of the father of Kusakabé, one of the former pupils of our author, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, who had died and was buried there. Mr. Griffis had the mournful pleasure of presenting to the father the golden key of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rutgers College, into which the Japanese youth had been elected, he having stood at the head of his class.



JAPANESE NAVAL OFFICER.

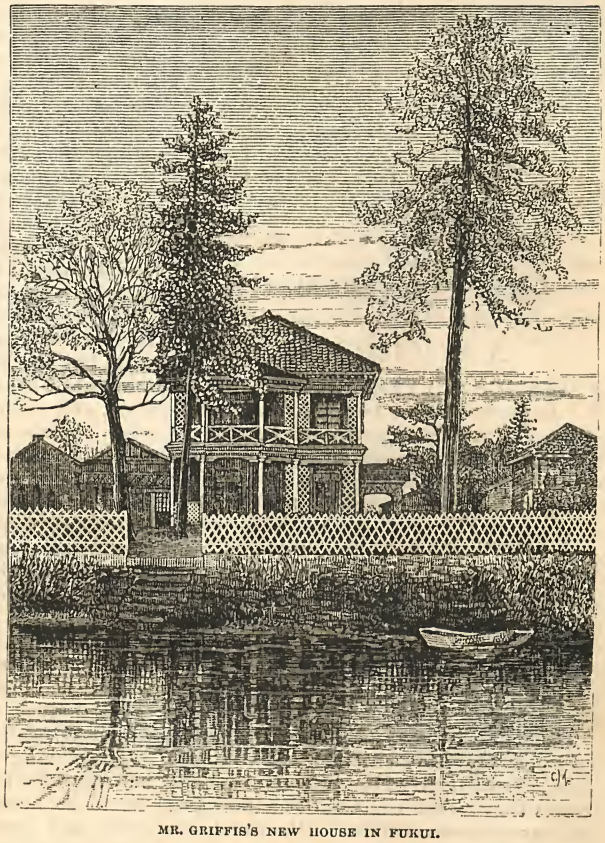
Mr. Griffis was surprised to find the school so large and flourishing. There were about 800 students in all the departments, some of whom had studied English for two or three years under native teachers who had been trained at Nagasaki. But the authorities who had been desirous of a teacher of chemistry had faint ideas as to what that science was; they were, however, ready to furnish the requisite apparatus. Some of the students had already cut off their top-knots, and wore their hair in European fashion, which is the recognized sign of a foreignizing proclivity. It is significant that the Mikado has quite recently adopted this fashion, and that of European dress. In April, 1872, Mr. Griffis saw him, at the opening of the Imperial College at Tōkiō, dressed almost exactly like the picture of his ancestor on page 502. Not two years later he saw him attired as in the portrait which we have given. The naval officers wear a thoroughly European uniform; and we imagine that if we should meet one of them in the street, we should hardly suppose him to be an Oriental. Save for his position, while "burning the midnight oil," with his low study table by his side, the picture of a Japanese naval officer, from a photograph of one of the Fukui pupils, might have been taken at any American academy. Most of the students, however, still retained the national top-knot, queue, and clogs. As their American teacher saw them trooping out of school, with bare neck, arms, and legs, and



STUDENT BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL.

their murderous swords in their belts, his first mental question was, "Can it be possible that these young barbarians can be trained to be disciplined students? But," he says, "I found that they could instruct me in many things—in pride and dignity of character; in diligence, courage, gentlemanly conduct; refinement and affection, truth and honesty; and, in so far as I knew or could see, in good morals they were my peers."

A few months passed pleasantly, when all at once came astounding tidings from the capital. The imperial proclamation had been issued that the hereditary incomes of the nobles were to be cut down, the balance to go into the imperial treasury; all the public property of the provinces to become that of the imperial government; all superfluous officials to be dismissed; and all who were retained to be appointed direct from Tōkiō. The number of officials in Fukui was, at a blow, reduced from five hundred to seventy. Instead of fourteen school directors, there were to be only four. The four guards and eight door-keepers of Mr. Griffis were summarily discharged—at all of which he was not a little delighted. "Japan's greatest curse," he wrote in his journal, "for ages has been an excess of officials and lazy rice-eaters, who do no work. Sindbad has shaken off the Old Man of the Sea. Hurra for New Japan!" His new house was finished on the last day of September, and for three days thrown open to public inspection, being visited by some twenty thousand persons, after which he took possession of it.



MR. GRIFFIS'S NEW HOUSE IN FUKUI.

Matsudaira, late Daimiō of Echizen, feudal head of the Fukui clan, was to be a mere private nobleman, residing at Tōkiō, and his public valedictory to his late people—almost his subjects—took place on October 1. It was a touching and graceful scene. A brief address was read, in which were set forth the reasons why the Mikado had resumed all the territorial fiefs, and at the close, after exhorting all his followers to transfer their allegiance wholly to the Mikado, the prince bade them a solemn farewell, and the next day set out for Tōkiō, amidst the tears of the people.

These measures occasioned great changes in affairs at Fukui. The best teachers in the school received official appointments at Tōkiō, and the best pupils were obliged by want of means to leave the school. Mr. Griffis had in the mean time been invited to take a position at the capital, which he decided to accept, notwithstanding he was urged by the authorities at Fukui to remain. On the day before his departure, January 21, 1872, his house was thronged by the people to bid him farewell, each, according to custom, bringing a present, some of them rare and costly; each, also according to custom, received some trifling present. A fierce snow-storm had been raging for a week, and the snow lay eight feet deep in the highway; but notwithstanding this, a large party of students escorted him several miles on his way. In due time he reached Tōkiō, where he remained nearly three years, during which he made several long tours in the country.

Mr. Griffis, in the concluding chapter of his book, thus alludes to the future of Japan:

"Can an Asiatic despotism, based on paganism and propped on a fiction, regenerate itself? Can Japan go on in the race she has begun?

Will the mighty reforms now attempted be completed and made permanent? Can a nation appropriate the fruits of Christian civilization without its root? I believe not. I can not but think that, unless the modern enlightened ideas of government, law, society, and the rights of the individual be adopted to a far greater extent than they have been, the people be thoroughly educated, and a mightier spiritual force replace Shintō and Buddhism, little will be gained but a glittering veneer of material civilization and the corroding foreign vices, under which, in the presence of the superior aggressive nations of the West, Dai Nippon must fall like the doomed races of America. But a new sun is rising on Japan. In 1870 there were not ten native Protestant Christians in the empire; there were in May, 1876, ten churches, with a membership of eight hundred souls. Gently but irresistibly Christianity is leavening the nation. In the next century the native word *inaka* ('boor') will mean 'heathen.' With those forces that centre in pure Christianity, under that Almighty Providence who raises up one nation and casts down another, I cherish the firm hope that Japan will in time take and hold her equal place among the foremost nations of the world, and that in the onward march of civilization which follows the sun, the Sun-land may lead the nations of Asia that are now appearing in the theatre of universal history."

A SUMMER BIRD.

CECILIUS CALVERT, second Baron of Baltimore, has a hold upon the recollections of mankind far surpassing that secured by any monument in the noble city which he founded, in the fact that the most charming bird that makes its summer home in the parks of that city bears his name. That bird is the Baltimore oriole—*Icterus baltimore* of Linnæus. Its plumage is patterned in orange and black, the baronial colors of the noble lord's livery, and Linnæus only paid an appropriate compliment to the source to which he owed his specimen of the new species when, in 1766, he recognized the coincidence in the name.

Then as now the orioles were among the most beautiful and conspicuous of woodland birds. From their winter retreat under the tropics they return northward as the warm weather advances, arriving in Maryland during the latter part of April, and reaching Central New England by the middle of May. In these migrations, performed mostly by day, they fly continuously and in a straight line high overhead. About sunset they halt, and uttering a few low notes, dive into the thickets to feed, and afterward to rest. They do not go in flocks, but singly, or two or three together. The males come to us in advance, and instantly announce their presence by a loud and joyous song, in the execution of which they continually emulate one another during the week or more that elapses before the arrival of the females. But this emulation does not end with vying in song; they have many pitched battles, chasing each other from tree to tree and through the branches with angry notes. The coming of the females offers some diversion to these pugnacious cavaliers, or at least furnishes a new *casus belli;* for, while they devote themselves with great ardor to wooing and winning their coy mistresses, their jealousy is easily aroused, and their fighting is often resumed. Even the ladyloves sometimes forget themselves so far as to savagely attack their fancied rivals, or drive out of sight the chosen mate of some male bird whom they want for themselves. This is not all fancy, but lamentable fact.

Mademoiselle Oriole is not so showy as her gay beau. Persuade the pair to keep quiet a moment, and compare them. They are in size between a bluebird and a robin, but rather more slender than either. The plumage of the male is of a rich but varying orange upon all the lower parts, underneath the wings, upon the lower part of the back, and the outer edges of the tail; the throat, head, neck, the part between the shoulders, wing quills, and middle tail feathers are velvety black; the bill and feet are bluish; there is a white ring around the eye, and the lesser wing quills are edged with white. In the female the pattern of color is the same, but the tints are duller. The jet of the male's head and neck is rusty in his mate, and each feather is margined with olive. The orange part of the plumage is more like yellow in the female, and wing and tail quills are spotted and dirty. Three years are required for the orioles to receive their complete plumage, the gradual change of which is beautifully represented in one of Audubon's gigantic plates. "Sometimes the whole tail of a [young] male individual in spring is yellow, sometimes only the two middle feathers are black, and frequently the black on the back is skirted with orange, and the tail tipped with the same color." Much confusion arose among the earlier naturalists from this circumstance.

The singing of the males is at its height now that the females have come, and they are to be heard, not only from field and grove and country way-side, but in the streets of villages, and even in the parks of cities, where they are recognized by every school-boy, who calls them fire-birds, golden-robins, hang-nests, and Baltimore birds. The lindened avenues of Philadelphia, the elm-embowered precincts of New Haven, the sacred trees of Boston Common, the classic shades of Harvard Square, and the malls of Central Park all echo to their spring-time music.

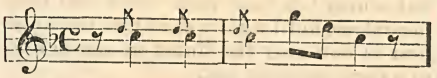
The song of the oriole is indescribable, as to me are the tunes of most of the songsters. Nuttall's ingenious syllables are totally useless in expressing the pure and versatile fluting which floats down from the elm top.

Wilson catches its spirit when he says that "there is in it a certain wild plaintiveness and *naïveté* extremely interesting," and that it is uttered "with the pleasing tranquillity of a careless plowboy whistling for his own amusement." It is a joyous, contented song, standing out from the chorus that greets our half-awakened ears at daylight as brightly as its author shines against the dewy foliage. T. W. Higginson exclaims, "Yonder oriole fills with light and melody the thousand branches of a neighborhood." It is a song varying with the tune and circumstances, and, as among all birds, some orioles are better performers than others. Dr. Brewer thought that when they first arrived, and were awaiting the females, the voices of the males were loud and somewhat shrill, as though in lamentation, and that this song changed into a "richer, lower, and more pleasing refrain" when they were joined by their partners. The quality of their music is certainly different in different parts of the country, seeming, for example, to be more subdued toward the northern limit of their range.

A writer in an old number of *Putnam's Magazine* describes two orioles with which he had been acquainted for several summers. These birds had taken up their residences within about a quarter of a mile of each other, one in a public park, and the other in an orchard. "And often," says the narrator, "have I heard the chief musician of the orchard, on the topmost bough of an ancient apple-tree, sing,



to which the chorister of the park, from the summit of a maple, would respond, in the same key,



and, for the life of me, I never was able to tell whether their songs were those of rivalry or of greeting and friendly intercourse. And now if you will strike these notes on the piano, or, which is better, breathe them from the flute, you will know the song of the oriole, or rather obtain an idea of its general characteristics, for no two that I have ever heard sang the same melody."

The female also has a pretty song, which mingles with the brilliant tenor of the male during all the season of love-making; but as May merges into June, and the business of the summer begins, both cease their exalted strains, and only the mellow, ringing whistle is heard. Then, as family cares increase, they lay aside even this, and, except at dawn, are rarely heard at all.

But, after all, the chief interest about our oriole is its wonderful home, which hangs upon the outmost branches of the elms along the street or in the grove, and is completed by June 10. The nest is never found in the deep woods. Its maker is a bird of the sunlight, and is sociable with man. The haunts of the orioles are those grand trees which the farmer leaves here and there in his field as shade for his cattle, that lean over the brier-tangled fence of the lane, or droop toward the dancing waters of some rural river. "There is," says Thomas Nuttall, "nothing more remarkable in the whole instinct of our golden-robin than the ingenuity displayed in the fabrication of its nest, which is, in fact, a pendulous, cylindric pouch of five to seven inches in depth, usually suspended from near the extremities of the high drooping branches of trees (such as the elm, the pear, or apple tree, wild cherry, weeping-willow, tulip-tree, or button-wood)."

These words might in a general way apply to all the *Icteri*, most of which inhabit North or South America, have brilliant plumages, and build nests of matchless workmanship, woven and entwined in such a way as would defy the skill of the most expert seamstress, and unite dryness, safety, and warmth. They are mostly pendulous from the ends of branches, and form thus a security from snakes and other robbers, which could easily reach them if placed on a more solid foundation. They are formed of the different grasses, dry roots, lichens, long and slender mosses, and other advantageous materials often supplied by man's art. Among different species the structures vary in shape from resembling a compact ball to nearly every bottle-shaped gradation of form, until they exceed three or four feet in length. Many species being gregarious, they breed numerously in the same vicinity or on the same tree, resembling in this and other respects the weaver birds, to which they are closely allied. But for us our Baltimore's nest possesses the most attractions; and as I shall have much to say concerning this fine example of a bird's architecture, I can not begin better than by quoting Nuttall's description of it. It would be impossible for me to say any thing different and as well:

"It is begun by firmly fastening natural strings of the flax of the silk-weed, or swamp hollyhock, or stout artificial threads, around two or more forked twigs, corresponding to the intended width and depth of the nest. With the same materials, willow down, or any accidental ravelings, strings, thread, sewing silk, tow, or wool that may be lying near the neighboring houses or around grafts of trees, they interweave and fabricate a sort of coarse cloth into the form intended, toward the bottom of which they place the real nest, made chiefly of lint, wiry grass, horse and cow hair: sometimes, in defect of hair, lining the interior with a mixture of slender strips of smooth vine bark, and rarely with a few feathers; the whole being of a considerable thickness, and more or less attached to the external pouch. Over the top, the leaves, as they grow out, form a verdant and agreeable canopy, defending

the young from the sun and rain. There is sometimes a considerable difference in the manufacture of these nests, as well as in the materials which enter into their composition. Both sexes seem to be equally adepts at this sort of labor; and I have seen the female alone perform the whole without any assistance, and the male also complete this laborious task nearly without the aid of his consort, who, however, in general, is the principal worker."

Many persons believe that there is a constant tendency in birds to vary their architecture to suit their surroundings, in accordance with climate, greater or less readiness of certain materials, and security. The Baltimore oriole affords a good illustration of this tendency. Like the swallows, robin, bluebird, pewit, and others, the oriole has abandoned the wilds for the proximity to man's settlements, doing it chiefly for two reasons—the greater abundance of insect food, and protection from hawks, owls, and crows, which are fewer in number and less bold in the clearings.

In the swamps of the Gulf States, the Baltimore, finding no necessity for great warmth or shelter from chilling winds, fabricates an airy nest of Spanish moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*). Audubon described and figured such a one, but the exact truth of Audubon's description was rather doubted until the Boston Society of Natural History received other similar nests from Florida. In these cases the bird chose material perfectly suited to the temperature, in preference to the flax and felt which it would have used in the North. This is a modification due to difference of latitude and accompanying difference of climate; but I venture to say that the Baltimores' nests in general built during an unusually hot season in any latitude will be much lighter than those built during a cool or backward year.

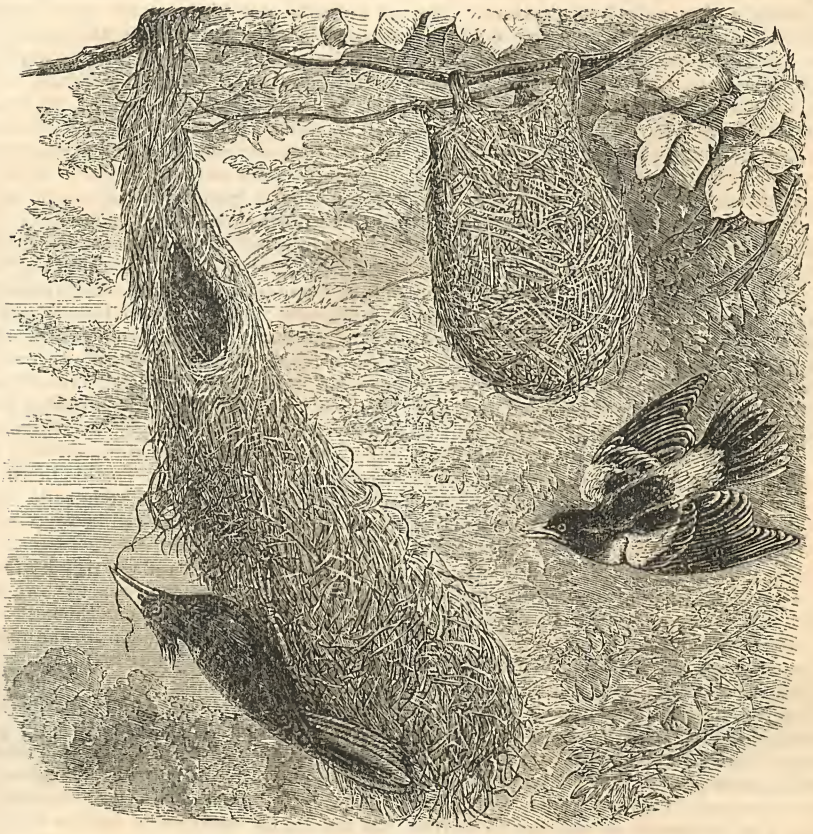
We may suppose that the oriole, having learned that the place for its home safest from all marauding animals and reptiles was out upon the tips of the swaying twigs, which would not bear the marauder's weight, would also have learned the shape best adapted to that situation; and that if it knew enough to choose the lesser danger from man in order to escape a greater one from hawks when it came out of the deep woods, it would also have reason enough to alter its style of building in such a way as should best hide the sitting bird from the prying eyes of its winged enemies, and at the same time afford dryness and warmth to the interior. Both of these were secured in the thick branches of the primeval forest by the leaves overhead and around. It is hence found that in the same climate the more exposed a nest is the denser its composition, the deeper the pouch, and the smaller its mouth. Pennant and others of the earlier writers on American birds described the orioles' nests as having only a hole near the top for entrance and exit, like those of some of the South American species. Wilson, who was the first real critic of our ornithology, said this was certainly an error, adding, "I have never met with any thing of the kind." Both authors seem to have made too sweeping assertions, and, as usual, there is a golden mean of fact. Our hang-nest has enough discernment to select the safest and best site for a nest ever chosen by a tree-building bird. He has discretion enough to inhabit those trees where his young will be least exposed to birds of prey; he has sense and skill enough to build a warm or cool house to suit the climate—a deep and tight one where the sun shines brightly, and sharp eyes might see the orange coat of himself or his mate within, and a loose and (in labor) less expensive one where deep shadows hide it. Surely, then, this consummate workman has ingenuity enough to put a roof over his dwelling to shed the rain and the hawk's glances, leaving only a little door in the side. Both of these things the hang-nest actually does. I myself have seen a nest of his making, over the open top of which a broad leaf had been bent down and tied by glutinous threads in such a way as to make a good portico. Mr. Thomas Gentry found a much more complete example at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pennsylvania, where the orioles "were constrained to erect a permanent roof to their dwelling by interwoven strings through their deprivation of the verdant and agreeable canopy which the leaves would naturally afford..... So nicely is the roof adjusted that even the most critical investigation can not discern the union. The entrance is a circular opening situated in the superior third of the nest, facing southwardly." Mr. Gentry considers this the latest improvement upon a nest which in the beginning was simply a hammock in the fork of a tree, like a vireo's, but which has been made more and more pendulous, until what was at first the whole nest is now only the lining at the bottom of a deep inclosing bag.

With the idea of testing Wallace's theory that birds of bright colors, easily detected by birds of prey, are always found to occupy concealing nests, Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey, made extensive notes upon the nests of our subject. In every instance those nests which fully concealed the sitting bird were at a considerable distance from any house in uncultivated parts. In all such localities sparrow-hawks were seen frequently, as compared with the neighborhoods selected for building the shallower open-topped nests, all of which were in willow or elm trees in the yards of farm-houses. The conclusion drawn was that the orioles knew where danger from hawks was to be apprehended, and constructed accordingly —the less elaborate nest in the farmer's yard answering every purpose for incubation.

Dr. Abbott says, however, that of the nests that did conceal the sitting bird, every one was really open at the top, and the bird entered from above. Its weight, when in the nest, appeared to draw the edges of the rim together sufficiently to shut out all view of the occupant. It is his opinion, however, that years ago, when its enemies were more numerous, the nest of this oriole was perfectly closed at the top, and with a side opening; but he finds none so now.

The question why this species alone among our birds is supposed to have learned by dear experience to take such precautions against its foes has already been answered: it is because the Baltimore oriole is almost the only species in which the female is not protected from observation by her neutral and dull colors, and in which the brightly plumaged male also sits upon the eggs. Mother Necessity has prompted its marvelous invention.

Nuttall thought both sexes equally expert at nest-building, although the labor principally devolved upon the female. The latter clause in particular Mr. Gentry has confirmed, and tells us that the male occupies himself only in collecting materials for his mate. They labor very steadily, but a week's work is necessary for the completion of their home. It seems strange that domiciles constructed with so much pains should not be occupied successive seasons, but this seems never to be the case. It sometimes happens, however, that orioles will pick to pieces an old nest to get materials for a new one, just as the Indians of Peru often construct their huts of the cut-stone blocks of the ancient palaces of the Incas. These birds are very knowing in gathering stuff for the framework of their nests, and perceive the adaptability of the housewife's yarn and laces, hung out to dry, to their needs much sooner than they perceive the immorality of stealing it. White cotton strings are rarely absent from their nests, which are sometimes almost entirely composed of them. Some curious anecdotes have been related of this economical propensity and its results. Nuttall tells the following:



NESTS OF THE CRESTED AND BALTIMORE ORIOLES.

"A female (oriole), which I observed attentively, carried off to her nest a piece of lamp-wick ten or twelve feet long. This long string and many other shorter ones

were left hanging out for about a week before both ends were wattled into the sides of the nest. Some other little birds, making use of similar materials, at times twitched these flowing ends, and generally brought out the busy Baltimore from her occupation in great anger."

A lady once told John Burroughs that one of these birds snatched a skein of yarn from her window-sill, and made off with it to her half-finished nest. But the perverse yarn caught fast in the branches, and, in the bird's efforts to extricate it, got hopelessly tangled. She tugged away at it all day, but was finally obliged to content herself with a few detached portions. The fluttering strings were an eyesore to her ever after, and passing and repassing she would give them a spiteful jerk, as much as to say, "There is that confounded yarn that gave me so much trouble!"

A gentleman in Pennsylvania, observing an oriole beginning to build, hung out "skeins of many-colored zephyr yarn, which the eager artist readily appropriated. He managed it so that the bird used nearly equal quantities of various high, bright colors. The nest was made unusually deep and capacious, and it may be questioned if such a thing of beauty was ever before woven by the cunning of a bird."

The nest being done, the female begins to deposit her eggs on the successive day, and continues laying one each day until four or five are laid. The eggs are pointed oval, 0.90 by 0.60 of an inch in dimensions, grayish-white, with a roseate tinge in fresh and transparent specimens, and variously marked with blotches and irregular lines, like pen scratches, of purplish-brown. On the day following, incubation begins, and the eggs hatch at the end of fifteen days, bringing it to the middle of June.

The courage and devotion of the parents in defense of their nests are known to every ornithologist. They expose themselves fearlessly to danger rather than desert their charge, and call upon heaven and earth to witness their persecution. I remember one such instance. I discovered a nest with eggs in a sycamore on the banks of the Yantic River, in Connecticut. In trying to examine it I roused the ire of the owners, who showed the most intense anger and dismay. Enjoying this little exhibition, I did all I could to terrify the fond parents without harming them at all, and then quietly watched the result. The birds flew close about the nest, screaming and uttering a loud rolling cry like a policeman's rattle, which very soon brought plenty of sympathetic and curious friends. A cat-bird ventured too near, and was pounced upon by the Baltimore with a fierceness not to be resisted. But when the cat-bird found he was not pursued beyond the shade of the tree, he perched upon a neighboring post, and by hissing, strutting up and down, and every provoking gesture known to birds, challenged the oriole, who paid no attention to his empty braggadocio. Then Mrs. Oriole did something distasteful to her lord, and received prompt chastisement. A confident kingbird dashed up, and was beautifully whipped in half a minute. Vireos, pewits, warblers, were attracted to the scene, but kept at a safe distance. There was no appeasing the anxiety of the parents until I left, and probably they spent the whole afternoon in recovering their equanimity.

The study of the expressions and dialects of animals and birds under such circumstances is extremely entertaining and instructive. Though you should happen upon a Baltimore's nest when the female is sitting, and the male is out of sight, the female will sit quietly until the very last moment; and Mr. Ridgway mentions an instance where the female even entered her nest while he was severing it from the branch, and remained there until carried into the house. The young birds, before they can fly, Dr. Brewer says, climb to the edge of the nest, and are liable in sudden tempests to be thrown out. If uninjured they are good climbers, and by means of wings, bill, and claws are often able to reach places of safety. In one instance a fledgeling which had broken both legs, and had been placed in a basket to be fed by its parents, managed by wings and bill to raise itself to the rim, and in a few days took its departure. To this dexterity in the use of the bill as a prehensile organ the birds may owe their skill in weaving.

The young are fed upon an insect diet, and mainly upon caterpillars, which are disgorged after having been properly swallowed by the parents. They leave the nest after a fortnight, but are attended by the parent birds ten days longer before being turned off to take care of themselves. The food of the Baltimore oriole, old and young, is almost entirely insectivorous, succulent young peas and the stamens of cherry and plum flowers forming the only exceptions. These small robberies are but a slight compensation for the invaluable services he renders the gardener in the destruction of hosts of noxious insects. At first beetles and hymenopterous insects form his diet, and he seeks them with restless agility among the opening buds. As the season progresses, and the caterpillars begin to appear, he forsakes the tough beetle, and rejoices in their juicy bodies. Even the hairy kinds he does not refuse, and is almost the only bird that will eat the disgusting tent caterpillar of the apple-trees.

About the middle of September the Baltimore orioles begin to disappear, and by the last of the month all have left the Northern States for their winter-quarters in Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies.

ETON COLLEGE.*



ETON COLLEGE, FROM ROMNEY LOCH.

HENRY VI. of England, thinking in what way he might best serve the interests of religion and learning, determined to build a college which should do for the University of Cambridge what William of Wykeham had done for Oxford. The idea of a college at a university supplied by a grammar school was first conceived by William of Wykeham; this famous friend and patron of learning had built Winchester. Henry VI. had no doubt heard of Wykeham's foundations. His youth had been passed mainly among the patrons of learning. Henry's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, an ambitious and turbulent politician of that time, is to-day commemorated as a benefactor in the bidding-prayer of the University of Oxford. Henry VI. was a studious and pious person, and had evinced in youth no disposition to that frivolity and profligacy for which the early years of his father are so well known to us. Fuller has said of him that "he was fitter for a cowl than a crown; of so easie a nature that he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valour." Having himself received a good education, he was desirous that his subjects should have opportunities to learn. He was the more inclined to take an interest in the welfare of the young from the fact of his having been born on the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. As Wykeham had caused his grammar school to be erected under his own eye in his cathedral city of Winchester, so the king chose, as the site of the new school, Eton, a village close to Windsor, hoping to see from the terraces of his own castle the building of the colleges, and possibly to behold it some day girt with walls and adorned with towers. King Henry no doubt little dreamed of the future fame of the college, or of the coming centuries through which science should adore the "holy shade" of the founder. He did live, however, to see the buildings in part erected, to make Eton a shrine known all over England, and to find the work of education going on under his windows. He continued to take the deepest interest in every thing that concerned the college. Whenever he met any of the scholars in Windsor Castle, on a visit to any member of his retinue, he used to exhort them to follow the paths of virtue. Giving them a small present of money, he would say, "Be good boys, meek and docile, and servants of the Lord." He did not, however, encourage their presence at court, fearful of the influence upon them of the vicious example of the courtiers.

In the year 1440 the king first announced his intention of building a college within the parochial limit of Eton. On the 11th of October of that year he issued the Charter of Foundation, a pious document, in which, after a preamble breathing the spirit of a zealous churchman, Henry proceeds to found and establish a college "to endure to all time, to the praise, glory, and honour of our crucified Lord, to the exalta-

* *A History of Eton College.* By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, M.A. Macmillan and Co.



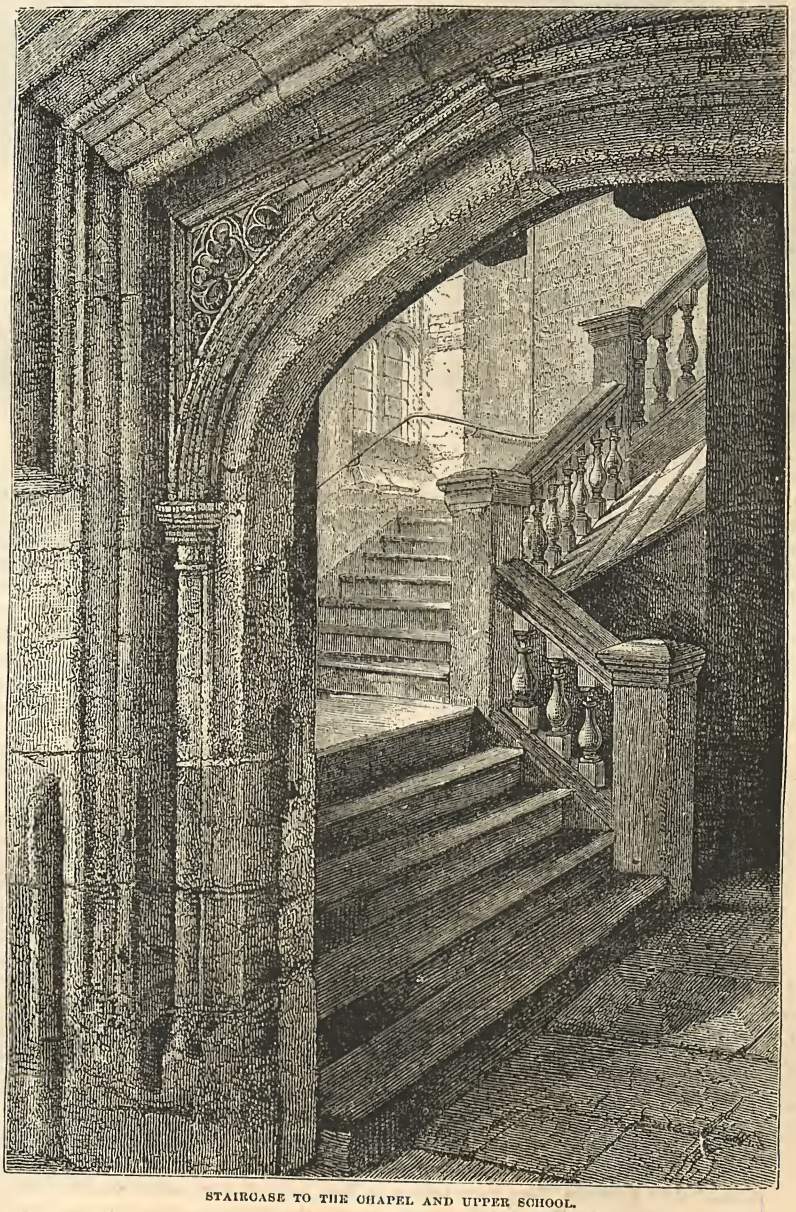
HENRY VI.—[FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE AT ETON.]

tion of the most glorious Virgin Mary, His Mother, and the support of the Holy Church, His Bride." "The King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor" was declared a body corporate. A constitution was sketched out by the founder, and some of the original members were nominated. The members were to consist of a provost, ten fellows, four clerks, six choristers, a school-master, twenty-five poor and indigent scholars, and the same number of poor and infirm men. This scheme appears to unite the characteristics of a college of priests, a school for boys, and an almshouse for poor men. The almshouse was suppressed during King Henry's lifetime, and the college of priests, after more than four centuries of existence, has just been doomed to destruction. A revised code was soon after issued by Henry VI. for the government of his two foundations, "the King's College of Our Lady and St. Nicholas in Cambridge" and "the King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor." The revised code put the number of students to be supported at Eton at seventy. These collegers, as they were called, upon going to Cambridge were to have scholarships at King's College.

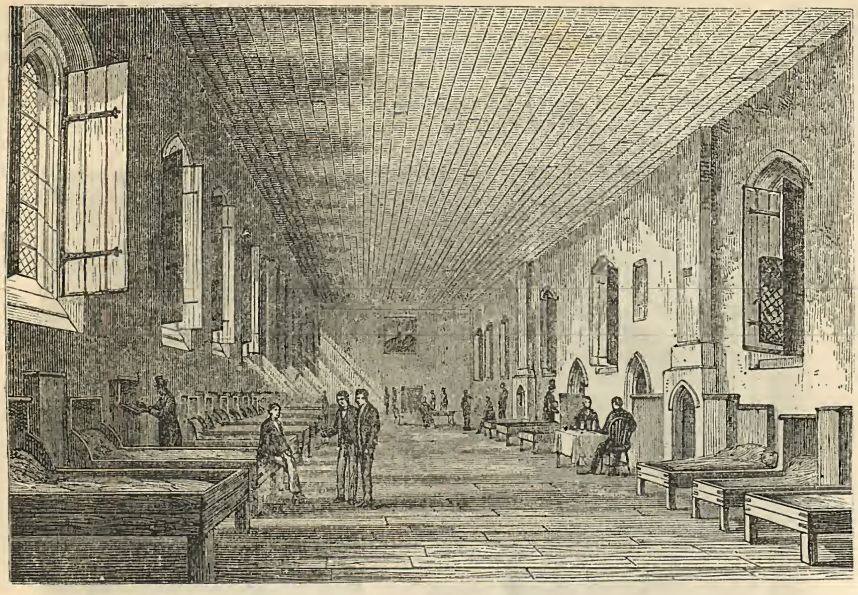
It was from the confiscation of the alien priories that Henry procured the wealth with which to endow the new college. William the Conqueror and the Norman nobles who followed him into England bestowed some of their newly got property upon the monasteries of their native land; and this practice was continued by their descendants. It thus came about that in course of time the Norman and other religious houses obtained considerable property in England, for the management of which priories were established on the spot. Some of these priories were treated as dependencies, and were expected to transmit their whole revenue to the mother houses, while others merely yielded a small tribute. After the cession of Normandy to France, the dependent priories became a source of income to the French king, and in time of war between the two countries were often seized by the Plantagenets, but, on the renewal of peace, were as often restored. These alien priories were finally suppressed in the time of Henry V., and the property transferred to the crown. It was this property which Henry VI. donated to the use of Eton. Certain ecclesiastical privileges were also secured from Rome; but from these the college, though deriving some fame, got very little money. The cost of entertaining the strangers whom the indulgences brought thither exceeded the amount of their offerings. Among the grants made by the king for the entertainment of the strangers was a gift of three tuns of red wine of Gascony, to be delivered annually in London. This wine-bearing region was in Henry's dominions, but when the English were driven from Gascony, the college was paid in money instead of wine. The king also established a fair on Ash-Wednesday, traces of which remained to quite recent times. Old Etonians remember the custom of the boys at the Ash-Wednesday fairs cutting off the pigs' tails. Out of regard for the pigs, the authorities finally decreed for Ash-Wednesday a combination of all the lessons of a whole school day with the church service of a holiday. Among the gifts of King Henry to the college was a finger-joint and part of the spine of John the Confessor, prior of Budlington, which had been given him by the monks of that convent, and the "Tablet of Bourbon," said to contain portions of the blood of our Lord, "of His cross, of the glorious Virgin

Mary, His mother, and of His Most Blessed Confessor Nicholas, and of Katherine the Virgin, and of other martyrs, confessors, and virgins."

The fortunes of Eton fell pretty low during the wars of the Roses, and Edward IV. was at one time inclined to be hostile to the college. Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV., is said to have been a friend to Eton in its time of need. Two portraits of her exist at Eton. The sole historical evidence in support of the tradition that Jane Shore pleaded the cause of Eton with King Edward is to be found in the account of her by Sir Thomas More: "When the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind; when men were out of favour, she would bring them in his grace; for many that had highly offended she obtained pardon; of great forfeitures she gate neu remission; and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede.....At this daye she beggeth of many at this day living that at this day had begged if she had not



STAIRCASE TO THE CHAPEL AND UPPER SCHOOL.



LONG CHAMBER, IN 1844.

bene." More describes Jane Shore as short of stature and pale in face.

The relation of Eton to English kings has always been a close one, and this relation has often, though not always, been to the advantage of the college. The cupidity of Henry VIII. lost the college a piece of land which would now be of immense value. This was a hundred and sixty acres lying in what was then the country, but which now includes that portion of London between Charing Cross and Hay Hill, sixty-four acres of it lying south of Piccadilly. Henry VIII. was a sharp real estate speculator; he persuaded or ordered the college to exchange this land for some belonging to the crown, a bargain justifying the saying,

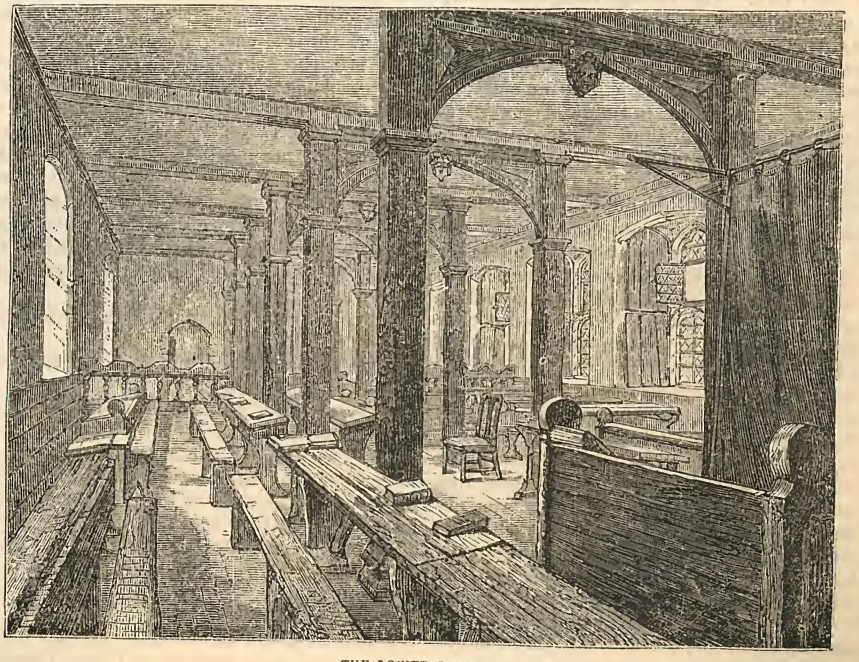
> "Henricus Octavus
> Took away more than he gave us."

This piece of property, with the hospital of St. James which stood upon it, had been granted to Eton by the founder. Henry VIII. pulled down the old hospital and erected instead St. James's Palace. Eton's intimacy with English kings was not due altogether to its contiguity to Windsor; but being upon the road from London to the castle, the royal travelers passed by the school in going and coming. When kings and queens died in London, they were borne through Eton to their tombs in the castle. Gorgeous processions bore those dead monarchs to the grave; and it is interesting to picture the Eton scholars coming out to meet the procession as it passed by the college. The coffin of Henry VIII., when borne through Eton, had upon it, as was customary, an effigy of the dead king, having the true imperial crown on its head, and a night-cap of black satin set full of precious stones. The whole array of the effigy was of the finest description. There was "a fair armoury sword by its side," the sceptre in the right hand, the ball in the left, a pair of scarlet hose, crimson velvet shoes, gloves on the hands, and several diamond rings on the fingers. The provost, fellows, and masters came out to meet the procession in their best ornaments and crosses; and "by them," says the chronicler, "all the young children, scholars of the college, in their white surplices, bare-headed, holding in the one hand tapers and in the other books, saying the seven psalms; and as the corps came by, kneeled and censed it, bidding their *De profundis* and other prayers." Some years before, the body of the queen, Jane Seymour, had been borne through Eton, having lain in state for nearly three weeks at Hampton Court. The king did not appear, but the Princess Mary rode behind as chief mourner, between the Lords Montague and Clifford. What an odd cavalcade this must have been! Think of the death of the present Queen, of her funeral procession to Windsor, of the Prince of Wales's excusing himself from attendance, and of the Princess Louise riding behind the coffin on horseback between the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Salisbury!

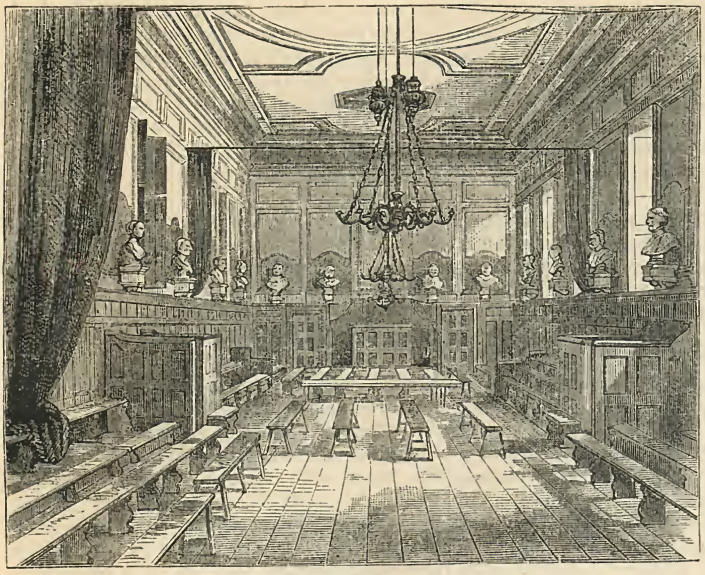
During the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary the college underwent some vicissitudes of faith as well as of fortune. The changes under Henry VIII. had been merely political, but those under Ed-

ward VI. extended to the services of the church. Sir Thomas Smith, a strong reformer, was elected provost, and pulled down and had carted away the images at the high altar of the college church. In 1551 the embroidered frontals of the other altars were sold, the provost and fellows buying them for their own household purposes. This practice was common at this time, if we may judge from the following passage in Heylin: "Many private persons' parlors were hung with altar cloths, their tables and beds covered with copes instead of carpets and coverlets, and many made carousing cups of the sacred chalices, as once Belshazzar celebrated his drunken feast in the sanctified vessels of the Temple. It was a sorry house, and not worth the naming, which had not somewhat of this furniture in it, though it were only a fair large cushion made of a cope or altar cloth, to adorn their windows or make their chairs to have somewhat in them of a chair of state." The altars were again set up under Mary. Henry Cole, the new provost, was a zealous Catholic. Cole was a man of considerable note in his party. In 1556 he was selected to deliver a sermon at Oxford immediately before the execution of Cranmer. He was afterward sent to Ireland on a mission to suppress heresy, for which he was given ample powers. But at Chester his credentials were taken out of his bag by his hostess, the wife of the mayor of that town, and a stanch Protestant. Cole, in complete ignorance of the trick, on arriving at Dublin tendered to the Irish officials the leathern case into which he had put the documents. The Lord Deputy opened it, and to Cole's dismay found only a pack of cards, with the *knave* uppermost. The Lord Deputy said, quietly, "Let us have another commission, and we will meanwhile shuffle the cards." Cole hurried back to England, but Queen Mary had died in the mean time.

Of Eton as a place of education in those years we do not know so much as of the relations of the college to the outside world. Soon after its establishment, wealthy parents began to send their sons to share the advantages of the school. These boys lived in the town, and were hence styled "oppidans." The seventy poor boys educated free of expense on the foundation were called collegers. The collegers slept in Long Chamber—a room along which the beds of the boys were ranged. Long Chamber, which has only recently been abolished, dates from the earliest times of the college. Malim, who was head-master of Eton in the sixteenth century, has left us a *consuetudinarium*, or description of customs, which he prepared in the year 1560. The collegers were awakened at five by a prepositor, who shouted "*Surgite.*" While dressing, the boys chanted prayers, probably consisting of Latin psalms. Each boy had to make his own bed, and to sweep the dust from under it into the middle of Long Chamber. There followed through the day a succession of lessons, prayers, and meals, with an hour or two for play. At eight the boys



THE LOWER SCHOOL.



THE UPPER SCHOOL.

went to bed, chanting prayers. Friday was at that time a fast-day throughout England, and the boys, besides fasting, were on that day punished for all the offenses of the week. Latin was almost the only study, and this was thoroughly taught. The boys appeared in the main to have lived a doleful life. They had a few holidays, however. Shrove-Tuesday was a day of play for them, the practice being to torment some live bird on that day. The college cook stole away a crow from its nest, and fastening to it a pancake, hung it up on the school door, while the boys delighted in the cries of the deserted fledgelings. It will be remembered that it was the custom in England on Shrove-Tuesday, after confession, to eat pancakes; the season was a jolly one. Cock-fighting and the practice of throwing sticks at cocks were general on this holiday, and have been traced from an early date down to the end of the last century. A sarcastic foreigner said that the English, after eating pancakes, "immediately go mad, and kill their cocks." The choosing of a boy-bishop was another curious old English custom which prevailed at Eton. He was called the Bishop of Nothingness (*Episcopus Nihilensis*). The boy-bishops were chosen yearly from among the scholars. They performed the divine service, except the most sacred parts of the mass, preached a sermon, were dressed just like real bishops, and their authority was absolute during their time of office. The custom was prohibited by proclamation by Henry VIII., but survived in some parts of England till the time of Elizabeth. An old writer apologizes for the profanity of the proceeding by pleading "that there might this, at least, be said in favor of this old custom, that it gave a spirit to the children; and the hopes that they might one time or other attain to the real mitre made them mind their books."

Eton continued to grow in public esteem during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among its famous provosts was Sir Henry Wotton, the intimate friend of Izaak Walton. Black Potts, on the Thames, just below the playing fields, still a resort of the fish, was the place at which the two friends spent many summer hours. The poet Waller obtained from Charles I. the appointment of provost, but was successfully opposed by Clarendon on the ground that he was a layman. In the latter part of the last century Eton had as head-master, and afterward as provost, Dr. Barnard, under whom the school rose to a point of prosperity unknown before. Dr. Foster succeeded Dr. Barnard, and during his administration occurred the most formidable attempt at a rebellion in the history of the college. A large number of boys left the school, most of them to be brought back by their parents and punished. William Grenville, afterward Prime Minister, was taken away from the school after having been sent back for a few hours to be flogged. Lord Harrington's son swore that he would not submit, and went to London; but his father refused to receive him, insisting that he should return to Eton at once, when the following conversation took place through the door:

"Sir," said the son, "consider. I shall be d——d if I do."

"And I," answered the father, "will be d——d if you don't."

"Yes, my lord," said the dutiful boy, "but you will be d——d whether I do or not."

The two sons of the Marquis of Granby were asked by their father if they would like to go to the theatre that evening. Delighted with their luck, they said, "Yes." The bluff general added, "You shall go there to-night for your own pleasure, and to-morrow you shall return to Dr. Foster and be flogged, for mine."

The food given to the collegers has been always extremely meagre and poor, though

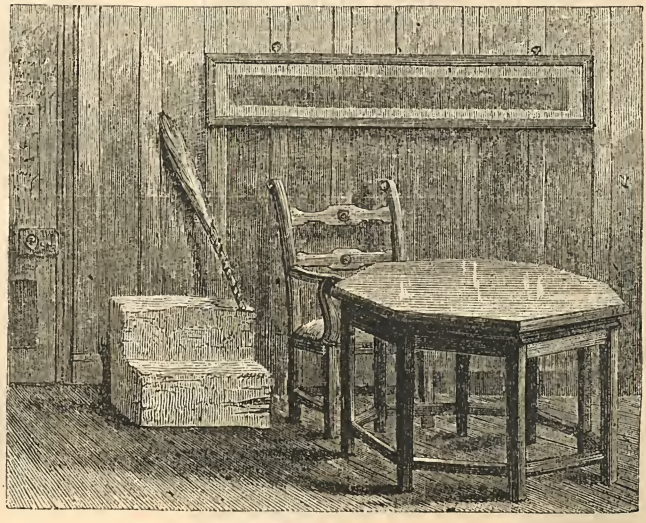
recent reforms have very much bettered the condition of the boys educated on the foundation. A legacy of Lord Godolphin of £5550, left them to amend their fare, did little for them, as only part of the interest was expended in providing Sunday puddings, while the remainder was allowed to accumulate for future generations. Breakfasts had to be obtained at private rooms hired in the town; the boys were driven to surreptitious foraging. One Eton tradition which Tennyson learned in his day he has put in verse. It relates an extraordinary adventure, which resulted in giving the boys sucking pig for supper. The passage is in "Walking to the Mail."

"There lived a flayflint near: we stole his fruit,
His hens, his eggs; but there was law for *us;*
We paid in person. He had a sow, Sir. She,
With meditative grunts of much content,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower
From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stair
With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,
And but for daily loss of one she loved,
As one by one we took them—but for this—
As never sow was higher in this world—
Might have been happy: but what lot is pure?
We took them all, till she was left alone
Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty."

Tennyson, while at Eton, was a pupil of Keate, the most famous Eton head-master of the present century—a character who impressed himself very strongly upon the college. Etonians still live who remember him, and innumerable stories remain of him. For twenty-five years he ruled Eton with great vigor. The following description of him by his pupil Mr. Kinglake, written to a non-Etonian friend, is so brilliant that we can not forbear quoting it:

"I think you must have some idea of him already; for wherever, from utmost Canada to Bundelcund—wherever there was a white-washed wall of an officer's room, or of any other apartment in which English gentlemen are forced to kick their heels, there, likely enough (in the days of his reign), the head of Keate would be seen scratched or drawn with those various degrees of skill which one observes in the representations of saints. Any body without the least notion of drawing could still draw a speaking—nay, scolding—likeness of Keate. If you had no pencil, you could draw him well enough with a poker, or the leg of a chair, or the smoke of a candle. He was little more (if more at all) than five feet in height, and was not very great in girth, but in this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had a really noble voice, and this he could modulate with great skill; but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck, and he almost always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire respect. He was a capital scholar, but his ingenuous learning had not softened his manners, and he permitted them to be fierce, tremendously fierce. He had the most complete command over his temper—I mean over his good temper—which he scarcely ever allowed to appear. You could not put him out of humor—that is, out of the *ill* humor which he thought to be fitting for a head-master. His red, shaggy eyebrows were so prominent that he habitually used them as arms and hands for the purpose of pointing out any object toward which he wished to direct attention. The rest of his features were equally striking in their way, and were all and all his own."

It was said of Keate that the words "I'll flog you" were never off his lips. One story of him relates his comment on the sixth beatitude: "'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Mind that. It's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you." He is said by mistake to have flogged a batch of candidates for confirmation, whose names were by accident sent up to the head-master on a piece of paper identical in size and shape with the "bill" used by the masters for the purpose of reporting delinquents. On a single night he flogged eighty boys. Keate's victims said that his name was derived from χέω (I shed) ἄτη (woe). Those



BLOCK AND BIRCH.

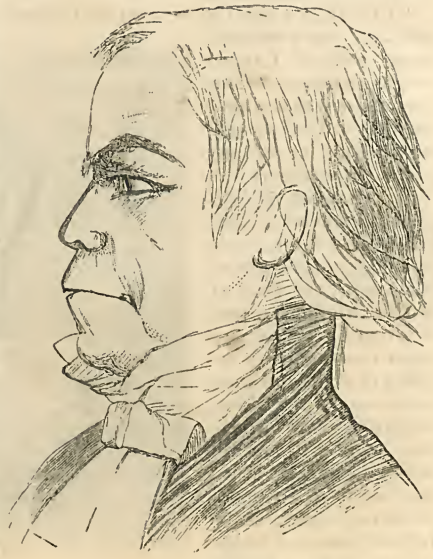


DR. GOODALL AND DR. KEATE.

who knew this master best say that under the gruffness which he thought best to assume, he really hid a kind heart. Here is a pleasanter story of him. The "Eton Society," a social and debating club, was strongly patronized by Dr. Keate. In Keate's time this society was called the *Literati*, and the head-master used to make a point of calling one of them up in the *Ibam forte* satire of Horace. The boy, well aware of what was expected of him, would translate *docti sumus*, "I belong to the *Literati*," to which Keate would as regularly reply: "Oh, you do, do you? I am very glad to hear it. I wish more boys belonged to it." "And then," says Dr. Jelf, "came the well-known 'Silence! be quiet!' with which he pretended to check the applause which his facetiousness had provoked." "Foolish boys!" was another constant phrase with the head-master. It being the custom of his day for the authorities not to recognize boating, Keate knew nothing about the race between Eton and Westminster in 1831 until it was over. On the afternoon of the victory, amidst loud cheers, a St. Bernard dog belonging to one of the masters was led up to him, covered all over with the pale blue rosettes the boys had worn. He asked the prepositor by his side what the demonstration meant. When told, "Please, Sir, we've just beaten Westminster," he smiled, and said, "Foolish boys!"

Dr. Keate is known only once to have interfered with the Eton crew. He heard by chance that they intended to row to Surly before Easter, and he determined to himself to waylay them and catch them in their disobedience. The boys got wind of his intention, and hoaxed him well. They dressed up a crew of watermen to look like the Eton eight. This crew, with masks on their faces, started up the river. Keate caught sight of them from the bank before they had reached Upper Hope, and shouted: "Foolish boys, I know you all. Lord ——, I know you; A——, I know you. You had better come ashore. Come here, or you will all be expelled." The boat, however, pursued its course steadily, some of the masters giving chase on horseback. The *ruse* was not discovered till the crew disembarked and took off their masks with a loud "hurra." Keate was furious, and vowed that there should be no Easter holidays unless the boys who had been hooting him all along from behind the hedges gave themselves up. Some twenty boys were accordingly immolated. "Most of the masters enjoy the joke," wrote a visitor; "Keate sits in sullen retirement, and eats his own soul."

Dr. Keate never became provost of Eton, though William IV. had promised the reversion of the provostship to him, and in a very strange way. Once on a visit to Eton, he said to him, pointing to Dr. Goodall, the then provost, "When he goes, I'll make you him." Keate was silent; but Dr. Goodall said, with his most gracious bow, "Sire, I could never think of going before your Majesty." Dr. Goodall, asked some years after-



DR. HAWTREY.

ward if he had ever used these words, replied, "Yes; and I meant to show the king how rude he was."

Under Dr. Hawtrey, who followed Keate, the school saw many changes. The famous institution of Montem was abolished. This festival existed at Eton through nearly three centuries, having only ceased some thirty years ago. The Montem, as remembered and regretted by many living Etonians, took place once in three years, and on Whitsun-Tuesday. On that day the boys formed a procession and marched to Salt Hill. At daybreak, hours before the starting of the procession, twelve boys, serving as salt-bearers, and dressed in antique costumes, started to traverse the roads of the county of Buckingham. These boys demanded money, or "salt," as it was called, from all they met. They used formerly to carry real salt, presenting a pinch of it to each person who gave money toward the expenses of the day. This was done till the middle of the eighteenth century. When, however, the plan of giving tickets was adopted, the money received was called salt. Thus the "Salt! salt!" of the young beggars, which in modern times meant "Give us salt" (money), was originally intended to mean, "We will give you salt for your money." The significance of salt is not altogether clear. We know that from the earliest ages salt has borne a mystic sense. In the Middle Ages salt was used in baptism, the sacrament by which candidates were admitted into the privileges of the church. It has been suggested that the giving of salt to strangers on Montem day was intended to symbolize the admission of those who had paid their footing to the Eton festivities. The money gathered on this day was given to the captain of the school to assist him in his university career. The average sum collected at the last few Montems was about £1000. The expenses of the day were so heavy that but little of this was left to the captain. The boys, all wearing gala dresses, marched in procession to Salt Hill, where the ceremony was completed by the ensign waving his flag from the top. It was for-



"SALT! SALT!"



OAK-TREE IN THE PLAYING FIELDS.

merly the custom to have two boys dressed up as parson and clerk, who, after the waving of the flag, jabbered a few Latin prayers; the parson then kicked the clerk down the hill. This profane proceeding so shocked Queen Charlotte that it was discontinued, at her request, in the year 1788. Montem was abolished in 1847.

A large part of the enthusiasm of old Etonians for their college is due to the poetic and historic associations of the place, and to its peculiar social influences. The indirect effect upon a vigorous and susceptible mind of the grand architecture of the college, of the beautiful scenery of the Thames, of the venerable and far-famed pile of Windsor, must be very great. What a store of noble and blissful memories such a place, if rightly used, might yield to men who looked back upon it as the home of their receding childhood! One of the sweetest passages in the works of Thackeray is that in which he describes little Rawdon Crawley listening in the dark chapel at Whitefriars School to the pealing of the organ and the singing of the choristers. For young eccentrics like Shelley and Albert Sidney Walker the poetic influences of Eton were forgotten in the sufferings they experienced from the vicious customs of the school. But clever boys whose gifts suited the place have always looked back upon it with peculiar gratitude and delight. We find Lord Wellesley, after a famous career in politics, returning to Eton to be buried, and wishing that his sepulchre should stand among the scenes of his earliest triumphs. Such men as Wellesley and Canning passed not only their happiest but their greatest years at Eton; for—irrespective of the subsequent verdict of history—there is no fame like that of a college hero, and we can well understand Canning's saying, amidst enthusiastic applause, at an Eton dinner in London, that "whatever might be the success in after-life, whatever gratification of ambition might be realized, whatever triumphs might be achieved, no one is ever again so great a man as when he was a sixth-form boy at Eton."



SEAL OF ETON COLLEGE.

GERMELSHAUSEN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GERSTÄCKER.)

IN the autumn of 184– a fine, hearty young fellow, with knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand, was plodding leisurely along the broad high-road which leads up from Marisfeld to Wichtelhausen.

The traveler was no wandering journeyman seeking work from place to place, that was clear at a glance, even if the neat little leathern portfolio strapped upon his knapsack had not unmistakably betrayed the artist. Then, too, the broad-brimmed black hat jauntily set on one side, the long, light, curly hair and full though soft and youthful beard, all bespoke his calling; to say nothing of the worn black velvet coat, unbuttoned in the warmth of the morning; and as he wore no waistcoat, there showed beneath a white shirt loosely held at the neck by a black silk handkerchief.

A mile or so out of Marisfeld he heard the bells there ringing for church, and stopped, leaning on his stick and listening to the full chimes, whose harmony came floating to him faint and weird.

Long after the ringing had ceased, he stood there, looking dreamily over toward the mountain slope. His thoughts were at home with his own people in the pleasant little village by the Taunus Hills, with his mother and sisters, and something very like a tear gleamed in his eye. But his light and merry heart found little room for sorrowful thoughts. He only took off his hat, waved it with a kindly smile in the direction of his home, and then, with a firmer grip of his stout stick, strode briskly along the road again.

The sun, meanwhile, shone hotly down on the broad, monotonous, dusty highway, and our traveler had for a good while been looking out right and left for an easier path. There was a road, to be sure, that branched off to the right, but as it promised no better, and threatened to take him too far out of his way, he kept straight on a while longer, until he reached a clear mountain brook spanned by the ruins of an old stone bridge. On the other side a grassy path led down into the vale, but careless and without fixed aim, as he was only going to the pretty valley of the Werra to gather studies, he sprang dry-shod over the great stones in the bed of the stream to the close-cropped meadow beyond, and then, delighted with the change, stepped out briskly over the springy turf and in the shadow of a dense alder coppice on his further way.

"Now I have the advantage," said he, smiling to himself, "of not having the faintest notion where I'm going. None of your stupid guide-posts, telling you leagues beforehand the name of the next place, and then always getting the distance wrong. However the people here measure their leagues puzzles me. It's oddly quiet here in the valley! To be sure, on Sunday the peasants have nothing to do out-of-doors, and after having to plod along the whole week through behind the plow or beside the cart, they care little for Sunday walking, and would rather get a sound nap at church in the morning, and stretch their legs under the ale-house table in the afternoon. Ale-house! h'm! a glass of beer wouldn't go ill just now in this heat, but, till I can get it, this clear water will have to do instead." And so, throwing off hat and knapsack, he clambered down to the stream and drank his fill.

After enjoying the pleasant coolness of the draught, he noticed a queer old gnarled willow, which he set to sketching with ready and skillful hand; and then, thoroughly rested and refreshed, picked up his knapsack and went on his way, careless whither it might lead.

He had gone on a league or so in such easy fashion, sketching in his portfolio, here a bit of rock, and there a queer alder bush or a gnarled oak bough, and was just making up his mind, as the sun rose higher and higher, to step out more briskly, so as, at least, to be in time for dinner at the next village, when, further down the valley, he saw a peasant girl sitting beside the brook. She was at the foot of an old stone pedestal, the former base, perhaps, of some sculptured saint, and gazing along the way he was coming.

Himself hidden by the bushes, he saw her sooner than she him; but following the course of the brook, he had no sooner stepped out from the screen than she sprang up with a cry of joy, and darted toward him.

Arnold, as the young painter was named, stopped short in surprise, and saw that the stranger was a beautiful girl of scarce seventeen, and dressed in a peculiar but extremely neat peasant costume, who was hurrying to him with outstretched arms. He knew, of course, that she took him for some one else, and that this joyous welcome was not intended for him. In fact, as soon as the young girl caught a clear sight of him, she stopped, frightened, turned first pale and then crimson, and, timid and embarrassed, stammered out,

"Pray excuse me, Sir; I—I thought—"

"That I was your sweetheart, didn't you, my dear?" said the young man, laughing; "and now you are vexed to meet another—a stranger, whom you don't care for. Don't be angry with me for not being the right man."

"Oh, how can you speak so?" said the girl, in a low, embarrassed voice. "How could I be angry? But if you only knew how I have longed to see him!"

"Then he doesn't deserve you should wait for him a minute longer," said Arnold, struck with the really wonderful grace of the simple peasant girl. "If I had been in his place, you shouldn't have had to wait a single second in vain for me."

"How oddly you talk!" said the girl, abashed. "If he *could* have come, he would certainly have been here. Perhaps he is ill, or perhaps dead," she added, slowly, and with a long-drawn sigh.

"And is it so long since you have heard from him?"

"Very, very long."

"Then he lives far from here, I suppose?"

"Far? yes, a good bit from here," said the girl—"in Bischofsroda."

"Bischofsroda! why, I've just been staying there four weeks, and know every creature in the village. What's his name?"

"Heinrich—Heinrich Vollgut," answered the girl, timidly; "the son of the magistrate in Bischofsroda."

"H'm," said Arnold. "I've been in and out at the magistrate's often; his name is Bauerling—I'm sure of that; and I never heard the name of Vollgut in the whole village."

"You can't very well know all the people in the place," replied the girl; and through the sad expression that lay on her sweet face there stole a mischievous little smile that became her quite as well as her former melancholy, or perhaps better.

"But," said the young painter, "you can come over the mountains from Bischofsroda in two hours, or, at most, in three."

"And yet he is not here," answered the girl, again with a deep sigh, "though he promised me so faithfully."

"Then he will certainly come," Arnold exclaimed, assuringly and heartily; "for if any body has once promised you any thing, he must have a heart of stone to break his word, and Heinrich certainly has not that."

"No, indeed," said the girl, earnestly. "But now I won't wait for him any longer. I must be at home by noon, or my father will scold me."

"And where is your home?"

"Right there in the valley. Don't you hear the bell? They are just ringing for church to let out."

Arnold listened, and could hear, from time to time, the slow strokes of a bell. They sounded not full and deep, but harsh and discordant; and as he looked down upon the landscape, a dense yellow fog seemed to hang over the whole valley.

"Your bell is cracked," he said; "it rings false."

"Yes, I know it," the girl answered, calmly. "It doesn't ring nicely, and we would have had it recast, only there's never enough money; and besides, there's no bell-founder here. Yet what does it matter? We know it, and we know what it means when it strikes, so it does just as well as a sound one."

"What is the name of your village?"

"Germelshausen."

"And can I get from there to Wichtelhausen?"

"Very easily. It takes only an hour; perhaps not so long if you walk fast."

"Then I will go with you through your village, my child, and if you have a good ale-house, I'll eat my dinner there."

"The inn is only too good," said the girl, sighing, and casting a look back to see if even now her Heinrich were not coming.

"And can an inn ever be too good?"

"For peasants, yes," she said, seriously, as she walked by his side down into the valley. "In the evening, after the day's work, peasants still have many things to do about the house, and they neglect them if they sit late at the tavern."

"But I've nothing more to do to-day."

"Ah, of course, with gentlemen it's very different. They don't work, and so they have nothing to neglect; but peasants have to earn their bread for them."

"Well, not exactly," said Arnold; "they *grow* the bread, certainly, but we have to earn it ourselves, and hardly enough, too, sometimes. Besides, peasants' work is very fairly paid."

"But you don't do any work."

"Why not?"

"Your hands don't look so."

"I'll show you how I can work. Just sit down there on that flat stone under the old alder bush."

"But what shall I do there?"

"Only sit there," said the young artist, quickly throwing off his knapsack and taking up his portfolio and pencil.

"But I must go home."

"In five minutes I'll be through. I should like to carry out into the world with me some remembrance of you that even your Heinrich could not object to."

"A remembrance of me? You are jesting."

"I will take your portrait with me."

"You are a painter?"

"Yes."

"That's good. Then you could paint over the pictures in our church in Germelshausen; they are all spoiled."

"What is your name?" asked Arnold, who had meanwhile opened his portfolio and rapidly sketched the girl's lovely features.

"Gertrude."

"And what is your father?"

"The magistrate of the village. If you are a painter, you shall not go to the inn; but I'll take you to the house, and after dinner you can talk over every thing with my father."

"Talk over the church pictures?"

"Yes, certainly," the girl answered, seriously; "and you must stay with us a long,

long time, until—until our day comes again, and the pictures will be all ready."

"We'll talk about that afterward, Gertrude," said the painter, busily handling his pencil meanwhile. "But won't your Heinrich be angry if I'm at your house very often, and talk with you a great deal?"

"Heinrich?" said the girl. "He won't come any more."

"Not to-day, but to-morrow, perhaps."

"No," said Gertrude, quietly. "At eleven o'clock he was not there, so he will stay away until we have our day again."

"Your day? What do you mean by that?"

The girl looked at him with great, serious eyes, but did not answer his question; and while her gaze followed the clouds drifting past high overhead, her face wore a peculiar expression of pain and sorrow.

At this moment Gertrude was really beautiful as an angel, and Arnold forgot every thing in the interest he took in finishing the portrait. He had but little more time; for the young girl stood up suddenly, and, throwing a handkerchief over her head to shield her from the sun, she said,

"I must go; the day is so short, and they expect me at home."

Arnold had his little picture ready, and drawing in the drapery of the dress with a couple of bold strokes, he said, holding it out toward her,

"Have I caught the likeness?"

"Is that I?" exclaimed Gertrude, quickly, and almost frightened.

"Who else should it be?" said Arnold, laughing.

"And do you wish to keep the picture and take it away with you?" she asked, shyly but anxiously.

"Certainly," said the young man; "and when I am far, far from here, I shall think of you very often."

"But will my father permit it?"

"Permit me to think of you? How can he prevent it?"

"No, but permit you to take the picture out into the world with you?"

"He can't hinder me, my dear," said Arnold. "But would it displease you to know it was in my hands?"

"Me? no," answered the girl, after a short deliberation. "But still I must ask my father."

"You're a queer child," said the painter, laughing. "Even a princess would be willing to let a painter have her portrait. Why, no harm can come of it. But don't run away, you wild little thing. I'm going with you. Or do you want to leave me here behind, with no dinner? Have you forgotten the church pictures?"

"Oh yes, the pictures," she said, standing still and waiting for him.

Arnold, who had fastened up his portfolio quickly, was at her side in a moment, and then, walking faster than before, they went on toward the village.

It lay, however, much nearer than Arnold had supposed from the sound of the cracked bell; for what he had from a distance taken for an alder thicket turned out, on coming nearer, to be a closely planted row of fruit trees, behind which, snugly sheltered, but on the north and northwest surrounded by broad fields, lay the old village, with its low church tower and its smoke-begrimed roofs.

At first they came upon a solid, well-paved road planted with fruit trees on each side. Over the village hung the dark fog, which Arnold had seen from a distance, and obscured the clear sunshine, which fell upon the gray old weather-beaten roofs with a dismal yellow light. However, Arnold had hardly a glance for all this, for Gertrude, who was walking at his side, quietly took his hand as they approached the first houses, and holding it in hers, she walked on with him into the next street.

A strange emotion took possession of the young fellow at the contact of this warm hand, and involuntarily he sought the young girl's eye. Gertrude, however, did not look up at him, but with her gaze fixed modestly on the ground, she led the guest toward her father's house.

Arnold's attention was at last turned to the villagers he met, who passed by quietly without greeting him. This astonished him at first, for in all the neighboring villages it would have been considered almost an offense not to offer a stranger at least a "Good-day" or a "Grüss Gott." Here no one thought of such a thing; and just as in a large city, the people went by either silent and indifferent, or stood still and looked after them, but none accosted them—even the girl herself was not greeted by a soul.

And how odd the old houses looked, with their pointed and carved gables and thatched roofs, all gray and weather-beaten! Although it was Sunday, not a window was brightly cleaned, but the round panes, set in lead, looked dull and tarnished, and caught on their flat surfaces a shimmering rainbow light. Here and there a casement opened as they went by, and the friendly faces of girls or staid old matrons looked out. Arnold was surprised at the queer costume of the people; it differed essentially from that of the neighboring villages. Then, too, an absolute, unbroken silence reigned every where, and became at last so painful that he said to his guide,

"Do you keep Sunday so strictly in your village that the people, when they meet, have not even a greeting for one another? If you didn't now and then hear a dog bark or a cock crow, you might think the whole place dead and buried."

"It is noon," Gertrude answered, placidly, "and the people don't feel like talking.

This evening you will find them all the noisier."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Arnold, "there are at least some children playing in the street. It fairly began to seem uncanny here. Why, they keep Sunday very differently in Bischofsroda."

"There is my father's house," said Gertrude, softly.

"But I ought not to come down on him so unexpectedly; it might not be convenient; and I like to have friendly faces about me at table. You had better show me the inn, my child, or let me find it myself; for if Germelshausen is no exception to other villages, the inn stands close by the church, and if you aim for the tower, you can't go wrong."

"You are right there; at least, it is just so with us," said Gertrude, quietly. "But they expect us at home, and you need not fear you won't be welcome."

"Do they expect *us*? Ah! you mean yourself and your Heinrich. If you would take me in his place, I would stay here as long as—as—until you yourself should tell me to go away."

He spoke the words with involuntary ardor, and softly pressed her hand, which still held his own. Gertrude immediately stood perfectly still, and said, looking at him earnestly,

"Would you, really?"

"With all my heart," said the young painter, quite overcome by the girl's beauty.

Gertrude, however, replied no further, but walked on as if deliberating upon his words. At last she stopped before a high house with broad stone steps and iron railings in front, and said, in her former shy and embarrassed way,

"I live here, Sir, and if it please you, come with me to my father, who will be proud to see you at his table."

Before Arnold could answer, the magistrate himself stood in the doorway, and a window was opened, from which the friendly head of an old woman looked out and nodded, while the father said,

"Why, Gertrude, you've staid out long to-day; and what a fine companion you've brought with you!"

"My dear Sir—" Arnold began.

"Don't stand talking on the steps. Come in. The dumplings are done, and they'll soon be cold and hard."

"But that isn't Heinrich," the old woman called out of the window. "Didn't I always say he wouldn't come back?"

"There, there, that 'll do, mother," said the magistrate, as he stepped forward and held out his hand to the stranger. "Welcome to Germelshausen, young gentleman, wherever the girl may have picked you up! And now come in to dinner, and fall to with a relish, and afterward we can talk."

The young painter had really no more chance for apology, for, vigorously shaking the hand which Gertrude had dropped, as soon as he set foot upon the steps, the magistrate took him confidentially under the arm and led him toward the family living-room.

The air in the house was damp and earthy. Well as Arnold knew the German peasant's habit of shutting out every breath of fresh air, and even in summer often making a fire to get up the roasting heat in which he is most at home, still the atmosphere seemed strange to him. The narrow entry offered little that was inviting. The plaster had fallen from the walls, and seemed to have been just hastily swept aside. The one window, at the back, admitted scarcely a ray of light, and the stairs that led to the upper story looked old and dilapidated.

He had, however, little time to observe all this, for in a moment his hospitable host threw open the door of the living-room. It was not a high room, but very spacious, and freshly aired, strewn with white sand; the table, in the centre, spread with snowy linen, contrasted most agreeably with the remaining somewhat disorderly arrangement of the house.

Besides the old woman, who had now shut the window and drawn her chair to the table, there sat in the corner a couple of rosy-cheeked children. There was also a stout peasant woman (clad, like the others, in a costume different from that of the neighboring villages), and she was just opening the door for the maid-servant, who came in with a large dish. The dumplings were smoking on the table, and they all pushed up their chairs for the welcome meal. No one, however, sat down, and the children kept casting anxious glances toward the father, who went to his chair, leaned upon it with his arm, and looked gloomily and in perfect silence upon the ground before him. Was he praying? Arnold saw that he held his lips pressed together, and his right hand, firmly clinched, hung at his side. In his features there was certainly no sign of prayer, but rather of stubborn and yet helpless defiance.

At last Gertrude went softly up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, while the old woman stood opposite with earnest and beseeching looks.

"Let us eat," said the man, sharply; "it's of no use;" and moving his chair forward, and nodding to his guest, he seated himself, took up the great ladle, and helped them all round.

His whole manner impressed Arnold unpleasantly, and what with the constrained behavior of the others, too, he could hardly feel comfortable. However, the magistrate was not a man to spoil a dinner with gloomy thoughts. When he knocked on the table

the maid-servant came in with bottles and glasses, and with the costly old wine which he poured out came a lighter and happier spirit over all the table.

The rare drink went through Arnold's veins like liquid fire; never in his life had he tasted any thing like it. Gertrude drank it, and so did the old mother, who sat in the corner by her spinning-wheel, singing, in a low voice, a little song about the happy life in Germelshausen. Even the magistrate seemed to undergo a change. In proportion as he was before silent and morose, he was now gay and merry; and Arnold himself could not escape the influence of this rare wine. He hardly knew how it happened, but the magistrate had taken a violin and was playing a lively dance, while Arnold, with the lovely Gertrude in his arms, whirled about the room so madly that he upset the spinning-wheel and chairs, and ran against the maid, who was clearing off the table, and played all sorts of lively tricks, until the others almost killed themselves with laughing.

Suddenly every thing in the room was hushed; and as Arnold looked around in surprise for the magistrate, he pointed with his violin bow to the window, and laid the instrument back in its wooden case. Then Arnold saw that in the street outside a coffin was being carried by. Six men, clad in white gowns, bore it on their shoulders, and behind them walked an old man with a little fair-haired girl by the hand. The old man was bent nearly double, but the child, who was scarcely four years old, and could have no notion what lay in the dark coffin, nodded cheerfully whenever she spied a familiar face, and laughed aloud as two dogs scampered by chasing each other, and one of them ran against the steps of the school-house and tumbled himself over.

The silence lasted only as long as the coffin remained in sight, and then Gertrude stepped up to the young man and said,

"Now rest a while. You have frolicked long enough, and the strong wine is going more and more to your head. Come, get your hat and we'll take a little walk together. When we come back it will be time to go to the tavern; there is a dance to-night."

"Dance? Good!" exclaimed Arnold, delighted. "I came just at the right time. And you'll give me the first dance, Gertrude?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

Arnold took up his hat and portfolio, and the magistrate asked,

"What do you want of the book?"

"He can draw, father," said Gertrude; "he has drawn me. Just look at the picture."

Arnold opened the portfolio and held out the little portrait.

The peasant considered it a while in silence.

"You want to take that away with you," he said at length, "and perhaps frame it and hang it up?"

"Yes; why not?"

"May he, father?" said Gertrude.

"If he doesn't stay with us, I have nothing to say against it; but there's something lacking at the back there."

"What?"

"The funeral procession. Paint that in on the same paper, and you may take the picture away with you."

"The funeral procession with Gertrude?"

"There's room enough," said the magistrate, stubbornly. "It must be put there, for I won't let you take my child's picture away all alone. In such serious company, nobody can think any harm of her."

Arnold shook his head and laughed over the strange notion of giving the lovely girl a funeral procession as guard of honor. However, the old man seemed to have his idea fixed, and, to content him, he let him have his way. Afterward, Arnold knew, he could easily take out such a gloomy accompaniment. He sketched, from memory, the shapes that had just passed by, while the whole family pressed about him and watched, with wide-open eyes, the rapid execution of the drawing.

"There, is that all right?" he asked, holding the picture at arms-length.

"Capital!" answered the magistrate, with a nod. "Who'd have thought you could do it so quick? And now go with the girl and see the village. You may not get a sight at it again. But make sure to be back again by five o'clock. To-day is a festival, and you ought to be on hand."

What with the closeness of the room and the wine in his head, Arnold felt heavy and oppressed, and longed for the fresh air; so in a few moments he was walking by the lovely Gertrude's side along the street that led through the village.

Now the road was not so still as before. Children were playing in the street, and old men sat before the doors here and there and watched them; and the whole place, with its curious old buildings, would have had a pleasant aspect if the sun could only have shone through the thick brownish smoke that lay over the roofs like a cloud.

"Is there a bog or wood burning in the neighborhood?" Arnold asked. "This smoke hangs over no other village, and it can't come from the chimneys."

"It's from the earth," said Gertrude, calmly. "But did you never hear of Germelshausen?"

"Never."

"That's strange; and the place is so old—so very old."

"The houses certainly look so, and the

people have an odd sort of demeanor; besides, your speech is different from that of the neighboring places. You seldom get out of your village, I suppose?"

"Seldom," said Gertrude.

"Why, there isn't a single swallow. They can't have gone away already?"

"Long ago," answered the girl, speaking in a low monotone. "They don't build their nests in Germelshausen any more. Perhaps they can't bear the air here."

"But you don't always have this fog?"

"Always."

"That's the reason, then, that your fruit trees don't bear. Why, in Marisfeld they have to prop up the branches, there's such a plenty this year."

Gertrude answered no further, but walked at his side silently through the village, until they reached the outer limits. On the way she often nodded pleasantly to some child, or spoke a few low words to some young girl, perhaps about the dance or the ball dress.

The girls cast very kindly glances upon the young painter, and he himself felt, he scarcely knew why, a certain warmth about the heart; but he did not dare say so to Gertrude.

Finally they reached the very last houses, where it was lonely and silent as death, although the village was full of life. The gardens looked as if they had not been trodden for years; long grass grew in the paths; and it seemed particularly strange that the fruit trees should every one be barren.

Now they met people coming toward them, and Arnold immediately recognized the returning funeral train. It moved silently past them again into the village, and involuntarily they turned their steps toward the burying-ground.

Arnold tried to cheer up his companion, who seemed very sad. He spoke to her of other places where he had been, and described how the outside world looked. She had never seen a railroad, nor even heard of one, and listened to Arnold's description attentive and astonished. Neither had she any notion of the telegraph, nor of any of the new inventions; and the young painter could not understand how it was possible that there could be living in Germany people so completely cut off from the rest of the world.

Talking in this way, they reached the grave-yard, and the young painter was struck with the antique stones and monuments, although they were all perfectly plain and simple.

"That is a very old stone," he said, bending over the nearest one, and with difficulty deciphering the twisted letters.

ANNA MARIA BERTHOLD, born STIEGLITZ.
Born December 1, 1188;
died December 2, 1224.

"That is my mother," said Gertrude, seriously, and two great shining tears welled up to her eyes and rolled down slowly upon her dress.

"Your mother! my good child," exclaimed Arnold, astonished—"one of your great-great-grandmothers, it might have been."

"No," said Gertrude, "my own mother. My father married again, and the one at home is my step-mother."

"But doesn't it say died 1224?"

"The year is nothing to me," said Gertrude, sadly. "It is hard to be separated from one's mother; and yet," she added, softly and sorrowfully, "it was well perhaps that she went to God before it happened."

Arnold shook his head, and bent over the stone to examine the inscription more closely, and see if the first 2 in the date might not be an 8, which the antique lettering made not unlikely. But no; the other 2 was exactly like the first, and we haven't yet reached 1884. Perhaps the stone-cutter had made a mistake. The girl was so absorbed in thinking of her dead mother that he would not disturb her with questions; so he left her at the stone, where she had sunk down, softly praying, and went on to examine some of the other monuments. All, without exception, bore date many hundred years back—even as far as 930 and 900 A.D. He found no newer stones, and yet burials were even now made there, as the last entirely fresh grave testified.

From the low church wall was an excellent view of the old village, and Arnold immediately seized the opportunity to make a sketch. Over this place, also, hung the strange fog or smoke, and yet farther toward the wood he could see the sun shining clear and bright upon the mountain slope.

Again the old cracked bell rang in the village, and Gertrude, standing up quickly and brushing the tears from her eyes, beckoned pleasantly to the young man to follow her.

Arnold was at her side in an instant.

"We must not grieve any longer," she said, smiling; "they are ringing church out, and now comes the dance. You must have thought the people of Germelshausen very dull and stupid, but this evening you shall find just the contrary."

"Yes; but over there is the church door," Arnold said, "and I see nobody coming out."

"That's very likely," answered the girl, laughing, "because nobody goes in, not even the priest; but the old sacristan gives himself no rest, and rings church out and in."

"And none of you go to church?"

"No; neither to mass nor confession," she replied, calmly. "We are at variance with the Pope, who lives in a far country, and he will not allow it until we obey him again."

"But I have never in my life heard any thing about it."

"Indeed! well, it happened so very long ago," said the girl, carelessly. "Look, there's the sacristan coming out of the church, all alone, and shutting the door. He doesn't go to the tavern in the evening, but sits at home all by himself."

"And does the priest go?"

"I should think so! He's the merriest of all; he doesn't take it to heart."

"And how did all this happen?" asked Arnold, less surprised at the curious statements than at the girl's artlessness.

"It's a long story," replied Gertrude, "and the priest has written it all down in a great thick book. If it would amuse you, and if you know Latin, you can read the book. But," she added, warningly, "don't speak of it before my father, because it vexes him. See, here are the young men and girls coming out of the houses already, and I must hurry to get home and dress myself, for I wouldn't like to be the last."

"And how about the first dance, Gertrude?"

"I shall dance it with you; you have my promise."

They walked quickly back to the village, where quite a different spirit was prevailing since the morning. Laughing groups of young people stood every where around; the girls were decked out for the holiday, and the boys, too, wore their best clothes. Outside the tavern, as they went by, were garlands of leaves hung from window to window, and forming a great triumphal arch over the door.

When Arnold saw that every one was in his best attire, he did not care to appear in his traveling clothes, so he went in at the magistrate's, unbuckled his knapsack, took out his good suit, and just had his toilet done when Gertrude knocked at the door and called him. How wonderfully beautiful the girl looked in her rich yet simple costume, and how sweetly she bade him come with her, as the father and mother would not come till later.

"The longing after her Heinrich can not oppress her heart very much," thought the young man, with satisfaction, as he drew her arm through his and walked with her in the gathering twilight to the dancing hall. He took good care, however, not to give words to such a thought. It was a singular feeling that came stealing over him; and when the young girl's heart beat against his arm, his own throbbed violently.

"And to-morrow I must go on again," he said, softly, with a sigh. He hardly knew that he had spoken, when his companion answered, smiling,

"Don't concern yourself about that: we will be together longer — longer perhaps than you would wish."

"And would you like me to stay with you, Gertrude?" asked Arnold, his forehead flushing.

"Certainly," she replied, artlessly. "You are good and pleasant, and I know my father likes you, too. Besides, Heinrich didn't come," she added, resentfully.

"And what if he come to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" said Gertrude, and looked up at him earnestly with her great dark eyes; "a long, long night lies between. To-morrow! You will understand to-morrow what the word means. But to-day let us not talk about it," she said, breaking off abruptly. "To-day is the festival we have long, oh! so long looked forward to, and we won't spoil it with sad thoughts. Here we are, you see, at the place. The young men won't take it amiss that I bring a new partner with me."

Arnold was going to speak further, but loud music from within drowned his voice. The musicians played strange tunes; he was not familiar with one of them; and at first he was almost blinded by the brightness of the many lights. However, Gertrude led him into the middle of the hall, where a crowd of young peasant girls were talking together. There she left him, until the dance should really begin, to look about a little and become acquainted with the other young men.

For the first few moments Arnold felt ill at ease among such strange people. Their queer dress and accent repulsed him, and sweet as their peculiar speech had sounded from Gertrude's lips, it came very harshly from the others. Yet the young men were all friendly to him, and one of them came up, and taking his hand, said,

"It is sensible of you, Sir, to wish to remain with us. We lead a merry life, and the interval passes pretty quickly."

"What interval?" asked Arnold, less astonished at the expression than that the young man should speak so decidedly as if he were going to make the village his home. "You think that I am coming back here?"

"Why, do you intend to go away?" asked the peasant, quickly.

"Yes, to-morrow, or the day after; but I'm coming back."

"To-morrow! Indeed! Oh, that's all right, then. To-morrow we'll talk it all over again. But come and let me show you all the fun, for if you go away to-morrow, you won't get another chance at it."

The others laughed slyly among themselves, but the young peasant took Arnold by the hand and led him all through the house, which was closely packed with swarms of people. First, they passed through rooms in which were card-players, who had great heaps of gold lying before them; then to a nine-pin alley all laid out in shining stones. In a third room "kiss-in-the-ring" and oth-

er games were going on, and the young girls ran out and in, laughing and frolicking with the young fellows, until a flourish from the musicians, who had all along been playing merrily, gave the signal for the dance to begin, and Gertrude stood at Arnold's side and took his arm.

"Come, we must not be the last," said the charming girl, "for, as the magistrate's daughter, I have to open the dance."

"But what strange tune is that?" said Arnold. "I can't get into the measure at all."

"You'll be all right presently," laughed Gertrude. "In five minutes you'll get used to it. I'll show you how."

They all pressed toward the dancing hall, laughing and making merry noisily, and Arnold soon forgot every thing in the mere happiness of holding the wonderfully lovely maiden in his arms.

Again and again he danced with Gertrude, and no one seemed to dispute his claim, though the young girls passing by them in the dance rallied him more than once on his devotion. One thing, however, surprised and troubled him. Close by the tavern stood the old church, and in the dancing-room the harsh, discordant tones of the cracked bell could be heard distinctly. At the first stroke it was as if some magic spell had fallen upon the dancers. The music ceased in the midst of a measure, the gayly moving crowd stood motionless, fixed as statues, and seemed to count anxiously, but all hushed as death, each heavy clang of the bell. But no sooner had the last echo died away than the noise and merriment broke out afresh. This was repeated at eight, at nine, and at ten o'clock. When Arnold tried to ask the meaning of such a strange proceeding, Gertrude laid her finger on her lips, and looked at him so sadly and so sorrowfully that for all the world he would not have troubled her any more.

At ten o'clock came a pause in the dance, and the musicians, who must have had lungs of iron, marched ahead of the young people into the supper-room. There every thing went merrily; the wine flowed freely; and Arnold, who could not very well be behind the rest, was realizing what a void the evening's dissipation would leave in his slender purse. But Gertrude sat close by him. They drank from the same glass; and could he long find room for any such anxiety? Besides, what if her Heinrich should come to-morrow?

The first stroke of eleven sounded, and again the boisterous jollity of the drinkers was hushed; again the breathless listening to each long, heavy tone. A strange dread fell upon him—he hardly knew of what—and a thought of his mother at home stole into his heart. He took up his glass slowly, and emptied it to the health of the loved ones far away.

At the eleventh stroke the guests sprang up from the table for the dance to begin anew, and all hurried back to the hall.

"To whom did you drink that last time?" said Gertrude, as she laid her hand upon his arm again.

Arnold hesitated. Perhaps Gertrude would laugh at him if he told her. But no; she had prayed fervently at her own mother's grave, and in a low voice he answered,

"To my mother."

Gertrude said not a word, and went up the stairs with him in silence. But she laughed no more, and before beginning the next dance, she asked,

"Do you love your mother so dearly?"

"More than my life."

"And does she love you?"

"Does not a mother always love her child?"

"And what would she do if you did not come home to her?"

"Poor mother," said Arnold, "her heart would break."

"The dance is beginning again," exclaimed Gertrude, quickly. "Come, we must not lose a moment."

And, wilder than ever, the dance went on. The young men, warmed with the strong wine, frolicked and shouted and fairly screamed, until the noise threatened to drown the music. Arnold no longer felt happy in the confusion, and Gertrude too had become silent and serious. But with the others the fun only seemed to increase, and in a pause of the dance the magistrate came up, gave the young fellow a hearty slap on the back, and said, laughing,

"That's right, Herr Painter; let your legs move lively this evening. We've time enough to rest. Nay, nay, little girl; what are you pulling such a long face about? Is that fit for the dance, do you think? Come; move lively. It's beginning again. I must go and hunt up my old woman and have the last turn with her. Get into place. Come; the musicians are puffing out their cheeks again." And, with a shout, he went off, elbowing through the noisy crowd.

Arnold had thrown his arm around Gertrude for the dance just beginning, when she suddenly freed herself, grasped his arm, and whispered, softly,

"Come!"

Arnold had no time to ask where, she urged him so hurriedly and secretly to the door of the hall.

"Where are you going?" two of her friends called out.

"Oh, I'm coming right back," she answered, shortly; and in a few seconds she and Arnold stood outside in the cool evening air.

"Where are you going, Gertrude?"

"Come!" Again she grasped his arm, and led him through the village to her father's

house, where she stepped in, returning with a bundle.

"What are you going to do?" Arnold asked, astonished.

"Come!" was all she answered, and walked with him past all the houses, until they had left the outer walls of the village behind. They had been following the broad, hard, traveled street, but now Gertrude turned off to the left, and went up a little hill, from which one could easily look down on the brightly lighted windows of the tavern. Here she stood still, held out her hand to Arnold, and said, with feeling,

"Greet your mother for me, and farewell."

"Gertrude!" cried Arnold, astonished and perplexed, "will you send me from you so, and in the night? Have I said a word to offend you?"

"No, Arnold," said the girl, calling him for the first time by his name; "but just because—because I love you, you must go."

"But I will not leave you, still less in this way, to go back to the village all alone in the dark. You do not know how dear you are to me, how in these few hours I have given you all my heart. You do not know how—"

"Hush! Say no more," said Gertrude, interrupting him. "We will take no farewell. When you have heard the clock strike twelve—it can lack hardly ten minutes now—come back to the door of the tavern. I will wait for you there."

"And meanwhile?"

"Stay here on this spot. Promise me that you will not move a step to the right nor left until it shall have done striking twelve."

"I promise it, Gertrude; but then—"

"Then come," said the girl, and giving him her hand, was about to go.

"Gertrude!" cried Arnold, in a sorrowful, beseeching voice.

Gertrude hesitated a moment, then suddenly threw her arms about his neck, and Arnold felt her ice-cold lips pressed upon his own. It was only for an instant; in the next she had torn herself away, and he stood dazed and completely overcome, yet, remembering his promise, he remained on the spot where she had left him.

Now for the first time he noticed that within a few hours the weather had changed. The wind howled through the trees, the sky was covered with thick drifting clouds, and a few big drops of rain gave token of a coming storm.

The lights of the tavern shone brightly through the darkness, and as the wind blew from that way the sound of the instruments was borne to him in fitful gusts. But this did not last long. He had been standing so only a few minutes when the old church bell began to strike twelve, and at that instant the music stopped, or was drowned by the howling of the storm, which raged so fiercely over the whole hill-side that Arnold had to bend down to avoid being thrown upon the ground.

In stooping, he felt upon the earth before him the bundle that Gertrude had brought out of the house. It was his knapsack and portfolio, and in his surprise he stood up again. The hour had struck, the storm was blowing over, but nowhere in the village could he any longer see a light. The dogs that just before had been barking and howling were still, and a thick damp vapor exhaled from the ground.

"The time is up," Arnold murmured softly to himself, throwing his knapsack over his shoulder, "and I must see Gertrude once more, for I can not part from her so. The dance is over; the dancers will be going home now, and if the magistrate won't keep me overnight, I'll stay at the tavern; besides, I could never find my way through the wood in the dark."

He came cautiously down from the little slope that he had ascended with Gertrude, expecting to strike the broad white road that led into the village, but he only groped about vainly among the bushes. The ground was soft and marshy. With his thin boots he sank ankle-deep, and all about where he supposed the road to lie grew thick alder bushes. He could not have gone over the road in the darkness, for he would have felt it hard to the tread; besides, the village wall ran across it, and he could not have missed that. He sought about in anxious haste, but all in vain. The earth kept growing softer and more swampy. The further he went on, the thicker the bushes grew, and he was pierced on every side by thorns, his clothes torn to pieces, and his hands scratched until they bled.

Had he strayed off to the right or left, and so passed by the village? He feared wandering still further out of the way, and so remained upon a tolerably dry spot, waiting until the old bell should strike one. But it did not strike; not a dog barked, and no sound of human life reached him. In pain and anxiety, wet through and through, and shivering with cold, he worked his way back to the higher ground where Gertrude had left him. From there he made two more attempts to penetrate the thicket, but quite uselessly. Tired to death, and oppressed, too, by a vague terror, he shunned at last the dark, weird valley, and sought a sheltering tree under which to pass the night.

And how tediously the hours dragged by! Shivering with cold, he could not catch a moment's sleep all night long. From time to time he thought he could catch the harsh tones of the bell, but only to be, as so often before, disappointed.

At last the first faint light glimmered in the east, the clouds had passed away, the heavens were clear and star-lit, and the

awakening birds twittered softly in the dusky trees.

The light in the east grew broader and brighter, and he could easily distinguish the tree-tops, but he looked in vain for the old church tower and the weather-beaten roofs. Nothing but a wild alder thicket, with here and there a stunted willow, lay before him.

At last he came to the stone on which he had sketched Gertrude. That place he would have recognized among a thousand, the old alder bush, with its stiff branches, marked it so plainly. He knew now exactly how he had come and where Germelshausen must lie; so keeping on strictly in the same direction, he walked back very briskly through the valley which he had followed yesterday with Gertrude. He recognized the slope over which the mountain mist had hung, and only the alder thicket separated him from the first houses. Now he had reached it, forced his way through, and—found himself back in the same swamp where he had been wading about in the night.

Tired to death, he threw himself down under a tree. He took from out his portfolio Gertrude's picture, and with bitter longing dwelt upon the dear face of the maiden that had taken such fast hold upon his heart.

Suddenly he heard behind him a rustling in the foliage, then a dog barked, and as he sprang up quickly, there stood, not far off, an old gamekeeper, who was looking curiously at such a strange, wild-looking individual so respectably dressed.

"Thank God!" cried Arnold, rejoiced to meet a human being, and then laying the leaf back in his portfolio, he said, "You're just the man I wanted to see, Herr Keeper, for I believe I'm astray."

"H'm," said the old man; "if you've passed the night lying in the bushes, when it's hardly a mile over to Dillstedt, where there's a good inn, I think so too. Donnerwetter! how you look—just as if you'd been tumbling head over heels in the briers and the marsh!"

"What is the next village called?"

"Dillstedt—right over there. When you get up on that rising ground you can see it lying just below."

"And how far is it to Germelshausen?"

"To *where?*" said the keeper, aghast, and taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"To Germelshausen."

"Lord 'a mercy on me!" cried the old man, casting a frightened glance around. "I know these woods well, but how many fathoms deep in the earth the 'enchanted village' lies, only God knows—and, besides, it's none of our business."

"The enchanted village!" exclaimed Arnold.

"Germelshausen—yes," said the keeper. "It stood right there in the swamp, where now the old willows and alders grow, but it sank—nobody knows why, or where it went, and there's a saying that every hundred years it comes up again. May no good Christian ever happen to see it! But lying out all night in the bushes doesn't seem to have agreed with you. You're white as a sheet. Here, take a drink from this flask—it will do you good—so—so—take plenty."

"Thanks."

"That isn't half enough—a good stiff pull. That's the right stuff. And now just you start for the tavern over there, and get into a warm bed."

"At Dillstedt?"

"Yes; of course, there isn't one nearer."

"But Germelshausen."

"Do me the favor not to speak of that place again right on the spot where we stand. Let the dead rest, and particularly those who haven't any rest, and may appear among us again unexpectedly at any moment."

"But yesterday the village was still standing here," Arnold insisted, utterly bewildered. "I was in it. I ate, drank, and danced there."

The keeper looked the young man over from head to foot, and then he said, smiling, "Are you sure it hadn't some other name? You *seem* to have come right from Dillstedt: there was a dance *there* last night, and it isn't every one that can bear the strong beer the landlord brews nowadays."

For answer, Arnold opened his portfolio, and took out the sketch he had made from the grave-yard.

"Do you know that village?"

"No," said the keeper, "in all the country round here there's no such low tower as that."

"That is Germelshausen," said Arnold. "And do the peasant girls in the neighborhood dress like this one here?"

"H'm, no. What kind of a queer funeral procession is that?"

Arnold did not answer. With a strange pang at his heart he laid the paper back in his portfolio.

"You can't miss the way to Dillstedt," said the keeper, good-naturedly, for a dim suspicion still haunted him that the stranger was not quite right in his head. "If you like, I'll guide you until you come in sight of the place; it wouldn't be far out of my way."

"Thank you," said Arnold, declining the offer. "I'll get over there all right. Then it's only once in a hundred years that the village comes up?"

"So the people say," answered the keeper; "but who can tell if it's true?"

Arnold had taken up his knapsack.

"Grüss Gott," he said, holding out his hand to the keeper.

"Thank you kindly," the man answered. "Where are you going now?"

"To Dillstedt."

"That's right. The other side of the hill there you'll strike the high-road."

Arnold turned and walked slowly away, but when he reached the point from where he could see the whole valley, he stood still and looked back.

"Farewell, Gertrude," he murmured softly, and as he passed on his way there were tears in his eyes.

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART IV.

THE fly was already at the door, and Miss Williams, with her small luggage, would in five minutes have departed, followed by the good wishes of all the household, from Miss Maclachlan's school to her new situation, when the postman passed and left a letter for her.

"I will put it in my pocket and read it in the train," she said, with a slight change of color. For she recognized the handwriting of that good man who had loved her, and whom she could not love.

"Better read it now. No time like the present," observed Miss Maclachlan.

Miss Williams did so. As soon as she was fairly started and alone in the fly, she opened it, with hands slightly trembling, for she was touched by the persistence of the good rector, and his faithfulness to her, a poor governess, when he might have married, as they said in his neighborhood, "any body." He would never marry any body now—he was dying.

"I have come to feel how wrong I was," he wrote, "in ever trying to change our happy relations together. I have suffered for this—so have we all. But it is now too late for regret. My time has come. Do not grieve yourself by imagining it has come the faster through any decision of yours, but by slow, inevitable disease, which the doctors have only lately discovered. Nothing could have saved me. Be satisfied that there is no cause for you to give yourself one moment's pain." (How she sobbed over those shaky lines, more even than over the newspaper lines which she had read that sunshiny morning on the shore!) "Remember only that you made me very happy—me and all mine—for years; that I loved you, as even at my age a man can love; as I shall love you to the end, which can not be very far off now. Would you dislike coming to see me just once again? My girls will be so very glad, and nobody will remark it, for nobody knows any thing. Besides, what matter? I am dying. Come, if you can, within a week or so; they tell me I may last thus long. And I want to consult with you about my children. Therefore I will not say good-by now, only good-night, and God bless you."

But it was good-by, after all. Though she did not wait the week; indeed, she waited for nothing, considered nothing, except her gratitude to this good man—the only man who had loved her—and her affection for the two girls, who would soon be fatherless; though she sent a telegram from Brighton to say she was coming, and arrived within twenty-four hours, still—she came too late.

When she reached the village she heard that his sufferings were all over; and a few yards from his garden wall, in the shade of the church-yard lime-tree, the old sexton was busy re-opening, after fourteen years, the family grave, where he was to be laid beside his wife the day after to-morrow. His two daughters, sitting alone together in the melancholy house, heard Miss Williams enter, and ran to meet her. With a feeling of nearness and tenderness such as she had scarcely ever felt for any human being, she clasped them close, and let them weep their hearts out in her motherly arms.

Thus the current of her whole life was changed; for when Mr. Moseley's will was opened, it was found that, besides leaving Miss Williams a handsome legacy, carefully explained as being given "in gratitude for her care of his children," he had chosen her as their guardian, until they came of age or married, entreating her to reside with them, and desiring them to pay her all the respect due to "a near and dear relative." The tenderness with which he had arranged every thing, down to the minutest points, for them and herself, even amidst all his bodily sufferings, and in face of the supreme hour—which he had met, his daughters said, with a marvelous calmness, even *joy*—touched Fortune as perhaps nothing had ever touched her in all her life before. When she stood with her two poor orphans beside their father's grave, and returned with them to the desolate house, vowing within herself to be to them, all but in name, the mother he had wished her to be, this sense of duty—the strange new duty which had suddenly come to fill her empty life—was so strong, that

she forgot every thing else—even Robert Roy.

And for months afterward—months of anxious business, involving the leaving of the Rectory, and the taking of a temporary house in the village, until they could decide where finally to settle—Miss Williams had scarcely a moment or a thought to spare for any beyond the vivid present. Past and future faded away together, except so far as concerned her girls.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," were words which had helped her through many a dark time. Now, with all her might, she did her motherly duty to the orphan girls; and as she did so, by-and-by she began strangely to enjoy it, and to find also not a little of motherly pride and pleasure in them. She had no time to think of herself at all, or of the great blow which had fallen, the great change which had come, rendering it impossible for her to let herself feel as she had used to feel, dream as she used to dream, for years and years past. That one pathetic line,

"I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,"

burned itself into her heart, and needed nothing more.

"My children! I must only love my children now," was her continual thought, and she believed she did so.

It was not until spring came, healing the girls' grief as naturally as it covered their father's grave with violets and primroses, and making them cling a little less to home and her, a little more to the returning pleasures of their youth, for they were two pretty girls, well-born, with tolerable fortunes, and likely to be much sought after—not until the spring days left her much alone, did Fortune's mind recur to an idea which had struck her once, and then been set aside—to write to Robert Roy. Why should she not? Just a few friendly lines, telling him how, after long years, she had seen his name in the papers; how sorry she was, and yet glad—glad to think he was alive and well, and married; how she sent all kindly wishes to his wife and himself, and so on. In short, the sort of letter that any body might write or receive, whatever had been the previous link between them.

And she wrote it on an April day, one of those first days of spring which make young hearts throb with a vague delight, a nameless hope; and older ones—but is there any age when hope is quite dead? I think not, even to those who know that the only spring that will ever come to them will dawn in the world everlasting.

When her girls, entering, offered to post her letter, and Miss Williams answered gently that she would rather post it herself, as it required a foreign stamp, how little they guessed all that lay underneath, and how, over the first few lines, her hand had shaken so that she had to copy it three times. But the address, "Robert Roy, Esquire, Shanghai"—all she could put, but she had little doubt it would find him—was written with that firm, clear hand which he had so often admired, saying he wished she could teach his boys to write as well. Would he recognize it? Would he be glad or sorry, or only indifferent? Had the world changed him? or, if she could look at him now, would he be the same Robert Roy—simple, true, sincere, and brave—every inch a man and a gentleman?

For the instant the old misery came back; the sharp, sharp pain; but she smothered it down. His dead child, his living, unknown wife, came between, with their soft ghostly hands. He was still himself; she hoped absolutely unchanged; but he was hers no more. Yet that strange yearning, the same which had impelled Mr. Moseley to write and say, "Come and see me before I die," seemed impelling her to stretch a hand out across the seas—"Have you forgotten me? I have never forgotten you." As she passed through the church-yard on her way to the village, and saw the rector's grave lie smiling in the evening sunshine, Fortune thought what a strange lot hers had been. The man who had loved her, the man whom she had loved, were equally lost to her; equally dead and buried. And yet she lived still—her busy, active, and not unhappy life. It was God's will, all; and it was best.

Another six months went by, and she still remained in the same place, though talking daily of leaving. They began to go into society again, she and her girls, and to receive visitors now and then: among the rest, David Dalziel, who had preserved his affectionate fidelity even when he went back to college, and had begun to discover somehow that the direct road from Oxford to every where was through this secluded village. I am afraid Miss Williams was not as alive as she ought to have been to this fact, and to the other fact that Helen and Janetta were not quite children now; but she let the young people be happy, and was happy with them, after her fashion. Still, hers was less happiness than peace; the deep peace which a storm-tossed vessel finds when kindly fate has towed it into harbor; with torn sails and broken masts, maybe, but still safe, never needing to go to sea any more.

She had come to that point in life when we cease to be "afraid of evil tidings," since nothing is likely to happen to us beyond what has happened. She told herself that she did not look forward to the answer from Shanghai, if indeed any came; nevertheless, she had ascertained what time the return mail would be likely to bring it. And, almost punctual to the day, a letter

arrived with the postmark, "Shanghai." Not his letter, nor his handwriting at all. And, besides, it was addressed to "*Mrs.* Williams."

A shudder of fear, the only fear which could strike her now—that he might be dead—made Fortune stand irresolute a moment, then go up to her own room before she opened it.

"MADAM,—I beg to apologize for having read nearly through your letter before comprehending that it was not meant for me, but probably for another Mr. Robert Roy, who left this place not long after I came here, and between whom and myself some confusion arose, till we became intimate, and discovered that we were most likely distant, very distant cousins. He came from St. Andrews, and was head clerk in a firm here, doing a very good business in tea and silk, until they mixed themselves up in the opium trade, which Mr. Roy, with one or two more of our community here, thought so objectionable that at last he threw up his situation and determined to seek his fortunes in Australia. It was a pity, for he was in a good way to get on rapidly; but every body who knew him agreed it was just the sort of thing he was sure to do, and some respected him highly for doing it. He was indeed what we Scotch call 'weel respeckit' wherever he went. But he was a reserved man; made few intimate friends, though those he did make were warmly attached to him. My family were; and though it is now five years since we have heard any thing of or from him, we remember him still."

Five years! The letter dropped from her hands. Lost and found, yet found and lost. What might not have happened to him in five years? But she read on, dry-eyed: women do not weep very much or very easily at her age.

"I will do my utmost, madam, that your letter shall reach the hands for which I am sure it was intended; but that may take some time, my only clew to Mr. Roy's whereabouts being the chance that he has left his address with our branch house at Melbourne. I can not think he is dead, because such tidings pass rapidly from one to another in our colonial communities, and he was too much beloved for his death to excite no concern.

"I make this long explanation because it strikes me you may be a lady, a friend or relative of Mr. Roy's, concerning whom he employed me to make some inquiries, only you say so very little—absolutely nothing—of yourself in your letter, that I can not be at all certain if you are the same person. She was a governess in a family named Dalziel, living at St. Andrews. He said he had written to that family repeatedly, but got no answer, and then asked me, if any thing resulted from my inquiries, to write to him to the care of our Melbourne house. But no news ever came, and I never wrote to him, for which my wife still blames me exceedingly. She thanks you, dear madam, for the kind things you say about our poor child, though meant for another person. We have seven boys, but little Bell was our youngest, and our hearts' delight. She died after six hours' illness.

"Again begging you to pardon my unconscious offense in reading a stranger's letter, and the length of this one, I remain your very obedient servant, R. ROY.

"P.S.—I ought to say that this Mr. Robert Roy seemed between thirty-five and forty, tall, dark-haired, walked with a slight stoop. He had, I believe, no near relatives whatever, and I never heard of his having been married."

Unquestionably Miss Williams did well in retiring to her chamber and locking the door before she opened the letter. It is a mistake to suppose that at thirty-five or forty—or what age?—women cease to feel. I once was walking with an old maiden lady, talking of a character in a book. "He reminded me," she said, "of the very best man I ever knew, whom I saw a good deal of when I was a girl." And to the natural question, was he alive, she answered, "No; he died while he was still young." Her voice kept its ordinary tone, but there came a slight flush on the cheek, a sudden quiver over the whole withered face—she was some years past seventy—and I felt I could not say another word.

Nor shall I say a word now of Fortune Williams, when she had read through and wholly taken in the contents of this letter.

Life began for her again—life on a new and yet on the old basis; for it was still waiting, waiting—she seemed to be among those whose lot it is to "stand and wait" all their days. But it was not now in that absolute darkness and silence which it used to be. She knew that in all human probability Robert Roy was alive still somewhere, and hope never could wholly die out of the world so long as he was in it. His career, too, if not prosperous in worldly things, had been one to make any heart that loved him content—content and proud. For if he had failed in his fortunes, was it not from doing what she would most have wished him to do—the right, at all costs? Nor had he quite forgotten her, since even so late as five years back he had been making inquiries about her. Also, he was then unmarried.

But human nature is weak, and human hearts are so hungry sometimes.

"Oh, if he had only loved me, and told me so!" she said, sometimes, as piteously as fifteen years ago. But the tears which fol-

lowed were not, as then, a storm of passionate despair—only a quiet, sorrowful rain.

For what could she do? Nothing. Now, as ever, her part seemed just to fold her hands and endure. If alive, he might be found some day; but now she could not find him—oh, if she could! Had she been the man and he the woman—nay, had she been still herself, a poor lonely governess, having to earn every crumb of her own bitter bread, yet knowing that he loved her, might not things have been different? Had she belonged to him, they would never have lost one another. She would have sought *him*, as Evangeline sought Gabriel, half the world over.

And little did her two girls imagine, as they called her down stairs that night, secretly wondering what important business could make "Auntie" keep tea waiting fully five minutes, and set her after tea to read some of the "pretty poetry," especially Longfellow's, which they had a fancy for—little did they think, those two happy creatures, listening to their middle-aged governess, who read so well that sometimes her voice actually faltered over the lines, how there was being transacted under their very eyes a story which in its "constant anguish of patience" was scarcely less pathetic than that of Acadia.

For nearly a year after that letter came the little family of which Miss Williams was the head went on in its innocent quiet way, always planning, yet never making a change, until at last fate drove them to it.

Neither Helen nor Janetta were very healthy girls, and at last a London doctor gave as his absolute fiat that they must cease to live in their warm inland village, and migrate, for some years at any rate, to a bracing sea-side place.

Whereupon David Dalziel, who had somehow established himself as the one masculine adviser of the family, suggested St. Andrews. Bracing enough it was, at any rate: he remembered the winds used almost to cut his nose off. And it was such a nice place too, so pretty, with such excellent society. He was sure the young ladies would find it delightful. Did Miss Williams remember the walk by the shore, and the golfing across the Links?

"Quite as well as you could have done, at the early age of seven," she suggested, smiling. "Why are you so very anxious we should go to live at St. Andrews?"

The young fellow blushed all over his kindly eager face, and then frankly owned he had a motive. His grandmother's cottage, which she had left to him, the youngest and her pet always, was now unlet. He meant, perhaps, to go and live at it himself when—when he was of age and could afford it; but in the mean time he was a poor solitary bachelor, and—and—

"And you would like us to keep your nest warm for you till you can claim it? You want us for your tenants, eh, Davie?"

"Just that. You've hit it. Couldn't wish better. In fact, I have already written to my trustees to drive the hardest bargain possible."

Which was an ingenious modification of the truth, as she afterward found; but evidently the lad had set his heart upon the thing. And she?

At first she had shrunk back from the plan with a shiver almost of fear. It was like having to meet face to face something—some one—long dead. To walk among the old familiar places, to see the old familiar sea and shore, nay, to live in the very same house, haunted, as houses are sometimes, every room and every nook, with ghosts—yet with such innocent ghosts—Could she bear it?

There are some people who have an actual terror of the past—who the moment a thing ceases to be pleasurable fly from it, would willingly bury it out of sight forever. But others have no fear of their harmless dead—dead hopes, memories, loves—can sit by a grave-side, or look behind them at a dim spectral shape, without grief, without dread, only with tenderness. This woman could.

After a long wakeful night, spent in very serious thought for every one's good, not excluding her own—since there is a certain point beyond which one has no right to forget one's self, and perpetual martyrs rarely make very pleasant heads of families—she said to her girls next morning that she thought David Dalziel's brilliant idea had a great deal of sense in it; St. Andrews was a very nice place, and the cottage there would exactly suit their finances, while the tenure upon which he proposed they should hold it (from term to term) would also fit in with their undecided future; because, as all knew, whenever Helen or Janetta married, each would just take her fortune and go, leaving Miss Williams with her little legacy, above want certainly, but not exactly a millionaire.

These and other points she set before them in her practical fashion, just as if her heart did not leap—sometimes with pleasure, sometimes with pain—at the very thought of St. Andrews, and as if to see herself sit daily and hourly face to face with her old self, the ghost of her own youth, would be a quite easy thing.

The girls were delighted. They left all to Auntie, as was their habit to do. Burdens naturally fall upon the shoulders fitted for them, and which seem even to have a faculty for drawing them down there. Miss Williams's new duties had developed in her a whole range of new qualities, dormant during her governess life. Nobody knew better than she how to manage a house and guide a family. The girls soon felt that

Auntie might have been a mother all her days, she was so thoroughly motherly, and they gave up every thing into her hands.

So the whole matter was settled, David rejoicing exceedingly, and considering it "jolly fun," and quite like a bit out of a play, that his former governess should come back as his tenant, and inhabit the old familiar cottage.

"And I'll take a run over to see you as soon as the long vacation begins, just to teach the young ladies golfing. Mr. Roy taught all us boys, you know; and we'll take that very walk he used to take us, across the Links and along the sands to the Eden. Wasn't it the river Eden, Miss Williams? I am sure I remember it. I think I am very good at remembering."

"Very."

Other people were also "good at remembering." During the first few weeks after they settled down at St. Andrews the girls noticed that Auntie became excessively pale, and was sometimes quite "distrait" and bewildered-looking, which was little wonder, considering all she had to do and to arrange. But she got better in time. The cottage was so sweet, the sea so fresh, the whole place so charming. Slowly Miss Williams's ordinary looks returned—the "good" looks which her girls so energetically protested she had now, if never before. They never allowed her to confess herself old by caps or shawls, or any of those pretty temporary hinderances to the march of Time. She resisted not; she let them dress her as they pleased, in a reasonable way, for she felt they loved her; and as to her age, why, *she* knew it, and knew that nothing could alter it, so what did it matter? She smiled, and tried to look as nice and as young as she could for her girls' sake.

I suppose there are such things as broken or breaking hearts, even at St. Andrews, but it is certainly not a likely place for them. They have little chance against the fresh, exhilarating air, strong as new wine; the wild sea waves, the soothing sands, giving with health of body wholesomeness of mind. By-and-by the busy world recovered its old face to Fortune Williams—not the world as she once dreamed of it, but the real world, as she had fought through it all these years.

"I was ever a fighter, so one fight more!" as she read sometimes in the "pretty" poetry her girls were always asking for—read steadily, even when she came to the last verse in that passionate "Prospice:"

"Till, sudden, the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end:
And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light—then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

To that life to come, during all the burden and heat of the day (no, the afternoon, a time, faded, yet hot and busy still, which is often a very trying bit of woman's life) she now often began yearningly to look. To meet him again, even in old age, or with death between, was her only desire. Yet she did her duty still, and enjoyed all she could, knowing that one by one the years were hurrying onward, and the night coming, "in which no man can work."

Faithful to his promise, about the middle of July David Dalziel appeared, in overflowing spirits, having done very well at college. He was such a boy still, in character and behavior; though—as he carefully informed the family—now twenty-one and a man, expecting to be treated as such. He was their landlord too, and drew up the agreement in his own name, meaning to be a lawyer, and having enough to live on—something better than bread and salt—"till I can earn a fortune, as I certainly mean to do some day."

And he looked at Janetta, who looked down on the parlor carpet—as young people will. Alas! I fear that the eyes of her anxious friend and governess were not half wide enough open to the fact that these young folk were no longer boy and girls, and that things might happen—in fact, were almost certain to happen—which had happened to herself in her youth—making life not quite easy to her, as it seemed to be to these two bright girls.

Yet they were so bright, and their relations with David Dalziel were so frank and free—in fact, the young fellow himself was such a thoroughly good fellow, so very difficult to shut her door against, even if she had thought of so doing. But she did not. She let him come and go, "miserable bachelor" as he proclaimed himself, with all his kith and kin across the seas, and cast not a thought to the future, or to the sad necessity which sometimes occurs to parents and guardians—of shutting the stable door *after* the steed is stolen.

Especially as, not long after David appeared, there happened a certain thing—a very small thing to all but her, and yet to her it was, for the time being, utterly overwhelming. It absorbed all her thoughts into one maddened channel, where they writhed and raved and dashed themselves blindly against inevitable fate. For the first time in her life this patient woman felt as if endurance were *not* the right thing; as if wild shrieks of pain, bitter outcries against Providence, would be somehow easier, better: might reach His throne, so that even now He might listen and hear.

The thing was this. One day, waiting for some one beside the laurel bush at her gate—the old familiar bush, though it had grown and grown till its branches, which used to drag on the gravel, now covered the path entirely—she overheard David explaining

to Janetta how he and his brothers and Mr. Roy had made the wooden letter-box, which actually existed still, though in very ruinous condition.

"And no wonder, after fifteen years and more. It is fully that old, isn't it, Miss Williams? You will have to superannuate it shortly, and return to the old original letter-box—my letter-box, which I remember so well. I do believe I could find it still."

Kneeling down, he thrust his hand through the thick barricade of leaves into the very heart of the tree.

"I've found it; I declare I've found it; the identical hole in the trunk where I used to put all my treasures—my 'magpie's nest,' as they called it, where I hid every thing I could find. What a mischievous young scamp I was!"

"Very," said Miss Williams, affectionately, laying a gentle hand on his curls—"pretty" still, though cropped down to the frightful modern fashion. Secretly she was rather proud of him, this tall young fellow, whom she had had on her lap many a time.

"Curious! it all comes back to me—even to the very last thing I hid here, the day before we left, which was a letter."

"A letter!"—Miss Williams slightly started—"what letter?"

"One I found lying under the laurel bush, quite hidden by its leaves. It was all soaked with rain. I dried it in the sun, and then put it in my letter-box, telling nobody, for I meant to deliver it myself at the hall door with a loud ring—an English postman's ring. Our Scotch one used to blow his horn, you remember?"

"Yes," said Miss Williams. She was leaning against the fatal bush, pale to the very lips, but her veil was down—nobody saw. "What sort of a letter was it, David? Who was it to? Did you notice the handwriting?"

"Why, I was such a little fellow," and he looked up in wonder and slight concern, "how could I remember? Some letter that somebody had dropped, perhaps, in taking the rest out of the box. It could not matter—certainly not now. You would not bring my youthful misdeeds up against me, would you?" And he turned up a half-comical, half-pitiful face.

Fortune's first impulse—what was it? She hardly knew. But her second was that safest, easiest thing—now grown into the habit and refuge of her whole life—silence.

"No, it certainly does not matter now."

A deadly sickness came over her. What if this letter were Robert Roy's, asking her that question which he said no man ought ever to ask a woman twice? And she had never seen it—never answered it. So, of course, he went away. Her whole life—nay, two whole lives—had been destroyed, and by a mere accident, the aimless mischief of a child's innocent hand. She could never prove it, but it might have been so. And, alas! alas! God, the merciful God, had allowed it to be so.

Which is the worst, to wake up suddenly and find that our life has been wrecked by our own folly, mistake, or sin, or that it has been done for us either directly by the hand of Providence, or indirectly through some innocent—nay, possibly not innocent, but intentional—hand? In both cases the agony is equally sharp—the sharper because irremediable.

All these thoughts, vivid as lightning, and as rapid, darted through poor Fortune's brain during the few moments that she stood with her hand on David's shoulder, while he drew from his magpie's nest a heterogeneous mass of rubbish—pebbles, snail shells, bits of glass and china, fragments even of broken toys.

"Just look there. What ghosts of my childhood, as people would say! Dead and buried, though." And he laughed merrily—he in the full tide and glory of his youth.

Fortune Williams looked down on his happy face. This lad that really loved her would not have hurt her for the world, and her determination was made. He should never know any thing. Nobody should ever know any thing. The "dead and buried" of fifteen years ago must be dead and buried forever.

"David," she said, "just out of curiosity, put your hand down to the very bottom of that hole, and see if you can fish up the mysterious letter."

Then she waited, just as one would wait at the edge of some long-closed grave to see if the dead could possibly be claimed as our dead, even if but a handful of unhonored bones.

No, it was not possible. Nobody could expect it after such a lapse of time. Something David pulled out—it might be paper, it might be rags. It was too dry to be moss or earth, but no one could have recognized it as a letter.

"Give it me," said Miss Williams, holding out her hand.

David put the little heap of "rubbish" therein. She regarded it a moment, and then scattered it on the gravel—"dust to dust," as we say in our funeral service. But she said nothing.

At that moment the young people they were waiting for came to the other side of the gate, clubs in hand. David and the two Miss Moseleys had by this time become perfectly mad for golf, as is the fashion of the place. They proceeded across the Links, Miss Williams accompanying them, as in duty bound. But she said she was "rather tired," and leaving them in charge of another chaperon—if chaperons are ever wanted or needed in those merry Links of St. Andrews—came home alone.

THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.



Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak—
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou baldhead from No-man's-land!"

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture, they'd rend me there,
The while they worshiped with bended knee
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim.
"I'll take the tyrant under my care:
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.
The veriest humbug that ever was planned
Is this same baldhead from No-man's-land."

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shriveled hand,
I would keep the baldhead from No-man's-land.

For the loss of Peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth,
And he rules me too with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS OF FLORIDA.*

By MRS. MARY TREAT.

THE pinguiculas, or butter-worts, are carnivorous plants, and closely related to the utricularias, but to a casual observer they do not at all resemble each other. The utricularias usually grow in water, and have finely dissected leaves, and little stomach-like sacs, into which small insects are entrapped, from which they never escape any more than they would from the stomach of an animal; but the pinguiculas grow on land, and entrap insects on their large broad leaves, which are converted into stomachs, when they secrete a fluid corresponding to the gastric juice in the stomach of animals. The leaves lie flat on the ground in the form of a rosette, and are always moist, and feel greasy to the touch, from which it takes both its common and scientific name—*pinguis* being the Latin for fat.

At the North we have but one representative of this genus—*Pinguicula vulgaris*—and this is scarce, growing only in a few places on wet rocks. Last summer specimens of this species were sent me from Cornell University, on which I made observations, and found it to be carnivorous, as I had been previously informed. But my material was not sufficiently ample nor in the best condition to experiment with very extensively; yet my curiosity was sufficiently aroused to impel me to visit Florida, where I could find winter-blooming species of pinguicula, which, so far as I knew, no one had experimented with.

I reached Florida in November, 1875, and soon found three species in large numbers—*Pinguicula pumila, P. lutea,* and *P. elatior.* They were already in a good condition to work with, the fall and winter seeming to be their growing season. *P. pumila* commenced blooming early in December, and in January the damp pine-barrens were flecked with the large bright yellow flowers of *P. lutea* and the showy purple ones of *P. elatior.*

From all appearance, these plants are annuals. They commence blooming in winter, and by the time the rainy season begins in spring, the seeds are ripening and falling to the ground; the young plants soon become established, and evidently grow slowly during the summer and fall, or until about November. I did not find a single plant of either species but what bloomed during the winter or early spring, which inclines me to the opinion that they can not be perennial. At all events, the winter, or dry season, is the time they make their most rapid growth; and we can see that during the dry season they would be much more likely to digest the prey they capture, as in late spring and summer it rains almost daily, when the insects would be washed away.

Figs. 1 and 2 represent the plant *P. pumila.* This species is less in size than the other two above mentioned, and has very small roots, barely large enough to hold the plant in place. It blooms all through the winter and early spring, constantly sending up its pretty one-flowered scapes, surmounted by a white or purple blossom, until they reach the number of fifteen or twenty. The flower scapes are from three to six inches in height, brittle and delicate; and yet the roots are so small, even when the plants grow in damp soil, that it is almost impossible to cull one of the flowers without bringing up the whole plant; and in the more exposed dry places, when a plant had several flower stalks, I have often found it tipped over, apparently blown over by the wind.

I observed the plants closely where they grew, and found a great many minute dipterous flies on the leaves, held there by the viscid exudation; but I could only know that they were of real use to the plant by repeated experiment and close observation, so I carefully removed a number of fine plants to my study.

Under the microscope the plant presents a beautiful and complicated appearance. Along the midrib and veins of the leaf are spiral threads closely coiled. Fig. 4 represents one of these spiral threads, as seen through the microscope, partly uncoiled. On breaking the leaf and pulling it carefully apart, the coils are set free, and stand out from the broken edge of the leaf.

The leaves are quite sensitive; when the plants are removed from the earth, the leaves have a tendency to curve backward until

* I am indebted to Miss FANNIE KENDRICK for all of the drawings illustrating this article, except the flowers of *P. lutea*, which were pressed specimens sent to the editor of this Magazine.

the apex touches the roots. Have these spiral threads any thing to do with this movement?

Over the outer surface of the leaves are curiously shaped hairs. Near the base are long multicellular ones, as seen in Fig. 3. The hairs gradually become shorter, have fewer cells as they approach the blade of the leaf. Scattered thickly over the blade are short unicellular hairs tipped with a gland, as seen in Fig. 5. These glands are the secretory organs.

It is interesting to note the transformation of the hairs. From the long pointed ones we find every gradation before they reach the short unicellular ones tipped with perfect glands. There are other organs imbedded in the cellular tissue of the leaf, which remind me of the absorbing glands, or "quadrifid processes," found in utricularia. Fig. 6 represents one of these organs highly magnified.

I commenced experimenting with *Pinguicula pumila* in December. The thermometer stood at 80°, and it continued almost unvaryingly warm until the 10th of January. Toward noon of each day it ranged from 75° to 80° in the shade.

December 20, I placed seven house flies on as many young healthy leaves of *P. pumila*. In two hours and forty minutes the flies were bathed in a copious secretion, and in three hours and fifteen minutes two of the leaves had folded over the flies, so as to hide them from sight. The remaining five leaves had made little or no movement, but were secreting abundantly, and the fluid was trickling away from the flies, running toward the base of the leaf and also to the apex, where it was held by the natural incurvation of the leaf. The flies were now so tender that on moving them with a needle they fell to pieces. In three days the leaves were comparatively dry, the secretion had been absorbed, and nothing remained of the flies but the outer integuments. The leaves looked healthy and fresh, but they would not secrete as before.

December 25, I placed tiny bits of raw fresh beef on ten leaves of *P. pumila*. In six hours the secretion was so copious that the spoon-tipped ends of seven leaves were filled. The secretion had mingled with the juice of the beef, and looked bloody, but the meat itself was white and tender. In a little less than twelve hours the fluid had changed color; it now looked clear, and remained so until it was gradually absorbed.

On the same day I put bits of salt beef on eight other leaves, equally as fresh and vigorous as those on which I put the fresh beef, but the result was very different. The leaves secreted, but did not absorb the secretion. On the contrary, they turned brown—were killed—wherever the meat and the secretion that mingled with the meat touched them. The leaves partly digested old strong cheese, but finally succumbed and turned brown, as they did with the salt beef. I tried many other experiments with this species with various substances, and the sum of my recorded experiments shows that the plants readily digested small insects and small parts of large ones, also tiny bits of



THE PINGUICULA.

1, 2. P. pumila. 3. Multicellular hair. 4. Spiral thread. 5. Unicellular hair. 6. Gland in tissue of leaf. 7. Leaf of P. lutea.

fresh meat, and milk and fresh blood of animals.

But my main work for more than two months was on the larger species of pinguicula—*P. lutea* and *P. elatior*. Unlike *P. pumila*, both of the above species have rather large and strong roots, and are firmly fixed in damp soil. They have from twenty-five

to thirty leaves, often three inches in length, lying flat on the ground in a rosette. The leaves are all naturally incurved. Fig. 7 is an outline of a leaf of *P. lutea*, showing incurvation. Under the microscope we find precisely the same organs—spiral threads, glands, etc.—that we find in the smaller species.

The flower stems of both these large species are often twelve or fourteen inches in length, and, like the leaves, they are sensitive, and I find the same spiral coils that I see in the leaves, extending along their entire length.

In the morning, if the flower stems are not swayed about by the wind, nearly all will be found to have a short curve near the calyx, so as to bring the flower to face the east, and the spur points to the west; in the evening it is reversed; and at noon the flower looks up and the spur points downward.

The plants with which I experimented were set in boxes of wet sand, so it was an easy matter to turn them around when they were facing the east, and bring the back of the flower to the sun. I often turned them in this manner, and recorded the time it took for them to again face the sun. On referring to my notes, I find the mornings of February 28 and March 6 and 14 are the shortest times recorded—only a few minutes' variation in the time. March 6, eighteen flowers had faced the sun at the expiration of an hour and ten minutes; thirteen others made but little movement, but these flowers were old, nearly ready to fall. The flower remains on its stem several days; after it falls the calyx is left surrounding the seed-vessel, but now it no longer follows the sun. The yellow flowers of *P. lutea* seem to possess this characteristic more strongly than those of *P. elatior*.

Thickly scattered over the whole length of the flower stems, the same as on the leaves, are unicellular hairs tipped with secretory glands, and all along the stems minute flies are held by the viscid secretion, and rapidly consumed. Pinguicula does not capture as large prey as some species of drosera, but I never found so great a number of flies, even on the thread-like leaves of *Drosera filiformis*, as I have found on the flower stems of *Pinguicula lutea* and *Pinguicula elatior;* but I experimented with *Drosera filiformis* at the North, where these small flies are not so numerous. I can not see that there is any thing to attract the flies, unless it should be the bright flowers. Every warm evening myriads of tiny dipterous flies of another species are attracted by the light of the lamp, where they scorch their wings and fall to the table, so that every lamp is surrounded by dead and dying victims. In the same way the bright flowers of pinguicula may attract these tiny creatures, and flitting about the flowers, they come in contact with the moist stems and leaves, where they are held fast and consumed.

The pinguiculas are not only carnivorous, but also vegetable feeders. They consume a large amount of pollen. The long-leaved pine (*Pinus australis*) constitutes almost the entire growth of the pine-barrens, and the trees bloom while the pinguiculas are making their most rapid growth. Any one acquainted with the pines knows what a large amount of pollen falls annually from the trees. I have often seen pools and sluggish streams of water almost covered with this yellow pollen dust, and the pinguiculas growing as they do under and among these pine-trees, I naturally inferred that they must catch and retain a large amount of pollen; so bringing a lens to bear upon the plants where they grew, I found my suspicions confirmed—that a large amount of pollen was mixed with small flies. The plants were secreting copiously, but the flies might cause the secretion independent of the pollen; so, in order to be sure that the pollen was really digested, I took the staminate flowers of the pine to my study, and dusted the pollen over fresh leaves of *Pinguicula lutea*, which I had carefully grown where they should be free from any chance prey. I put the pollen on so thick that it lay in little heaps. Soon the leaves were secreting, and the pollen was gradually dissolved, and disappeared with the secretion.

Many other experiments I recorded, which I will not inflict on the reader in detail. The plants almost invariably attempted to digest every thing placed on their leaves; but the results were very different. Substances from which they could obtain no nourishment caused but a slight secretion, while all soft-bodied insects and bits of fresh meat caused abundant secretion. And even with digestible substances there was often quite a difference in the time it took to dispose of the same things. Some days the secretion was much more copious than others. This puzzled me for a time, until I found that on rainy days insects placed on the freshest leaves excited but little secretion. The drier the atmosphere, the better the plants worked. So I found by these experiments that I had a vegetable barometer, and that there was no danger of rain when the plants secreted abundantly.

The movement of the leaf is still a puzzle to me. Some leaves folded so that the two edges met over the prey, while others on the same plant, that secreted and digested equally well, made no movement.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Day is a snow-white Dove of heaven,
That from the east glad message brings:
Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,
Wrapt to the eyes in his black wings.

T. B. Aldrich.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

THE name of "Mason and Dixon's Line" is one that to the rising generation is fast losing its significance and power, though for the first half of the century it was in every one's mouth, echoed in halls of legislation, repeated in courts of justice, and shouted in political gatherings as the watch-word and battle-cry of slavery on the one hand and freedom on the other. Bancroft, in his second volume, speaks of it as "forming the present division between the States resting on free labor and the States that tolerate slavery;" and he adds, "that it is so is due not to the philanthropy of the Quakers alone, but to climate." But as early as 1854 Latrobe,* with clearer foresight and discernment, says: "Perhaps less to climate than to interest. Slavery south of Mason and Dixon's line will cease to exist so soon as it ceases to be the interest of land-holders to hold and work their fields with slaves. Bancroft's mistake," he adds, "is in attributing slavery to *climate*, which is unchanging, and would make the institution lasting, instead of to *interest*, which is changeable, and may cause slavery to cease to exist."

Looking upon the map of the United States, one naturally asks, "why the southern line of Pennsylvania was not continued to the New Jersey shore, why the eastern line of Maryland does not there strike it, and why a circle should be the northern boundary of Delaware, the odd result of which has been to leave so narrow a strip of Pennsylvania between Delaware and Maryland, that the ball of one's foot may be in the former and the heel in the latter, while the instep forms an arch over a portion of the Key-stone State itself." The explanation is connected with the "line" of which we are speaking.

On the 4th of March, 1681, William Penn obtained a grant of land westward of the Delaware and northward of Maryland, a part of the southern boundary of which was to be "a circle drawn at twelve miles distant from Newcastle northwards, and westwards unto the beginning of the fortieth degree of northern latitude;" and in *the difficulty of tracing this circle was the origin of the work of Mason and Dixon.*

In August, 1681, Penn, through his agent Markham, had received "that extensive forest lying twelve miles northward of Newcastle, on the western side of the Delaware," and early in the following year Markham met Lord Baltimore at Upland, now Chester, to settle the boundaries of the two provinces. Upland, which was supposed to be north of the Maryland line, was found by observation to be twelve miles south of it, and in view of this fact Penn's agent declined acting, and went to England to consult with Penn himself. Now Penn had from the beginning been dissatisfied that so much of his province was inland, and that the passage to it up Delaware Bay was so difficult and dangerous, especially in the winter season, and had sought, but in vain, from the Duke of York for a grant of the Delaware colony. At length, however, the grant was made, in August, 1682, conveying to Penn the town of Newcastle, with a territory twelve miles around it, and the tract of land extending southward from it on the river Delaware as far as to Cape Henlopen—a grant doubly important to Penn from the discovery of the true latitude of Upland. And with this grant in view Penn came to America, and took possession of the territory October 28, 1682.

The conclusion thus reached was resisted by Lord Baltimore; and an appeal being made to the king in council, the matter was referred to the Committee of Trade and Plantations, who, as a compromise, divided the peninsula north of a line west from Cape Henlopen between the two parties, so that "Penn obtained a way to his too backward-lying province just as wide and as long as the present State of Delaware." This was on the 13th of November, 1685, when the Duke of York, under whom Penn claimed, had become king. But in the political changes of the next twenty-three years both Maryland and Pennsylvania were taken from their proprietors; and it was not till the accession of Queen Anne that Penn was able (June 23, 1708) to obtain an order in council enforcing the decision of 1685, though even then nothing was done under it. In 1718 Penn died, and in 1723 we find his widow arranging with Lord Baltimore to preserve peace on the borders for eighteen months, in the hope that within that time the boundaries might be finally settled. But it was not till May 10, 1732, that a deed was executed between the children and devisees of Penn and the great-grandson of the first Lord Baltimore, "agreeing upon a line due west from Cape Henlopen* across the peninsula, from whose centre another line should be drawn tangent to a circle twelve miles from Newcastle, while a meridian from the tangent point should be continued to within fifteen miles from Philadelphia, whence should be traced the parallel of latitude westward that was to divide the provinces. Should the meridian

* See his valuable address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in 1854, to which the writer is indebted for most of the facts, and often for the language, of this article.

* Not the present Cape Henlopen, which on Lord Baltimore's map is called Cape Cornelius, but the point, about fifteen miles south, where the States of Maryland and Delaware come together on the ocean. On the latest map of Maryland it is marked as Fenwick's Island.

cut a segment from the circle, the segment was to be a part of Newcastle County. This parallel of latitude is the "Mason and Dixon's line" of history.

But to execute this deed of 1732 on parchment, says Latrobe, was a different thing from executing it on the disputed territory. First, there was difficulty as to the point in Newcastle that was to be the centre of the circle; then it was questioned whether the twelve miles were to be its radius or its circumference; and last, there was a doubt about the true Cape Henlopen. And then other difficulties and chancery proceedings, protracted for more than a quarter of a century, still kept the vexed question unsettled; so that it has well been said, "If there was any thing that could equal the faculty of the Marylanders for making trouble in this matter, it was the untiring perseverance with which the Penns devoted themselves to the contest, and followed their opponents in all their doublings." And in the end they had their reward; for on the 4th of July, 1760, another deed was executed,* as a result of which the controversy was finally closed. Under this deed commissioners were appointed, who at once undertook the completion of the east and west peninsular line, and the tracing of the twelve-mile circle. But the progress made was very slow; and at the end of three years they had completed little more than the peninsular line and the measurement of a radius. This delay seems greatly to have disappointed the proprietors; for on the 4th of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn, and Lord Baltimore, the great-grandson of Cecilius, the first patentee, then being together in London, agreed with Charles Mason and James Dixon "to mark, run out, settle, fix, and determine all such parts of the circle, marks, lines, and boundaries as were mentioned in the several articles or commissions, and were not completed."

Of these two "mathematicians and surveyors," as they are called, but little is known. Mason is said to have been an assistant of Dr. Bradley at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. He was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society March 27, 1767, as Dixon also was April 1, 1768; and in the notice of their election each is styled "surveyor, of London." In addition to running the boundary line as described in this article, Mason and Dixon, under instructions from the Royal Society, also determined the length of a degree of latitude in the provinces of Pennsylvania and Maryland, an account of which is given at length in the *Philosophical Transactions*. And after their occupation in America they were both employed, under the direction of the Royal Society, to observe the transit of Venus across the sun, as seen at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1769. And when Mayer's lunar tables were sent to London to compete for the prize offered by the Board of Longitude, Mason made improvements and corrections in them, and they were published as "Mayer's Lunar Tables, improved by Mr. Charles Mason," in 1787. Dixon died at Durham, England, in 1777; and Mason, who came back to this country, died in Pennsylvania in February, 1787.

Leaving England in August, they arrived in Philadelphia on the 15th of November, 1763, and at once entered upon their work. Bancroft erroneously speaks of them as having run the line in 1761; but they did not commence it till 1764, and it was not completed till 1767, and not finally marked till 1768. Adopting the peninsular east and west line of their predecessors, as also their radius and tangent point, they still had to ascertain and establish the tangent from the middle point of the peninsular line to "the tangent point," and the meridian from thence to a point fifteen miles south of the most southern part of the city of Philadelphia, with the arc of the circle to the west of it, the fifteen miles distance, and the parallel of latitude westward from its termination. But so accurate had been the work of the previous surveyors that Mason and Dixon record, in their proceedings of November 13, 1764, that the true tangent line, as ascertained by themselves with their superior instruments, "would not pass one inch to the westward or eastward" of the post, marking the tangent point, set in the ground by the surveyors who had gone before them; so that, after all, "the sighting along poles and the rude chain measurements of 1761 and 1762 would have answered every purpose, had the proprietors so thought."

Having verified the tangent point, they next measured on its meridian fifteen miles from the parallel of the most southern part of Philadelphia, and so ascertained the northeastern corner of Maryland, which was, of course, the beginning of the parallel agreed upon as the boundary between the provinces. And on this parallel they ran their course due westward, cutting down the forests before them, as we learn from their field-notes, so as to form "a visto" eight yards wide, in the middle of which they set up their posts to mark the line of the parallel surveyed. On the 17th of June, 1765, they had carried this parallel to the Susquehanna. By the 27th of October they had reached the North Mountain, the summit of which they ascended to see the course of the Potomac; and on the 4th of June, 1766, we find them on the summit of the

* This deed Latrobe speaks of as "a treatise in itself, and whether for technical accuracy (as a rare piece of conveyancing), legal learning, or historical interest, not surpassed by any paper of its kind." Its duplicate original is still preserved in the archives of Maryland at Annapolis, which was formerly called *Providence*.

Little Alleghany, and at the end of that summer's work. The Indians were now troublesome, and for the next year negotiations with the Six Nations became necessary, and as these were not concluded before May, it was not till the 8th of June that the surveyors took up their work where they had left it the preceding year. On the 14th of June they had reached the summit of the Great Alleghany, escorted by a deputation of the Six Nations. But the roving Indians of the wilderness began to give them uneasiness, and in September twenty-six of their assistants left them through fear of the Shawnees and Delawares. Still, however, with other assistants who had been sent for, they pressed on with their work, and at length reached a point two hundred and forty-four miles from the river Delaware, and within thirty-six miles of the whole distance to be run, when they came to an Indian war-path in the forest. Here their Indian escorts tell them that it is the will of the Six Nations that their surveys shall come to an end; and as there is no appeal from this decision, they leave their work, return to Philadelphia, report all the facts to the commissioners, and receive an honorable discharge on the 26th of December, 1767. At a later date the line was run out to its termination by others, and a caisson of stones some five feet high, in the forest, now marks the termination of Mason and Dixon's line, so far as it is the southern boundary of Pennsylvania. It should be borne in mind, however, that the north and south line which divides Delaware from Maryland is really a part of the Mason and Dixon line, so that the popular impression that "the line" was the boundary between the Free and Slave States is an error. For slavery existed in Delaware (which is both east and, by its circular northern boundary, north of the line dividing Maryland and Pennsylvania) until it was abolished by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Mason and Dixon's line *was* the boundary between freedom and slavery where it ran east and west between Pennsylvania and Maryland, but *not* where it ran north and south between Maryland and Delaware. And then, again, the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, being limited to five degrees of longitude, was not long enough to take the line to the Ohio River; and as the western boundary of the State was to be a meridian, and the course of the Ohio upward inclined irregularly to the east, the consequence was that a narrow strip was left between the river and the meridian, belonging to Virginia, which is known as the "Pan Handle," from its fancied resemblance to the handle of a frying-pan, the body of the State forming the pan itself.

The line, or rather lines, of which the history has thus been given were directed, both by the agreement of the parties and by the decree of Lord Hardwicke, to be marked in a particular manner. And accordingly the surveyors erected at the end of every mile a stone having P on the one side and M on the other, and at the end of every fifth mile a larger stone, with the arms of the Penns on one side and those of the Baltimore family on the other.* These stones are of oolitic limestone, or the Portland stone of Great Britain. They were all carefully cut in England, and sent over to this country as they were needed; but as the last ship-load came after the location of the stones was interrupted, many of them were left near Fort Frederick,† where the writer has seen one used as the corner-stone and support of a corn-house, and four or five making the steps to the front-door of a negro's cabin. They were regularly set up on the parallel surveyed as far as Sideling Hill; but as here all wheel transportation ceased in 1766, the further marking of the line was a vista cut in the woods, eight yards wide, with piles of stone on the crests of all the mountain ranges, built some eight feet high, as far as the summit of the Alleghany, beyond which the line was marked with posts, around which stones and earth were heaped, the better to indicate and preserve them.





STONES MARKING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND.





THE FIVE-MILE STONES.

* In 1768, on a re-examination of the line, it was found that the stone at "the middle point" on the peninsular east and west line had been dug up by persons engaged in *money digging*, the belief being prevalent that Kidd and others had landed and buried their treasures on the shores of the Chesapeake. And it was evidently supposed by the ignorant diggers that the stone, with its armorial bearings, was placed by the freebooters to mark the place where they had buried their treasures.

† Fort Frederick is a well-preserved relic of the colonial times. It stands on the north bank of the Potomac, in Washington County, Maryland, about fifty miles below Cumberland. It was built of stone, at a cost of some $30,000, in 1755–56, under the direction of Governor Sharpe.

TOM'S COME HOME.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"NOW AT ARMS-LENGTH ADMIRES HIS MANLY SIZE AND STRENGTH."

With its heavily rocking and swinging load,
The stage-coach rolls up the mountain road.
The mowers lean on their scythes and say,
"Hullo! what brings Big George this way?"
The children climb the slats, and wait
To see him drive past the door-yard gate;
When, four in hand, sedate and grand,
He brings the old craft like a ship to land.
At the window, mild grandmotherly eyes
Beam from their glasses with quaint surprise,
Grow wide with wonder, and guess, and doubt;
Then a quick, half-stifled voice shrieks out,
"Tom! Tom's come home!"

The face at the casement disappears,
To shine at the door, all joy and tears,
As a traveler, dusty and bearded and brown,
Over the wheel steps lightly down.
"Well, mother!" "My son!" And to his breast
A forward-tottering form is pressed.
She lies there, and cries there; now at arms-length
Admires his manly size and strength
(While he winks hard one misty eye);
Then calls to the youngsters staring nigh—
"Quick! go for your gran'ther! run, boys, run!
Tell him your uncle—tell him his son—
Our Tom's come home!"

The stage-coach waits; but little cares she
What faces pleasantly smile to see
Her jostled glasses and tumbled cap.
Big George's hands the trunk unstrap
And bear it in; while two light-heeled
Young Mercuries fly to the mowing field,
And shriek and beckon, and meet half-way
The old gran'ther, lame and gaunt and gray,
Coat on arm, half in alarm,
Striding over the stony farm.
The good news clears his cloudy face,
And he cries, as he quickens his anxious pace,
"Tom? Tom come home?"

With twitching cheek and quivering lid
(A soft heart under the hard lines hid),
And "Tom, how d'e do?" in a husky voice,
He grasps with rough, strong hand the boy's—
A boy's no more. "I shouldn't have known
That beard." While Tom's fine barytone
Rolls out from his deep chest cheerily,
"You're hale as ever, I'm glad to see."
In the low back porch the mother stands,
And rubs her glasses with trembling hands,
And, smiling with eyes that blear and blink,
Chimes in, "I never!" and "Only think!
Our Tom's come home!"

With question and joke and anecdote,
He brushes his hat, they dust his coat,
While all the household gathers near—
Tanned urchins, eager to see and hear,
And large-eyed, dark-eyed, shy young mother,
Widow of Tom's unlucky brother,
Who turned out ill, and was drowned at the mill:
The stricken old people mourn him still,
And the hope of their lives in him undone;
But grief for the dissolute, ruined son—
Their best-beloved and oldest boy—
Is all forgotten, or turned to joy,
Now Tom's come home.

Yet Tom was never the favored child,
Though Tom was steady, and Will was wild;
But often his own and his brother's share
Of blows or blame he was forced to bear;
Till at last he said, "Here is no room
For both—I go!" Now he to whom
Scant grace was shown has proved the one
Large-hearted, upright, trusty son;
And well may the old folks joy to find
His brow so frank and his eye so kind,
No shadow of all the past allowed
To trouble the present hour, or cloud
His welcome home.

His trunk unlocked, the lid he lifts,
And lays out curious, costly gifts;
For Tom has prospered since he went
Into his long self-banishment.
Each youngster's glee, as he hugs his share,
The widow's surprise, and the old folks' air
Of affectionate pride in a son so good,
Thrill him with generous gratitude.
And he thinks, "Am I that lonely lad
Who went off friendless, poor, and sad
That dismal day from my father's door?"
And can it be true he is here once more
In his childhood's home?

'Tis hard to think of his brother dead,
And a widow and orphans here in his stead—
So little seems changed since they were young!
The row of pegs where the hats were hung;
The checkered chimney and hearth of bricks;
The sober old clock with its lonesome ticks
And shrill, loud chime for the flying time;
The stairs the bare feet used to climb,
Tom chasing his wild bedfellow Will;
And there is the small low bedroom still,
And the table he had when a little lad:
Ah, Tom, does it make you sad or glad,
This coming home?

Tom's heart is moved. "Now don't mind me!
I am no stranger guest," cries he.
"And, father, I say!"—with the old-time laugh—
"Don't kill for me any fatted calf!
But go now and show me the sheep and swine
And the cattle—where is that colt of mine?—
And the farm and crops—is harvest over?
I'd like a chance at the oats and clover!
I can mow, you'll find, and cradle and bind,
Load hay, stow away, pitch, rake behind;
For I know a scythe from a well-sweep yet.
In an hour I'll make you quite forget
That I've been from home."

He plucks from its peg an old farm hat,
And with cordial chat upon this and that,
Tom walks with his father about the place.
There's a pensive grace in his fine young face
As they loiter under the orchard trees,
As he breathes once more the mountain breeze,
And looks from the hill-side far away,
Over pasture and fallow and field of hay,
To the hazy peaks of the azure range,
Which change forever, yet never change.
The wild sweet winds his welcome blow:
Even old Monadnock seems to know
That Tom's come home.

The old man stammers and speaks at last:
"You notice your mother is failing fast,
Though she can't see it. Poor Will's disgrace
And debts, and the mortgage on the place;
His sudden death—'twas a dreadful blow;
She couldn't bear up like a man, you know.
She's talked of you since the trouble came:
Some things in the past she seems to blame
Herself for; what, it is hard to tell.
I marvel how she keeps round so well,
For often all night she lies awake.
I'm thankful, if only for her sake,
That you've come home."

They visit the field: Tom mows with the men;
And now they come round to the porch again.
The mother draws Tom aside; lets sink
Her voice to a whisper, and—"What do you think?
You see," she says, "he is broken quite.
Sometimes he tosses and groans all night,
And—Tom, it is hard, it is hard indeed!
The mortgage, and so many mouths to feed!
But tell him he must not worry so,
And work so hard, for he don't know
That he hasn't the strength of a younger man.
Counsel him, comfort him, all you can,
While you're at home."

Tom's heart is full; he moves away,
And ponders what he will do and say.
And now at evening all are met,
The tea is drawn, the table set;
But when the old man, with bended head,
In reverent, fervent tones has said
The opening phrase of his simple grace,
He falters, the tears course down his face;
For the words seem cold, and the sense of the old
Set form is too weak his joy to hold;
And broken accents best express
The upheaved heart's deep thankfulness,
Now Tom's come home.

The supper done, Tom has his say:
"I heard of some matters first to-day;
And I call it a shame—you're both to blame—
That a son, who has only to sign his name,



"NONE SO GLAD AS SHE THAT TOM'S COME HOME."

To lift the mortgage and clear the score,
Should never have had that chance before.
From this time forth you are free from care;
Your troubles I share; your burdens I bear.
So promise to quit hard work, and say
That you'll give yourselves a holiday.
Now, father! now, mother! you can't refuse;
For what's a son for, and what's the use
Of his coming home?"

And so there is cheer in the house to-night.
It can hardly hold so much delight.
Tom wanders forth across the lot,
And, under the stars—though Tom is not
So pious as boys sometimes have been—
Thanks Heaven, that turned his thoughts from sin,
And blessed him, and brought him home once more.
And now he knocks at a cottage door,
For one who has waited many a year
In hope that thrilling sound to hear;
Who, happy as other hearts may be,
Knows well there is none so glad as she
That Tom's come home.

VANDELEUR.

THE day was closing in storm and darkness. The clouds, ink-hued and swollen, seemed almost to touch the river, which rolled, black and sullen, between its snow-covered banks. As I gazed from the window across the whitened lawn, where the bare trees tossed their gaunt branches and groaned beneath the fury of the blast, to the beetling cliffs and the leaden river, my heart was weighed down by a strange dread. Even the distant view of the town was shut out by the fast-falling snow.

"Why, oh, why did Edward bring me here?" I groaned, as I had often done before.

The answer was easy. We were not rich, and the long and expensive illness of my brother's wife had not only consumed his little all, but plunged us deeply in debt. So when a friend offered him this place rent free for a year, lonely and ruinous as it was, he did not dare to refuse the offer. Lonely? It was desolation complete and absolute. Only five miles from the great city, whose hum could be faintly heard on still days, whose glimmering lights could be distinctly seen across the river on clear evenings, and yet a positive wilderness. The nearest and, indeed, only neighbor of our own standing was a mile away, through roads now blocked with snow. Civilization sent only its waifs and strays here, in the form of tramps and target companies. Dark stories were told of the horrors of the gloomy road which lay between us and Slongha, the little village whence a ferry communicated with New York. Burglars and highwaymen were by no means unknown on that lonely way, and in the dark woods that bordered it murder had more than once been deftly done. Sometimes Edward came that way, but to-night I was glad to know that he had chosen rather to return by the little steamboat *Rattler*, which would land him at the foot of the cliffs, and only a few minutes' walk from his home. How the wind howled! It rattled at the windows of the crazy old frame house until the curtains puffed out and swayed slowly inward like bellying sails.

I started with a vague terror as the parlor door opened. It was only our old Aunt Sukey, who had lived with us since we were children.

"Miss Esther, hadn't Sam better shet up de stable? I've done milkin', an' he can't git de cow in nohow ef he don't make haste."

"Is the wind going down, aunty?"

"Laws, no, Miss Esther. Don' you yere him a-howlin' an' a-tearin' like he was gwine tear down all creation? Mass' Ed'ard 'll hab to put up in town dis yer night, sure."

"Is it so bad as that, Aunt Sukey?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"Laws, yes, chile. You dunno what 'tis, in yere. Dat little *Rattler* couldn' stan' dis wind. She'll lay up to-night, sure. Nebber you min', honey. If Mass' Ed'ard can't come, nobody else kin. 'Tain't no night fo' bugglars to be roun'. Dey's mighty keerful gen'lemen ob deir helf, dey is—don' like git deir feet wet. He! he! he!"

And Aunt Sukey's cheerful laugh echoed faintly along the hall as she vanished.

The wood fire flashed up brightly, the curtains were drawn, and the table spread with its glittering glass and china. Gradually the feeling of shelter and comfort stole into my heart, and I forgot for a while my vague terrors. But as I returned through the long dark hall from an errand to my own room, they rushed over me with fresh and living power. What ailed me? I was by no means a timid or nervous person, and this was not the first time I had been shut up here in storm and darkness. Yet now, as the light of the candle I carried flared and flickered in the draught that swept through the old house, my heart sank down and quivered in sympathy with it. Just as I reached the hall door, the sound of a footstep upon the piazza outside struck my ear. Could it be Edward? Impossible, at this hour. But if not Edward, then who? I am ashamed to confess that at the first sound of the thundering knock which followed, I nearly dropped my candle and fled, but the very shame of such cowardice restrained me, and advancing to the door, I asked, with a voice as firm as I could make it,

"Who is there?"

"'Friend to this ground, and liegeman to the Dane!'" was the reply, and my heart gave one great bound of relief.

"Rolf Vandeleur!" I exclaimed, as I threw the door wide.

Rolf Vandeleur was a friend of many years' standing. Not a lover—oh no! on the contrary, the betrothed of my dearest friend Louise. One of the most brilliant

and versatile of men was Rolf Vandeleur, and one of the handsomest, I thought, as I looked at his manly figure and noble face, the dark eyes all aglow after his five-mile tramp through the snow, for he had walked up from Slongha. He was a clergyman by profession, but was much too erratic to find favor long with any orthodox congregation, in spite of his talent; and at length, after many changes, he had flung up his final charge in disgust, and contented himself with living upon his private fortune, which was considerable. It was more than a year since I had seen or heard directly from Louise. Vague reports had reached me of the postponement of their marriage for no assigned cause; but, to tell the truth, I had been kept too busy, first, by my sister-in-law's long illness and death, and then by the management of Edward's modest household, to allow of my writing to inquire the cause, or, indeed, spending much thought upon the matter. Nevertheless, my affection for Louise had never waned, and there were few indeed the sight of whom would have gladdened me more than that of her betrothed lover.

Of course I hastened to offer him refreshments, to which he did full justice. Supper over, he wheeled his chair about to the fire, and began to talk. Of what he said I can give, and, indeed, retain, no definite idea. It was just a steady, sparkling stream of words, brilliant, fiery, eloquent, with glints of humor and hints at an earnestness which was almost sublime. He touched upon all topics—politics, art, science, theology, literature—and seemed equally at home in all. As I listened, for he paused for and required no answer, I wondered no longer at Louise's infatuation for this extraordinary man. Suddenly he stammered, hesitated, paused, and then, springing suddenly to his feet, exclaimed,

"I must have tired you out with all this talk. Let me read something to rest you."

He caught up a book which lay near him, tossed the leaves over, threw it down, and going to the book-case—for the room was parlor, dining-room, and library all in one—returned with a volume of Byron. How he read! "Manfred" was the poem he selected—a poem the reading of which Edward had always strictly interdicted to me, and I had obeyed. Never have I looked at it since, for the mere name is sufficient to call up to me the whole scene—the room lighted only by the two tall candles and the wood fire, which sent weird, uncanny shadows wavering over the walls and the low ceiling; the wild gusts of the wind which howled and shrieked outside, and drove the sleet and snow in rattling sheets against the panes; and the dark figure of the man opposite, magnificent in a beauty which seemed to me positively demoniac, as he read the wild poem, to which his delivery and gestures gave a horrible reality.

"Stop, Rolf, stop!" I fairly shrieked at length, as my frenzy reached its climax; "I can not endure it! For Heaven's sake, read something more cheerful this dreadful night!"

He glanced up at me with a slight contemptuous elevation of the brows, but put down the book without a word. I placed Hood's poems before him silently, and as silently he opened it, turned over the leaves, and began "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Again that horrible sense of reality, inspired by his every tone and gesture; again I struggled to control my feelings, and failed utterly; and again I shrieked in dismay. Rolf Vandeleur looked at me and fairly laughed out.

"Why, how dainty you are, my lady!" he said, with a fine sneer quivering through the words. "Don't like such ghoulish things? Ah, well! but Louise did not prepare me for any thing so exquisite in the way of sensibilities."

Rising, he walked rapidly back and forth through the room once or twice, muttering to himself as he went. Then suddenly stopping before me,

"What an arch-hypocrite that Aaron Burr was!" he exclaimed. "To think that he should even counterfeit death!"

"Counterfeit death?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he replied, calmly, "that Aaron Burr is still living, and is in league with a band of traitors to overthrow the constituted authorities of the United States. For years he has been lurking about the country, waiting his opportunity. The last disguise he has adopted is that of a hostler in a Dutch tavern in Pennsylvania."

Suddenly an overpowering sense of absurdity rushed across me at the thought of that brilliant, refined, sarcastic man of the world bustling about the stable, holding, grooming, currying, the travelers' horses, taking meekly their proffered doles. Did he wear checked shirts and corduroys? Did he eat at the servants' table and fascinate the dairy-maids, as he had once fascinated high-born dames and damsels? I suppose the reaction was too much for my overstrained nerves, for I leaned back in my chair and laughed until the tears poured down my cheeks like rain. Vandeleur watched me with a gathering frown. Suddenly he stooped and whispered, or rather hissed, into my ear,

"I can tell you something that will stop your laughter, my lady. Your brother, your Edward, is one of the band. Aaron Burr told me himself, as an inducement for me to join them. And more than that, *Harry Clayton* is with them heart and soul. I hold their lives and honor in my hand."

My laughter stopped as suddenly as if somewhere inside of me a spring had snapped, and I looked up into his eyes with a sudden awful conviction. Yes, it was there, that horrible snaky gleam, once seen never to be forgotten. For an instant my brain reeled beneath the shock. Then there rushed over me that curious feeling which we have all had—that I had known it all along, and that I had been through the whole scene before. Human nature has a curious faculty of adapting itself to circumstances, and it is seldom in the actual moment of terror or danger that we collapse. All the agony of fear is reserved for the moment of calm retrospection, when we go over, point by point, the horror to meet which every nerve was braced at the time. So I think that my face was untroubled as I looked full into his eyes, and my voice unshaken as, ignoring his last words, I said, quietly,

"It is very late, Rolf, and you must be tired after your long walk through the snow. Would you not like to go to your room?"

I knew that every thing depended upon my own coolness, for the clock pointed to half past twelve, and the servants must have gone to bed long ago. It would be utterly hopeless to attempt to rouse them, and even if I could do it, of what use would they be? Vandeleur looked at me for a moment, then the gleam of madness died suddenly out of his eyes, and he broke into a laugh of pure amusement.

"You are a cool hand, little lady," he said. "One might think that you had been dealing with crazy people all your life. Go you to bed if you are tired; for me, I never sleep. This bright fire and these books will keep me company."

I hesitated. How dared I leave him there? But with that curious prescience of the insane he read my thoughts, and laughed again.

"Don't be alarmed; I shall not set the house on fire, or do any deeds of darkness. I shall only stalk like an unhappy ghost, and perchance hold commune with the Giant of Tempests in his own fastness."

I left him, controlling myself so far as to walk with a steady step through the halls until I had reached my own room, and locked and bolted the door behind me. You can fancy how much sleep visited my eyes that night, as I strained my ears for the sound of Vandeleur's footsteps wandering up and down the halls and piazzas, of his deep voice chanting forth its defiance to the shrieking winds. All night he ramped and raved about the house; but when the morning broke, clear and cold, the events of the night before seemed a fantastic dream, for Vandeleur was again the urbane, brilliant, and courtly man, such as, except for one brief moment, I had ever known him.

Edward came home early that afternoon, and I flew down to meet him on his entrance.

"Edward!" I cried, dragging him into a little side room, "Rolf Vandeleur is here, and he is as crazy as a loon. He frightened me nearly to death last night. Promise me that you will get rid of him at once; take him back to town with you, or any thing, for I could not endure another such night."

Edward, the most amiable but also the most incredulous of men, broke into a laugh.

"Crazy? Rolf Vandeleur crazy? My dear Esther, you must be crazy yourself to think so! Why, I met him in town and sent him up here myself—did he not tell you? I had no idea that he would come in that fearful storm; but you ought to be grateful and flattered that he did, instead of slandering him in this way."

"But, Edward!" and then I poured out the story of the night before, but Edward only laughed the more.

"My dear child, he was chaffing you. He is as eccentric as he is brilliant, I grant you that; and he wanted to see how much you would swallow. Crazy? Stuff and nonsense! I would believe you crazy first."

"I shall be, if he stays here much longer," was all I said, for I knew well that when Edward once took an idea into his head, only time and experience could dislodge it.

It was utterly impossible that Vandeleur could have overheard our conversation, for we had spoken in the lowest tones, and with two closed doors and a long hall between us and him, yet the first words he said to me, when Edward left us alone for a moment, were:

"No use, was it, little lady? Edward wouldn't believe you when you said I was crazy. I know it, and so do you; but Edward doesn't, and I don't intend he shall."

I could hardly blame Edward for his scoffing incredulity as I watched Vandeleur. I even almost doubted my own memory. Not a word, not a look, to recall the scene of the night before—nothing but brilliance, courtesy, and polish.

"I called on your clergyman this afternoon," he said at length. "A most excellent man, I have no doubt—sterling worth set in a clumsy frame. He asked me to preach for him on Sunday; and, do you know, I feel strongly inclined to try whether I have forgotten mine ancient craft—if only it will not be too great a tax upon you to keep me so long;" and he turned to me with a smile under whose bland courtesy I, and I alone, could detect the subtle and malicious meaning.

Sunday—and this was Friday! Not a word said I; but Edward heaped upon him assurances of welcome sufficient to set the most timid and self-distrustful guest at ease, adding,

"I shall be doubly glad to leave you here, as I find that I must be away over Sunday, and I never like to leave Esther alone in this desolate place for so long."

Was ever such fatuity? I could have shrieked aloud in my dismay. "Men are all alike!" I groaned, inwardly; and then I thought of Harry Clayton.

Who was Harry Clayton? I can not describe him; I could as well describe my own soul; and after I have said that, you can guess what he was to me. I had been educated in the strictest code of propriety, and nothing short of such an overpowering emergency would have induced me to send Sam to Slongha with a telegraphic dispatch:

"Come to-morrow and spend Sunday. Let nothing prevent. Most important."

Ten words only—for we had no money to waste—but I knew it would bring him. And it did, though not until Edward had left. The moment his eye fell upon Vandeleur, I saw him start and change color; then he began to laugh; then stopped short, and asked, abruptly,

"Who on earth is that man, and what is he doing here?"

Vandeleur, not in the least discomposed, came forward, saying,

"I think we have met before under rather different circumstances. You might as well tell Miss Esther about it; there are no secrets among us three;" and so saying, he left the room.

I suppose I need not tell you quite all that passed between Harry and me; but his story was as follows:

"Last Wednesday I was returning home from a business trip, and stopped for the night at a country tavern in New Jersey. The house, for some reason, was very full, and they told me that it would be necessary for me to share my room with another gentleman. I had been traveling for three days and two nights, and was too thoroughly tired out to mind trifles; so I tumbled into bed, and was off in an instant. Somewhere about midnight I was awakened by a violent shaking, and opened my eyes to find this man standing over me with a razor in his hand, and insisting upon knowing whether I had said my prayers before I went to bed. I am afraid—Esther, don't be angry—but I am afraid I swore a little. He rebuked me in the most scathing manner for my profanity, and having finally extorted from me the confession that I certainly had not said my prayers, insisted upon my getting up immediately and doing so, adding, 'What! you, a man in full possession of your senses, can go to bed without prayer, when *I*, a crazy man, never think of lying down without commending myself to the protection of Almighty God!'

"It was horribly cold, Esther dear, and I was fearfully sleepy, and not at all in a frame of mind for praying; but a razor is a very potent argument, especially in the hands of a madman, and the end of it was that I was obliged to get up, and kneeling on the bare floor, repeat the Lord's Prayer after him. He then allowed me to go back to bed, after a little exhortation. I was too tired to be kept awake long by the episode, and when I woke up in the morning he was gone."

I could not make up my mind to go to church the next day, but sent Harry to watch and report on Vandeleur's proceedings. Convinced as I was that he would conduct himself in some dreadful manner, the result almost exceeded my expectations. The hour of service came and passed, and Vandeleur had not made his appearance in the church. At length good Mr. Steele rose, and explaining that the brother who was to officiate that morning had not yet arrived, but would undoubtedly do so in time to preach, began the service. Linger over it as he might, however, Vandeleur did not come, and finally, in despair, he was obliged to give out his text and begin the sermon himself. The text which he selected was, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and singularly appropriate he found it before many minutes had passed. For Vandeleur, entering the church while Mr. Steele was in full flow, walked in the calmest and most deliberate manner up the middle aisle, ascended the pulpit steps, and took his seat upon the sofa just behind the preacher's back. Suddenly Mr. Steele faltered in his words, stammered, turned pale, wiped his forehead convulsively, made a desperate effort to recover himself, but finally sank down speechless upon the sofa. Whereupon Vandeleur rose and, advancing, apologized for "the sudden indisposition of our beloved brother," took up his text, and finished the sermon in a strain of fervid and fiery eloquence to which those old walls had never rung before.

I might as well insert here Mr. Steele's subsequent explanation of his "sudden indisposition." When he saw Vandeleur enter the church door, he was slightly discomposed, but concluded that, having begun, he could do nothing but continue. He was a little surprised at Vandeleur's bad taste in entering the pulpit under the circumstances, but that surprise faded into nothingness as he became aware of a voice behind him hissing into his ear a string of the most horrible imprecations—oaths with the reek of the pit in every syllable, blasphemies the most fearful that it ever entered the mind of man or devil to conceive. Impossible to believe that they proceeded from the brilliant and polished clergyman behind him! Rather had Satan in person accepted his challenge, and taken him at his word. Be that as it might, no mortal man could continue to pour out the words of life to the

multitude under such circumstances, and, with his head swimming and his mind one daze of horror and affright, he sat down.

The next scene was even more dreadful. It was Communion Sunday, and the faithful little circle gathered about the altar to partake of the consecrated elements. I must hasten over this scene, for I can not dwell upon it without feeling as if I myself were guilty of the horrible profanity. For in distributing the bread, instead of a minute *morsel*, Vandeleur placed in the hand of each communicant a whole slice (Harry said half a loaf), leaving them to deal with it as best they might. What the result was Harry could not tell me, for he was obliged to rush from the church at this juncture, unable to endure any more.

"Happen what may, that man shall leave the house to-morrow morning," said Harry. But his declaration was unnecessary; for that night, as we were keeping our separate vigils—Vandeleur roaming from room to room, as was his custom, I sitting in the darkness of my own chamber, straining my ears to catch the faintest sound—a noise of feet was heard upon the piazza, and I stole out into the hall. I heard the low-toned colloquy between Harry, whom the noise had also roused, and the men outside. I heard the door softly opened, and then a rush and a scuffle, shouts and imprecations, cries of rage and defiance, and then a heavy fall. An instant after, the voice of Vandeleur declaimed:

"'The play is played out!' 'Put out the light, and then—put out the light!' The game is up, gentlemen; le jeu est fait. Vive la bagatelle! 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' 'Lord, who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born' *mad?* A mad life, my masters, a mad life! They talk of 'the misery of madness.' 'Oh, fools and blind!' Why, it is only the madman who knows what happiness means. It is bliss! it is ecstasy! Harry Clayton, you may seek your happiness in love, in ambition, in pleasure, but, mark my words, you will never know its real meaning until you are mad—stark, staring mad—madder than the maddest hatter that ever chased the mad March hare! A mad life, my masters, but a merry one!"

Thus Vandeleur raved, lying on his back, pinioned by the strait-jacket which the frenzy into which he had been cast by his capture had rendered necessary. Now he broke into a flood of wild imprecations; now he burst into a strain of the most exalted and fervent piety. Quotations from Shakspeare, the Bible, Milton, Virgil, Dante, Bacon, Montaigne, rolled from his lips in a turgid and disconnected flood, until, in the gray dawn of the morning, he was taken from our door on his way to the asylum from which he had adroitly made his escape two weeks before.

I think that Edward has had more respect for my opinion ever since he learned the true secret of Vandeleur's vagaries, and found that his madness was not entirely a figment of my brain. I have had an easy life since then, for whenever Edward becomes audacious, the simple mention of Vandeleur's name is sufficient to quell him completely.

My poor Louise! I can not dwell upon the thought of her face as I saw it a month ago, its beauty all drowned out in the flood of woe which has gone over her young head, and left its terrible traces in the look of stony despair which in this life will never leave it.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

REVERBERATIONS.

GARTH looked anxiously at Mr. Urmson's pale, composed face. Under the rigorous oppression of a heavy fear, his late half-delirious mood had been suddenly crushed down, as fire is smothered by ashes. "Is any thing the matter, father?" he asked, in a low tone.

"So I began to think," replied Mr. Urmson. "Come in out of this cold entry." He led the way into the study, and set the lamp on the table. "How's this?" he continued, standing in front of his son. "You've been smoking Nikomis's tobacco, you villain, and drinking her whiskey too, I believe!"

Garth could not repress a smile of relief at hearing himself called villain—a term of endearment which recalled the boyish days when he was always either villain, troglodyte, ragamuffin, sockdolloger, Hottentot, or whatever else his father's gift for bestowing grotesque epithets could devise, and which likewise seemed to intimate that his fears had been premature, since a man sick unto death would not be apt to indulge in playful banter. The two sat down, Mr. Urmson in the rough-hewn but indestructible old black oak chair, upholstered in figured green velvet, which was said to be a good deal older than Urmhurst itself, Garth in the

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

broad window-sill on the other side of the table.

The study was large, furnished with massive and antique simplicity; the floor was brown and bare save for a few rugs; the walls above the dark wainscot were pictureless and unornamented. At one end of the room was a deep alcove fitted up with book-shelves, and containing the whole of Mr. Urmson's practical library—a somewhat remarkably small one for a literary man. The writing-table was the most modern piece of furniture in the study, large, convenient, and kept in good order. The fireplace, although smaller than those on the lower floor of the house, was yet of ample extent; and a log of wood still glowed and flickered, lying athwart the brass-headed fire-dogs. A serene, ascetic, yet mellow and pleasant atmosphere pervaded the place, and Mr. Urmson himself, in his long sober-colored writing-gown, looked like an enlightened and humanized acolyte. Since his wife's death he had become more and more secluded in his habits, not as if repelling the world, for the essential kindliness which underlay his superficial manner of demure satire was never obscured, but as failing by mild degrees to find a certain sort of mystic sunshine there familiar to his youth.

Garth, being seated, and his immediate anxiety appeased, allowed an odd humor of dullness to possess him. He leaned his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand, and stolidly beheld the still-running sands of the old hour-glass which stood beside his father's desk, its crystal sides uncracked by more than ninety years of use, though one of the four ebony columns of its frame had given way beneath the weight of the countless hours that it had stood to see. Mr. Urmson, quietly but keenly observing him, and mentally connecting his flushed and disheveled aspect with his stupid bearing and with the spirituous flavor of his breath, could hardly forbear suspecting the young man of inebriety. The suspicion, moreover, touched the fine corners of Mr. Urmson's mouth with a subdued humorous smile, not that he looked upon drunkenness in the abstract as an object of amusement, but that the idea of such a man as Garth stumbling upon a vice so peculiarly unsuitable to him and so utterly incongruous with his normal prejudices and intentions had something pathetically ludicrous about it. Almost immediately, however, the smile passed away, for Mr. Urmson's smiles of late years, though they came nearly as readily as of yore, and were no less pleasant than ever, were yet much shorter-lived than formerly, the sunshine that called them into existence seeming inadequate to their long preservation. We can remember when they used to play thoughtfully about his clear face, subsiding and silently brightening again for minutes, but now they appeared to share the infirmity attendant upon nearly seventy not altogether unshadowed years. Some old men smile chronically, with the vacant, sly happiness of idle senility; others suffer their features to stiffen into wrinkled and hoary harshness. Cuthbert Urmson's spirit was too wholesome and too strong for either feeble alternative, but perhaps it had grown a trifle weary of its life-long burden of earth, and impatient of the labor of urging a cloddish, incomplete response to the transcendent inner movements.

After red sand enough to fill a thimble had flowed from the upper into the lower bulb of the primitive time-piece which Mr. Urmson preferred to any modern innovations, he said, tapping his chin with his forefinger, and moving his foot forth and then back beneath the table, "You seem to be ripe for bed, old gentleman; we can talk to-morrow; I only wanted to know whether you'd found your letter."

Garth passed his hand across his forehead, as if brushing away troublesome cobwebs, and paused, apparently for the purpose of gathering his wits together before replying. "I should have come up at once if I'd known you were awake," he said. "The letter is lost; it was from Jack Selwyn."

"So I thought, from the envelope."

"The amount of it is," continued Garth, rousing himself with another effort, "that Jack has found out something about the Tenterden money."

"Has he got it back?"

"What?—Oh, he knows who robbed them."

"Does he say who is the robber?" demanded Mr. Urmson, in a tone low but ringing, and with a sudden gleam in his eyes.

"No; but he knows, and says none but you and me must know he knows. He will be here in a few weeks. Some mystery or other. That is why I wanted to find the veil. If any one else were to— What did I say? I mean the letter. But it must have got dissolved at the dam."

"You have a smirch on your forehead, Garth," observed Mr. Urmson, abruptly. "You'll find cold water and a sponge on the wash-stand—dip in!" The son, with an absent, mechanical air, obeyed; and soon returned to the window-sill with his thick hair wet to blackness and clinging to his head in close curls, and his senses, as his father hoped, somewhat freshened. "I suppose," resumed the latter, "Selwyn didn't mean to exclude your uncle from the *illuminati*. Have you spoken about it to him?"

Garth shook his head. "There's something wrong between Jack and my uncle. Jack was disrespectful, probably. No, he said no one was to be told. I might have

told Miss Golightley, though, but that—it turns out to be of no consequence. She won't need the money when she gets it."

Mr. Urmson arched his eyebrows inquiringly.

"She is to marry my uncle," explained Garth, grimly.

His father leaned back in his chair and held his chin musingly between his forefinger and thumb. "They are engaged, then," he murmured; and added, after a pause, with an arch lifting of the brows, "Why, I don't see how Golightley could have done better. What is your objection? Shall no one marry except you?"

"It's a shame," said Garth, who now seemed really to be getting the better of his preoccupation. "But she did it for Mrs. Tenterden's sake."

"Oh, then you imagine her to be not in love? Why, your uncle seems to me a very fascinating as well as clever fellow: and highly educated young ladies like Miss Elinor are apt to admire men a good deal older than themselves. I suppose, at any rate, there's no doubt about his being in love with her?"

"Any body might love her."

"To tell the truth, this surprises me a little; it had got into my head that if he were smitten by one person more than another, it was by Madge. And, Garth, if you are seriously opposed to this match, I am still inclined to think that you might stave it off by presenting him with Madge as a substitute."

Garth remained sullenly silent to this suggestion; but his father, seemingly determined to prick him through his armor, continued on in the same vein:

"To be sure, there are difficulties in the way; in some respects it seems like a game at cross-purposes. Miss Elinor, by your notion, marries to enrich Mrs. Tenterden; and Golightley, as he tells me, owes his whole fortune to some lucky help that Mr. Tenterden gave him at a critical moment. So he may be marrying from a sense of duty or gratitude too. Really, it looks as if they ought to be spoken to. There's no telling what troublesome and absurd embarrassments an overgrown sense of duty may lead people into."

"H'm!" growled Garth, moving his head assentingly.

"But then," proceeded Mr. Urmson, "even supposing this sense of duty done away with, there remain further difficulties. Madge herself might object to being transferred; or if she could be persuaded, the objection might possibly come from you. It's a pity you can't gird on sword and shield and settle the matter, as your forefathers would have done, by hacking and thrusting. But in this age I fear there's no hope of that kind of rescue."

"I have no hopes," was Garth's moody rejoinder.

"Besides," added his father, following out his train of thought without heed of the interruption, "if it were morally right to cut off your uncle's head or run him through the midriff, it would still be a rash and impolitic act. He hasn't yet paid you for your picture, has he? and your very marriage seems to depend on his doing that."

"Father, I have had a dream, and a strange talk with Nikomis, and my head feels queerly. I'm in a bad humor, and I can't pretend otherwise. If Uncle Golightley pays me for my picture, I shall never paint again."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Urmson, with a quiet look.

"Madge doesn't care for painting," said the other, reddening.

"What shall you do instead?"

"I don't know. Be a farmer."

"Does Madge dislike painting so much as to like poverty better? If you go on as you have begun, painting would make you indefinitely richer than the luckiest farming. Does she fully understand that?"

"It's hard to tell what she really wants. I ought to be Julius Cæsar and Crœsus made into one. But farming is my only alternative."

Mr. Urmson leaned his thin cheek on his hand, and appeared to meditate. "I don't understand, from what you say, whether you give up art and culture for digging and planting to please yourself or her. If it's a whim of hers, which you know to be unwise, might it not be advisable to say no to it?"

"It is my whim," said Garth, with something of a savage effort, raising his face. "I thought you would have seen through it, father."

"When you were a boy, I remember you used to be afraid of painting, or ashamed of it."

"Well, painting is ashamed of me now," interrupted the young man, availing himself of the opening for epigram. Mr. Urmson looked up.

"Oh! But let us see, old gentleman. If you have compromised with your conscience for the sake of getting married a little sooner, but intend by way of penance to give up what is, to say the least of it, your best means of livelihood, don't you write yourself down even more an ass than a sinner? Would not Madge rather wait than marry a poor stay-at-home farmer? You'll make a very poor farmer. I should think, by a little waiting, you might in this case eat your cake and have it too."

"But that is not all—" began Garth, and broke off feverishly.

"Is it on your own account that you are in haste?"

Garth got to his feet, and stood, dark and

grim with suppressed excitement, beside the table. "Yes," he said. "I'm not safe till she's my wife. I must be chained down and locked in."

"When you were a boy— Here, do you remember this?" asked Mr. Urmson, opening a drawer of the table and taking therefrom an ancient birchen rod, which he switched through the air once or twice, and then handed to his son. "When you were a boy, you once volunteered to chain down and lock in yourself. Now, it seems, you need a wife to do it for you."

Garth took the rod and examined it, as though it were some great natural curiosity, turning it over and about, and slowly drawing it from one hand to the other. It recalled to him the past years of childish passion and struggle and conquest, which had seemed a fair promise of greater conquests afterward. Yet what his father said was true: he was more manly then than now. But on the other hand, a whipping with a birch rod was a simple and palpable matter, whereas the course of discipline or castigation to be observed in the present case was far from being so. There is an incorrigible distinction, and difference both, betwixt childhood and puberty. It sometimes seems as if a human being's enemies multiplied out of all proportion to the development of his power of fighting them. Garth laid down the rod and looked at his father gloomily.

"You have not told Madge of this? She might not relish the profession of jailer. But what particular enormity are you in danger of committing?"

"I haven't told myself what," returned Garth, gruffly.

"Why, I always took you for a pretty honest fellow. I had relied on you to help me out with the peroration of my history. But if you really mean to betray your art, and to marry a wife under false pretenses, without fairly giving yourself a reason—"

"Father, there is more the matter than I am responsible for. Every way is the wrong way. I must take the way that wrongs myself rather than the way that wrongs other people. There's no help; and I can't laugh about it."

"No; the best help one man can give another is the opportunity to feel and use the strength that God puts into him. I have always tried to do that much for you, old gentleman. But methinks that must be a very ugly knot which has no loose end at all. Now we have always behaved to one another like decent Yankee gentlemen, who prefer letting their hearts be guessed to turning them inside out at once. However, once in a great while—not oftener, perhaps, than once in a lifetime—it is worth while to drop our points for a moment, and be a little unceremonious. Old boy, I used to tell your mother—sometimes, when she asked me very hard—that maybe you were not altogether a bad person. And, to be quite candid, I don't like to see you brought to your wits' end (however far that may be) without wishing to lend you as many as I may happen to have to help you along with."

Garth's face changed somewhat for the better at this beginning, and his father went on:

"Well, as to this picture business, which seems to have arisen on purpose to give you trouble, though it may not turn out so badly—the only strictly honorable and healthy course seems to be to have your own way with it, come what will. And the first consequence would be to delay your marriage. I don't take into consideration any possible Providential interference, because that would be unpractical. Your marriage would be delayed, your uncle no doubt disappointed, and Madge hurt and perhaps offended, the more because she knows it was in your power to fulfill your engagement, and would not be likely to appreciate at their full value your reasons for not doing so. Still, so far as that goes, and in spite of appearances, you would have done right and not wrong both to yourself and others. And you would have the advantage of being able to paint on."

"Yes, father; but that is only the beginning."

Mr. Urmson here took his penknife from the tray of the inkstand and began to whittle, in default of a better subject, the shaft of a quill pen. He had a way (said to be a trait of the Urmson race) of fixing his eyes steadfastly upon those of the person to whom he was speaking. Some people liked this sometimes; others did not; but few, perhaps, found it pleasant at all times. And Mr. Urmson, at the present juncture, anticipated having to touch upon delicate matters, and provided this means of keeping his eyes averted, and thus relieving, so far as might be, the listener's embarrassment.

"If I were some fathers," said he, "I might tell you that a good end can not excuse a wrong act; or if I were some others, that you were a fool to risk your happiness for a shadow, and still more to abandon your profession for having once disgraced it; and I might say all this as though it were an original discovery of my own. But since I left the birch rod in your keeping when you were a boy, I sha'n't take the responsibility of this sort of metaphysical birching upon my shoulders now. But as an outsider, who may as such have his faculties of perception and reflection in better working order than yours can be, I'll ask you a few leading questions. You needn't answer them to me, but you will to your-

self; and so I may help you indirectly to get some light thrown on this snarl. You were in Europe a long time; Madge is a beauty, but beauty does not wear so well through absence as some other qualities; it pays, in that way, for being so powerful at close quarters; and perhaps your absence, in spite of all you could do, taught you as much."

Garth gave a great sigh; but before he could say any thing, Mr. Urmson, smoothly paring off a long white strip from his quill, continued:

"In that case, I venture to take it for granted you would feel the more bound to keep your word to her; and you would naturally, from a very proper feeling of self-reproach, and also, perhaps, from a prudent distrust of your own strength, wish to keep it as soon as possible; and so it would be harder to forego the means your uncle offers you: and wrong would look uncommonly like a higher sort of right."

"You are making this too easy for me: I ought to say it myself," interposed the culprit, with heaving and uneven utterance. But Mr. Urmson shook his head and smiled.

"No; every man to what he can do best. These things should be said, because once a trouble is reduced to words, it is reduced to its least harmful terms too; and I say them, because I have a much readier gift of the gab than you, and don't wish to sit here till breakfast-time seeing you stumble where I can run. As to making it easy for you, you'll find it hard enough, I doubt, to satisfy your tenderest conscience before you are quit of it. I can see nothing easy about it, for my part. Well, now, old boy, I can imagine another thing. You are much improved in the way of taste and judgment and cultivation generally by your experience abroad; and it is fair to infer that you learned how to appreciate finer degrees of harmony and form than you could before you went away. You may have met with an incarnation of this loftier ideal, and felt drawn to it by what seemed the loftier part of your nature, although in opposition to commonplace morality. You may have thought that in giving it up you would be giving up all your better possibilities, and folding your talents in a napkin. And this would bring about rather a curious complication. That ancient friend of yours, the old Adam, would not miss the opening to observe that if you really thought you ought not to accept that thousand pounds, here was something to console you for refusing it. You would remain unmarried another year or so, but meanwhile you would be entitled to more freedom of thought and fancy than if you were a husband; and in a year or so what might not happen? In this case, you see, old Adam, though no doubt arguing for his own ends, would have the very truth and right to back him which were your own best weapons against him; and in my opinion you would be in a very awkward fix. At all events a candid observer can not help admiring the skill and ingenuity of old Adam."

"I seem to be made of glass," muttered Garth, leaning back against the window-sill, with his hands in his coat pockets, and gazing awesomely at the pale, keen, gentle, firm-hearted old man.

"You might have given me credit for seeing through something less transparent than glass," rejoined the latter, who had now whittled away all the feathery half of his pen, and was beginning upon the quill proper. "However, the fact is that you gave me the key to my discoveries by saying, a few minutes ago, that every way seemed to be the wrong way. But I tell you again that I don't see any smooth way out of this scrape; you have got to catch it heavily one way or another. All I can do is to put your alternatives clearly before you. I have got you now so that you can neither marry without dishonoring your art, nor forbear to marry without seeming to court a dishonorable passion, which, nevertheless, seems to be your only opening to a higher life. And I don't see any present use in going farther, old gentleman. Only I hope it may comfort you a little to remember that I have been with you, at any rate, so far."

"I begin to know you at last—to know I know you, rather." The young man stopped and hesitated; at last he said, "There's one thing I'd like to tell you—it seems a paradox, though it's as real and as dangerous—No, I'll keep that one thing to myself. Every thing else you have more than half beaten for me. I'll tackle that alone."

"And after a fellow has done what he can," remarked the other, "Providence is not a bad thing as a background. Meanwhile we must go to bed."

"I remember when mother died you met me before I knew about it, and talked quietly and cheerfully for half an hour until the others came in; and afterward I thought how plucky you had been, and I was ashamed to give in. It's the same now. Most men are brave enough if they are so for themselves; but you think only of helping other people to be brave."

Mr. Urmson stood up in his long monastic gown and yawned. "Did you find Nikomis good company?" he asked.

"She said some strange things. Is she a daughter of the sachem, father? and does she mean to do us good or evil? She is a witch, I know."

"Well, I have found her a very valuable acquaintance. She knows things I would be glad to know. I shall think just as highly of her whether as friend or enemy.

The worst thing I ever knew her to do was letting you share her whiskey bottle. You have not been quite in your right mind, old gentleman."

"It is not that," said Garth, putting his hand to his head. "I have been cold and hot and topsy-turvy ever since my nap in the woods. Maybe I'm in for a fever."

His father smiled archly, and felt the shaggy young man's pulse with his pale, sensitive fingers. "Now your tongue," said he. "Well, it's proper enough that your spiritual struggles should have their projection in the body—if that will be of any comfort to you. You are not in a very desirable condition, certainly; and if you have a fever at all, you may make up your mind for a pretty severe one. However, you shall have nurses enough, and homœopathic medicines."

"Is nothing the matter with you, yourself?" demanded Garth, turning about and facing his father at the door. "Every body has been saying lately that you were looking ill; and Nikomis said—"

"What? her opinion is always worth hearing."

"She said you wouldn't live another year," said Garth, intending to speak it lightly, but ending up with ignominious solemnity.

Mr. Urmson laughed in his quiet, inward way. "After all, I see, Nikomis is but mortal, and a woman. I have not speculated as to the day of my departure, but I hope to live as long as is good for me, and to die to some good purpose. Good-night, my good old reprobate!"

MISS RITTER'S HUSBAND.

IT was no light thing, you may be sure, when Miss Ritter resolved to be married. When Miss Ritter "made up her mind," the process was not apt to end in that windy sort of mental exercise which some women go through twenty times a day, dignifying each change by that title.

Though by no means one of those self-devoted and self-abnegating souls we sometimes hear about, Miss Ritter's resolutions had cost her something in her time, and she had certain set notions of her own which many people thought would have been none the worse for a little pruning, if the knife had been applied when she was younger.

Why, bless your life, there she had lived year after year, shut up with that crabbed and rheumatic old step-mother of hers, and letting her own young life go by as a thing of no account, while she answered the beck and nod of a wearisome old woman who would long ago have been in a better world if a vinegarish temper hadn't preserved her in this. So gossip said, and whispered that in her younger days Miss Ritter hadn't led the easiest of lives with the old beldame. Year after year, year after year, this old woman clung to life, holding it, as she did whatever belonged to her, in a tenacious grip. Miss Ritter had fallen into her hands among other bequests of fate, and she clung to this useful and conscientious step-daughter with a tenacity which could not be named affection. Elizabeth had grown used to the situation; long years ago she had put off her wedding day to please this querulous and exacting invalid, whose sick days bade fair to outrun the sum of ordinary well people's lives. The lover had grown weary of waiting, and had gone off and married another woman. She was well rid of him, people said; but she said nothing. She was not naturally a martyr, and did not, by any means, desire to enact that *rôle* for the gratification of on-lookers. Probably she had her thoughts about it. In the years that followed she had abundant time for regret, if she felt any. The old step-dame lived yet, feeble and acrid as ever. Miss Ritter was no longer young. She had grown positive, and a little abrupt, perhaps, in her ways. She took thrifty care of her farm and garden, was stately and self-possessed, asking no one's sympathy, and owning allegiance to the old mother as dutifully as ever. There had been no change in her life; the arrangement of it and the system of it were as orderly as clock-work, and the old woman went on living as if she were a regular part of the machinery, wound up every morning to have her cap straightened, her coffee brought, and her tongue sharpened to scold for the rest of the day.

One morning Miss Ritter woke up. The duties had vanished; there was an empty chair, a vacant room in the house, and no rasping voice demanded irritably her immediate attention. The sod had been planted over that rigorous duty, if duty it were, the funeral was over, and Miss Ritter's life was empty of a purpose.

"I must have a change," said Miss Ritter, looking at herself in the glass. "I shall be an old woman myself if I wait much longer. Wait? Ah! there I caught myself. I shall begin to fancy I was only waiting for the old woman's death: that would just be no better than downright murder. I've been getting morbid all these years. I'll get out of this for a little—take a trip somewhere and get some new ideas in my head."

It was a summer morning, blithe and beautiful, with odor of clover blossoms and wild rose scenting the air. Miss Ritter threw up her sash and took a long look out at the spreading fields. The grass waved, the corn fields shook their long leaves in the breeze, birds twittered and trilled in hedge and tree, and beyond, a hazy gleam of the river showed a white sail here and there

turning out to the early sunlight. Every thing was doing something or going somewhere, even the clouds were drifting. "I must have a change," said Miss Ritter. "Why, here I've been talking about it this ten years, till the talk itself has grown gray, and the change hasn't come yet. Well, *I'll* make the change this time myself. I might go to—to Florida, or to Europe, if I chose."

But here there was a pause—a long and thoughtful one. She had been so long shut up from the world, so remote, so dainty, so cleanly apart from contact with the common herd, how was she likely to endure being elbowed and thrust aside and pushed to and fro among a crowd of under-bred, thoughtless people, who cared no more for the personality of Miss Elizabeth Ritter than they would for the name on her baggage? This subject required reflection. Baggage: yes, that was to be thought of. In her own domain Miss Ritter was king, but how if she had to inquire her way, to keep on the look-out against imposition, and to shriek after the porter making off with her luggage to the wrong hotel?

Should she, or could she, get some one to go with her? That might do, perhaps. A presentable, well-to-do man might make things easier for her. There was Farmer Brundage, a bustling and thrifty personage, who had seen a good deal of life; she might ask him, if he was not too busy looking after his crops. And then there was young Mr. Pink, the village apothecary, as neat and dapper as need be, with not too much on his mind. *Would* he look after the baggage? Or there was Parson Crummey, a well-bred man, who had no objection to taking long journeys, acting as delegate to innumerable conventions, and honorary member of uncounted committees; *he* would do very well, if—if—ah! if he did not bore her to death with theological disquisitions on subjects that ought long since to have been settled by schoolmen who had given their whole time to such things. Miss Ritter wanted recreation, not information. She shook her head and sighed as the long list of eligible candidates dwindled away.

"There's no one—no one else," she said: "unless it was Deacon Uhland, poor man. A trip might really do him good; but then he's so dreamy he'd never look after the baggage."

Miss Ritter rose abruptly, a sudden thought growing up to full stature that needed room for its development. "There's only one way out of it. I must get a husband!"

Miss Ritter went over that afternoon to visit her neighbor, Mother Granger, who had a little cottage on the grounds, and eked out a living as general nurse, assistant, and village newspaper.

"You see," said Miss Ritter, after a long and neighborly chat—"you see, I want you to come over and look after things, and keep an eye to the place after I leave."

"Leave!" echoed Mrs. Granger. "Sure ye beant going to leave?"

"And why not?" queried Miss Ritter, curtly. The change having been resolved upon, she had an objection to being regarded as a fixture, like the elm near the court-house or the village mile-stone. "And why not?"

Mrs. Granger was taken all aback, as she afterward declared, by the sudden sharpness of the question. Miss Ritter, whom she had known for "nigh upon forty year," living in the same place and going the same round—Miss Ritter seemed getting transient and vision-like. What was the world coming to? Mrs. Granger took out her snuff-box, tapped the lid, and refreshed herself with a pinch.

"Ye beant getting married, be ye?" Mrs. Granger paused, startled at the audacity of this idea, which had come up unwarily out of the snuff-box. She smoothed her apron and settled her cap strings.

"I talk of it," was the quiet answer.

"Laws!" cried Mrs. Granger, quite confounded, and glancing up at the flushed face of her visitor. "That is—no—excuse me, ma'am—we'd mostly settled there's none in these parts good enough for ye."

"I'm going abroad, you know."

Ah, then it was probably some prince in disguise who was wooing this woman, who, though no longer young, was so bright and handsome as she stood smiling and flushing in the doorway. There *was* nobody in these parts good enough for her, to be sure.

"I thought it might be Farmer Brundage," said Mother Granger, warily. "But, bless my heart, miss, ye've got along so far without 'em, I'd advise ye to have naught to do with no male critter, whoe'er they be. Why, ma'am, when my old man was alive—Heaven rest his soul!—I hadn't a minute's peace 'twixt cleaning up and cleaning down and picking up after him right and left. I'd ne'er a chance to tidy myself, what with the baking and brewing, and ne'er a chance of saving an honest penny, what with the pipes and beer, year in and year out."

Mother Granger wiped her spectacles and resumed, compassionately,

"Of course, miss, I know they *can't* do without the like o' them trash, and whatever they'll do in heaven without 'em passes me, but doubtless there'll be a way provided. They're a poor sort o' helpless critters, men is."

"Well," interrupted Miss Ritter, "if I take a trip, you know, I'll need some one to look after the baggage."

"There's ne'er a one in the place good enough for ye!" said the old woman, glancing with approval at the tall, supple form

and bright eyes of her visitor, as the latter took her departure. "May he be the right one, whoe'er he be, that ye fetch into it!"

Ne'er a one good enough for her! That was what Miss Ritter pondered as she went her way over the sunny fields with a thoughtful and lingering step. Her black dress was very neat and trim, her cheeks had a color in them yet, and she wore a crimson rose in her hair. The elected prince, whoever he might be, need not be ashamed of his princess.

There was Farmer Brundage, the wealthy widower; he came up again persistently, as a well-to-do man had a right to do. He *might* leave his crops just for once, after all, with the prospect of joining his thrifty acres with hers. A respectable man, with a good figure and a pair of bright blue eyes. Miss Ritter did not like blue eyes. "But then you can't have every thing," said Miss Ritter. "I must have a presentable man, and a man of affairs, of course."

Passing through her garden gate, Miss Ritter paused and looked about among her flower beds, well kept and blooming like herself. The weedless and pebbled walks, the tidy borders, were pleasant to look upon, for the mistress of this garden tolerated no defect, no overhanging stems, no overgrowing bushes, no careless, chance-sown snatch of greenness and blossom.

Only her rare yellow roses flowered out in glittering abundance this year without help or hinderance of the pruning-knife.

As she stood there breathing in their odor and lifting a lustrous flower here and there with careful hand, she saw Deacon Uhland wandering down the road, as was his custom of an afternoon, with a group of barefoot children hovering about him. They stood still near the gate, looking in at the gay garden, the shining roses, the tall and stately lady with the crimson flower in her hair.

The sight was no new one to Miss Ritter. The good deacon was known in the neighborhood as being no one's enemy but his own. All the poor folk had found this out, and all the poor folk's children; they helped to straiten his scanty income, to divide his scanty dinner, and to keep him in that seedy suit that was almost out at elbows.

A queer little smile came over Miss Ritter's face as she glanced at this figure leaning over her gate, shabby, thriftless, never having seen better days, and never, it appeared, likely to see any.

"Busy as ever, eh, deacon?" she said, nodding to him over her garden splendors.

"I thought," said the deacon, humbly, "I'd just give my little friends a glimpse of your beautiful flowers."

"All right," said Miss Ritter, cheerfully, trimming her rose-bushes, "so long as they don't touch any thing."

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said the deacon, rather irrelevantly, looking about at his ragged little friends. (What a stoop he had in his shoulders!) Miss Ritter laughed and shrugged *hers* deprecatingly. Of *such* was the kingdom of heaven! The idea struck her in a comical light. She had hoped for a cleaner and more orderly heaven altogether.

The brown little elfins looked up at her shyly from under their ragged straw hats, hanging back and clinging to the skirts of the deacon's old coat.

"This little one," said the deacon, turning up the sallow face of a little gypsy whose tangle of curls had no covering whatever—"this little thing hasn't had a breath of air before for a month. And they're dying off up there at the Plympton Foundlings by the dozen. I've made arrangements to take 'em out—such of 'em as are able to walk—two days in a week, and mayhap I'll pick up a wagon somewhere and take the rest of them out for a drive."

"Well," said Miss Ritter, good-naturedly, "don't bring too many of them over this way, for Mother Granger 'll show them no mercy when I'm gone. And speaking of that, they may as well have some of the flowers, after all."

She stretched forth her hand and gathered a great cluster of her superb, her priceless, roses, and graciously passed them over the gate to the astonished little ones, whose eager arms were outstretched to receive this unexpected guerdon. Such generosity had never been known from the owner of this abounding garden before. It seemed to mark with a golden period this fact, that she was going away.

The deacon stood bewildered and silent. He had heard Miss Ritter talk of leaving often enough before, but this—this unprecedented act of generosity seemed like an illustration to a page of doubtful meaning. She had disposed of the old place, likely; she was weary of the old associations; she was really going away. That was it. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his old red silk handkerchief. Miss Ritter looked very bright and positive as she stood in the shadow of the great gateway elm, ripples of light and shade flitting over her shining hair, her crimson rose, and her bright eyes. There was nothing visionary or intangible or changeful about her.

"When she's once sot her mind to a thing, my word for't, nothing on airth can bend her," was Mother Granger's brief summing up of the character of her neighbor.

Perhaps it was the contrast with his own weakness, indecision, and aspen-like gentleness that made the deacon sigh as he put up his faded bandana.

"Do I understand you to say that you're about leaving the place?" he said, slowly.

"Yes, temporarily. I've a little journey on hand."

The deacon breathed more freely. Like other wind-blown and trifling people, he liked to find no change in established landmarks. "I reckon," said he, with a shy smile, a slight rising of color on his high cheek-bones—"that is, I heard—"

"Heard what?"

"Well, I heard Farmer Brundage say—"

"What does Farmer Brundage know about it?" interrupted the lady, coquettishly.

"I reckon he ought to know every thing," was the humble rejoinder.

"Well, well, deacon," said Miss Ritter, encouragingly, "I've needed a little change this long time, you know, and I'm going to have it now, that's all."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the deacon. "I should like to go abroad myself, I sometimes think—should like to examine the hospital system of Europe, and compare it with—"

Miss Ritter interrupted him with a gay burst of laughter. His idea of recreation was certainly amusing.

She was still smiling as, leaning over her garden gate, she looked after him as he passed down the road with the children at his heels—a tall man, with a shabby coat and a stoop in his shoulders; a man who had never got ahead in the world, and who never tried to; a many-sided, indefinite sort of man, in sharp contrast with her own positive and clear-cut nature; a man who had proved himself in all the active concerns of life a visionary and impractical fellow. Miss Ritter shook her head as she watched.

Of all things in the world, she loved to see people orderly, well to do, and taking some comfort of life. She hated to have other people's short-comings and mishaps thrust under her very eyes. Whose fault was it if those paupers and their children were miserable and lazy and unclean? Why, of just such folks as the deacon, with their mistaken sympathies and philanthropy. She turned to her roses and carnations again as the shambling figure disappeared from sight—roses and carnations, at least, fulfilled their part in life, and did it in a most unobjectionable manner. Ten summers' inhaling of their fragrance, when the invalid within was most unbearable, had convinced her of this.

The next day Miss Ritter saw the deacon drive past with a wagon-load of children; he nodded his head to her as he passed, and whipped up the old horse with a flourish.

"There he is, carrying sickness about the whole country," said Miss Ritter, savagely, actually snipping a breadth of the traveling-dress she was busily making.

The week passed, and she had nearly completed the preparations for her journey, arranged about the farm, instructed Mother Granger in her duties, and put the last stitch in her sewing. There was a little packing to be done, that was all. Toward evening she wandered out among her flower beds to do a little thinking; this had been her only place of refuge during the old lady's life, as I have intimated, and the habit of doing her planning and thinking there had grown upon her. The garden was full of twilight and odor, and seemed to send forth a greeting as she came.

A tear stood in the lady's eye. "I am so used to this place," she said. "I wonder if I shall find any prettier place any where?" Pacing thoughtfully to and fro, she glanced at times out upon the winding road. She was so used to have the deacon stop at this hour for a chat over the gate, that she quite missed him when the hour passed and he did not appear.

"But," said Miss Ritter to herself, shyly, "perhaps my husband mightn't like it. Well, well! I wonder how it will be to have some one always alongside of me—and jealous too, maybe!"

Would it be Farmer Brundage? She shook her head. "My husband's abroad," she said, smiling. "Of course he will return with me!" She had grown so used to the society of her ideal husband by this time that she quite knew all his tastes, and had great pleasure in making preparations for his advent. A great writing-desk in a sunny room off the hall was dusted up for his especial use—he was a man of affairs, and would need a place for his papers. A comfortable arm-chair and a footstool had been covered afresh by her own skillful hands—he would need a good place to rest in after his business was over. There was a shelf for his books, a rack for his fishing rods, and an old gun belonging to Miss Ritter's father graced the far corner—he might be something of a sportsman.

It was all very cozy. "I'll just show that to the deacon when he comes along," said Miss Ritter.

But the deacon did not come along. Day after day passed, and no shabby coat or ragged group of children dimmed the splendor of her front gate.

"He's so taken up with his own ideas, he can't give a thought to any one else," said the lady. "I'll venture he's got the small-pox down among those scalawag children."

Farmer Brundage stopped one day on his way from market. He was full of news and politics, as was usual with him on market-day. His eyes were blithely blue, as they generally were when he had been turning an honest penny; and he was filled to the brim with the hard times, specie payment, and the coming bankruptcy of the nation. We were impoverishing ourselves through an inefficient government and a pauper population. A man of affairs, a man

of weight in the community, his opinions must be listened to respectfully.

Miss Ritter listened respectfully.

"A starving, thriftless, pauper set," said the farmer, bringing down his own substantial fist to clinch the argument, "good for nothing but to squander charity funds, and bring diseases into the country for better folks—or at least them that ought to be better folk—to die of. There's that poor Deacon Uhland, now; he might have turned out something if it hadn't been for that hobby of his'n, and now he's—"

"Where?" queried Miss Ritter.

"Where is he?" echoed the farmer. "Where, to be sure, but down with the fever at the Plympton; and there's an end, I take it, of his helping vagrants and paupers. Not a cent left to bless himself. Every thing in his hands wasted on those idle beggars, and ending by dying a pauper himself!"

The farmer was full of his subject; he straightened himself up, adjusted his cravat, and snapped his long whip in a way that made his horses prick up their ears; there was evidently more of the same sort coming.

Miss Ritter listened; the red rose in her hair glittered. "A man of so little sense," she observed, gravely, "ought to be looked after by his neighbors, perhaps."

There was a monotony of sickness about the Plympton Hospital; sickness had been so systematized, labeled, analyzed, and made market of that Plympton would not have been taken by surprise if the plague had looked in. People died and were buried in pretty much the same sort of way every day: it cost so much a head to look after them, and so much a head to buy them a coffin. The nurses had grown monotonously used to their labors, and the doctors monotonously used to losing their patients.

It was quite a variation in the usual routine of things to see a lady enter the place; for Plympton was too old an establishment, too much a part of the changeless order of things, to be in the line of fashionable charity.

And so it was no wonder that, as Miss Ritter walked the length of the long, bare-looking room and approached the deacon's bed (one of a row of hard-looking beds), the nurse (one of a row of hard-looking nurses) looked up and grimly smiled.

"He don't know nothing, ma'am," she said, graciously, "nor nobody."

"Oh yes, I do," said the deacon, opening his eyes. He stretched out his hand feebly to greet his visitor, but on second thoughts drew it back.

"Ye'd better be careful, ma'am," was the nurse's caution, "if ye beant used to it."

"It's not a bit catching," said Miss Ritter—"not one bit. And I've come to take you away."

"Away?" echoed the invalid, dreamily. "I thought you was going away, my friend."

"I am," was the prompt reply, "but not to-day; not till I've taken you up to my house first and cured you."

The sick man lay back on his pillows, silent; he seemed exhausted, too much so to feel gratitude.

"Will *he* be willing?" was at length his faint query.

Miss Ritter laughed and blushed. "He hasn't come yet. And meantime you can have his place, you know; it's all ready."

So one sunshiny day the poor deacon, watched timorously afar off by half a dozen children, wondering what had befallen their old friend, was wheeled through the trim gravel-walks of Miss Ritter's garden, and actually deposited in her best bed beneath her most radiant patchwork quilt.

"Laws, ma'am," said Mother Granger, who superintended the removal, "who'd 'a thought of the Lord's looking out so well for one who looked out for himself so badly!"

A fortnight passed. The deacon began to sit up and look about him. He was propped in the great arm-chair in the sunny window, with the great writing-desk beside him and the gay footstool under his feet.

Emaciated, shadow-like, but quite free from his fever, the deacon resigned himself to the luxury of convalescence. "How cozy and pleasant it is here!" he said, sipping his tea and tasting his buttered toast.

He looked out of the window at the honeysuckle shading the piazza, at the pebbled walk, the quiet, odorous garden.

"Poor little things! I wonder how *they* get on," he thought, remembering his little friends whom no luxuries surrounded. Ah, well, how pleasant all this would be for the comfortable, well-to-do man who was coming to reign there presently! The good things of this world drifted naturally to those whose coffers were full. He was but a poor waif himself—a poor, useless, lonely waif, and a failure even in that capacity. He couldn't dig; he couldn't beg—a pauper more impoverished than the poorest on whom he had wasted his heritage. A great tear stole down the deacon's cheeks, the rare tribute to self-pity and weakness.

He never envied any one, this good man; but did he deserve so much less than other men—than this man, for instance, who was coming to marry Miss Ritter?

Miss Ritter looked up from the round table where she was taking supper. "Are you comfortable?" she asked. "Do you find the chair easy?"

"Very," was the honest reply, his eye glancing with approval over the bright damask which covered his luxurious resting-place. He smoothed it down with his

thin fingers. It was pleasant and soft to the touch. "I was thinking," he said, hesitatingly—"I was just—just thinking how grateful all this would be to the—the—the—"

"The who?"

"The—person that's coming," stammered the deacon, taken off his guard.

"I got it ready for my husband," was the quiet reply. "It's best to have every thing ready, you know, so that things can go on without any fuss. At my time of life people have a little common-sense, I trust."

"But," said the invalid, uneasily, a lingering tinge of his late fever flushing the high cheek-bones of his thin and haggard face, "I have no words to speak my gratitude for your kindness to me, no, not one word; but it strikes me—it is—it is quite possible *he* might not like it. I should be sorry to be the means of—"

"Like what?" queried Miss Ritter, sternly, taking no note of the apologetic clause of the sentence.

"Like it that I should occupy his place," the deacon answered, humbly.

"He hasn't yet begun to rule my household, or to stipulate in regard to my friends," was the quick reply, as Miss Ritter's eyes flashed out upon the ideal husband in a way to make him shiver in his shoes.

Then she smiled, blushed, and the quarrel between herself and the coming man was over.

A group of children came wandering down the road, their little bare feet twinkling in the sunset. They hovered a moment outside the gate, looking in at their old friend sitting there at the window. Then the eldest, doubtfully, timorously as a cherub might enter paradise, lifted the latch of the garden gate and came up the path. In his hands he held a basket of strawberries covered with fresh green leaves. Timidly he approached and deposited the offering on the window-sill, then, as if scared at his own temerity, fled down the walk and joined the group awaiting him outside. The deacon smiled and nodded to them, his face lighting up radiantly. The children at least were his friends.

Quite proudly he handed over the bright berries to Miss Ritter, who sat silently observant of the scene. He looked at her as he did so. Her face was very serene and quiet just now. How pleasant she was to look upon in this mood! What a luxury it would be for her husband to sit in this arm-chair and contemplate her, her shining hair, her shapely hands, the crimson rose in her braids! Only to see her of rare evenings at her garden gate had been a joy to him for so many years. It would be so no more.

"When he comes," said the deacon, inadvertently continuing his thought aloud.

"Make yourself easy till he does come," said the lady, turning the strawberries into a glass dish.

"Nay, nay, Elizabeth," said the deacon, all that had been manly in him, all that had been youth and selfhood in him, flaming up for one brief moment, as he rose to his feet and stretched his hand out tremblingly for his old stick, which stood in the corner—"nay, Elizabeth, it seems to me that I had better go. Oh, I am not fit to be in your presence, so poor, so weak, so weather-worn! I thank you, I bless you—but, oh, my friend, could I subsist on *his* bounty?"

Miss Ritter's eyes gleamed with a strange rare light at that moment. She put out her hand with a gentle authority, pressing the invalid back into his chair.

"You can not walk a step, you know," said she, emphatically, "and you are driving yourself ill with a shadow."

Whose shadow? Had he not had to do with shadows all his life long? He sank back subdued among the luxurious cushions. Ah, he was very weak—very ill. But presently he should be stronger; presently he should go his way, blessing her from his heart of hearts, but troubling her no more. Yes, presently he would be walking down that pebbled path and inhaling the odor of her blossoming garden for the last time. And in the coming years, when he should see her face no more, he would pray all peace and gladness and love might be hers, though never to be for him. His eye moved, as he thought this, to the garden gate, over which he had so often chatted with her of an evening. There at the gate stood Farmer Brundage, with his sleek team; he had brought a great basket of fresh vegetables for Miss Ritter. The farmer did not woo with an empty hand: the best products of his fertile fields were laid at the feet of his divinity. He was looking his best this afternoon—tall and strong and self-confident. He sprang from the wagon, shaking his long whip at the children still hovering in the road. Though he had no special dislike for children, he objected to these on principle, as being the product of a disordered and mistaken state of things altogether. And the deacon rendered him tribute as he looked. Only such a man, lordly, and lord of abundance—a man to whom the world gave place—only such a man was fit to mate with Miss Ritter.

It seemed to him a picture in a dream, as he lay back and looked without. So weak, so poor, in this hour of renunciation, he felt himself of another clay than this hale and prosperous wooer. How naked his life had been! how poor and flavorless and empty of result! Perhaps there was work for him yet in the world; perhaps some poorer and sadder than he might yet be helped by his sacrifice and sorrow. He prayed so. But as he looked out dreamily, yielding up all

things, he said, or rather these words seemed to wander from his lips unwarily, as in a dream, "I too have loved you, Elizabeth."

Then the scene faded. The farmer vanished. Faint, yet listening, the deacon heard the rumble of wagon wheels dying in the distance. He heard a bird trill up a late, sweet song somewhere among the roses; he saw Miss Ritter standing at his side in the twilight, her face like the face of one who has had a revelation. Her cool, soft hand was upon his shoulder; her inspiring voice was in his ear. The hour of farewell was over.

And thus it was that the deacon accepted his fate, and became what the children ever afterward called him, "Miss Ritter's husband."

"Law!" said Mother Granger, when she heard the news, "I always said there wa'n't nobody in the place good enough for her, and I wa'n't fur wrong, for the deacon's just nobody at all. And now she'll have to look arter her own baggage forever—and his'n into the bargain."

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

THE next moment Fanny bounced into the room, and started a little at the picture of the pair ready to receive her; she did not wait to be taken to task, but proceeded to avert censure by volubility and self-praise. "Aunt, I went down to the river, where I left them, and looked all along it, and they were not in sight. Then I went to the cathedral, because that seemed the next likeliest place. Oh, I have had such a race!"

"Why did you come back before you had found them?"

"Aunt, it was going to rain; and it is raining now, hard."

"*She* does not mind that."

"Zoe? Oh, she has got nothing on!"

"Bless me!" cried Vizard. "Godiva *redivivа*."

"Now, Harrington, don't: of course I mean nothing to spoil; only her purple alpaca, and that is two years old. But my blue silk, I can't afford to ruin *it*. Nobody would give me another, *I* know."

"What a heartless world!" said Vizard, dryly.

"It is past a jest, the whole thing," objected Miss Maitland: "and now we are together, please tell me, if you can, either of you, who *is* this man? What are his means? I know the *Peerage*, the *Baronetage*, and the *Landed Gentry*, but not Severne. That is a river, not a family."

"Oh," said Vizard, "family names taken from rivers are never *parvenues*. But we can't all be down in Burke. Ned is of a good stock, the old English yeoman, the country's pride."

"Yeoman?" said the Maitland, with sovereign contempt.

Vizard resisted. "Is this the place to sneer at an English yeoman, where you see an unprincely prince living by a gambling table? What says the old stave?

> "'A German prince, a marquis of France,
> And a laird o' the North Countrie;
> A yeoman o' Kent, with his yearly rent,
> Would ding 'em out, all three.'"

"Then," said Misander, with a good deal of malicious intent, "you are quite sure your yeoman is not a—*pauper*—an *adventurer*—"

"Positive."

"And a *gambler*?"

"No, I am not at all sure of that. But nobody is all-wise. I am not, for one. He is a fine fellow; as good as gold; as true as steel. Always polite, always genial; and never speaks ill of any of you behind your backs."

Miss Maitland bridled at that. "What I have said is not out of dislike to the young man. I am warning a brother to take a little more care of his sister, that is all. However, after your sneer, I shall say no more behind Mr. Severne's back, but to his face—that is, if we ever see his face again, or Zoe's either."

"Oh, aunt!" said Fanny, reproachfully. "It is only the rain. La, poor things, they will be wet to the skin. Just see how it is pouring!"

"That it is: and let me tell you there is nothing so dangerous as a *tête-à-tête* in the rain."

"A thunder-storm is worse, aunt," said Fanny, eagerly, "because then she is frightened to death, and clings to him—*if he is nice*."

Having galloped into this revelation through speaking first and thinking afterward, Fanny pulled up short the moment the words were out, and turned red, and looked askant, under her pale lashes, at Vizard. Observing several twinkles in his eyes, she got up hastily, and said she really must go and dry her gown.

"Yes," said Miss Maitland, "come into my room, dear."

Fanny complied, with a rueful face, not doubting that the public "dear" was to get it rather hot in private.

Her uneasiness was not lessened when the old maid said to her, grimly, "Now sit you down there, and never mind your dress."

However, it came rather mildly, after all. "Fanny, you are not a bad girl, and you

have shown you were sorry; so I am not going to be hard on you; only you must be a good girl now, and help me to undo the mischief, and then I will forgive you."

"Aunt," said Fanny, piteously, "I am older than she is, and I know I have done rather wrong, and I won't do it any more; but pray, pray, don't ask me to be unkind to her to-day: it is Brooch-day."

Miss Maitland only stared at this obscure announcement; so Fanny had to explain that Zoe and she had tiffed and made it up, and Zoe had given her a brooch. Hereupon she went for it, and both ladies forgot the topic they were on, and every other, to examine the brooch.

"Aunt," said Fanny, handling the brooch, and eying it, "you were a poor girl, like me, before grandpapa left you the money, and you know it is just as well to have a tiff now and then with a rich one, because, when you kiss and make it up, you always get some Reconciliation Thing or other."

Miss Maitland dived into the past and nodded approval.

Thus encouraged, Fanny proceeded to more modern rules. She let Miss Maitland know it was always understood at her school that on these occasions of tiff, reconciliation, and present, the girl who received the present was to side in every thing with the girl who gave it, for that one day. "That is the real reason I put on my tight boots—to earn my brooch. Isn't it a duck?"

"*Are* they tight, then?"

"Awfully. See—new on to-day."

"But you could shake off your lameness in a moment."

"La, aunt, you know one can fight *with* that sort of thing, or fight *against* it. It is like colds, and headaches, and fevers, and all that. You are in bed, too ill to see any body you don't much care for. Night comes, and then you jump up and dress and go to a ball, and leave your cold and your fever behind you, because the ball won't wait till you are well, and the bores will. So don't ask me to be unkind to Zoe, brooch-day," said Fanny, skipping back to her first position with singular pertinacity.

"Now, Fanny," said Miss Maitland, "who wishes you to be unkind to her? But you must and shall promise me not to lend her any more downright encouragement, and to watch the man well."

"I promise that faithfully," said Fanny—an adroit concession, since she had been watching him like a cat a mouse for many days.

"Then you are a good girl; and to reward you I will tell you in confidence all the strange stories I have discovered to-day."

"Oh, do, aunt!" cried Fanny; and now her eyes began to sparkle with curiosity.

Miss Maitland then bade her observe that the bedroom window was not a French casement, but a double-sash window—closed at present because of the rain; but it had been wide open at the top all the time.

"Those two were smoking and talking secrets; and, child," said the old lady, very impressively, "if *you*—want—to—know—what gentlemen really are, you must be out of sight, and listen to them, smoking. When I was a girl the gentlemen came out in their true colors over their wine. Now they are as close as wax, drinking; and even when they are tipsy they keep their secrets. But once let them get by themselves and smoke, the very air is soon filled with scandalous secrets none of the ladies in the house ever dreamed of. Their real characters, their true histories, and their genuine sentiments are locked up like that genie in the *Arabian Nights*, and come out in smoke as he did." The old lady chuckled at her own wit, and the young one laughed to humor her. "Well, my dear, those two smoked, and revealed themselves—their real selves; and I listened and heard every word on the top of those drawers."

Fanny looked at the drawers. They were high.

"La, aunt, however did you get up there?"

"By a chair."

"Oh, fancy you perched up there, listening, at your age!"

"You need not keep throwing my age in my teeth. I am not so very old. Only I don't paint, and whiten, and wear false hair. There are plenty of coquettes about, ever so much older than I am. I have a great mind not to tell you; and then much you will ever know about either of these men!"

"Oh, aunt, don't be cruel. I am dying to hear it."

As aunt was equally dying to tell it, she passed over the skit upon her age, though she did not forget nor forgive it, and repeated the whole conversation of Vizard and Severne with rare fidelity; but, as I abhor what the evangelist calls "battology," and Shakspeare "damnable iteration," I must draw upon the intelligence of the reader (if any), and he must be pleased to imagine the whole dialogue of those two unguarded smokers repeated to Fanny, and interrupted, commented on at every salient point, scrutinized, sifted, dissected, and taken to pieces by two keen women, sharp by nature, and sharper now by collision of their heads. No candor, no tolerance, no allowance for human weakness, blunted the scalpel in their dextrous hands.

O gossip! delight of ordinary souls, and more delightful still when you furnish food for detraction!

To Fanny in particular it was exciting, ravishing, and the time flew by so unheeded that presently there came a sharp knock,

and an impatient voice cried, "Chatter!—Chatter!—Chatter!—how long are we to be kept waiting for dinner, all of us?"

CHAPTER VI.

At the very commencement of the confabulation, so barbarously interrupted before it had lasted two hours and a half, the Misogyn rang the bell, and asked for Rosa, Zoe's maid.

She came, and he ordered her to have up a basket of wood, and light a roaring fire in her mistress's room, and put out garments to air. He also inquired the number of Zoe's bedroom. The girl said it was "No. 74."

The Misogyn waited half an hour, and then visited "No. 74." He found the fire burned down to one log, and some things airing at the fire, as domestics air their employers' things, but not their own, you may be sure. There was a chemise carefully folded into the smallest possible compass, and doubled over a horse at a good distance from the cold fire. There were other garments and supplementaries, all treated in the same way.

The Misogyn looked, and remarked as follows: "Idiots!—at every thing but taking in the men."

Having relieved his spleen with this courteous and comprehensive observation, he piled log upon log till the fire was half up the chimney. Then he got all the chairs and made a semicircle, and spread out the various garments to the genial heat; and so close that, had a spark flown, they would have been warmed with a vengeance, and the superiority of the male intellect demonstrated. This done, he retired with a guilty air, for he did not want to be caught meddling in such frivolities by Miss Dover or Miss Maitland. However, he was quite safe; those superior spirits were wholly occupied with the loftier things of the mind, especially the characters of their neighbors.

I must now go for these truants that are giving every body so much trouble.

When Fanny fell lame, and said she was very sorry, but she must go home and change her boots, Zoe was for going home too. But Fanny, doubting her sincerity, was peremptory, and said they had only to stroll slowly on and then turn; she should meet them coming back. Zoe colored high, suspecting they had seen the last of this ingenious young lady.

"What a good girl!" cried Severne.

"I am afraid she is a very naughty girl," said Zoe, faintly; and the first effect of Fanny's retreat was to make her a great deal more reserved and less sprightly.

Severne observed and understood, and saw he must give her time. He was so respectful, as well as tender, that by degrees she came out again, and beamed with youth and happiness.

They strolled very slowly by the fair river, and the pretty little nothings they said to each other began to be mere vehicles for those soft tones and looks in which love is made far more than by the words themselves.

When they started on this walk, Severne had no distinct nor serious views on Zoe. But he had been playing with fire for some time, and so now he got well burned.

Walking slowly by his side, and conscious of being wooed, whatever the words might be, Zoe was lovelier than ever. Those lowered lashes, that mantling cheek, those soft, tender murmurs, told him he was dear, and thrilled his heart, though a cold one compared with hers.

He was in love; as much as he could be, and more than he had ever been before. He never even asked himself whether permanent happiness was likely to spring from this love: he was self-indulgent, reckless, and in love.

He looked at her, wished he could recall his whole life, and sighed.

"Why do you sigh?" said she, gently.

"I don't know. Yes, I do. Because I am not happy."

"Not happy?" said she. "You ought to be; and I am sure you deserve to be."

"I don't know that. However, I think I shall be happier in a few minutes, or else very unhappy indeed. That depends on you."

"On me, Mr. Severne?" and she blushed crimson, and her bosom began to heave. His words led her to expect a declaration and a proposal of marriage.

He saw her mistake; and her emotion spoke so plainly and sweetly, and tried him so, that it cost him a great effort not to clasp her in his arms. But that was not his cue at present. He lowered his eyes to give her time, and said, sadly: "I can not help seeing that somehow there is suspicion in the air about me. Miss Maitland puts questions and drops hints. Miss Dover watches me like a lynx. Even you gave me a hint the other day that I never talk to you about my relations and my past life."

"Pray do not confound me with other people," said Zoe, proudly. "If I am curious, it is because I know you must have done many good things and clever things; but you have too little vanity or too much pride to tell them even to one who—esteems you, and could appreciate."

"I know you are as generous and noble as most people are narrow-minded," said Severne, enthusiastically, "and I have determined to tell you all about myself."

Zoe's cheeks beamed with gratified pride, and her eyes sparkled.

"Only, as I would not tell it to any body but you, I must stipulate that you will receive it in sacred confidence, and not repeat it to a living soul."

"Not even to my brother, who loves you so?"

"Not even to him."

This alarmed the instinctive delicacy and modesty of a truly virgin soul.

"I am not experienced," said she. "But I feel I ought not to yield to curiosity, and hear from you any thing I am forbidden to tell my brother. You might as well say I must not tell my mother; for dear Harrington is all the mother I have, and I am sure he is a true friend to you" (this last a little reproachfully).

But for Severne's habitual self-command, he would have treated this delicacy as ridiculous prudery; but he was equal to greater difficulties.

"You are right, by instinct, in every thing. Well, then, I shall tell you, and you shall see at once whether it ought to be repeated, or to remain a sacred deposit between me and the only creature I have the courage to tell it to."

Zoe lowered her eyes and marked the sand with her parasol. She was a little puzzled now, and half conscious that somehow he was tying her to secrecy with silk instead of rope; but she never suspected the deliberate art and dexterity with which it was done.

Severne then made the revelation which he had been preparing for a day or two past, and, to avoid eternal comments by the author, I must once more call in the artful aid of the printers. The true part of Mr. Severne's revelation is in italics; the false in ordinary type.

"*When my father died, I inherited an estate in Huntingdonshire. It was not so large as Vizard's, but it was clear. Not a mortgage nor incumbrance on it. I had a younger brother,* a fellow with charming manners, and very accomplished. These were his ruin: he got into high society in London; *but high society is not always good society.* He became connected with a fast lot, some of the young nobility. Of course he could not vie with them. He got deeply in debt. Not but what they were in debt too, every one of them. He used to send to me for money oftener than I liked; but I never suspected the rate he was going at. I was anxious, too, about him; but I said to myself he was just sowing his wild oats, like other fellows. Well, it went on until—to his misfortune and mine—he got entangled in some disgraceful transactions; the general features are known to all the world. I dare say you have heard of one or two young noblemen who committed forgeries on their relations and friends some years ago. *One of them, the son of an earl, took his sister's whole fortune out of her bank with a single forged check. I believe the sum total of his forgeries was over* £100,000. *His father could not find half the money. A number of the nobility had to combine to repurchase the documents; many of them were in the hands of the Jews; and I believe a composition was effected, with the help of a very powerful barrister, an M.P. He went out of his line on this occasion, and mediated between the parties.* What will you think when I tell you that my brother, the son of my father and my mother, was one of these forgers—a criminal?"

"My poor friend!" cried Zoe, clasping her innocent hands.

"It was a thunder-clap. I had a great mind to wash my hands of it, and let him go to prison. But how could I? The struggle ended in my doing like the rest. Only poor I had no noble kinsmen with long purses to help me, and no Solicitor-General to mediate *sub rosa.* The total amount would have swamped my family acres. I got them down to sixty per cent., and that only crippled my estate forever. As for my brother, he fell on his knees to me. But I could not forgive him. *He left the country with a hundred pounds* I gave him. *He is in Canada, and only known there as a most respectable farmer.* He talks of paying me back. That I shall believe when I see it. All I know for certain is that his crime has mortgaged my estate, and left me poor—and suspected."

While Severne related this, there passed a somewhat notable thing in the world of mind. The inventor of this history did not understand it; the hearer did, and accompanied it with innocent sympathetic sighs. Her imagination, more powerful and precise than the inventor's, pictured the horror of the high-minded brother, his agony, his shame, his respect for law and honesty, his pity for his own flesh and blood, his struggle, and the final triumph of fraternal affection. Every line of the figment was alive to her, and she *realized* the tale. Severne only repeated it.

At the last touch of his cold art, the warm-hearted girl could contain no longer.

"Oh, poor Mr. Severne!" she cried; "poor Mr. Severne!" and the tears ran down her cheeks.

He looked at her first with a little astonishment—fancy taking his little narrative to heart like that!—then with compunction, and then with a momentary horror at himself, and terror at the impassable gulf fixed between them by her rare goodness and his depravity.

Then for a moment he felt; and felt all manner of things at once. "Oh, don't cry!" he blurted out, and began to blubber himself at having made her cry at all, and so unfairly. It was his lucky hour; this hysterical effusion, undignified by a single grain

of active contrition or even penitent resolve, told in his favor. They mingled their tears, and hearts can not hold aloof when tears come together. Yes, they mingled their tears, and the crocodile tears were the male's, if you please, and the woman's tears were pure holy drops that angels might have gathered, and carried them to God for pearls of the human soul.

After they had cried together over the cool figment, Zoe said: "I do not repent my curiosity now. You did well to tell me. Oh no, you were right, and I will never tell any body. People are narrow-minded. They shall never cast your brother's crime in your teeth, nor your own losses I esteem you for —oh, so much more than ever! I wonder you could tell me."

"You would not wonder if you knew how superior you are to all the world: how noble, how generous, and how I—"

"Oh, Mr. Severne, it is going to rain. We must get home as fast as ever we can."

They turned, and Zoe, with true virgin coyness, and elastic limbs, made the coming rain an excuse for such swift walking that Severne could not make tender love to her. To be sure, Apollo ran after Daphne with his little proposals; but I take it he ran mute—till he found he couldn't catch her. Indeed, it was as much as Severne could do to keep up with her "fair heel and toe." But I ascribe this to her not wearing high heels, ever since Fanny told her she was just a little too tall, and she was novice enough to believe her.

She would not stop for the drizzle; but at last it came down with such a vengeance that she was persuaded to leave the path and run for a cattle-shed at some distance. Here she and Severne were imprisoned. Luckily for them "the kye had not come hame," and the shed was empty. They got into the farthest corner of it; for it was all open toward the river; and the rain pattered on the roof as if it would break it.

Thus driven together, was it wonderful that soon her hand was in his, and that, as they purred together, and murmured soft nothings, more than once she was surprised into returning the soft pressure which he gave it so often?

The plump declaration she had fled from, and now seemed deliciously resigned to, did not actually come. But he did what she valued more, he resumed his confidences: told her he had vices: was fond of gambling. Excused it on the score of his loss by his brother. Said he hoped soon to hear good news from Canada. Didn't despair. Was happy now, in spite of all. Had been happy ever since he had met *her*. What declaration was needed? The understanding was complete. Neither doubted the other's love; and Zoe would have thought herself a faithless, wicked girl, if, after this, she had gone and accepted any other man.

But presently she had a misgiving, and looked at her watch. Yes, it wanted but one hour to dinner. Now her brother was rather a Tartar about punctuality at dinner. She felt she was already in danger of censure for her long *tête-à-tête* with Severne, though the rain was the culprit. She could not afford to draw every eye upon her by being late for dinner along with him.

She told Severne they must go home now, rain or no rain, and she walked resolutely out into the weather.

Severne did not like it at all, but he was wise enough to deplore it only on her account; and indeed her light alpaca was soon drenched, and began to cling to her.

But the spirited girl only laughed at his condolences as she hurried on. "Why, it is only warm water," said she: "this is no more than a bath in the summer sea. Bathing is getting wet through in blue flannel. Well, I am bathing in blue alpaca."

"But it will ruin your dress."

"My dress! why, it is as old as the hills. When I get home I'll give it to Rosa, ready washed—ha! ha!"

The rain pelted and poured, and long before they reached the inn, Zoe's dress had become an external cuticle, an alpaca skin.

But innocence is sometimes very bold. She did not care a bit: and, to tell the truth, she had little need to care. Beauty so positive as hers is indomitable. The petty accidents that are the terrors of homely charms seem to enhance Queen Beauty. Disheveled hair adorns it; close bound hair adorns it. Simplicity adorns it. Diamonds adorn it. Every thing seems to adorn it, because the truth is, it adorns every thing. And so Zoe, drenched with rain, and her dress a bathing-gown, was only a Greek goddess tinted blue, her bust and shoulders and her moulded figure covered yet revealed. What was she to an artist's eye? Just the Townly Venus with her sculptor's cunning draperies, and Juno's gait.

"Et vera incessa patuit Dea."

When she got to the hotel she held up her finger to Severne with a pretty peremptoriness. She had shown him so much tenderness, she felt she had a right to order him now. "I must beg of you," said she, "to go straight to your rooms and dress very quickly, and present yourself to Harrington five minutes before dinner at least."

"I will obey," said he, obsequiously.

That pleased her, and she kissed her hand to him, and scudded to her own room.

At sight of the blazing fire and provident preparations, she started, and said aloud, "Oh, how nice of them!" and, all dripping as she was, she stood there with her young heart in a double glow.

Such a nature as hers has too little egotism and low-bred vanity to undervalue worthy love. The infinite heart of a Zoe Vizard can love but one with passion, yet ever so many more with warm and tender affection.

She gave Aunt Maitland credit for this provident affection. It was out of the sprightly Fanny's line; and she said to herself: "Dear old thing! there, I thought she was bottling up a lecture for me, and all the time her real anxiety was lest I should be wet through." Thereupon she settled in her mind to begin loving Aunt Maitland from that hour. She did not ring for her maid till she was nearly dressed, and, when Rosa came and exclaimed at the condition of her cast-off robes, she laughed, and told her it was nothing—the Rhine was nice and warm—pretending she had been in it. She ordered her to dry the dress and iron it.

"Why, la, miss, you'll never wear it again, to be sure?" said Rosa, demurely.

"I don't know," said the young lady, archly; "but I mean to take great care of it," and burst out laughing like a peal of silver bells, because she was in high spirits, and saw what Rosa would be at.

Give away the gown she had been wooed and wet through in—no, thank you! Such gowns as these be landmarks, my masters.

Vizard, unconscious of her arrival, was walking up and down the room, fidgeting more and more, when in came Zoe, dressed high in black silk and white lace, looking ever so cozy, and blooming like a rose.

"What!" said he; "in, and dressed!" He took her by the shoulders, and gave her a great kiss. "You young monkey," said he, "I was afraid you were washed away."

Zoe suggested that would only have been a woman obliterated.

"That is true," said he, with an air of hearty conviction. "I forgot that."

He then inquired if she had had a nice walk.

"Oh, beautiful; imprisoned half the time in a cow-shed, and then drenched. But I'll have a nice walk with you, dear, up and down the room."

"Come on, then."

So she put her right hand on his left shoulder and gave him her left hand, and they walked up and down the room, Zoe beaming with happiness and affection for every body, and walking at a graceful bend.

Severne came in, dressed, and perfect as though just taken out of a bandbox. He sat down at a little table, and read a little journal unobtrusively. It was his cue to divest his late *tête-à-tête* of public importance.

Then came dinner, and two of the party absent. Vizard heard their voices going like mill-clacks at this sacred hour, and summoned them rather roughly, as stated above. His back was to Zoe, and she rubbed her hands gayly to Severne, and sent him a flying whisper, "Oh, what fun! we are the culprits, and they are the ones scolded."

Dinner waited ten minutes, and then the defaulters appeared. Nothing was said, but Vizard looked rather glum, and Aunt Maitland cast a vicious look at Severne and Zoe. They had made a forced march and outflanked her. She sat down, and bided her time, like a fowler waiting till the ducks come within shot.

But the conversation was commonplace, inconsecutive, shifty, and vague, and it was two hours before any thing came within shot. All this time not a soul suspected the ambushed fowler.

At last Vizard having thrown out one of his hints that the fair sex are imperfect, Fanny, being under the influence of Miss Maitland's revelations, ventured to suggest that they had no more faults than men, and *certainly* were not more deceitful.

"Indeed?" said Vizard. "Not—more—*deceitful!* Do you speak from experience?"

"Oh no, no," said Fanny, getting rather frightened. "I only think so, somehow."

"Well, but you must have a reason. May I respectfully inquire whether more men have jilted you than you have jilted?"

"You may inquire as respectfully as you like, but I sha'n't tell you."

"That is right, Miss Dover," said Severne; "don't you put up with his nonsense. He knows nothing about it. Women are angels, compared with men. The wonder is how they can waste so much truth and constancy and beauty upon the foul sex. To my mind, there is only one thing we beat you in; we do stick by each other rather better than you do. You are truer to us. We are a little truer to each other."

"Not a little," suggested Vizard, dryly.

"For my part," said Zoe, blushing pink at her boldness in advancing an opinion on so large a matter, "I think these comparisons are rather narrow-minded. What have *we* to do with bad people, male or female? A good man is good and a good woman is good: still, I do think that women have greater hearts to love, and men, perhaps, greater hearts for friendship." Then, blushing roseate, "Even in the short time we have been here we have seen two gentlemen give up pleasure for self-denying friendship. Lord Uxmoor gave us all up for a sick friend. Mr. Severne did more, perhaps, for he lost that divine singer. You will never hear her now, Mr. Severne."

The Maitland gun went off. "A sick friend!—Mr. Severne?—ha! ha! ha! You silly girl, he has got no sick friend. He was at the gaming table. That was his sick friend."

It was an effective discharge. It wing-

ed a duck or two. It killed as follows: the tranquillity, the good humor, and the content of the little party.

Severne started, and stared, and lost color, and then cast at Vizard a venomous look never seen on his face before, for he naturally concluded that Vizard had betrayed him.

Zoe was amazed, looked instantly at Severne, saw it was true, and turned pale at his evident discomfiture. Her lover had been guilty of deceit—mean and rather heartless deceit.

Even Fanny winced at the point-blank denunciation of a young man who was himself polite to every body. She would have done it in a very different way—insinuations, innuendo, etc.

"They have found you out, old fellow," said Vizard, merrily; "but you need not look as if you had robbed a church. Hang it all! a fellow has got a right to gamble if he chooses. Any way, he paid for his whistle, for he lost three hundred pounds."

"Three hundred pounds!" cried the terrible old maid. "Where ever did he get them to lose?"

Severne divined that he had nothing to gain by fiction here; so he said, sullenly, "I got them from Vizard, but I gave him value for them."

"You need not publish our private transactions, Ned," said Vizard. "Miss Maitland, this is really not in your department."

"Oh yes, it is," said she, "and so you'll find."

This pertinacity looked like defiance. Vizard rose from his chair, bowed ironically, with the air of a man not disposed for a hot argument. "In that case, with permission, I'll withdraw to my veranda, and in that [he struck a light] peaceful [here he took a suck] shade—"

"You will meditate on the charms of Ina Klosking."

Vizard received this poisoned arrow in the small of the back as he was sauntering out. He turned like a shot, as if a man had struck him, and for a single moment he looked downright terrible, and wonderfully unlike the easy-going Harrington Vizard. But he soon recovered himself. "What! you listen, do you?" said he, and turned contemptuously on his heel without another word.

There was an uneasy, chilling pause. Miss Maitland would have given something to withdraw her last shot. Fanny was very uncomfortable, and fixed her eyes on the table. Zoe, deeply shocked at Severne's deceit, was now amazed and puzzled about her brother. "Ina Klosking!" inquired she; "who is that?"

"Ask Mr. Severne," said Miss Maitland, sturdily.

Now Mr. Severne was sitting silent, but with restless eyes, meditating how he should get over that figment of his about the sick friend.

Zoe turned round on him, fixed her glorious eyes full upon his face, and said, rather imperiously, "Mr. Severne, who is Ina Klosking?"

Mr. Severne looked up blankly in her face, and said nothing.

She colored at not being answered, and repeated her question (all this time Fanny's eyes were fixed on the young man even more keenly than Zoe's), "Who—and what—is Ina Klosking?"

"She is a public singer."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes; I heard her sing at Vienna."

"Yes, yes; but do you know her to speak to?"

He considered half a moment, and then said he had not that honor. "But," said he, rather hurriedly, "somebody or other told me she had come out at the opera here, and made a hit."

"What, in Siebel?"

"I don't know. But I saw large bills out with her name. She made her *début* in Gounod's *Faust*."

"It is *my* Siebel!" cried Zoe, rapturously. "Why, aunt, no wonder Harrington admires her. For my part, I adore her."

"*You*, child! That is quite a different matter."

"No, it is not. He is like me; he has only seen her once, as I have, and on the stage."

"Fiddle-dee-dee. I tell you he is in love with her, over head and ears; he is wonderfully inflammable for a woman-hater. Ask Mr. Severne; he knows."

"Mr. Severne, is my brother in love with that lady?"

Severne's turn had come; that able young man saw his chance, and did as good a bit of acting as ever was extemporized even by an Italian mime.

"Miss Vizard," said he, fixing his hazel eyes on her for the first time, in a way that made her feel his power, "what passed in confidence between two friends ought to be sacred. Don't—you—think so?" (The girl quivered, remembering the secret he had confessed to her.) "Miss Maitland has done your brother and me the honor to listen to our secrets. She shall repeat them, if she thinks it delicate; but I shall not, without Vizard's consent; and, more than that, the conversation seems to me to be taking the turn of casting blame, and ridicule, and I don't know what, on the best-hearted, kindest-hearted, truest-hearted, noblest, and manliest man I know. I decline to take any further share in it."

With these last words in his mouth, he stuck his hands defiantly into his pockets and stalked out into the veranda, looking every inch a man.

Zoe folded her arms and gazed after him with undisguised admiration. How well every thing he did became him—his firing up, his brusquerie, the very movements of his body, all so piquant, charming, and unwomanly! As he vanished from her admiring eyes, she turned, with flaming cheeks, on Miss Maitland, and said, "Well, aunt, you have driven them both out at the window; now say something pretty to Fanny and me, and drive us out at the door."

Miss Maitland hung her head; she saw she had them all against her but Fanny, and Fanny was a trimmer. She said, sorrowfully, "No, Zoe. I feel how unattractive I have made the room. I have driven away the gods of your idolatry—they are only idols of clay; but that you can't believe. I will banish nobody else, except a cross-grained but respectable old woman, who is too experienced, and too much soured by it, to please young people when things are going wrong."

With this she took her bed-candle and retired.

Zoe had an inward struggle. As Miss Maitland opened her bedroom door, she called to her, "Aunt! one word. Was it you that ordered the fire in my bedroom?"

Now if she had received the answer she expected, she meant to say, "Then please let me forget every thing else you have said or done to-day." But Miss Maitland stared a little, and said, "Fire in your bedroom—no."

"Oh!—Then I have nothing to thank you for this day," said Zoe, with all the hardness of youth; though, as a general rule, she had not her share of it.

The old lady winced visibly, but she made a creditable answer. "Then, my dear, you shall have my prayers this night; and it does not matter much whether you thank me for them or not."

As she disappeared, Zoe flung herself wearily on a couch, and very soon began to cry. Fanny ran to her and nestled close to her, and the two had a rock together, Zoe crying, and Fanny coaxing and comforting.

"Ah!" sighed Zoe, "this was the happiest day of my life, and see how it ends. Quarreling, and deceit—the one I hate, the other I despise. No, never again, until I have said my prayers, and am just going to sleep, will I cry, 'O giorno felice!' as I did this afternoon, when the rain was pouring on me, but my heart was all in a glow."

These pretty little lamentations of youth were interrupted by Mr. Severne slipping away from his friend, to try and recover lost ground.

He was coolly received by Zoe; then he looked dismayed, but affected not to understand; then Zoe pinched Fanny, which meant, "I don't choose to put him on his defense, but I am dying to hear if he has any thing to say." Thereupon Fanny obeyed that significant pinch, and said, "Mr. Severne, my cousin is not a woman of the world; she is a country girl, with old-fashioned romantic notions that a man should be above telling fibs; I have known her longer than you, and I see she can't understand your passing off the gambling table for a sick friend."

"Why, I never did," said he, as bold as brass.

"Mr. Severne!"

"Miss Dover! my sick friend was at 'The Golden Star,' that's a small hotel in a different direction from the Kursaal. I was there from seven o'clock till nine. You ask the waiter, if you don't believe me."

Fanny giggled at this inadvertent speech; but Zoe's feelings were too deeply engaged to shoot fun flying. "Fanny," cried she, eagerly, "I heard him tell the coachman to drive him to that very place, 'The Golden Star.'"

"Really?" said Fanny, mystified.

"Indeed I did, dear. I remember 'The Golden Star' distinctly."

"Ladies, I was there till nine o'clock. Then I started for the theatre. Unfortunately the theatre is attached to the Kursaal. I thought I would just look in for a few minutes. In fact, I don't think I was there half an hour. But Miss Maitland is quite right in one thing. I lost more than two hundred pounds, all through playing on a false system. Of course I know I had no business to go there at all, when I might have been by your side."

"And heard La Klosking."

"It was devilish bad taste, and you may well be surprised and offended."

"No, no; not at that," said Zoe.

"But, hang it all, don't make a fellow worse than he is. Why should I invent a sick friend? I suppose I have a right to go to the Kursaal if I choose. At any rate I mean to go to-morrow afternoon, and win a pot of money. Hinder me who can."

Zoe beamed with pleasure. "That spiteful old woman! I am ashamed of myself. Of course you *have*. It becomes a man to say *je veux;* and it becomes a woman to yield. Forgive our unworthy doubts. We will all go to the Kursaal to-morrow."

The reconciliation was complete; and to add to Zoe's happiness, she made a little discovery. Rosa came in to see if she wanted any thing. That, you must know, was Rosa's way of saying, "It is very late. *I'm* tired; so the sooner *you* go to bed, the better." And Zoe was by nature so considerate that she often went to bed more for Rosa's convenience than her own inclination.

But this time she said, sharply, "Yes, I do. I want to know who had my fire lighted for me in the middle of summer."

"Why, squire, to be sure," said Rosa.

"What! *my* brother?"

"Yes, miss; and seen to it all hisself: leastways I found the things properly muddled. 'Twas to be seen a man had been at 'em."

Rosa retired, leaving Zoe's face a picture.

Just then Vizard put his head cautiously in at the window, and said, in a comic whisper, "Is she gone?"

"Yes, she is gone," cried Zoe, "and you are wanted in her place." She ran to meet him. "Who ordered a fire in my room, and muddled all my things?" said she, severely.

"I did. What of that?"

"Oh, nothing. Only now I know who is my friend. Young people, here's a lesson for you. When a lady is out in the rain, don't prepare a lecture for her, like Aunt Maitland, but light her fire, like this dear old duck of a woman-hating impostor. Kiss me!" (violently).

"There—pest."

"That is not enough, nor half. There, and there, and there, and there, and there, and there."

"Now, look here, my young friend," said Vizard, holding her lovely head by both ears, "you are exciting yourself about nothing, and that will end in one of your headaches. So just take your candle and go to bed, like a good little girl."

"Must I? Well, then I will. Good-by, tyrant dear. Oh, how I love you! Come, Fanny."

She gave her hand shyly to Severne, and soon they were both in Zoe's room.

Rosa was dismissed, and they had their chat; but it was nearly all on one side. Fanny had plenty to say, but did not say it. She had not the heart to cloud that beaming face again so soon; she temporized: Zoe pressed her with questions too; but she slurred things. Zoe asked her why Miss Maitland was so bitter against poor Mr. Severne. Fanny said, in an off-hand way, "Oh, it is only on your account she objects to him."

"And what are her objections?"

"Oh, only grammatical ones, dear. She says his *antecedents* are obscure, and his *relatives* unknown—ha! ha! ha!" Fanny laughed; but Zoe did not see the fun. Then Fanny stroked her down.

"Never mind that old woman. *I* shall interfere properly, if I see you in danger: it was monstrous, her making an *esclandre* at the very dinner table, and spoiling your happy day."

"But she hasn't!" cried Zoe, eagerly. "'All's well than ends well.' I am happy—oh, so happy. You love me. Harrington loves me. *He* loves me. What more can any woman ask for than to be *amata bene?*"

This was the last word between Zoe and Fanny upon St. Brooch's Day.

As Fanny went to her own room, the vigilant Maitland opened her door that looked upon the corridor, and beckoned her in.

"Well," said she, "did you speak to Zoe?"

"Just a word before dinner. Aunt, she came in wet to the skin, and in higher spirits than Rosa ever knew her."

Aunt groaned.

"And what do you think? Her spoiled dress, she ordered it to be ironed and put by. *It is a case.*"

Next day they all met at a late breakfast, and good humor was the order of the day.

This encouraged Zoe to throw out a feeler about the gambling tables. Then Fanny said it must be nice to gamble, because it was so naughty. "In a long experience," said Miss Dover, with a sigh, "I have found that whatever is nice is naughty, and whatever is naughty is nice."

"There's a short code of morals," observed Vizard, "for the use of seminaries. Now let us hear Severne; he knows all the defenses of gambling lunacy has discovered."

Severne, thus appealed to, said play was like other things, bad only when carried to excess. "At Homburg, where the play is fair, what harm can there be in devoting two or three hours of a long day to *trente et quarante?* The play exercises memory, judgment, *sang-froid*, and other good qualities of the mind. Above all, it is on the square; now buying and selling shares without delivery, bulling and bearing and rigging, and Stock Exchange speculations in general, are just as much gambling, but with cards all marked and dice loaded, and the fair player has no chance. The world," said this youthful philosopher, "is taken in by words. The truth is, that gambling with cards is fair, and gambling without cards a swindle."

"He is hard upon the city," said the Vizard; "but no matter. Proceed, young man. Develop your code of morals for the amusement of mankind, while duller spirits inflict instruction."

"You have got my opinion," said Severne. "Oblige us with yours."

"No; mine would not be popular just now: I reserve it till we are there, and can see the lunatics at work."

"Oh, then we are to go," cried Fanny. "Oh, be joyful!"

"That depends on Miss Maitland. It is not in my department."

Instantly four bright eyes were turned piteously on the awful Maitland.

"Oh, aunt," said Zoe, pleadingly, "*do* you think there would be any great harm in our—just for once in a way?"

"My dear," said Miss Maitland, solemnly, "I can not say that I approve of public gambling in general. But at Homburg the company is select. I have seen a German prince, a Russian prince, and two English countesses, the very *élite* of London society,

seated at the same table in the Kursaal. I think, therefore, there can be no harm in your going, under the conduct of older persons—myself, for example, and your brother."

"Code three," suggested Vizard—"the chaperonian code."

"And a very good one, too," said Zoe. "But, aunt, must we look on, or may we play, just a little, little?"

"My dear, there can be no great harm in playing a little, in *good company*—if you play with your own money." She must have one dig at Severne.

"I sha'n't play very deep, then," said Fanny; "for I have got no money hardly."

Vizard came to the front, like a man. "No more should I," said he, "but for Herries and Co. As it is, I am a Crœsus, and I shall stand £100, which you three ladies must divide; and between you, no doubt, you will break the bank."

Acclamations greeted this piece of misogyny. When they had subsided, Severne was called on to explain the game, and show the young ladies how to win a fortune with £33 6*s.* 8*d.*

The table was partly cleared, two packs of cards sent for, and the professor lectured. "This," said he, "is the cream of the game. Six packs are properly shuffled and properly cut; the players put their money on black or red, which is the main event, and is settled thus: The dealer deals the cards in two rows. He deals the *first* row for black, and stops the moment the cards pass thirty. That deal determines how near *Noir* can get to thirty-one."

Severne then dealt for *Noir*, and the cards came as follows:

Queen of Hearts—four of Clubs—ten of Spades—nine of Diamonds: total, thirty-three.

He then dealt for red:

Knave of Clubs—ace of Diamonds—two of Spades—King of Spades—nine of Hearts: total, thirty-two.

"Red wins, because the cards dealt for red come nearest thirty-one. Besides that," said he, "you can bet on the color or against it. The actual color of the first card the player turns up on the black line must be black or red. Whichever it happens to be is called 'the color.' Say it is red, then, if the black line of cards wins, color loses. Now I will deal again for both events.

"I deal for *Noir*.

"Nine of Diamonds. Red, then, is the actual color turned up on the black line. Do you bet for it, or against it?"

"I bet for it," cried Zoe. "It's my favorite color."

"And what do you say on the main event?"

"Oh, red on that too."

"Very good. I go on dealing for *Noir*. Queen of Diamonds—three of Spades—Knave of Hearts—nine of Spades: thirty-two. That looks ugly for your two events, black coming so near as thirty-two. Now for red. Four of Hearts—Knave of Spades—Seven of Diamonds—Queen of Clubs: thirty-one, by Jove. *Rouge gagne et couleur.* There is nothing like courage. You have won both events."

"Oh, what a nice game!" cried Zoe.

He then continued to deal, and they all betted on the main event and the color, staking fabulous sums, till at last both numbers came up thirty-one.

Thereupon Severne informed them that half the stakes belonged to him. That was the trifling advantage accorded to the bank.

"Which trifling advantage," said Vizard, "has enriched the man-eating company and their prince, and built the Kursaal, and will clean you all out if you play long enough."

"That," said Severne, "I deny; it is more than balanced by the right the players have of doubling till they gain, and by the maturity of the chances: I will explain this to the ladies. You see experience proves that neither red nor black can come up more than nine times running. When, therefore, either color has come up four times, you can put a moderate stake on the other color, and double on it till it *must* come, by the laws of nature. Say red has turned four times. You put a napoleon on black; red gains. You lose a napoleon. You don't remove it, but double on it. The chances are now five to one you gain; but if you lose, you double on the same, and, when you have got to sixteen napoleons, the color must change: uniformity has reached its physical limit. That is called the maturity of the chances. Begin as unluckily as possible with five francs, and lose. If you have to double eight times before you win, it only comes to 1280 francs. Given, therefore, a man to whom fifty napoleons are no more than five francs to us, he can never lose if he doubles, like a Trojan, till the chances are mature. This is called 'the Martingale;' but observe, it only secures against loss. Heavy gains are made by doubling judiciously on the *winning* color, or by simply betting on short runs of it. When red comes up, back red, and double twice on it. Thus you profit by the remarkable and observed fact that the colors do not, as a rule, alternate, but reach ultimate equality by avoiding alternation, and making short runs, with occasional long runs; the latter are rare, and must be watched with a view to the balancing run of the other color. This is my system."

"And you really think you have invented it?" asked Vizard.

"I am not so conceited. My system was communicated to me, in the Kursaal itself, by an old gentleman."

"*An* old gentleman, or *the*—"

"Oh, Harrington," cried Zoe, "fie!"

"My wit is appreciated at its value. Proceed, Ned."

Severne told him, a little defiantly, it was an old gentleman, with a noble head, a silvery beard, and the most benevolent countenance he ever saw.

"Curious place for his reverence to be in," hazarded Vizard.

"He saw me betting, first on the black, then on the red, till I was cleaned out, and then he beckoned me."

"Not a man of premature advice, any way."

"He told me he had observed my play. I had been relying on the alternations of the colors, which alternation chance persistently avoids, and arrives at equality by runs. He then gave me a better system."

"And, having expounded his system, he illustrated it? Tell the truth, now; he sat down and lost the coat off his back. It followed his family acres."

"You are quite wrong again. He never plays. He has heart-disease, and his physician has forbidden him all excitement."

"His nation?"

"Humph! French."

"Ah! the nation that produced '*Le philosophe sans le savoir.*' And now it has added, '*Le philosophe sans le vouloir,*' and you have stumbled on him. What a life for an aged man! *Fortunatus ille senex qui ludicola vivit.* Tantalus handcuffed, and glowering over a gambling table: a hell in a hell."

"Oh, Harrington—"

"Exclamations not allowed in sober argument, Zoe. Come, Ned, it is not heart-disease, it is purse-disease. Just do me a favor. Here are five sovereigns; give those to the old beggar, and let him risk them."

"I could hardly take such a liberty with an old gentleman of his age and appearance —a man of honor too, and high sentiments. Why, I'd bet seven to four he is one of Napoleon's old soldiers."

The ladies sided unanimously with Severne. "What! offer a *vieux de l'Empire* five pounds? Oh fie!"

"Fiddle-dee-dee!" said the indomitable Vizard. "Besides, he will do it with his usual grace. He will approach the son of Mars with that feigned humility which sits so well on youth, and ask him, as a personal favor, to invest five pounds for *him* at *rouge et noir*. The old soldier will stiffen into double dignity at first, then give him a low wink, and end by sitting down and gambling. He will be cautious at starting, as one who opens trenches for the siege of Mammon; but soon the veteran will get heated, and give battle. He will fancy himself at Jena, since the croupiers are Prussians. If he loses, you cut him dead, being a humdrum Englishman; and if he wins, he cuts you, and pockets the cash, being a Frenchman that talks sentiment."

This sally provoked a laugh, in which Severne joined, and said, "Really, for a landed proprietor, you know a thing or two." He consented at last, with some reluctance, to take the money; and none of the persons present doubted that he would execute the commission with a grace and delicacy all his own. Nevertheless, to run forward a little with the narrative, I must tell you that he never did hand that five pound to the venerable sire. A little thing prevented him—the old man wasn't born yet.

"And now," said Vizard, "it is our last day in Homburg. You are all going to gratify your mania—lunacy is contagious. Suppose I gratify mine."

"Do, dear," said Zoe; "and what is it?"

"I like your asking that, when it was publicly announced last night, and I fled discomfited to my balcony, and in my confusion lighted a cigar. My mania is—the Klosking."

"That is not a mania; it is good taste. She is admirable."

"Yes, in an opera: but I want to know how she looks and talks in a room; and that is insane of me."

"Then so you *shall*, insane or not. I will call on her this morning, and take you in my hand."

"What an ample palm! and what juvenile audacity! Zoe, you take my breath away."

"No audacity at all. I am sure of my welcome. How often must I tell you that we have mesmerized each other, that lady and I, and only waiting an opportunity to rush into each other's arms! It began with her singling me out at the opera. But I dare say that was owing, *at first*, only to my being in full dress."

"No, no; to your being, like Agamemnon, a head taller than all the other Greeks."

"Harrington! I am not a Greek. I am a thorough English girl at heart, though I *am* as black as a coal."

"No apology needed in our present frame; you are all the more like the ace of Spades."

"Do you want me to take you to the Klosking, Sir? Then you had better not make fun of me. I tell you she sang to *me*, and smiled on *me*, and courtesied to *me*; and, now you have put it into my head, I mean to call upon her, and I will take you with me. What I shall do, I shall send in my card. I shall be admitted, and you will wait outside. As soon as she sees me, she will run to me with both hands out, and say, in excellent *French*, I hope, '*How*, mademoiselle! you have deigned to remember me, and to honor me with a visit.' Then I shall say, in school French, 'Yes, madame; excuse the intrusion; but I was so charmed with your performance. We leave Hom-

burg to-morrow, and as, unfortunately for myself, I can not have the pleasure of seeing you again upon the stage—' Then I shall stop for her to interrupt me. Then she will interrupt me, and say charming things, as only foreigners can; and then I shall say, still in school French, 'Madame, I am not alone. I have my brother with me. He adores music, and was as fascinated with your Siebel as myself. May I present him?' Then she will say, 'Oh yes, by all means;' and I shall introduce you. Then you can make love to her. That will be droll. Fanny, I'll tell you every word he says."

"Make love to her!" cried Vizard. "Is this your estimate of a brother's motives? My object in visiting this lady is not to feed my mania, but to cure it. I have seen her on the stage, looking like the incarnation of a poet's dream. I am *extasié* with her. Now let me catch her *en déshabillé*, with her porter on one side, and her lover on the other: and so to Barfordshire, relieved of a fatal illusion."

"If that is your view, I'll go by myself, for I know she is a noble woman, and as much a lady off the stage as on it. My only fear is she will talk that dreadful guttural German, with its 'oches' and its 'aches,' and then where shall we all be? We must ask Mr. Severne to go with us."

"A good idea. No—a vile one. He is abominably handsome, and has the gift of the gab—in German and other languages. He is sure to cut me out, the villain! Lock him up, somebody, till we come back."

"Now, Harrington, don't be absurd. He must and shall be of the party. I have my reasons. Mr. Severne," said she, turning on him with a blush and a divine smile, "you will oblige me I am sure."

Severne's face turned as blank as a doll's, and he said nothing, one way or other.

It was settled that they should all meet at the Kursaal at four, to dine and play. But Zoe and her party would go on ahead by the one-o'clock train; and so she retired to put on her bonnet—a technical expression, which implies a good deal.

Fanny went with her, and as events more exciting than the usual routine of their young lives were ahead, their tongues went a rare pace. But the only thing worth presenting to the reader came at the end, after the said business of the toilet had been dispatched.

Zoe said, "I must go now, or I shall keep them waiting."

"Only one, dear," said Fanny, dryly.

"Why only one?"

"Mr. Severne will not go."

"That he will: I made a point of it."

"You did, dear; but still he will not go."

There was something in this and in Fanny's tone that startled Zoe and puzzled her sorely. She turned round upon her with flashing eye, and said, "No mysteries, please, dear. Why won't he go with me wherever I ask him to go, or, rather, what makes you think he won't?"

Said Fanny, thoughtfully: "I could not tell you, all in a moment, why I feel so positive. One puts little things together that are nothing apart: one observes faces; I do, at least. You don't seem to me to be so quick at that as most girls. But, Zoe dear, you know very well one often knows a thing for certain, yet one doesn't know exactly what makes one know it."

Now Zoe's *amour propre* was wounded by Fanny's suggestion that Severne would not go to Homburg, or, indeed, to the world's end, with her; so she drew herself up in her grand way, and folded her arms, and said, a little haughtily, "Then tell me what is it you know about *him* and me, without knowing how on earth you know it."

The supercilious tone and grand manner nettled Fanny, and it wasn't "brooch-day;" she stood up to her lofty cousin like a little game-cock. "I know this," said she, with heightened cheek, and flashing eyes, and a voice of steel, "you will never get Mr. Edward Severne into one room with Zoe Vizard and Ina Klosking."

Zoe Vizard turned very pale, but her eyes flashed defiance on her friend.

"That I'll know," she said, in a deep voice, with a little gasp, but a world of pride and resolution.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ladies went down together, and found Vizard ready. Mr. Severne was not in the room. Zoe inquired after him.

"Gone to get a sun-shade," said Vizard.

"There!" said Zoe to Fanny, in a triumphant whisper. "What is that for, but to go with us?"

Fanny made no reply.

They waited some time for Severne and his sun-shade.

At last Vizard looked at his watch, and said they had only five minutes to spare. "Come down and look after him. He *must* be somewhere about."

They went down, and looked for him all over the Platz. He was not to be seen. At last Vizard took out his watch, and said, "It is some misunderstanding: we can't wait any longer."

So he and Zoe went to the train. Neither said much on the way to Homburg, for they were both brooding. Vizard's good sense and right feeling were beginning to sting him a little for calling on the Klosking at all, and a great deal for using the enthusiasm

of an inexperienced girl to obtain an introduction to a public singer. He sat moody in his corner, taking himself to task. Zoe's thoughts ran in quite another channel, but she was no easier in her mind. It really seemed as if Severne had given her the slip. Probably he would explain his conduct; but then that Fanny should foretell he would avoid her company rather than call on Mademoiselle Klosking, and that Fanny should be right—this made the thing serious, and galled Zoe to the quick: she was angry with Fanny for prophesying truly; she was rather angry with Severne for not coming, and more angry with him for making good Fanny's prediction.

Zoe Vizard was a good girl and a generous girl; but she was not a humble girl: she had a great deal of pride, and her share of vanity, and here both were galled. Besides that, it seemed to her most strange and disheartening that Fanny, who did not love Severne, should be able to foretell his conduct better than she who did love him; such foresight looked like greater insight. All this humiliated and also puzzled her strangely; and so she sat brooding as deeply as her brother.

As for Vizard, by the time they got to Homburg he had made up his mind. As they got out of the train, he said, "Look here, I am ashamed of myself. I have a right to play the fool, alone; but I have no business to drag my sister into it. We will go somewhere else. There are lots of things to see. I give up the Klosking."

Zoe stared at him a moment, and then answered, with cold decision, "No, dear; you must allow me to call on her, now I am here. She won't bite *me*."

"Well, but it is a strange thing to do."

"What does that matter? We are abroad."

"Come, Zoe, I am much obliged to you; but give it up."

"No, dear."

Harrington smiled at her pretty peremptoriness, and misunderstood it. "This is carrying sisterly love a long way," said he. "I must try and rise to your level. I won't go with you."

"Then I shall go alone."

"What, if I forbid you, miss?"

She tapped him on the cheek with her fingers. "Don't affect the tyrant, dear; you can't manage it. Fanny said something that has mortified me. I shall go. You can do as you like. But stop; where does she live?"

"Suppose I decline to tell you? I am seized with a virtuous fit—a regular paroxysm."

"Then I shall go to the opera and inquire, dear. But" (coaxingly) "you will tell me, dear."

"There," said Harrington, "you wicked, tempting girl, my sham virtue has oozed away, and my real mania triumphs. She lives at 'The Golden Star.' I was weak enough to send Harris in last night to learn."

Zoe smiled.

He hailed a conveyance, and they started at once for "The Golden Star."

"Zoe," said Harrington, gravely, "something tells me I am going to meet my fate."

"All the better," said Zoe. "I wish you to meet your fate. My love for my brother is not selfish. I am sure she is a good woman. Perhaps I may find out something."

"About what?"

"Oh, never mind."

SEA SORCERY.

Cheerily blew the soft midsummer wind,
And morn's first freshness had not left the sky,
As our small craft shot past the harbor buoy,
And left the light-house far upon the lee,
And stood right out into the glistening bay,
Leaving behind the sad and sullen roar
Of the great waves that broke upon the rocks,
Tossing the rock-weed madly to and fro;
Leaving behind the voices clear and sweet
Of happy children playing on the beach,
And the one ancient, immemorial man,
Whose dory rocked amid the boiling surf,
While he, as ever, sat with eyes cast down,
Wondering what luck his lines would have that day.
Dimmer and dimmer grew the distant shore;
Down dropped the spires below the violet line
Where sea and sky were married into one,
And still we sailed.

And more and more there fell
Upon our spirits such a subtle charm,
So weird a spell of sea-wrought sorcery,
That all things grew unto our spirit strange.
Strange seemed the sky above, and strange the sea,
And strange the vessels flitting here and there
Across the bay. Strange seemed we each to each,
And to ourselves; and when our voices smote
The stillness, half they seemed like voices heard
In lives long gone, or lives that were to be.
Little we spoke, and less of words our own;
But now and then some poet's music, heard
In that old time before we sailed away—
It might have been a hundred years ago.
Dream-like grew all the past, until it seemed
To be no past of ours.

But when the sun
Began to linger toward the western verge,
We turned our prow and bade him be our guide·
Yet more in doubt than faith that we should find
The land from which we once had sailed away—
Ay, whether such a land there was at all,
Save as some baseless phantom of our brains.
And when again we heard the roaring surf,
And saw the old, familiar, storm-bleached crags,
And the long curve of pebbly beach beyond,
The wonder grew, till it was keen as pain,
Whether, indeed, we sailed away that morn,
Or in some dim gray morning of the world;
Whether some few brief hours had flitted by
Between the morning and the evening stars,
Or generations had arrived and gone,
And states had fallen 'mid the crash of arms,
And justice grown more ample on the earth.
There sat the ancient, immemorial *man*,
Tending his line amid the boiling surf,
And still the spell was not dissolved quite.
So long had he been there, it seemed not strange
That he should sit a thousand years and more,
Paying no heed to aught that passed him by.
At length, our moorings reached, our anchor dropped,
Amid a crowd we stood upon the shore—
A crowd whose faces looked a trifle strange,
Till from among them came a little child,
And put her hand in mine, and lifted up her face
For kisses. Then the charm was snapped,
And I went homeward, glad to be restored
To the firm earth and its familiar ways.

A SOUTHERN LADY OF SHALOTT.

"GRETA, how silent you are!" said Mrs. Ivison. "I fear that I am but a dull companion for you. Isn't it blindman's holiday? Pray put up your work."

Miss Ivison immediately laid aside the embroidery upon which she was engaged, and stepping out of the open window upon the porch, drew a low seat close to her grandmother's chair.

Leaning forward and looking up in her face with playful reproach, "For shame, dearest!" she exclaimed. Then, as the sweet old face relaxed into a smile, "As if you did not know the nursery song, to the chime of one of whose couplets all my labors are set to music—

"'I lived with my grandmother; 'twas down in yonder green;
She's the finest old lady that ever was seen!'"

The clear caroling of these words awakened the echoes from across the river on whose shore the little house stood, and induced the rower of a small boat, just then gliding down its red sunset path, to rest for a moment upon his oars. "Where have I heard that voice before? Who are the tenants of this cottage?" muttered he, resuming his stroke.

"Tell me why you were so quiet," persisted grandmamma, laying the soft old hand, from which Greta had withdrawn the ivory knitting-needles, upon the now recumbent head.

"The lights and voices of other days were in my eyes and ears, I suppose," was replied, a little reluctantly, then heaving a heavy sigh. "But, presto, change! I see only the lovely glow of this western sky, hear only the rushing of the river on its way to the Mexican Gulf, and the whispering of these mimosa-trees near us. Grandmamma"—with a livelier tone—"confess that our lines are cast in pleasant places."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Ivison, slowly. "I hope we may have done well to come here. It is a healthy location, convenient of access, yet secluded enough to enable you to do as you wish; that is, to pursue your drawing and embroidery-work uninterrupted. I wish you did not have to do the latter."

"Why not, since that is the kind of art to command the readier sale?" with a light touch of sarcasm. "The rent of this cottage, small as it is, makes it needful to eke out our income in some way, you know. And think, you ungrateful grandmamma, of the luxury of a roof to ourselves, however humble, and of a place in which to put the few treasures saved from our shipwreck—dear grandpapa's books and all!"

"It is too lonely for you; that is my greatest fear, Greta. You are young yet, and—"

"*Encore jeune!*" laughed Miss Ivison, mockingly. "No, no; I am *disillusionée*, as the French say, and older than your fancy paints me, grandmamma. Perhaps I may grow young again in this new life out of the world with you, though"—for the old lady had again sighed.

"Truly I don't like to hear you talk in that way. It is unnatural at your age."

"Is it? I will not, then, for I hate affectation. Tell me, grandmamma, to change the subject, have you yet heard the name of the owner of the turreted house down the river yonder?"

"The house concerning which you have been so curious?" asked Mrs. Ivison, while her glance followed Greta's to the distant towers of a handsome residence that an intervening wood partly screened from their view.

"Yes. Seen from here, I could easily imagine it some castle on the Rhine. And the situation is so pretty on that height, which, I fancy, must descend from the back of the house in terraces to the water. Some day I shall negotiate with one of the river fishermen for the use of a small boat, and row myself past it—I have not forgotten my old accomplishment; don't look alarmed, grandmamma—if only to see that my idea is correct. Then, to quote Doré, the picture retained by 'the collodion in my brain' shall be transferred to paper on my return."

"You have forgotten your question," said Mrs. Ivison, after a pause, during which she rather thoughtfully stroked Greta's cheeks. "And chance has enabled me to answer it."

"Indeed!"

"You know that our landlord called today to receive the first quarterly payment of the rent. He was disposed to talk, from his satisfaction, perhaps, in obtaining tenants who made prompt payment, as I hear his former ones proved troublesome. In the course of a few words he dropped the remark that the neighborhood might be livelier soon, as it was rumored that the Kents, who had recently bought your picturesque castle, were expected from New Orleans."

"Not Clara's father and mother!"

"I asked if they were of the Carondelet Street firm of Kents, and he replied in the affirmative. But, after all, it may be a mistake; there are probably many of the name in New Orleans."

For Miss Ivison's brow had grown dark, her lip compressed.

The old lady looked at her somewhat anxiously. In prosperous days Greta had visited these Kents in their city home—Clara, their daughter and her school friend, having vehemently petitioned for her society at least for one winter's season up to its gay carnival close. And Greta's remembrance of the visit was as of some dream of enchantment. Thrown into constant

companionship with Eugene Kent, Clara's brother, a mutual attraction had ripened into love, to which fortune seemed to promise no obstacle. With the full approval of his family, Eugene had followed her home to gain the consent of her guardians. And it was not withheld. But the delay of a year or two was stipulated for by the grandparents, unwilling at once to lose this only child; and the business connections of the Kents in Europe requiring some personal oversight, it was decided that Eugene should cross the ocean in this interim.

Up to the time of the parting but one slight jar had ever taken place in the intercourse of the lovers. This had occurred in the discussion of an ill-starred marriage, Eugene expressing his belief that the trouble was due to inequality in fortune and position, adding that such alliances rarely turned out well. These carelessly uttered words struck Greta unpleasantly. Sweeping him an exaggerated courtesy,

"Very well, milord Kent," she exclaimed. "Should I by chance in your absence lose fortune, and caste thereby, I shall know what to expect."

"Nonsense," said Eugene, smiling securely, and failing to see the real seriousness underlying this. "I can not imagine you other than you are; but you must see, Greta;" and he proceeded to develop his idea, "to show," as he averred, "its common-sense." But the only effect was an increased flush on his pretty companion's cheek as she replied,

"You may be right, Eugene, but it is a man's common-sense, I think, not a woman's," and declined to pursue the conversation.

But she was destined to remember it. Hardly six months from the time of Eugene's departure the failure of a bank and soon after of a railroad scheme, in which the greater part of her grandfather's property was invested, brought them into great distress and uncertainty for the future. The health and spirits of old Mr. Ivison were so affected by these losses as to make him unable to rally from an attack of cold and fever.

Upon Margaret fell the task of consoling the surviving grandparent and planning for the morrow's need. All the latent force of her character was developed in their adversity. But the seeds of a dangerous pride were quickened into life too. Seeing the cold avoidance of many so-called friends in this hour of threatened poverty, and stung to a distrust of human nature, her thoughts flew to Eugene for the first time with apprehension, remembering his former words. And the feeling instigated her to write an offer of release from their engagement, entered into under other circumstances. There was no reply, and a corresponding failure of Clara's letters at the same time seemed to justify her doubt. Again she wrote, this time briefly and formally dissolving the tie between them.

And then, disdaining to acknowledge pain for the loss of a love so little trustworthy, she turned her energies to the struggle with adversity before them.

She hoped that a decided talent for drawing might aid her in the future, and it appeared that a very small income would still remain after the sale of house and furniture —enough, perhaps, to subsist on in the country.

"Certainly not in town," Miss Ivison said, showing a feverish haste to quit the scenes of her happy former life.

But affairs of importance are not concluded in a moment, and it was not till early spring that a place of residence was decided upon.

A cottage on the outskirts of a small railroad station, situated upon one of the watercourses finding its way to the Gulf, was the result of their investigations, the two main reasons recommending it being change of scene and the prospect of uninterrupted seclusion.

Mrs. Ivison might have preferred lingering near her old home, but agreed tacitly to Greta's wish to separate herself from the world in which they had once moved, if she did not approve.

And now had come the unwelcome intelligence concerning the owner of the turreted house. One of the unforeseen contingencies of life had brought into their neighborhood, the first year of residence in it, the very man whom of all that world Greta had moved there to avoid.

What should she do? Were these Kents really coming here? But folly! Had they not forgotten? Was there any likelihood of their seeking her? Would Eugene be with his family? Her heart beat suffocatingly at the suggestion. She knew well that his coming had been looked for.

How strange that he had not even replied to the note breaking their engagement! Yet no; how should he have any thing to say for himself? And Clara! Something like a sob rose in her throat. She could think of Eugene haughtily, as a woman will of the man who has betrayed her trust; not so of this familiar friend of her school-days. Did that affectionate, warm-hearted manner cover so much worldliness?

With a groan she half closed her eyes; then rose hastily, as if to shake off such thoughts.

"Dear Margaret!"

"Forgive me, grandmamma. Was I rude? But this chance is so—vexatious! But never mind. It will only make it necessary to take one's walks later or earlier, as the case may be, to avoid meeting them. They will

hardly seek our humble home, I imagine" (bitterly). "How I wish that in coming here we had changed our name!"

"My dear Greta!—when we have done nothing to be ashamed of!"

"True; I am talking recklessly, and 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I will think of them no more;" and Greta, entering the cottage through the open window, lit the lamps, summoned their one maid to bring the tea, then seated herself at the piano to sing, "Fly, my skiff, among the roses."

"The song is so apropos here, grandmamma," she said, breaking off abruptly, "for the river shores are lined with wild roses—Cherokees, you know. And I noticed this morning how rapidly they were budding. In a few weeks they'll be all in bloom. Oh, for a skiff! or rather for my own dear boat—grandpapa's last gift. If I could have brought it here! It would be delightful to row on this river."

But old Mrs. Ivison shook her head, though glad to see restored cheerfulness. The water, in her estimation, was a treacherous element, and Greta's light-oared paper boat a most reckless modern invention for tempting Providence.

The Ivisons' landlord had not been misinformed. The Kents were already on their way to this residence, Clara's convalescence making it necessary for them to leave the city early. A severe attack of typhoid fever had brought the cherished daughter almost to the borders of the grave, and a quiet, healthy abode being desirable for her, Mr. Kent, who hated the discomforts of summer travel, and had long contemplated the purchase of some country residence, fixed upon this, induced by the recommendations of some commercial traveler well acquainted with small railroad stations.

Eugene had returned from Europe, to be met with news of Greta's perplexing silence and the tidings of his sister's danger. The first was partially explained by the note of dismissal to himself, received only upon the eve of sailing. Certainly unsatisfactorily. For the original tentative letter, instigated by her first impulse of pride, had never been forwarded, but still lay with unclaimed mail matter at Calais, to which port it had been missent. Mr. Kent senior hearing of Mr. Ivison's losses (much underestimated by first report) and subsequent death, had written a brief note of condolence to Greta, mentioning Clara's illness as excuse, and begging immediate reply.

This note, which the anxious-minded father thought to have mailed, was discovered months after by Mrs. Kent, slipped through the lining of his great-coat pocket. And so there were hard feelings among those who had ever been friends, caused by these small unforeseen chances of life that upset the nicest calculations.

The indifference to his sister's danger touched Eugene almost more than the affront to himself. Indeed, the last had only bewildered and made him resolve with all a man's will to force the lady to explain herself, before accepting his dismissal as final; but he was now nearly persuaded of her deliberate faithlessness—so nearly as to make him somewhat delay his intention of inquiring into the cause of her conduct. A request from his father just at this time to precede them, in order to see that all was arranged beforehand for Clara's comfort, was a welcome distraction to a mind that had been resolving and re-resolving without yet fixing upon a definite plan of action.

This journey would take him through the place of the Ivisons' home. But arrived in that sea-port to find them gone, none seemed to know where, his anxiety took a new turn.

Was this departure caused by the pressure of poverty? He feared so from what he could learn. Certainly he would lose no time in satisfying himself on this head so soon as he had dispatched the business in hand.

Seeking their former abode before the hour of taking the train, he observed a wagon before the entrance, and recognized upon it one of Greta's old treasures, a fancifully painted light boat bearing the name of *The Clara*.

Finding, upon inquiry, that it was to be offered for sale, he entered upon a traffic for its possession, and succeeding in obtaining it, ordered it to the station, to be sent on among the earliest freight.

"For there is a boat-house (in which it may be kept) belonging to this new property," he thought; "and until Greta is proved faithless" (for his sanguine temper would occasionally triumph over doubt), "no one else shall have what was hers."

Ah! distrustful Miss Ivison, had you guessed whose was the boat gliding down the stream as you sang—whose were the ears catching so eagerly the echo of your voice!

The curiosity causing the oarsman to pause, had drawn him back to the cottage later with a wish to satisfy it.

The boat, pulled high upon the shore, was temporarily deserted, and its late occupant (who had only arrived in the neighborhood the evening before) now leaned his arms upon the fence, and listened with a surprise and emotion that for a while transfixed him there, to the warbling of "Fly, my skiff," Greta's favorite song, in surely — yes! no other than her own familiar voice!

Trying to decide what course to pursue, and wondering more and more over the strange coincidence bringing the objects of his search here, a card was at last produced from his pocket, upon which scribbling his

name, he resolved to try his chance of admittance. For his mind had become rapidly convinced, through the force of his longing perhaps, in the renewed charm of Greta's proximity, that only some fatal misapprehension on her part could have caused her cruelty to him, and he was impatient for an interview.

But his card certainly failed to prove a trump upon this occasion. The servant who had taken it in returned with the short announcement that the ladies were not receiving visits. And stung to the quick by the new rebuff, Eugene walked indignant away.

It was Greta who had dictated the hasty and haughty message. She had rejected her grandmother's remonstrance with willful impatience. For Mrs. Ivison, much surprised at this visit, began to hope that their judgment of the Kents had been a wrong one. At all events, she was willing, even anxious, to hear what might be said in extenuation.

"It is hardly Christian, my dear, to feel as you do," she said, pleadingly, to Greta, the intensity of whose passionate resentment was suddenly revealed in the outbreak,

"The very name of Kent is hateful to me."

"You will never be happy till you learn to forgive."

"I must learn to forget first," was briefly replied.

"We can not tell, after all, what may not be said in excuse. I feel that I am to be blamed for acquiescing too readily in your condemnation of them upon insufficient evidence."

"What could suffice if the knowledge of their neglect of us under all the circumstances did not?" was Miss Ivison's scornful question.

"There may have been causes for it not known to us."

Greta shook her head, but the doubt rankled thereafter. Was it the struggle to escape from its harassment that caused her to labor for the next few weeks with such feverish, unremitting ardor? Her cheek grew pale from the constant application, and Mrs. Ivison watched her with a secret anxiety that undermined her own feeble health more than she was aware.

There had been no further attempt to seek them out. Eugene, rallying a little from the effects of his last rebuff, urged it upon his mother and sister, who had lately arrived, in vain. Mrs. Kent's maternal pride and affection, outraged not only in the slight to her son, but in the indifference to Clara's late danger (of her illness, remember, she supposed Greta to have been made aware through the lost letter), positively refused, and not only for herself, but for Clara, whose gentle heart secretly mourned over the prohibition.

Seeing this, the mother resolved to fill the house with guests, in the hope of diverting her mind; and soon had, as she fancied, reason to congratulate herself on the success of the scheme, and not only for the daughter, but for Eugene. For he had been strangely restless and unlike himself of late, she thought, seeming quite unable to remain quietly at home enjoying his books, once the charm of leisure hours. His time since his arrival had been chiefly occupied in long solitary hunting and fishing rambles, from which he often did not return till night, and then too wearied to talk.

An unacknowledged hope of meeting the object uppermost in his thoughts, truth to say, was the motive for these excursions, but doomed to disappointment, for Greta was never seen. He had been deeply chagrined by his mother's absolute refusal to call upon the Ivisons, but forbore to argue the point further, from a sense of shame, perhaps, in revealing how strong was his own feeling still for one who had apparently forgotten him.

Preparations for the expected guests, and the necessity of giving aid and counsel to the mother and sister, were, perhaps, of benefit to him in this juncture, by otherwise employing mental faculties too constantly revolving about one idea; and their arrival at least served to fill the house with a life and cheerfulness sadly wanting to it in the early weeks of its occupation.

From her window Greta could see the pleasure excursions on the river, and often on the more distant road equestrian parties racing gayly by, a vision of long skirts, fluttering plumes, graceful and manly forms displayed to advantage by the exercise. And from thence her eyes would return resolutely to the drawing or needle-work over which she was constantly bending. She was wearier than ever of late, not only physically, but spiritually, as it seemed to her. And she was not a little troubled about her grandmother, who had complained of great and increasing weakness as the warm weather drew on. The doctor called in had not been encouraging.

"At her age she should be very careful," he said. "This seems a sort of breaking up of the system."

Which vague generality of speech had so sharpened Greta's anxieties as to make them apparent to their object through her too zealous watchfulness. Old Mrs. Ivison half smiled one day after undergoing a thorough cross-examination as to how she had passed the night.

"Don't be uneasy about me, love," she said; "there is quite enough care on those youthful shoulders. At my time one can not expect uninterrupted health."

"Take care of yourself, darling," said Greta, caressingly, "and don't wonder at

my anxiety. Are you not my all? Grandmamma, grandmamma"—clinging to her with fond terror—"if I should lose you, what would become of me?"

"God would raise up others for you to love and to love you, my Margaret," was replied, with serene faith, as the old lady smoothed the silky brown hair from her granddaughter's forehead. "You will perhaps do better without than with me."

But as the summer waxed in strength, the life forces of Greta's only surviving parent sensibly waned. And seeing it, Miss Ivison's courage seemed at times to desert her, and was only re-animated through the influence of the steadfast trustfulness of the lovely spirit so soon to quit its frail bodily tenement.

"Dearest," Mrs. Ivison said, as Greta established her in a cushioned arm-chair one evening, after a day of pain, "sing something; it will rest me: the little song your grandfather used to ask for—do you remember it?" and Greta, not trusting herself to reply, turned silently to the piano and obeyed:

"Through dark to light!
Wild doubts affright;
Yet Faith leads on unfaltering, bright.

"Through night to day!
Thick fogs dismay;
But Hope springs up to light the way.

"Through shade to sun!
Tried soul, well done!
Love waits to bless, and heaven is won!"

As she struck the last triumphant chord of the mystical German music, beginning plaintively, but ending in a burst of harmony, Greta's eyes met Mrs. Ivison's shining upon her through tears. Instantly rising, she knelt at her side to say, brokenly, "Don't—don't—I can not bear it."

"Hush, my own little daughter," was the soothing reproof, but so faintly uttered that Greta looked up alarmed and penitent for her display of emotion.

"Have I made you ill? Are you worse?"

"Not so well as usual, I believe," Mrs. Ivison almost whispered. "Call Fanny, and I will go to bed."

These were almost her last words, for the attack of faintness coming on, failed to yield as usual to the stimulants tried, and the doctor, when summoned, only shook his head, and sent for his housekeeper to remain with Greta through the night.

Before morning "the silver cord was loosed," and the desolate girl doubly orphaned.

The doctor was kindness itself, making all arrangements, and even accompanying her back to the city to consign the beloved remains to the family vault. And a few old friends of the Ivisons, rallying about her, urged her to remain with them, for a while at least, until some other arrangement might be made; but Greta refused.

"I have taken the cottage for a year," she said, "and will get some one to stay with me there" (naming the person in contemplation—a widow in humble circumstances, known to her as a seamstress). "She has no children, and will be glad, I think, to come with me for a while."

"But consider, my dear—"

"I can not," interrupted Greta, shrinking from this discussion. "When I return to the country, there will be more than enough time. At the end of the year, if I decide upon something else, I will let you know; and thank you now for all your kindness."

And the following week found her again in the cottage at work, only interrupted now by a few polite efforts to make Mrs. Hunt, her companion, at home. There was little else to prevent her mind from preying upon itself, and a new self-reproach for the thoughtless egotism that, in bringing her grandmother here, had perhaps shortened her life, seemed at times to render her sorrow a just but almost unbearable atonement, and softened her to all the world but herself.

The anointing of her eyes with the mournful dust and ashes of the grave seemed to have opened them to clearer vision.

If Greta accepted her present unbroken loneliness as a kind of retribution, not so her companion.

Mrs. Hunt's one form of enjoyment during a somewhat restricted life had been the sewing woman's own—a liking for gossip. And although gratitude for past kindnesses from the Ivisons, as well as a desire for change, had made her accept this invitation, she had no notion of depriving herself of the (to her) chief stimulus of existence. A week had not elapsed before her developing a disposition to chat with market folks on their way to and from the village, in occasional trips to the village itself, ostensibly for business, really from curiosity, and in her collection of a quantity of news items, good, bad, and indifferent, which she burned to impart to Greta.

"For, poor young thing! if she could only be got to take an interest in life again! She mopes too much," was thought, good-naturedly.

"And so our neighbors are going to leave us, I hear, Miss Greta," she began, quite easily, in pouring that young lady's coffee the next morning.

"Our neighbors?" repeated Greta, absently. She was studying the effect of morning sunlight upon a bit of oak foliage shading the east window. "I did not know we had any, Mrs. Hunt."

"To be sure, they're some distance off—more's the pity," said the sociable Mrs. Hunt; "but it's something to know they're there, in a place like this, although one never sees 'em—the people who live in the fine

house down the stream—the Kents, I mean. Now, I remember, you once visited a family by that name, and from the same place too—New Orleans. Do you know them, Miss Greta?"

"I neither visit nor receive visits here," Greta replied, reservedly; but her face, whether from the chasing of sun and shadow across it through the oak bough, or from the contrast with her deep mourning dress, looked unusually pale.

Perhaps there had been some unconfessed expectation that the news of her last bereavement might elicit some sign of returning kindness from these former friends. And the old love might have taken its revenge for long suppression, exhibiting, in this low ebb of life, its ineffaceable writing on her heart. Of late she had felt at times an agony of longing to see Eugene, faithless though he had been. For he had loved her well once, at least. Bitterly she now regretted that refusal to see him, instigated, as she felt, by pride and passion. Might it not have been—

But Mrs. Hunt's voice, irritatingly cheerful, again broke upon her reverie: "Well, whether we know them or not, they are going to leave, I hear, and that soon. The whole party, visitors and all, are going to the —— County Springs for a week or so. After that, it is said, they will return here to stay till it's safe to go back to New Orleans. That pretty Miss Kent, who was so ill before coming here, is engaged, they say, to one of the gentlemen of the party—a Mr. Mowbray, from M——."

"She was ill!" Greta looked roused and startled.

"Oh, la, yes! at death's door with typhoid before she came here," explained Mrs. Hunt, charmed to have produced a sensation. "And father and mother and brother wild about her. Only two children, son and daughter, you know. They say it's quite pretty to see how devoted they are to one another."

But here Miss Ivison, with a murmured excuse, left the breakfast table, and when seen again at dinner the traces of tears on her cheek checked her companion's loquacity.

A few days later, having succeeded recently in disposing of some water-color sketches from nature, she set out upon a walk in search of wild flowers to copy. For, her fear of meeting the Kents removed, she was free to wander where she would; and her health, she feared, might suffer from longer confinement. Besides, she really longed, a youthful reaction upon her, for a half-holiday respite from work and sorrowful thought, and having resolved upon it, further planned to take the long-coveted row on the river.

The day, warm but not sultry, enabled her to start soon after the mid-day meal. Equipped with a wide hat and good-sized basket containing wet moss, and a pair of garden scissors, she set out, first bending her steps toward a fisherman's hut not far distant, where she hoped to make arrangements for a boat.

He had one, was good-naturedly said, just fit for the like of her, single-oared, and not heavy. And it should be at the point at six o'clock. He would give her the key of the padlock fastening the chain to a post there. As for himself, he was going a bit down the river to fish, and might not be back till morning. But if she were used to row, there'd be no trouble in pushing off. A current there made it easy. And miss might pay him by taking some of his fish. No, he didn't want any money.

And this so well settled, Greta went on her way, keeping the silver-wound river in sight for a clew to her wanderings, as she threaded the intricate mazes of the wood, tangled with luxuriant undergrowth.

If she had only been able to come some weeks ago! for the delicate flowers of the earlier season, better adapted to her brush, were now all gone. And yet, as the tulip-tree's orange-spotted cups, the waxen, pink-touched laurel bloom, and the long, slender, snow-dropping panicles of the sour-wood tempted her to break off branches that soon proved an *embarras de richesses*, she felt well repaid. A few dainty blue nodding campanula found among the rocks, some gorgeous flame-colored spikes of cardinal-flower in low, wet places, and wild honeysuckle in abundance, of the kind flowering after the fall of the leaf, were added to her collection; then finding the larger branches unmanageable for her basket, she carried them in her arms to the point, resolved to put them in the boat when it should arrive. But it was already there, locked to the post, and rocking in the current. Charmed with the effect of the piled-up boughs in it, Miss Ivison pleased her fancy by adding decorations of vines and grasses, which she returned to the woods to fetch, fringing and quite concealing the edges with Virginia creepers, and feather and fox-tail grasses, over which the large tulip flowers, laurel branches, and sour-wood panicles rose into a small floating island of bloom. She put her basket, with its honeysuckle and showy spikes of cardinal-flowers, in the prow, and now took a seat midway in the boat to rest a while before setting off.

Opaline sunset colors began to reflect themselves at last on the water when, stepping out to unfasten the padlock, and loosening an oar from its rests to aid her in springing back and pushing off, Greta proceeded to embark.

But her spring back sent the small boat farther out than she had expected, not having sufficiently calculated the force of the

current, and in the surprise the oar taken up was dropped. In a moment it had floated beyond her reach, and the boat was drifting rapidly out into the mid-stream.

"At least," thought Greta, much vexed, "there is another left to paddle with, and I can reach the shore again." But the missing one just then nearer, through the influence of an eddy that had turned its course, the temptation to try to recover it was irresistible. The remaining oar was stretched far out to capture it—so far, indeed, that in trying to keep her balance, that was imperiled from her leaning over the boat-side, her grasp suddenly relaxed, and the last oar went to follow the first.

The helplessness of her situation, joined to its sudden sense of danger, quite overpowered Greta, as, after straining her eyes along either shore, she discovered no possibility of aid or deliverance. The red, green, and gold of the sunset sky, the dash of the stream bearing her on so swiftly and inevitably, the flowers of her floating island, all mixed themselves into an indistinguishable mass of light, color, and sound to her failing senses; and, sinking back amidst the heaped-up branches of bloom, all consciousness was mercifully lost to her.

"In the name of wonder, what may that be?"

The speaker was Eugene Kent, and he stood at the end of a boat-house built out into the river.

The house whose picturesque, castle-like outlines rose in the background above him was on a curve of the shore, and to this, its main projection, he had descended, hoping to enjoy a few moments alone upon the water. Seeing up the stream a moving fairy island apparently drifting down to him, its feathery green fringes dipping in the water as it moved, and its foliage just then screening Greta's inanimate form, he muttered a familiar quotation:

"'Birnam wood come to Dunsinane,' by all that's odd! or what does it mean? No" (with keener observation), "it is a boat; I see the prow; and, good heavens! a woman in it!"

A habitual coolness of nerve now stood him in good stead, causing him to act upon his first quick resolve with dispatch, yet without the flurry that might have hindered it. It was but the work of a moment to enter the boat-house and unfasten the chain securing a row-boat there; another, and his strong stroke sent it far out into the current on its way to intercept the small craft approaching.

He was not too soon, for it was already close at hand. Recognizing Greta with a heart-throb of wonder and fear (for she looked sorrowfully death-like and strange lying black-robed among the gay blossoms that bent and nodded together over her white face), he drew alongside, succeeded in fastening her boat to his, and pulled quickly ashore.

The landing-place was at the foot of some steps leading up to a latticed arbor upon the lower terrace. Greta's old fancy concerning the terraces had been correct, and the entrance to the grounds made by the arbor was continued by successive flights of steps to the house.

Securing the boats at the landing, Eugene lifted the unconscious girl from the blossoming couch and bore her up the steps into the arbor. The motion tended to restore suspended animation, and even as he placed her on a seat and half turned to go and summon help, her eyes opened upon him with a bewildered expression.

In an instant he was bending near her, asking eagerly, "Are you better?"

"Where am I? how came I here?" murmured Greta, slowly raising herself to a sitting posture, and passing her hand across her forehead as if to recall her scarce-awakened faculties. Then, as she looked around, above to the house upon its terraces, and below to the river, where her floating island lay anchored by Eugene's boat, the missing link of memory seemed supplied.

But Eugene? That was the wonder still—that he should have saved her, when she thought him far away. And was it indeed he looking so anxiously down in her face? If this were a dream, merciful Heaven! let her never more awaken! He moved—was he going to disappear? Her hands were instantly outstretched with a sort of piteous entreaty that moved him as no other retractation of the past could have done.

"Eugene! Eugene! don't leave me!"

"Never again, Greta," was whispered, as he took her in his arms, bidding in that moment a joyous adieu to all doubts that had ever come between them, and willing to wait her own time for explanation.

But this evidence of unchanged and generous love, while at once convincing Greta of her past mistake, overwhelmed her with contrition that it had ever been made. Looking up in that beloved face, she felt that herself had been the faithless one, and forbore to question, but murmured words of tearful, incoherent penitence, to be re-assured by his gentle, caressing voice in reply.

Perhaps, on the whole, never was the naughty tendency to gossip and retail information not always correct (as it proved) so little punished by the poetical justice of mischievous consequences as in this instance of Mrs. Hunt's. Had Greta not been misinformed concerning Eugene's absence, her row upon the river would never have been ventured, and the reader might have forever lost this account of a Southern Lady of Shalott.

LIEUTENANT BOYLE'S DUEL.

MANY years ago I was spending the summer at a fine old mansion in New Jersey, full of historical souvenirs, for it had once been the head-quarters of General Washington.

At the time about which I am writing the estate was in litigation, and some circumlocutory delay of the law rendered it necessary or convenient to rent the mansion for a while as a summer boarding-house, with all the beautiful old carved furniture and other belongings. Even the valuable paintings were left on the walls of the drawing-room, and a picture-gallery remained intact, doing unwonted service as dining and dancing hall for us intruding Goths and Vandals.

A belt of grand old trees described a semicircle on the beautiful lawn just in front of the house. Beneath each tree was a marble statue the size of life. They represented the nine Muses; Isis, the Goddess of Immortality; Jupiter Pluvius, the deity of the watering-pot; and other heathen worthies. Their sculptors were certainly neither Canova, nor Hiram Powers, nor yet that audacious but exceedingly pretty Vinnie Ream, who has rendered herself immortal by carving and cutting our grand martyred President. Still, seen at the proper "enchanted" distance, and bathed in soft sweet moonlight, Canova's "Venus," the "Greek Slave," or he who prayed for "charity for all" could not have awakened more pleasing emotions.

But, alas! our joy was not forever in these things of distant enchantment and moonlight beauty. The mansion had not been opened two weeks when those small but terrible bandits in jackets and knickerbockers, the dear atrocious little sons and scamps of the different families, cherubs who had left their wings in heaven—those dear little boys, I say, all rushed in a body to their respective mammas and clamored for money. Getting it, of course, they all rushed in a body to "the store," and, with a business-like vigor worthy of a better cause, demanded bows and arrows. Then enrolling themselves into an independent target company, they diligently practiced shooting at the statues, until the noses of two of the Muses were triumphantly shot away.

Naturally enough, after this performance the heathen deities were removed in a blast of indignation by their raging proprietor; the small Christians—or "little demons," as he called them—joyfully assisting, cavorting wildly around each "stone boy and girl" as their foundations were dug up, clapping their dirty little hands, blowing their discordant little tin trumpets, beating their horrible little drums, galloping in front of the horses as they went with their burdens out of the great gates, squealing like a cat with a bone in its throat, and otherwise disporting themselves in honor of the ghostly recession, after the utterly inexhaustible and intolerable manner of small boys.

The late Commodore Kearney, the bluff and brave, lived in a picturesque cottage adjoining the grounds of the "Brighton House," as it was and is now called. His presence attracted to the place other officers of the navy and army. Among them were Captain (now Admiral) Porter, Captain (now Vice-Admiral) Rowan, the late brave and honored Captain Hartstein, and a number of army officers, with their families. You may believe that the presence of so many brave and gallant men made carnival the whole of the time for those hero worshipers, the fair women and lovely girls who were gypsying there for the summer.

Such devoted knights as they were! Riding, boating, fishing, swimming, dancing; military drills with canes and broomsticks for the children, and impromptu operas and plays for the *other* children. We were all children in those halcyon days—as witness *our* playing at blindman's-buff. But this was when the "little pitchers" were abed and asleep, for, with their murdering candor and innocence, they would have betrayed us to the entire community, whose ancestral traditions and personal dignity had developed in it already a holy horror of such "high jinks" as had come under its notice.

But—bless these high-toned susceptibilities!—we would have been a bright and shining light unto them, for we had no quarrels, not even the green ghost of a jealousy. A divine mantle of charity rested upon us the livelong summer; it was just one brilliant, delicious midsummer dream.

To half a dozen of us older women was vouchsafed the keenest enjoyment of all. This was to be permitted to sit under the wide-spreading trees with the officers, in the purple and golden glory of the sunsets, and listen to their racy, characteristic stories. We all told a whity-brown fib the very first thing, vowing that we delighted in tobacco-smoke, in order to put them completely at their ease. It was very easy to do it, for they *never* stopped smoking after that.

One night they had been telling side-splitting stories about Magruder, who lisped, and "Beauty," who was also a commodore, when Captain Rowan said,

"By-the-way, Porter, what has become of old Boyle? I have completely lost sight of him."

"Well, the last time I saw him," answered the captain, smoothing down his great silky brown mustache, "I was his second in a duel." As he spoke, his dark bright eyes flashed with some droll recollection, and his well-shaped lips parted in a broad smile.

Certain that the strain of amusement in the mellow voice and the tell-tale face be-

tokened a duel without a tragedy, we women clamored for the story.

"I had gone," said Captain Porter, obeying beautifully at once, "with half a dozen other fellows, all navy officers, to spend a week at Shrewsbury—a little half-pony town in Jersey here; and one evening, as we were sitting in the bar-room of the tavern, smoking, telling anecdotes, and talking between whiles with the natives, who should come sauntering in but old Boyle?

"'Any room for me?' he asked.

"'Why, yes; come in,' we all cried; and we were soon telling him the news, Boyle in turn relating his adventures, perhaps romancing a little, and at last ending with,

"'Well, any body here worth knowing?'

"'Yes,' I answered; 'there is one Jersey giant, six feet two in his stockings, and the greatest bully on record.'

"'Ah! what's his name?'

"'That's the best of it. His name is George Washington Kosciusko Peter Bonaparte Solomon Job Slimcum.'

"'Phœbus! what a name!' exclaimed Boyle, bursting out laughing. 'What is the gentleman's profession?'

"'He spends his time cultivating a bean patch, threatening the poor villagers, and browbeating the women and children.'

"'Does—does he? Well, he's the very boy for me. I wish he would come in. I'd like to have a little talk with him.'

"'Why, my dear fellow,' said I, 'he'd make three of you. Fact is, we all keep to the windward side of him—no use getting shot for such a landlubber.'

"At this a lanky party with a portentous nose, who had been listening to every word, remarked, through his nose,—

"'Wa'al, I s'pose you naval men think yourselves thunderin' brave, but I kin tell you our curnel could fight all on you to onst, with his right han' tied behind him. You naval men needn't think you're goin' to 'nopolize *all* the brass and bluster.'

"Boyle's ears pricked up at this, for, as you know, Rowan, he is a regular old sea-lion, afraid of nothing, from a powder-monkey to a sea-serpent at sea, and a mouse to an elephant on shore. So he bounced round on our nasal friend, and snapped out at him, like a pugnacious bull-terrier,

"'What's that? Want to try our brass and bluster! Where's your big gun? Trot him out. I'd like to see him.'

"'Wa'al, there he is,' said the man, with a sort of snort of triumph; and, sure enough, in swaggered the round-shouldered, putty-faced giant. He had tufts of dry grass for beard, a large, flabby, pusillanimous nose, small, oblique eyes, and two hay-colored dabs of hair, one on each temple, known to scientific explorers of the New York Bowery as 'soap-locks.' He was eating pea-nuts or pop-corn as he entered; and jerking a chair round, he threw himself into it with a contemptuous nod to the company, and ordered a glass of toddy hot, in a voice of thunder.

"Little Boyle sat quiet, watchful, observing, a curious smile curving his good-humored mouth; while the other, half shutting his eyes, with an air of lofty disdain, slowly sipped the hot toddy.

"'Oh, pshaw!' sneered our nasal friend, in a whisper to Boyle; 'you darsn't tackle him. He'd make you look womblescroft in a jiffy.'

"But Boyle, seeming not to hear this impertinence, turned to us, saying, with a lazy air, 'I'm going to see if there is any grit in him;' and approaching the chair upon which Colonel George Washington Kosciusko, etc., reclined, he perched himself on the edge of a table near, and said, pleasantly, 'Good-evening, Sir.'

"'Who are you, Sir?' returned the other, with a viperish look out of his slant eyes.

"'I'm a gentleman, and my name is Junius Brutus Boyle.'

"'And *my* name is George Washington Kosciusko Peter Bonaparte Solomon Job Slimcum, and you'd better mind what you're about.'

"'I will, thank you. I understand that you are pretty considerable of a fellow.'

"'Sir, you air a ruther free an' easy sort of cuss; ruther too forrard.'

"'Yes, oh yes. I might be as stiff as the north pole, or as distant as two mile-stones; but then, you know, the *other* is my *way*.'

"'Wa'al, Sir, I don't like your way.'

"'No? How queer! Well, I won't be disobliging, and I give you permission to lump it, then.'

"'Sir, you air—you air *sassy*. You'd better curb them *propensitudes* of yourn.'

"'Just so. *You* have a *propensitude*, I understand, to consider yourself a great man?'

"'Sir, you air a imperdent—'

"'Take care, Sir!' shouted Boyle. 'I won't stand any insult.'

"'Sho! What 'll you do?'

"'Do? I'll fight you; I'll blow you to the other end of nowhere.'

"'Ho! ho! Kin *you* fight?' sneered the giant, now on his feet, rocking back and forth, his gaunt bony hands opening and shutting as if they were in contact with an electrical battery. 'Ha! ho! you'd better be keerful, *you* had. I kin cut a cent in half, I kin.'

"'Ha! ho!' laughed Boyle, imitating the bully. 'I'm sufferin' turrible to see you do it. I'd ruther have a shot than a sugar-plum from such a fire-eater as you.'

"'Wa'al, Sir, I've got a nateral tack with fire-arms; I kin fight with any thin' from a cambric needle to a 42-pounder;' and he thumped the table, upsetting the glasses, and glared down on Boyle, sure that he had 'frustrated him, I bet, and no mistake nuth-

er,' as our nasal friend observed under his breath.

"But he lost his bet, for, bold as Mars or Baron Munchausen, Boyle immediately exclaimed, 'Jingo! you don't say so! I thought you had about as much real courage as one could put in a homœopathic pill. Come out now, my fine cock-of-the-walk, and give us a touch of your quality!'

"'Wa'al! Lawful sakes!' ejaculated the colonel; 'you can't fight at night! What a hyastical idee!'

"'Oh yes, you can. Nonsense! I'll manage it. We'll take two lanterns, stand back to back, then each walk away twenty paces, wheel round, and fire.'

"'Darned if I do! Ain't a-goin' to be ding-donged into stan'in' up like a consumed fool in a dark night. You jess wait till to-morrer.'

"'Or the fifty-third week of this year. *No, Sir!*' thundered Boyle, stamping his foot, which, like Mother Carey's chickens, was the sure precursor of a storm—'no, Sir! You shall fight *now!* I should never have taken the slightest notice of you if I had not been told of your cowardly bullying of women and little children. Don't stand mooning there! In one minute more I shall box your large ears, and then flap you over the head with this horsewhip;' and he seized one standing in the corner.

"The world did not appear to go upon double-jointed casters just then with George Washington Kosciusko, and the rest. His little angry eyes went blinking round the room, he *teetered* up and down upon his heels and toes, he moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and his hands worked more nervously than ever, as he detected a look of scornful, half-surprised derision on the faces of some of the Jerseymen. But a glance at his challenger's determined visage showed him that there was no deliverance to be hoped for, and he shuffled out of the room, followed by Boyle and the rest of us, who did not mean to lose sight of him. We obtained two old muskets, and well knowing that our man would take sure aim and fire, whatever the other did, we loaded them only with powder, communicating this little *ruse* to no one, for Boyle would have fought us all in turn if he had discovered it.

"Out we went into the dark and lonely road. In solemn silence we placed the combatants back to back, George Washington, etc., heaving ponderous, frightened sighs enough to have driven a sloop from its moorings. We gave them each a lighted lantern, and with an emphatic one, two, three! they started upon their twenty paces. We all counted, and at the twentieth loudly called, 'Stop!'

"Boyle wheeled round, as we could just discern by the dim light of his lantern, but George Washington Kosciusko Peter Bonaparte Solomon Job Slimcum kept on walking.

"'Halloo!' cried Boyle; 'haven't you got twenty paces yet?'

"No answer; but the walking, as we could see by the swinging of the lantern, had turned into prodigious strides. The next moment the light was extinguished.

"'Halloo!' shouted Boyle again. 'Stop, you villain—stop! Yah! whirroo! You scoundrel! you miserable landlub—'

"Bang! went his gun, and we all made a simultaneous rush down the road; but, 'like a snow-flake in the river,' George Washington, etc., had 'evanished;' and from that day to this he was never more seen in Shrewsbury."

The story was told amidst shouts and screams of laughter from the officers and us women, and if that fire-eater, little Boyle, ever sees the account of his duel here, I know that he and Admiral Porter will forgive me for telling it again.

AT THE SHORE.

I DWELL beside a silent sea,
  Where seldom comes the hoarser shout
  Of waves in concert with the rout
Of wild winds piping loud and free.

Landlocked between embracing clifts,
  The placid swell that fills the bay,
  When summer breezes gently play,
The fisher's wherry scarcely lifts.

But when the East flings wide its doors,
  And issues forth Euroclydon,
  Then the great waves come tumbling on,
And the mad beach tumultuous roars.

Though frequent gallant ships go by,
  From Europe and from Indian realms,
  Not often their returning helms,
Veiled by the tall clift, meet mine eye.

Yet sometimes on the horizon's verge,
  As if a forest fringed the sea,
  Of fisher-craft such company
Out of the morning mist emerge.

To windward peals across the bay
  At times the fog-bell's sullen boom,
  Till for himself the sun makes room,
And mists like shadows melt away.

'Mid foliage deep my dwelling lies:
  Beneath, the green glows bright with flowers;
  Above, glad birds in summer bowers
Trill forth all day their melodies.

And here, with books of long-cut leaves
  And rural strolls, we pass the time;
  Then, the moon's wave-borne rise sublime
We hail beneath our shadowing eaves.

For with me dwell companions bright,
  Of sober thought, but spirits gay,
  And, well or ill, time glides away,
From night to morn, from morn to night.

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DANIEL DERONDA.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," "Scenes of Clerical Life," etc.

BOOK VII.—THE MOTHER AND THE SON.

CHAPTER L.

"If some mortal, born too soon,
Were laid away in some great trance—the ages
Coming and going all the while—till dawned
His true time's advent; and could then record
The words they spoke who kept watch by his bed,
Then I might tell more of the breath so light
Upon my eyelids, and the fingers warm
Among my hair. Youth is confused; yet never
So dull was I but, when that spirit passed,
I turned to him, scarce consciously, as turns
A water-snake when fairies cross his sleep."
—Browning: *Paracelsus.*

THIS was the letter which Sir Hugo put into Deronda's hands:

"TO MY SON, DANIEL DERONDA.

"My good friend and yours, Sir Hugo Mallinger, will have told you that I wish to see you. My health is shaken, and I desire there should be no time lost before I deliver to you what I have long withheld. Let nothing hinder you from being at the *Albergo dell' Italia* in Genoa by the fourteenth of this month. Wait for me there. I am uncertain when I shall be able to make the journey from Spezia, where I shall be staying. That will depend on several things. Wait for me—the Princess Halm-Eberstein. Bring with you the diamond ring that Sir Hugo gave you. I shall like to see it again. Your unknown mother,

"Leonora Halm-Eberstein."

This letter with its colorless wording gave Deronda no clew to what was in reserve for him; but he could not do otherwise than accept Sir Hugo's reticence, which seemed to imply some pledge not to anticipate the mother's disclosures; and the discovery that his life-long conjectures had been mistaken checked further surmise. Deronda could not hinder his imagination from taking a quick flight over what seemed possibilities, but he refused to contemplate any one of them as more likely than another, lest he should be nursing it into a dominant desire or repugnance, instead of simply preparing himself with resolve to meet the fact bravely, whatever it might turn out to be.

In this state of mind he could not have communicated to any one the reason for the absence which in some quarters he was obliged to mention beforehand, least of all to Mordecai, whom it would affect as powerfully as it did himself, only in rather a different way. If he were to say, "I am going to learn the truth about my birth," Mordecai's hope would gather what might prove a painful, dangerous excitement. To exclude suppositions, he spoke of his journey as being undertaken by Sir Hugo's wish, and threw as much indifference as he could into his manner of announcing it, saying he was uncertain of its duration, but it would perhaps be very short.

"I will ask to have the child Jacob to stay with me," said Mordecai, comforting himself in this way, after the first mournful glances.

"I will drive round and ask Mrs. Cohen to let him come," said Mirah.

"The grandmother will deny you nothing," said Deronda. "I'm glad you were a little wrong as well as I," he added, smiling at Mordecai. "You thought that old Mrs. Cohen would not bear to see Mirah."

"I undervalued her heart," said Mordecai. "She is capable of rejoicing that another's plant blooms though her own be withered."

"Oh, they are dear good people. I feel as if we all belonged to each other," said Mirah, with a tinge of merriment in her smile.

"What should you have felt if that Ezra had been your brother?" said Deronda, mischievously—a little provoked that she had taken kindly at once to people who had caused him so much prospective annoyance on her account.

Mirah looked at him with a slight surprise for a moment, and then said, "He is not a bad man: I think he would never forsake any one." But when she had uttered the words she blushed deeply, and glancing timidly at Mordecai, turned away to some occupation. Her father was in her mind, and this was a subject on which she and her brother had a painful mutual consciousness. "If he should come and find us!" was a thought which to Mirah sometimes made the street daylight as shadowy as a haunted forest where each turn screened for her an imaginary apparition.

Deronda felt what was her involuntary allusion, and understood the blush. How could he be slow to understand feelings which now seemed nearer than ever to his own? For the words of his mother's letter implied that his filial relation was not to be freed from painful conditions; indeed, singularly enough, that letter which had brought his mother nearer as a living reality had thrown her into more remoteness for his affections. The tender yearning after a being whose life might have been the worse for not having his care and love, the image of a mother who had not had all her dues whether of reverence or compassion, had long been secretly present with him in his observation of all the women he had come near. But it seemed now that this picturing of his mother might fit the facts no better than his former conceptions about Sir Hugo. He wondered to find that when this mother's very handwriting had come to him with words holding her actual feeling, his affections had suddenly shrunk into a state of comparative neutrality toward her. A veiled figure with enigmatic speech had thrust away that image which, in spite of uncertainty, his clinging thought had gradually modeled and made the possessor of his tenderness and duteous

longing. When he set off to Genoa, the interest really uppermost in his mind had hardly so much relation to his mother as to Mordecai and Mirah.

"God bless you, Dan!" Sir Hugo had said, when they shook hands. "Whatever else changes for you, it can't change my being the oldest friend you have known, and the one who has all along felt the most for you. I couldn't have loved you better if you'd been my own—only I should have been better pleased with thinking of you always as the future master of the Abbey instead of my fine nephew; and then you would have seen it necessary for you to take a political line. However—things must be as they may." It was a defensive measure of the Baronet's to mingle purposeless remarks with the expression of serious feeling.

When Deronda arrived at the *Italia* in Genoa, no Princess Halm-Eberstein was there; but on the second day there was a letter for him, saying that her arrival might happen within a week, or might be deferred a fortnight and more: she was under circumstances which made it impossible for her to fix her journey more precisely, and she entreated him to wait as patiently as he could.

With this indefinite prospect of suspense on matters of supreme moment to him, Deronda set about the difficult task of seeking amusement on philosophic grounds, as a means of tranquilizing excitement and giving patience a lift over a weary road. His former visit to the superb city had been only cursory, and left him much to learn beyond the prescribed round of sight-seeing, by spending the cooler hours in observant wandering about the streets, the quay, and the environs; and he often took a boat that he might enjoy the magnificent view of the city and harbor from the sea. All sights, all subjects, even the expected meeting with his mother, found a central union in Mordecai and Mirah and the ideas immediately associated with them; and among the thoughts that most filled his mind while his boat was pushing about within view of the grand harbor was that of the multitudinous Spanish Jews centuries ago driven destitute from their Spanish homes, suffered to land from the crowded ships only for a brief rest on this grand quay of Genoa, overspreading it with a pall of famine and plague—dying mothers with dying children at their breasts—fathers and sons agaze at each other's haggardness, like groups from a hundred Hunger-towers turned out beneath the mid-day sun. Inevitably, dreamy constructions of a possible ancestry for himself would weave themselves with historic memories which had begun to have a new interest for him on his discovery of Mirah, and now, under the influence of Mordecai, had become irresistibly dominant. He would have sealed his mind against such constructions if it had been possible, and he had never yet fully admitted to himself that he wished the facts to verify Mordecai's conviction: he inwardly repeated that he had no choice in the matter, and that wishing was folly—nay, on the question of parentage, wishing seemed part of that meanness which disowns kinship: it was a disowning by anticipation. What he had to do was simply to accept the fact; and he had really no strong presumption to go upon, now that he was assured of his mistake about Sir Hugo. There had been a resolved concealment which made all inference untrustworthy, and the very name he bore might be a false one. If Mordecai were wrong—if he, the so-called Daniel Deronda, were held by ties entirely aloof from any such course as his friend's pathetic hope had marked out—he would not say "I wish," but he could not help feeling on which side the sacrifice lay.

Across these two importunate thoughts, which he resisted as much as one can resist any thing in that unstrung condition which belongs to suspense, there came continually an anxiety which he made no effort to banish—dwelling on it rather with a mournfulness which often seems to us the best atonement we can make to one whose need we have been unable to meet. The anxiety was for Gwendolen. In the wonderful mixtures of our nature, there is a feeling distinct from that exclusive passionate love of which some men and women (by no means all) are capable, which yet is not the same with friendship, nor with a merely benevolent regard, whether admiring or compassionate: a man, say—for it is a man who is here concerned—hardly represents to himself this shade of feeling toward a woman more nearly than in the words, "I should have loved her if—" the "if" covering some prior growth in the inclinations, or else some circumstances which have made an inward prohibitory law as a stay against the emotions ready to quiver out of balance. The "if" in Deronda's case carried reasons of both kinds; yet he had never throughout his relations with Gwendolen been free from the nervous consciousness that there was something to guard against not only on her account but on his own—some precipitancy in the manifestation of impulsive feeling—some ruinous inroad of what is but momentary on the permanent chosen treasure of the heart—some spoiling of her trust, which wrought upon him now as if it had been the retreating cry of a creature snatched and carried out of his reach by swift horsemen or swifter waves, while his own strength was only a stronger sense of weakness. How could his feeling for Gwendolen ever be exactly like his feeling for other women, even when there was one by whose side he desired to stand apart from them? Strangely her figure entered into the pictures of his present and future; strangely (and now it seemed sadly) their two lots had come in contact, hers narrowly personal, his charged with far-reaching sensibilities, perhaps with durable purposes, which were hardly more present to her than the reasons why men migrate are present to the birds that come as usual for the crumbs and find them no more. Not that Deronda was too ready to imagine himself of supreme importance to a woman; but her words of insistence that he "must remain near her—must not forsake her"—continually recurred to him with the clearness and importunity of imagined sounds, such as Dante has said pierce us like arrows whose points carry the sharpness of pity:

> "*Lamenti saettaron me diversi*
> *Che di pietà ferrati avean gli strali.*"

Day after day passed, and the very air of Italy seemed to carry the consciousness that war had been declared against Austria, and every day was a hurrying march of crowded Time toward the world-changing battle of Sadowa. Meanwhile, in Genoa, the noons were getting hotter, the converging outer roads getting deeper with white

dust, the oleanders in the tubs along the way-side gardens looking more and more like fatigued holiday-makers, and the sweet evening changing her office—scattering abroad those whom the midday had sent under shelter, and sowing all paths with happy social sounds, little tinklings of mule bells and whirrings of thrummed strings, light footsteps and voices, if not leisurely, then with the hurry of pleasure in them; while the encircling heights, crowned with forts, skirted with fine dwellings and gardens, seemed also to come forth and gaze in fullness of beauty after their long siesta, till all strong color melted in the stream of moonlight which made the streets a new spectacle with shadows, both still and moving, on cathedral steps and against the façades of massive palaces; and then slowly with the descending moon all sank in deep night and silence, and nothing shone but the port lights of the great Lanterna in the blackness below, and the glimmering stars in the blackness above. Deronda, in his suspense, watched this revolving of the days as he might have watched a wonderful clock where the striking of the hours was made solemn with antique figures advancing and retreating in monitory procession, while he still kept his ear open for another kind of signal which would have its solemnity too. He was beginning to sicken of occupation, and found himself contemplating all activity with the aloofness of a prisoner awaiting ransom. In his letters to Mordecai and Hans he had avoided writing about himself, but he was really getting into that state of mind to which all subjects become personal; and the few books he had brought to make him a refuge in study were becoming unreadable, because the point of view that life would make for him was in that agitating moment of uncertainty which is close upon decision.

Many nights were watched through by him in gazing from the open window of his room on the double, faintly pierced darkness of the sea and the heavens: often in struggling under the oppressive skepticism which represented his particular lot, with all the importance he was allowing Mordecai to give it, as of no more lasting effect than a dream—a set of changes which made passion to him, but beyond his consciousness were no more than an imperceptible difference of mass or shadow; sometimes with a reaction of emotive force which gave even to sustained disappointment, even to the fulfilled demand of sacrifice, the nature of a satisfied energy, and spread over his young future, whatever it might be, the attraction of devoted service; sometimes with a sweet irresistible hopefulness that the very best of human possibilities might befall him—the blending of a complete personal love in one current with a larger duty; and sometimes again in a mood of rebellion (what human creature escapes it?) against things in general because they are thus and not otherwise, a mood in which Gwendolen and her equivocal fate moved as busy images of what was amiss in the world along with the concealments which he had felt as a hardship in his own life, and which were acting in him now under the form of an afflicting doubtfulness about the mother who had announced herself coldly and still kept away.

But at last she was come. One morning in his third week of waiting there was a new kind of knock at the door. A servant in chasseur's livery entered and delivered in French the verbal message that the Princess Halm-Eberstein had arrived, that she was going to rest during the day, but would be obliged if monsieur would dine early, so as to be at liberty at seven, when she would be able to receive him.

CHAPTER LI.

She held the spindle as she sat,
Erinna with the thick-coiled mat
Of raven hair and deepest agate eyes,
Gazing with a sad surprise
At surging visions of her destiny—
To spin the byssus drearily
In insect-labor, while the throng
Of gods and men wrought deeds that poets wrought in song.

When Deronda presented himself at the door of his mother's apartment in the *Italia*, he felt some revival of his boyhood with its premature agitations. The two servants in the antechamber looked at him markedly, a little surprised that the doctor their lady had come to consult was this striking young gentleman whose appearance gave even the severe lines of an evening dress the credit of adornment. But Deronda could notice nothing until, the second door being opened, he found himself in the presence of a figure which at the other end of the large room stood awaiting his approach.

She was covered, except as to her face and part of her arms, with black lace hanging loosely from the summit of her whitening hair to the long train stretching from her tall figure. Her arms, naked from the elbow, except for some rich bracelets, were folded before her, and the fine poise of her head made it look handsomer than it really was. But Deronda felt no interval of observation before he was close in front of her, holding the hand she had put out and then raising it to his lips. She still kept her hand in his and looked at him examiningly; while his chief consciousness was that her eyes were piercing and her face so mobile that the next moment she might look like a different person. For even while she was examining him there was a play of the brow and nostril which made a tacit language. Deronda dared no movement, not able to conceive what sort of manifestation her feeling demanded; but he felt himself changing color like a girl, and yet wondering at his own lack of emotion: he had lived through so many ideal meetings with his mother, and they had seemed more real than this! He could not even conjecture in what language she would speak to him. He imagined it would not be English. Suddenly she let fall his hand, and placed both hers on his shoulders, while her face gave out a flash of admiration in which every worn line disappeared and seemed to leave a restored youth.

"You are a beautiful creature!" she said, in a low melodious voice, with syllables which had what might be called a foreign but agreeable outline. "I knew you would be." Then she kissed him on each cheek, and he returned her kisses. But it was something like a greeting between royalties.

She paused a moment, while the lines were coming back into her face, and then said, in a colder tone, "I am your mother. But you can have no love for me."

"I have thought of you more than of any oth-

er being in the world," said Deronda, his voice trembling nervously.

"I am not like what you thought I was," said the mother, decisively, withdrawing her hands from his shoulders and folding her arms as before, looking at him as if she invited him to observe her. He had often pictured her face in his imagination as one which had a likeness to his own: he saw some of the likeness now, but amidst more striking differences. She was a remarkable-looking being. What was it that gave her son a painful sense of aloofness?—Her worn beauty had a strangeness in it as if she were not quite a human mother, but a Melusina, who had ties with some world which is independent of ours.

"I used to think that you might be suffering," said Deronda, anxious above all not to wound her. "I used to wish that I could be a comfort to you."

"I *am* suffering. But with a suffering that you can't comfort," said the Princess, in a harder voice than before, moving to a sofa where cushions had been carefully arranged for her. "Sit down." She pointed to a seat near her; and then discerning some distress in Deronda's face, she added, more gently, "I am not suffering at this moment. I am at ease now. I am able to talk."

Deronda seated himself and waited for her to speak again. It seemed as if he were in the presence of a mysterious Fate rather than of the longed-for mother. He was beginning to watch her with wonder from the spiritual distance to which she had thrown him.

"No," she began, "I did not send for you to comfort me. I could not know beforehand—I don't know now—what you will feel toward me. I have not the foolish notion that you can love me merely because I am your mother, when you have never seen or heard of me all your life. But I thought I chose something better for you than being with me. I did not think that I deprived you of any thing worth having."

"You can not wish me to believe that your affection would not have been worth having," said Deronda, finding that she paused as if she expected him to make some answer.

"I don't mean to speak ill of myself," said the Princess, with proud impetuosity, "but I had not much affection to give you. I did not want affection. I had been stifled with it. I wanted to live out the life that was in me, and not to be hampered with other lives. You wonder what I was. I was no princess then." She rose with a sudden movement, and stood as she had done before. Deronda immediately rose too: he felt breathless.

"No princess in this tame life that I live in now. I was a great singer, and I acted as well as I sang. All the rest were poor beside me. Men followed me from one country to another. I was living a myriad lives in one. I did not want a child."

There was a passionate self-defense in her tone. She had cast all precedent out of her mind. Precedent had no excuse for her, and she could only seek a justification in the intensest words she could find for her experience. She seemed to fling out the last words against some possible reproach in the mind of her son, who had to stand and hear them—clutching his coat collar as if he were keeping himself above water by it, and feeling his blood in the sort of commotion that might have been excited if he had seen her going through some strange rite of a religion which gave a sacredness to crime. What else had she to tell him? She went on with the same intensity and a sort of pale illumination in her face:

"I did not want to marry. I was forced into marrying your father—forced, I mean, by my father's wishes and commands; and besides, it was my best way of getting some freedom. I could rule my husband, but not my father. I had a right to be free. I had a right to seek my freedom from a bondage that I hated."

She seated herself again, while there was that subtle movement in her eyes and closed lips which is like the suppressed continuation of speech. Deronda continued standing, and after a moment or two she looked up at him with a less defiant pleading as she said,

"And the bondage I hated for myself I wanted to keep you from. What better could the most loving mother have done? I relieved you from the bondage of having been born a Jew."

"Then I *am* a Jew?" Deronda burst out with a deep-voiced energy that made his mother shrink a little backward against her cushions. "My father was a Jew, and you are a Jewess?"

"Yes, your father was my cousin," said the mother, watching him with a change in her look, as if she saw something that she might have to be afraid of.

"I am glad of it," said Deronda, impetuously, in the veiled voice of passion. He could not have imagined beforehand how he would come to say that which he had never hitherto admitted. He could not have dreamed that it would be in impulsive opposition to his mother. He was shaken by a mixed anger, which no reflection could come soon enough to check, against this mother who it seemed had borne him unwillingly, had willingly made herself a stranger to him, and—perhaps—was now making herself known unwillingly. This last suspicion seemed to flash some explanation over her speech.

But the mother was equally shaken by an anger differently mixed, and her frame was less equal to any repression. The shaking with her was visibly physical, and her eyes looked the larger for her pallid excitement as she said, violently,

"Why do you say you are glad? You are an English gentleman. I secured you that."

"You did not know *what* you secured me. How could you choose my birthright for me?" said Deronda, throwing himself sideways into his chair again, almost unconsciously, and leaning his arm over the back while he looked away from his mother.

He was fired with an intolerance that seemed foreign to him. But he was now trying hard to master himself and keep silence. A horror had swept in upon his anger lest he should say something too hard in this moment which made an epoch never to be recalled. There was a pause before his mother spoke again, and when she spoke her voice had become more firmly resistant in its finely varied tones:

"I chose for you what I would have chosen for myself. How could I know that you would have the spirit of my father in you? How could I know that you would love what I hated?—if you really love to be a Jew." The last words had such bitterness in them that any one overhearing might have supposed some hatred had arisen between the mother and son.

But Deronda had recovered his fuller self. He was recalling his sensibilities to what life had been and actually was for her whose best years were gone, and who with the signs of suffering in her frame was now exerting herself to tell him of a past which was not his alone, but also hers. His habitual shame at the acceptance of events as if they were his only, helped him even here. As he looked at his mother silently after her last words, his face regained some of its penetrative calm; yet it seemed to have a strangely agitating influence over her: her eyes were fixed on him with a sort of fascination, but not with any repose of maternal delight.

"Forgive me if I speak hastily," he said, with diffident gravity. "Why have you resolved now on disclosing to me what you took care to have me brought up in ignorance of? Why—since you seem angry that I should be glad?"

"Oh—the reasons of our actions!" said the Princess, with a ring of something like sarcastic scorn. "When you are as old as I am, it will not seem so simple a question—'Why did you do this?' People talk of their motives in a cut and dried way. Every woman is supposed to have the same set of motives, or else to be a monster. I am not a monster, but I have not felt exactly what other women feel—or say they feel, for fear of being thought unlike others. When you reproach me in your heart for sending you away from me, you mean that I ought to say I felt about you as other women say they feel about their children. I did *not* feel that. I was glad to be freed from you. But I did well for you, and I gave you your father's fortune. Do I seem now to be revoking every thing?—Well, there are reasons. I feel many things that I can't understand. A fatal illness has been growing in me for a year. I shall very likely not live another year. I will not deny any thing I have done. I will not pretend to love where I have no love. But shadows are rising round me. Sickness makes them. If I have wronged the dead—I have but little time to do what I left undone."

The varied transitions of tone with which this speech was delivered were as perfect as the most accomplished actress could have made them. The speech was in fact a piece of what may be called sincere acting: this woman's nature was one in which all feeling—and all the more when it was tragic as well as real—immediately became matter of conscious representation: experience immediately passed into drama, and she acted her own emotions. In a minor degree this is nothing uncommon, but in the Princess the acting had a rare perfection of physiognomy, voice, and gesture. It would not be true to say that she felt less because of this double consciousness: she felt—that is, her mind went through—all the more, but with a difference: each nucleus of pain or pleasure had a deep atmosphere of the excitement or spiritual intoxication which at once exalts and deadens. But Deronda made no reflection of this kind. All his thoughts hung on the purport of what his mother was saying; her tones and her wonderful face entered into his agitation without being noted. What he longed for with an awed desire was to know as much as she would tell him of the strange mental conflict under which it seemed that he had been brought into the world: what his compassionate nature made the controlling idea within him were the suffering and the confession that breathed through her later words, and these forbade any further question, when she paused and remained silent, with her brow knit, her head turned a little away from him, and her large eyes fixed as if on something incorporeal. He must wait for her to speak again. She did so with strange abruptness, turning her eyes upon him suddenly, and saying more quickly,

"Sir Hugo has written much about you. He tells me you have a wonderful mind—you comprehend every thing—you are wiser than he is with all his sixty years. You say you are glad to know that you were born a Jew. I am not going to tell you that I have changed my mind about that. Your feelings are against mine. You don't thank me for what I did. Shall you comprehend your mother—or only blame her?"

"There is not a fibre within me but makes me wish to comprehend her," said Deronda, meeting her sharp gaze solemnly. "It is a bitter reversal of my longing to think of blaming her. What I have been most trying to do for fifteen years is to have some understanding of those who differ from myself."

"Then you have become unlike your grandfather in that," said the mother, "though you are a young copy of him in your face. He never comprehended me, or if he did, he only thought of fettering me into obedience. I was to be what he called 'the Jewish woman' under pain of his curse. I was to feel every thing I did not feel, and believe every thing I did not believe. I was to feel awe for the bit of parchment in the *mezuza* over the door; to dread lest a bit of butter should touch a bit of meat; to think it beautiful that men should bind the *tephillin* on them, and women not—to adore the wisdom of such laws, however silly they might seem to be. I was to love the long prayers in the ugly synagogue, and the howling, and the gabbling, and the dreadful fasts, and the tiresome feasts, and my father's endless discoursing about Our People, which was a thunder without meaning in my ears. I was to care forever about what Israel had been; and I did not care at all. I cared for the wide world, and all that I could represent in it. I hated living under the shadow of my father's strictness. Teaching, teaching for everlasting—'this you must be,' 'that you must not be'—pressed on me like a frame that got tighter and tighter as I grew. I wanted to live a large life, with freedom to do what every one else did, and be carried along in a great current, not obliged to care. Ah!"—here her tone changed to one of a more bitter incisiveness—"you are glad to have been born a Jew. You say so. That is because you have not been brought up as a Jew. That separateness seems sweet to you because I saved you from it."

"When you resolved on that, you meant that I should never know my origin?" said Deronda, impulsively. "You have at least changed in your feeling on that point."

"Yes, that was what I meant. That is what I persevered in. And it is not true to say that I have changed. Things have changed in spite of me. I am still the same Leonora"—she pointed with her forefinger to her breast—"here within me is the same desire, the same will, the same choice, *but*"—she spread out her hands, palm upward, on each side of her, as she paused with a bitter compression of her lip, then let her voice fall into muffled, rapid utterance—"events come

upon us like evil enchantments: and thoughts, feelings, apparitions in the darkness, are events—are they not? I don't consent. We only consent to what we love. I obey something tyrannic"—she spread out her hands again—"I am forced to be withered, to feel pain, to be dying slowly. Do I love that? Well, I have been forced to obey my dead father. I have been forced to tell you that you are a Jew, and deliver to you what he commanded me to deliver."

"I beseech you to tell me what moved you—when you were young, I mean—to take the course you did," said Deronda, trying by this reference to the past to escape from what to him was the heart-rending piteousness of this mingled suffering and defiance. "I gather that my grandfather opposed your bent to be an artist. Though my own experience has been quite different, I enter into the painfulness of your struggle. I can imagine the hardship of an enforced renunciation."

"No," said the Princess, shaking her head, and folding her arms with an air of decision. "You are not a woman. You may try—but you can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl. To have a pattern cut out—'this is the Jewish woman; this is what you must be; this is what you are wanted for; a woman's heart must be of such a size and no larger, else it must be pressed small, like Chinese feet; her happiness is to be made as cakes are, by a fixed receipt.' That was what my father wanted. He wished I had been a son; he cared for me as a make-shift link. His heart was set on his Judaism. He hated that Jewish women should be thought of by the Christian world as a sort of ware to make public singers and actresses of. As if we were not the more enviable for that! That is a chance of escaping from bondage."

"Was my grandfather a learned man?" said Deronda, eager to know particulars that he feared his mother might not think of.

She answered impatiently, putting up her hand, "Oh yes—and a clever physician—and good: I don't deny that he was good. A man to be admired in a play—grand, with an iron will. Like the old Foscari before he pardons. But such men turn their wives and daughters into slaves. They would rule the world if they could; but not ruling the world, they throw all the weight of their will on the necks and souls of women. But nature sometimes thwarts them. My father had no other child than his daughter, and she was like himself."

She had folded her arms again, and looked as if she were ready to face some impending attempt at mastery.

"Your father was different. Unlike me—all lovingness and affection. I knew I could rule *him*, and I made him secretly promise me before I married him that he would put no hinderance in the way of my being an artist. My father was on his death-bed when we were married; from the first he had fixed his mind on my marrying my cousin Ephraim. And when a woman's will is as strong as the man's who wants to govern her, half her strength must be concealment. I meant to have my will in the end, but I could only have it by seeming to obey. I had an awe of my father—always I had had an awe of him: it was impossible to help it. I hated to feel awed—I wished I could have defied him openly, but I never could. It was what I could not imagine; I could not act it to myself that I should begin to defy my father openly and succeed. And I never would risk failure."

That last sentence was uttered with an abrupt emphasis, and she paused after it as if the words had raised a crowd of remembrances which obstructed speech. Her son was listening to her with feelings more and more highly mixed: the first sense of being repelled by the frank coldness which had replaced all his preconceptions of a mother's tender joy in the sight of him; the first impulses of indignation at what shocked his most cherished emotions and principles—all these busy elements of collision between them were subsiding for a time, and making more and more room for that effort at just allowance and that admiration of a forcible nature whose errors lay along high pathways, which he would have felt if, instead of being his mother, she had been a stranger who had appealed to his sympathy. Still it was impossible to be dispassionate; he trembled lest the next thing she had to say would be more repugnant to him than what had gone before; he was afraid of the strange coercion she seemed to be under to lay her mind bare; he almost wished he could say, "Tell me only what is necessary," and then again he felt the fascination that made him watch her and listen to her eagerly. He tried to recall her to particulars by asking,

"Where was my grandfather's home?"

"Here in Genoa, when I was married; and his family had lived here generations ago. But my father had been in various countries."

"You must surely have lived in England?"

"My mother was English—a Jewess of Portuguese descent. My father married her in England. Certain circumstances of that marriage made all the difference in my life: through that marriage my father thwarted his own plans. My mother's sister was a singer, and afterward she married the English partner of a merchant's house here in Genoa, and they came and lived here eleven years. My mother died when I was eight years old, and then my father allowed me to be continually with my aunt Leonora and be taught under her eyes, as if he had not minded the danger of her encouraging my wish to be a singer, as she had been. But this was it—I saw it again and again in my father: he did not guard against consequences, because he felt sure he could hinder them if he liked. Before my aunt left Genoa, I had had enough teaching to bring out the born singer and actress within me: my father did not know every thing that was done; but he knew that I was taught music and singing—he knew my inclination. That was nothing to him: he meant that I should obey his will. And he was resolved that I should marry my cousin Ephraim, the only one left of my father's family that he knew. I wanted not to marry. I thought of all plans to resist it, but at last I found that I could rule my cousin, and I consented. My father died three weeks after we were married, and then I had my way!" She uttered these words almost exultantly; but after a little pause her face changed, and she said, in a biting tone, "It has not lasted, though. My father is getting his way now."

She began to look more contemplatively again at her son, and presently said,

"You are like him—but milder—there is

something of your own father in you; and he made it the labor of his life to devote himself to me: wound up his money-changing and banking, and lived to wait upon me—he went against his conscience for me. As I loved the life of my art, so he loved me. Let me look at your hand again—the hand with the ring on. It was your father's ring."

He drew his chair nearer to her and gave her his hand. We know what kind of hand it was: her own, very much smaller, was of the same type. As he felt the smaller hand holding his, as he saw nearer to him the face that held a likeness of his own, aged not by time but by intensity, the strong bent of his nature toward a reverential tenderness asserted itself above every other impression, and in his most fervent tone he said,

"Mother! take us all into your heart—the living and the dead. Forgive every thing that hurts you in the past. Take my affection."

She looked at him admiringly rather than lovingly, then kissed him on the brow, and saying, sadly, "I reject nothing, but I have nothing to give," she released his hand and sank back on her cushions. Deronda turned pale with what seems always more of a sensation than an emotion—the pain of repulsed tenderness. She noticed the expression of pain, and said, still with melodious melancholy in her tones:

"It is better so. We must part again soon, and you owe me no duties. I did not wish you to be born. I parted with you willingly. When your father died, I resolved that I would have no more ties but such as I could free myself from. I was the Alcharisi you have heard of: the name had magic wherever it was carried. Men courted me. Sir Hugo Mallinger was one who wished to marry me. He was madly in love with me. One day I asked him, 'Is there a man capable of doing something for love of me, and expecting nothing in return?' He said, 'What is it you want done?' I said, 'Take my boy and bring him up as an Englishman, and let him never know any thing about his parents.' You were little more than two years old, and were sitting on his foot. He declared that he would pay money to have such a boy. I had not meditated much on the plan beforehand, but as soon as I had spoken about it, it took possession of me as something I could not rest without doing. At first he thought I was not serious, but I convinced him, and he was never surprised at any thing. He agreed that it would be for your good, and the finest thing for you. A great singer and actress is a queen, but she gives no royalty to her son.—All that happened at Naples. And afterward I made Sir Hugo the trustee of your fortune. That is what I did; and I had a joy in doing it. My father had tyrannized over me—he cared more about a grandson to come than he did about me: I counted as nothing. You were to be such a Jew as he; you were to be what he wanted. But you were my son, and it was my turn to say what you should be. I said you should not know you were a Jew."

"And for months events have been preparing me to be glad that I am a Jew," said Deronda, his opposition roused again. The point touched the quick of his experience. "It would always have been better that I should have known the truth. I have always been rebelling against the secrecy that looked like shame. It is no shame to have Jewish parents—the shame is to disown it."

"You say it was a shame to me, then, that I used that secrecy," said his mother, with a flash of new anger. "There is no shame attaching to me. I have no reason to be ashamed. I rid myself of the Jewish tatters and gibberish that make people nudge each other at sight of us, as if we were tattooed under our clothes, though our faces are as whole as theirs. I delivered you from the pelting contempt that pursues Jewish separateness. I am not ashamed that I did it. It was the better for you."

"Then why have you now undone the secrecy?—no, not undone it—the effects will never be undone. But why have you now sent for me to tell me that I am a Jew?" said Deronda, with an intensity of opposition in feeling that was almost bitter. It seemed as if her words had called out a latent obstinacy of race in him.

"Why?—ah, why?" said the Princess, rising quickly and walking to the other side of the room, where she turned round and slowly approached him, as he, too, stood up. Then she began to speak again in a more veiled voice. "I can't explain; I can only say what is. I don't love my father's religion now any more than I did then. Before I married the second time I was baptized; I made myself like the people I lived among. I had a right to do it; I was not, like a brute, obliged to go with my own herd. I have not repented; I will not say that I have repented. But yet"—here she had come near to her son, and paused; then again retreated a little and stood still, as if resolute not to give way utterly to an imperious influence; but, as she went on speaking, she became more and more unconscious of any thing but the awe that subdued her voice. "It is illness, I don't doubt that it has been gathering illness—my mind has gone back; more than a year ago it began. You see my gray hair, my worn look: it has all come fast. Sometimes I am in an agony of pain—I dare say I shall be to-night. Then it is as if all the life I have chosen to live, all thoughts, all will, forsook me and left me alone in spots of memory, and I can't get away: my pain seems to keep me there. My childhood—my girlhood—the day of my marriage—the day of my father's death—there seems to be nothing since. Then a great horror comes over me: what do I know of life or death? and what my father called 'right' may be a power that is laying hold of me—that is clutching me now. Well, I will satisfy him. I can not go into the darkness without satisfying him. I have hidden what was his. I thought once I would burn it. I have not burned it. I thank God I have not burned it!"

She threw herself on her cushions again, visibly fatigued. Deronda, moved too strongly by her suffering for other impulses to act within him, drew near her, and said, entreatingly,

"Will you not spare yourself this evening? Let us leave the rest till to-morrow."

"No," she said, decisively. "I will confess it all, now that I have come up to it. Often when I am at ease it all fades away; my whole self comes quite back; but I know it will sink away again, and the other will come—the poor, solitary, forsaken remains of self that can resist nothing. It was my nature to resist, and say, 'I have a right to resist.' Well, I say so still when I have any strength in me. You have heard me say it,

and I don't withdraw it. But when my strength goes, some other right forces itself upon me like iron in an inexorable hand; and even when I am at ease, it is beginning to make ghosts upon the daylight. And now you have made it worse for me," she said, with a sudden return of impetuosity; "but I shall have told you every thing. And what reproach is there against me," she added, bitterly, "since I have made you glad to be a Jew? Joseph Kalonymos reproached me: he said you had been turned into a proud Englishman, who resented being touched by a Jew. I wish you had!" she ended, with a new marvelous alternation. It was as if her mind were breaking into several, one jarring the other into impulsive action.

"Who is Joseph Kalonymos?" said Deronda, with a darting recollection of that Jew who touched his arm in the Frankfort synagogue.

"Ah! some vengeance sent him back from the East that he might see you and come to reproach me. He was my father's friend. He knew of your birth: he knew of my husband's death, and once, twenty years ago, after he had been away in the Levant, he came to see me and inquire about you. I told him that you were dead: I meant you to be dead to all the world of my childhood. If I had said you were living, he would have interfered with my plans: he would have taken on him to represent my father, and have tried to make me recall what I had done. What could I do but say you were dead? The act was done. If I had told him of it, there would have been trouble and scandal—and all to conquer me, who would not have been conquered. I was strong then, and I would have had my will, though there might have been a hard fight against me. I took the way to have it without any fight. I felt then that I was not really deceiving: it would have come to the same in the end; or if not to the same, to something worse. He believed me, and begged that I would give up to him the chest that my father had charged me and my husband to deliver to our eldest son. I knew what was in the chest—things that had been dinned in my ears since I had had any understanding—things that were thrust on my mind that I might feel them like a wall around my life—my life that was growing like a tree. Once, after my husband died, I was going to burn the chest. But it was difficult to burn; and burning a chest and papers looks like a shameful act. I have committed no shameful act—except what Jews would call shameful. I had kept the chest, and I gave it to Joseph Kalonymos. He went away mournful, and said, 'If you marry again, and if another grandson is born to him who is departed, I will deliver up the chest to him.' I bowed in silence. I meant not to marry again—no more than I meant to be the shattered woman that I am now."

She ceased speaking, and her head sank back, while she looked vaguely before her. Her thought was traveling through the years, and when she began to speak again, her voice had lost its argumentative spirit, and had fallen into a veiled tone of distress.

"But months ago this Kalonymos saw you in the synagogue at Frankfort. He saw you enter the hotel, and he went to ask your name. There was nobody else in the world to whom the name would have told any thing about me."

"Then it is not my real name?" said Deronda, with a dislike even to this trifling part of the disguise which had been thrown round him.

"Oh, as real as another," said his mother, indifferently. "The Jews have always been changing their names. My father's family had kept the name of Charisi: my husband was a Charisi. When I came out as a singer, we made it Alcharisi. But there had been a branch of the family my father had lost sight of who called themselves Deronda, and when I wanted a name for you, and Sir Hugo said, 'Let it be a foreign name,' I thought of Deronda. But Joseph Kalonymos had heard my father speak of the Deronda branch, and the name confirmed his suspicion. He began to suspect what had been done. It was as if every thing had been whispered to him in the air. He found out where I was. He took a journey into Russia to see me; he found me weak and shattered. He had come back again, with his white hair, and with rage in his soul against me. He said I was going down to the grave clad in falsehood and robbery—falsehood to my father and robbery of my own child. He accused me of having kept the knowledge of your birth from you, and having brought you up as if you had been the son of an English gentleman. Well, it was true; and twenty years before I would have maintained that I had a right to do it. But I can maintain nothing now. No faith is strong within me. My father may have God on his side. This man's words were like lion's teeth upon me. My father's threats eat into me with my pain. If I tell every thing—if I deliver up every thing—what else can be demanded of me? I can not make myself love the people I have never loved—is it not enough that I lost the life I did love?"

She had leaned forward a little in her low-toned pleading, that seemed like a smothered cry: her arms and hands were stretched out at full length, as if strained in beseeching. Deronda's soul was absorbed in the anguish of compassion. He could not mind now that he had been repulsed before. His pity made a flood of forgiveness within him. His single impulse was to kneel by her and take her hand gently between his palms, while he said, in that exquisite voice of soothing which expresses oneness with the sufferer,

"Mother, take comfort!"

She did not seem inclined to repulse him now, but looked down at him and let him take both her hands to fold between his. Gradually tears gathered, but she pressed her handkerchief against her eyes and then leaned her cheek against his brow, as if she wished that they should not look at each other.

"Is it not possible that I could be near you often and comfort you?" said Deronda. He was under that stress of pity that propels us on sacrifices.

"No, not possible," she answered, lifting up her head again and withdrawing her hand as if she wished him to move away. "I have a husband and five children. None of them know of your existence."

Deronda felt painfully silenced. He rose and stood at a little distance.

"You wonder why I married," she went on presently, under the influence of a newly recurring thought. "I meant never to marry again. I meant to be free, and to live for my art. I had parted with you. I had no bonds. For nine years I was a queen. I enjoyed the life I had longed

for. But something befell me. It was like a fit of forgetfulness. I began to sing out of tune. They told me of it. Another woman was thrusting herself in my place. I could not endure the prospect of failure and decline. It was horrible to me." She started up again, with a shudder, and lifted screening hands like one who dreads missiles. "It drove me to marry. I pretended that I preferred being the wife of a Russian noble to being the greatest lyric actress of Europe; I made believe—I acted that part. It was because I felt my greatness sinking away from me, as I feel my life sinking now. I would not wait till men said, 'She had better go.'"

She sank into her seat again and looked at the evening sky as she went on: "I repented. It was a resolve taken in desperation. That singing out of tune was only like a fit of illness; it went away. I repented; but it was too late. I could not go back. All things hindered me—all things."

A new haggardness had come in her face, but her son refrained from again urging her to leave further speech till the morrow: there was evidently some mental relief for her in an outpouring such as she could never have allowed herself before. He stood still while she maintained silence longer than she knew, and the light was perceptibly fading. At last she turned to him and said,

"I can bear no more now." She put out her hand, but then quickly withdrew it, saying, "Stay. How do I know that I can see you again? I can not bear to be seen when I am in pain."

She drew forth a pocket-book, and taking out a letter, said, "This is addressed to the banking house in Mainz where you are to go for your grandfather's chest. It is a letter written by Joseph Kalonymos; if he is not there himself, this order of his will be obeyed."

When Deronda had taken the letter, she said, with effort, but more gently than before, "Kneel again, and let me kiss you."

He obeyed, and, holding his head between her hands, she kissed him solemnly on the brow. "You see I had no life left to love you with," she said, in a low murmur. "But there is more fortune for you. Sir Hugo was to keep it in reserve. I gave you all your father's fortune. They can never accuse me of robbery there."

"If you had needed any thing I would have worked for you," said Deronda, conscious of a disappointed yearning—a shutting out forever from long early vistas of affectionate imagination.

"I need nothing that the skill of man can give me," said his mother, still holding his head and perusing his features. "But perhaps now I have satisfied my father's will, your face will come instead of his—your young, loving face."

"But you will see me again?" said Deronda, anxiously.

"Yes—perhaps. Wait, wait. Leave me now."

CHAPTER LII.

"La même fermeté qui sert à résister à l'amour sert aussi à le rendre violent et durable; et les personnes foibles qui sont toujours agitées des passions n'en sont presque jamais véritablement remplies."—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

AMONG Deronda's letters the next morning was one from Hans Meyrick of four quarto pages, in the small beautiful handwriting which ran in the Meyrick family.

"MY DEAR DERONDA,—In return for your sketch of Italian movements and your view of the world's affairs generally, I may say that here at home the most judicious opinion going as to the effects of present causes is that 'time will show.' As to the present causes of past effects, it is now seen that the late swindling telegrams account for the last year's cattle plague—which is a refutation of philosophy falsely so called, and justifies the compensation to the farmers. My own idea that a murrain will shortly break out in the commercial class, and that the cause will subsequently disclose itself in the ready sale of all rejected pictures, has been called an unsound use of analogy; but there are minds that will not hesitate to rob even the neglected painter of his solace. To my feeling there is great beauty in the conception that some bad judge might give a high price for my Berenice series, and that the men in the city would have already been punished for my ill-merited luck.

"Meanwhile I am consoling myself for your absence by finding my advantage in it—shining like Hesperus when Hyperion has departed—sitting with our Hebrew prophet, and making a study of his head, in the hours when he used to be occupied with you—getting credit with him as a learned young Gentile, who would have been a Jew if he could—and agreeing with him in the general principle that whatever is best is for that reason Jewish. I never held it my *forte* to be a severe reasoner, but I can see that if whatever is best is A, and B happens to be best, B must be A, however little you might have expected it beforehand. On that principle, I could see the force of a pamphlet I once read to prove that all good art was Protestant. However, our prophet is an uncommonly interesting sitter—a better model than Rembrandt had for his Rabbi—and I never come away from him without a new discovery. For one thing, it is a constant wonder to me that, with all his fiery feeling for his race and their traditions, he is no strait-laced Jew, spitting after the word Christian, and enjoying the prospect that the Gentile mouth will water in vain for a slice of the roasted Leviathan, while Israel will be sending up plates for more, *ad libitum*. (You perceive that my studies had taught me what to expect from the orthodox Jew.) I confess that I have always held lightly by your account of Mordecai, as apologetic, and merely part of your disposition to take an antediluvian point of view, lest you should do injustice to the megatherium. But now I have given ear to him in his proper person, I find him really a sort of philosophical-allegorical-mystical believer, and yet with a sharp dialectic point, so that any argumentative rattle of peas in a bladder might soon be pricked into silence by him. The mixture may be one of the Jewish prerogatives, for what I know. In fact, his mind seems so broad that I find my own correct opinions lying in it quite commodiously, and how they are to be brought into agreement with the vast remainder is his affair, not mine. I leave it to him to settle our basis, never yet having seen a basis which is not a world-supporting elephant, more or less powerful and expensive to keep. My means will not allow me to keep a private elephant. I go into mystery instead, as cheaper

and more lasting—a sort of gas which is likely to be continually supplied by the decomposition of the elephants. And if I like the look of an opinion, I treat it civilly, without suspicious inquiries. I have quite a friendly feeling toward Mordecai's notion that a whole Christian is three-fourths a Jew, and that from the Alexandrian time downward the most comprehensive minds have been Jewish; for I think of pointing out to Mirah that, Arabic and other accidents of life apart, there is really little difference between me and—Maimonides. But I have lately been finding out that it is your shallow lover who can't help making a declaration. If Mirah's ways were less distracting, and it were less of a heaven to be in her presence and watch her, I must long ago have flung myself at her feet, and requested her to tell me, with less indirectness, whether she wished me to blow my brains out. I have a knack of hoping, which is as good as an estate in reversion, if one can keep from the temptation of turning it into certainty, which may spoil all. My Hope wanders among the orchard blossoms, feels the warm snow falling on it through the sunshine, and is in doubt of nothing; but, catching sight of Certainty in the distance, sees an ugly Janus-faced deity, with a dubious wink on the hither side of him, and turns quickly away. But you, with your supreme reasonableness and self-nullification and preparation for the worst—you know nothing about the drama of Hope, that immortal delicious maiden, forever courted, forever propitious, whom fools have called deceitful, as if it were Hope that carried the cup of disappointment, whereas it is her deadly enemy Certainty, whom she only escapes by transformation. (You observe my new vein of allegory?) Seriously, however, I must be permitted to allege that truth will prevail, that prejudice will melt before it, that diversity, accompanied by merit, will make itself felt as fascination, and that no virtuous aspiration will be frustrated—all which, if I mistake not, are doctrines of the schools, and all imply that the Jewess I prefer will prefer me. Any blockhead can cite generalities, but the master-mind discerns the particular cases they represent.

"I am less convinced that my society makes amends to Mordecai for your absence, but another substitute occasionally comes in the form of Jacob Cohen. It is worth while to catch our prophet's expression when he has that remarkable type of young Israel on his knee, and pours forth some Semitic inspiration with a sublime look of melancholy patience and devoutness. Sometimes it occurs to Jacob that Hebrew will be more edifying to him if he stops his ears with his palms, and imitates the venerable sounds as heard through that muffling medium. When Mordecai gently draws down the little fists and holds them fast, Jacob's features all take on an extraordinary activity, very much as if he were walking through a menagerie and trying to imitate every animal in turn, succeeding best with the owl and the peccary. But I dare say you have seen something of this. He treats me with the easiest familiarity, and seems in general to look at me as a second-hand Christian commodity, likely to come down in price, remarking on my disadvantages with a frankness which seems to imply some thoughts of future purchase. It is pretty, though, to see the change in him if Mirah happens to come in. He turns child suddenly—his age usually strikes one as being like the Israelitish garments in the desert, perhaps near forty, yet with an air of recent production. But, with Mirah, he reminds me of the dogs that have been brought up by women, and remain manageable by them only. Still, the dog is fond of Mordecai too, and brings sugar-plums to share with him, filling his own mouth to rather an embarrassing extent, and watching how Mordecai deals with a smaller supply. Judging from this modern Jacob at the age of six, my astonishment is that his race has not bought us all up long ago, and pocketed our feebler generations in the form of stock and scrip, as so much slave property. There is one Jewess I should not mind being slave to. But I wish I did not imagine that Mirah gets a little sadder, and tries all the while to hide it. It is natural enough, of course, while she has to watch the slow death of this brother, whom she has taken to worshiping with such looks of loving devoutness that I am ready to wish myself in his place.

"For the rest, we are a little merrier than usual. Rex Gascoigne—you remember a head you admired among my sketches, a fellow with a good upper lip, reading law—has got some rooms in town now not far off us, and has had a neat sister (upper lip also good) staying with him the last fortnight. I have introduced them both to my mother and the girls, who have found out from Miss Gascoigne that she is cousin to your Vandyck duchess!!! I put the notes of exclamation to mark the surprise that the information at first produced on my feeble understanding. On reflection I discovered that there was not the least ground for surprise, unless I had beforehand believed that nobody could be any body's cousin without my knowing it. This sort of surprise, I take it, depends on a liveliness of the spine, with a more or less constant nullity of brain. There was a fellow I used to meet at Rome who was in an effervescence of surprise at contact with the simplest information. Tell him what you would—that you were fond of easy boots—he would always say, 'No! *are* you?' with the same energy of wonder: the very fellow of whom pastoral Browne wrote prophetically,

> 'A wretch so empty that if e'er there be
> In nature found the least vacuity,
> 'Twill be in him.'

I have accounted for it all—he had a lively spine.

"However, this cousinship with the duchess came out by chance one day that Mirah was with them at home and they were talking about the Mallingers. *Apropos;* I am getting so important that I have rival invitations. Gascoigne wants me to go down with him to his father's Rectory in August and see the country round there. But I think self-interest well understood will take me to Monk's Topping, for Sir Hugo has invited me, and proposes—God bless him for his rashness!—that I should make a picture of his three daughters sitting on a bank—as he says, in the Gainsborough style. He came to my studio the other day and recommended me to apply myself to portrait. Of course I know what that means.—'My good fellow, your attempts at the historic and poetic are simply pitiable. Your brush is just that of a successful portrait painter—it has a little truth and a great facility in falsehood—your idealism will never do for gods and goddesses and heroic story, but it may fetch a high price as flattery. Fate, my friend, has made you the hinder wheel—*rota*

posterior currus, et in axe secundo—run behind, because you can't help it.'—What great effort it evidently costs our friends to give us these candid opinions! I have even known a man take the trouble to call, in order to tell me that I had irretrievably exposed my want of judgment in treating my subject, and that if I had asked him he would have lent me his own judgment. Such was my ingratitude and my readiness at composition that even while he was speaking I inwardly sketched a Last Judgment with that candid friend's physiognomy on the left. But all this is away from Sir Hugo, whose manner of implying that one's gifts are not of the highest order is so exceedingly good-natured and comfortable that I begin to feel it an advantage not to be among those poor fellows at the tiptop. And his kindness to me tastes all the better because it comes out of his love for you, old boy. His chat is uncommonly amusing. By-the-way, he told me that your Vandyck duchess is gone with her husband yachting to the Mediterranean. I bethink me that it is possible to land from a yacht, or to be taken on to a yacht from the land. Shall you by chance have an opportunity of continuing your theological discussion with the fair Supralapsarian—I think you said her tenets were of that complexion? Is Duke Alphonso also theological?—perhaps an Arian who objects to triplicity. (Stage direction. While D. is reading, a profound scorn gathers in his face, till at the last word he flings down the letter, grasps his coat collar in a statuesque attitude, and so remains, with a look generally tremendous, throughout the following soliloquy, 'O night, O blackness,' etc., etc.)

"Excuse the brevity of this letter. You are not used to more from me than a bare statement of facts without comment or digression. One fact I have omitted—that the Klesmers on the eve of departure have behaved magnificently, shining forth as might be expected from the planets of genius and fortune in conjunction. Mirah is rich with their Oriental gifts.

"What luck it will be if you come back and present yourself at the Abbey while I am there! I am going to behave with consummate discretion and win golden opinions. But I shall run up to town now and then, just for a peep into Gan Eden. You see how far I have got in Hebrew lore—up with my Lord Bolingbroke, who knew no Hebrew, but 'understood that sort of learning and what is writ about it.' If Mirah commanded, I would go to a depth below the triliteral roots. Already it makes no difference to me whether the points are there or not. But while her brother's life lasts I suspect she would not listen to a lover, even one whose 'hair is like a flock of goats on Mount Gilead'—and I flatter myself that few heads would bear that trying comparison better than mine. So I stay with my hope among the orchard blossoms. Your devoted

"Hans Meyrick."

Some months before, this letter from Hans would have divided Deronda's thoughts irritatingly: its romancing about Mirah would have had an unpleasant edge, scarcely anointed with any commiseration for his friend's probable disappointment. But things had altered since March. Mirah was no longer so critically placed with regard to the Meyricks, and Deronda's own position had been undergoing a change which had just been crowned by the revelation of his birth. The new opening toward the future, though he would not trust in any definite visions, inevitably shed new lights, and influenced his mood toward past and present; hence, what Hans called his hope now seemed to Deronda not a mischievous unreasonableness which roused his indignation, but an unusually persistent bird-dance of an extravagant fancy, and he would have felt quite able to pity any consequent suffering of his friend's if he had believed in the suffering as probable. But some of the busy thought filling that long day, which passed without his receiving any new summons from his mother, was given to the argument that Hans Meyrick's nature was not one in which love could strike the deep roots that turn disappointment into sorrow: it was too restless, too readily excitable by novelty, too ready to turn itself into imaginative material, and wear its grief as a fantastic costume. "Already he is beginning to play at love; he is taking the whole affair as a comedy," said Deronda to himself; "he knows very well that there is no chance for him. Just like him—never opening his eyes on any possible objection I could have to receive his outpourings about Mirah. Poor old Hans! If we were under a fiery hail together, he would howl like a Greek, and if I did not howl too, it would never occur to him that I was as badly off as he. And yet he is tender-hearted and affectionate in intention, and I can't say that he is not active in imagining what goes on in other people; but then he always imagines it to fit his own inclination."

With this touch of causticity Deronda got rid of the slight heat at present raised by Hans's *naïve* expansiveness. The nonsense about Gwendolen, conveying the fact that she was gone yachting with her husband, only suggested a disturbing sequel to his own strange parting with her. But there was one sentence in the letter which raised a more immediate, active anxiety. Hans's suspicion of a hidden sadness in Mirah was not in the direction of his wishes, and hence, instead of distrusting his observation here, Deronda began to conceive a cause for the sadness. Was it some event that had occurred during his absence, or only the growing fear of some event? Was it something, perhaps alterable, in the new position which had been made for her? Or—had Mordecai, against his habitual resolve, communicated to her those peculiar cherished hopes about him, Deronda, and had her quickly sensitive nature been hurt by the discovery that her brother's will or tenacity of visionary conviction had acted coercively on their friendship—been hurt by the fear that there was more of pitying self-suppression than of equal regard in Deronda's relation to him? For amidst all Mirah's quiet renunciation, the evident thirst of soul with which she received the tribute of equality implied a corresponding pain if she found that what she had taken for a purely reverential regard toward her brother had its mixture of condescension.

In this last conjecture of Deronda's he was not wrong as to the quality in Mirah's nature on which he was founding—the latent protest against the treatment she had all her life been subject to until she met him. For that gratitude which would not let her pass by any notice of their acquaintance without insisting on the depth of her debt to him, took half its fervor from the keen comparison with what others had thought enough to ren-

der to her. Deronda's affinity in feeling enabled him to penetrate such secrets. But he was not near the truth in admitting the idea that Mordecai had broken his characteristic reticence. To no soul but Deronda himself had he yet breathed the history of their relation to each other, or his confidence about his friend's origin: it was not only that these subjects were for him too sacred to be spoken of without weighty reason, but that he had discerned Deronda's shrinking at any mention of his birth; and the severity of reserve which had hindered Mordecai from answering a question on a private affair of the Cohen family told yet more strongly here.

"Ezra, how is it?" Mirah one day said to him —"I am continually going to speak to Mr. Deronda as if he were a Jew?"

He smiled at her quietly, and said, "I suppose it is because he treats us as if he were our brother. But he loves not to have the difference of birth dwelt upon."

"He has never lived with his parents, Mr. Hans says," continued Mirah, to whom this was necessarily a question of interest about every one for whom she had a regard.

"Seek not to know such things from Mr. Hans," said Mordecai, gravely, laying his hand on her curls, as he was wont. "What Daniel Deronda wishes us to know about himself is for him to tell us."

And Mirah felt herself rebuked, as Deronda had done. But to be rebuked in this way by Mordecai made her rather proud.

"I see no one so great as my brother," she said to Mrs. Meyrick one day that she called at the Chelsea house on her way home, and, according to her hope, found the little mother alone. "It is difficult to think that he belongs to the same world as those people I used to live among. I told you once that they made life seem like a mad-house; but when I am with Ezra he makes me feel that his life is a great good, though he has suffered so much; not like me, who wanted to die because I had suffered a little, and only for a little while. His soul is so full, it is impossible for him to wish for death as I did. I get the same sort of feeling from him that I got yesterday, when I was tired, and came home through the park after the sweet rain had fallen and the sunshine lay on the grass and flowers. Every thing in the sky and under the sky looked so pure and beautiful that the weariness and trouble and folly seemed only a small part of what is, and I became more patient and hopeful."

A dove-like note of melancholy in this speech caused Mrs. Meyrick to look at Mirah with new examination. After laying down her hat and pushing her curls flat, with an air of fatigue, she had placed herself on a chair opposite her friend in her habitual attitude, her feet and hands just crossed: and at a distance she might have seemed a colored statue of serenity. But Mrs. Meyrick discerned a new look of suppressed suffering in her face, which corresponded to the hint that to be patient and hopeful required some extra influence.

"Is there any fresh trouble on your mind, my dear?" said Mrs. Meyrick, giving up her needlework as a sign of concentrated attention.

Mirah hesitated before she said, "I am too ready to speak of troubles, I think. It seems unkind to put any thing painful into other people's minds, unless one were sure it would hinder something worse. And perhaps I am too hasty and fearful."

"Oh, my dear, mothers are made to like pain and trouble for the sake of their children. Is it because the singing lessons are so few, and are likely to fall off when the season comes to an end? Success in these things can't come all at once." Mrs. Meyrick did not believe that she was touching the real grief; but a guess that could be corrected would make an easier channel for confidence.

"No, not that," said Mirah, shaking her head gently. "I have been a little disappointed because so many ladies said they wanted me to give them or their daughters lessons, and then I never heard of them again. But perhaps after the holidays I shall teach in some schools. Besides, you know, I am as rich as a princess now. I have not touched the hundred pounds that Mrs. Klesmer gave me; and I should never be afraid that Ezra would be in want of any thing, because there is Mr. Deronda, and he said, 'It is the chief honor of my life that your brother will share any thing with me.' Oh no! Ezra and I can have no fears for each other about such things as food and clothing."

"But there is some other fear on your mind," said Mrs. Meyrick, not without divination—"a fear of something that may disturb your peace? Don't be forecasting evil, dear child, unless it is what you can guard against. Anxiety is good for nothing if we can't turn it into a defense. But there's no defense against all the things that might be. Have you any more reason for being anxious now than you had a month ago?"

"Yes, I have," said Mirah. "I have kept it from Ezra. I have not dared to tell him. Pray forgive me that I can't do without telling you. I *have* more reason for being anxious. It is five days ago now. I am quite sure I saw my father."

Mrs. Meyrick shrank into smaller space, packing her arms across her chest and leaning forward —to hinder herself from pelting that father with her worst epithets.

"The year has changed him," Mirah went on. "He had already been much altered and worn in the time before I left him. You remember I said how he used sometimes to cry. He was always excited one way or the other. I have told Ezra every thing that I told you, and he says that my father had taken to gambling, which makes people easily distressed, and then again exalted. And now—it was only a moment that I saw him—his face was more haggard, and his clothes were shabby. He was with a much worse-looking man, who carried something, and they were hurrying along after an omnibus."

"Well, child, he did not see you, I hope?"

"No. I had just come from Mrs. Raymond's, and I was waiting to cross near the Marble Arch. Soon he was on the omnibus and gone out of sight. It was a dreadful moment. My old life seemed to have come back again, and it was worse than it had ever been before. And I could not help feeling it a new deliverance that he was gone out of sight without knowing that I was there. And yet it hurt me that I was feeling so—it seemed hateful in me—almost like words I once had to speak in a play, that 'I had warmed my hands in the blood of my kindred.' For where might my father be going? What may become

of him? And his having a daughter who would own him in spite of all might have hindered the worst. Is there any pain like seeing what ought to be the best things in life turned into the worst? All those opposite feelings were meeting and pressing against each other, and took up all my strength. No one could act that. Acting is slow and poor to what we go through within. I don't know how I called a cab. I only remember that I was in it when I began to think, 'I can not tell Ezra; he must not know.'"

"You are afraid of grieving him?" Mrs. Meyrick asked, when Mirah had paused a little.

"Yes—and there is something more," said Mirah, hesitatingly, as if she were examining her feeling before she would venture to speak of it. "I want to tell you; I could not tell any one else. I could not have told my own mother; I should have closed it up before her. I feel shame for my father, and it is perhaps strange—but the shame is greater before Ezra than before any one else in the world. He desired me to tell him all about my life, and I obeyed him. But it is always like a smart to me to know that those things about my father are in Ezra's mind. And —can you believe it?—when the thought haunts me how it would be if my father were to come and show himself before us both, what seems as if it would scorch me most is seeing my father shrinking before Ezra. That is the truth. I don't know whether it is a right feeling. But I can't help thinking that I would rather try to maintain my father in secret, and bear a great deal in that way, if I could hinder him from meeting my brother."

"You must not encourage that feeling, Mirah," said Mrs. Meyrick, hastily. "It would be very dangerous; it would be wrong. You must not have concealments of that sort."

"But ought I now to tell Ezra that I have seen my father?" said Mirah, with deprecation in her tone.

"No," Mrs. Meyrick answered, dubitatively. "I don't know that it is necessary to do that. Your father may go away with the birds. It is not clear that he came after you; you may never see him again. And then your brother will have been spared a useless anxiety. But promise me that if your father sees you—gets hold of you in any way again—you will let us all know. Promise me that solemnly, Mirah. I have a right to ask it."

Mirah reflected a little, then leaned forward to put her hands in Mrs. Meyrick's, and said, "Since you ask it, I do promise. I will bear this feeling of shame. I have been so long used to think that I must bear that sort of inward pain. But the shame for my father burns me more when I think of his meeting Ezra." She was silent a moment or two, and then said, in a new tone of yearning compassion, "And we are his children—and he was once young like us—and my mother loved him. Oh! I can not help seeing it all close, and it hurts me like a cruelty."

Mirah shed no tears: the discipline of her whole life had been against indulgence in such manifestation, which soon falls under the control of strong motives; but it seemed that the more intense expression of sorrow had entered into her voice. Mrs. Meyrick, with all her quickness and loving insight, did not quite understand that filial feeling in Mirah which had active roots deep below her indignation for the worst offenses. She could conceive that a mother would have a clinging pity and shame for a reprobate son, but she was out of patience with what she held an exaggerated susceptibility on behalf of this father, whose re-appearance inclined her to wish him under the care of a turnkey. Mirah's promise, however, was some security against her weakness.

That incident was the only reason that Mirah herself could have stated for the hidden sadness which Hans had divined. Of one element in her changed mood she could have given no definite account: it was something as dim as the sense of approaching weather-change, and had extremely slight external promptings, such as we are often ashamed to find all we can allege in support of the busy constructions that go on within us, not only without effort but even against it, under the influence of any blind emotional stirring. Perhaps the first leaven of uneasiness was laid by Gwendolen's behavior on that visit which was entirely superfluous as a means of engaging Mirah to sing, and could have no other motive than the excited and strange questioning about Deronda. Mirah had instinctively kept the visit a secret, but the active remembrance of it had raised a new susceptibility in her, and made her alive as she had never been before to the relations Deronda must have with that society which she herself was getting frequent glimpses of without belonging to it. Her peculiar life and education had produced in her an extraordinary mixture of unworldliness, with knowledge of the world's evil, and even this knowledge was a strange blending of direct observation with the effects of reading and theatrical study. Her memory was furnished with abundant passionate situation and intrigue, which she never made emotionally her own, but felt a repelled aloofness from, as she had done from the actual life around her. Some of that imaginative knowledge began now to weave itself around Mrs. Grandcourt; and though Mirah would admit no position likely to affect her reverence for Deronda, she could not avoid a new painfully vivid association of his general life with a world away from her own, where there might be some involvement of his feeling and action with a woman like Gwendolen, who was increasingly repugnant to her—increasingly, even after she had ceased to see her; for liking and disliking can grow in meditation as fast as in the more immediate kind of presence. Any disquietude consciously due to the idea that Deronda's deepest care might be for something remote not only from herself but even from his friendship for her brother, she would have checked with rebuking questions: What was she but one who had shared his generous kindness with many others? and his attachment to her brother, was it not begun late to be soon ended? Other ties had come before, and others would remain after this had been cut by swift-coming death. But her uneasiness had not reached that point of self-recognition in which she would have been ashamed of it as an indirect, presumptuous claim on Deronda's feeling. That she or any one else should think of him as her possible lover was a conception which had never entered her mind; indeed, it was equally out of the question with Mrs. Meyrick and the girls, who, with Mirah herself, regarded his intervention in her life as something exceptional, and were so impressed by his mission as her deliverer and guardian that they

would have held it an offense to hint at his holding any other relation toward her—a point of view which Hans also had readily adopted. It is a little hard upon some men that they appear to sink for us in becoming lovers. But precisely to this innocence of the Meyricks was owing the disturbance of Mirah's unconsciousness. The first occasion could hardly have been more trivial, but it prepared her emotive nature for a deeper effect from what happened afterward.

It was when Anna Gascoigne, visiting the Meyricks, was led to speak of her cousinship with Gwendolen. The visit had been arranged that Anna might see Mirah; the three girls were at home with their mother, and there was naturally a flux of talk among six feminine creatures, free from the presence of a distorting male standard. Anna Gascoigne felt herself much at home with the Meyrick girls, who knew what it was to have a brother, and to be generally regarded as of minor importance in the world; and she had told Rex that she thought the University very nice, because brothers made friends there whose families were not rich and grand, and yet (like the University) were very nice. The Meyricks seemed to her almost alarmingly clever, and she consulted them much on the best mode of teaching Lotta, confiding to them that she herself was the least clever of her family. Mirah had lately come in, and there was a complete bouquet of young faces round the tea-table—Hafiz, seated a little aloft, with large eyes on the alert, regarding the whole scene as an apparatus for supplying his allowance of milk.

"Think of our surprise, Mirah," said Kate. "We were speaking of Mr. Deronda and the Mallingers, and it turns out that Miss Gascoigne knows them."

"I only know about them," said Anna, a little flushed with excitement, what she had heard and now saw of the lovely Jewess being an almost startling novelty to her. "I have not even seen them. But some months ago my cousin married Sir Hugo Mallinger's nephew, Mr. Grandcourt, who lived in Sir Hugo's place at Diplow, near us."

"There!" exclaimed Mab, clasping her hands. "Something must come of that. Mrs. Grandcourt, the Vandyck duchess, is your cousin?"

"Oh yes; I was her bride-maid," said Anna. "Her mamma and mine are sisters. My aunt was much richer before last year, but then she and mamma lost all their fortune. Papa is a clergyman, you know; so it makes very little difference to us, except that we keep no carriage, and have no dinner parties—and I like it better. But it was very sad for poor Aunt Davilow, for she could not live with us, because she has four daughters besides Gwendolen; but then, when she married Mr. Grandcourt, it did not signify so much, because of his being so rich."

"Oh, this finding out relationships is delightful!" said Mab. "It is like a Chinese puzzle that one has to fit together. I feel sure something wonderful may be made of it, but I can't tell what."

"Dear me, Mab," said Amy, "relationships must branch out. The only difference is that we happen to know some of the people concerned. Such things are going on every day."

"And pray, Amy, why do you insist on the number nine being so wonderful?" said Mab. "I am sure that is happening every day. Never mind, Miss Gascoigne; please go on. And Mr. Deronda?—have you never seen Mr. Deronda? You *must* bring him in."

"No, I have not seen him," said Anna; "but he was at Diplow before my cousin was married, and I have heard my aunt speaking of him to papa. She said what you have been saying about him—only not so much: I mean, about Mr. Deronda living with Sir Hugo Mallinger, and being so nice, she thought. We talk a great deal about every one who comes near Pennicote, because it is so seldom there is any one new. But I remember, when I asked Gwendolen what she thought of Mr. Deronda, she said, 'Don't mention it, Anna; but I think his hair is dark.' That was her droll way of answering; she was always so lively. It is really rather wonderful that I should come to hear so much about him, all through Mr. Hans knowing Rex, and then my having the pleasure of knowing you," Anna ended, looking at Mrs. Meyrick with a shy grace.

"The pleasure is on our side too; but the wonder would have been, if you had come to this house without hearing of Mr. Deronda—wouldn't it, Mirah?" said Mrs. Meyrick.

Mirah smiled acquiescently, but had nothing to say. A confused discontent took possession of her at the mingling of names and images to which she had been listening.

"My son calls Mrs. Grandcourt the Vandyck duchess," continued Mrs. Meyrick, turning again to Anna; "he thinks her so striking and picturesque."

"Yes," said Anna. "Gwendolen was always so beautiful—people fell dreadfully in love with her. I thought it a pity, because it made them unhappy."

"And how do you like Mr. Grandcourt, the happy lover?" said Mrs. Meyrick, who, in her way, was as much interested as Mab in the hints she had been hearing of vicissitude in the life of a widow with daughters.

"Papa approved of Gwendolen's accepting him, and my aunt says he is very generous," said Anna, beginning with a virtuous intention of repressing her own sentiments; but then, unable to resist a rare occasion for speaking them freely, she went on, "else I should have thought he was not very nice—rather proud, and not at all lively, like Gwendolen. I should have thought some one younger and more lively would have suited her better. But perhaps having a brother who seems to us better than any one makes us think worse of others."

"Wait till you see Mr. Deronda," said Mab, nodding significantly. "Nobody's brother will do after him."

"Our brothers *must* do for people's husbands," said Kate, curtly, "because they will not get Mr. Deronda. No woman will do for him to marry."

"No woman ought to want him to marry him," said Mab, with indignation. "*I* never should. Fancy finding out that he had a tailor's bill, and used boot-hooks, like Hans. Who ever thought of his marrying?"

"I have," said Kate. "When I drew a wedding for a frontispiece to *Hearts and Diamonds*, I made a sort of likeness of him for the bridegroom, and I went about looking for a grand woman who would do for his countess, but I saw none that would not be poor creatures by the side of him."

"You should have seen this Mrs. Grandcourt, then," said Mrs. Meyrick. "Hans says that she and Mr. Deronda set each other off when they are side by side. She is tall and fair. But you know her, Mirah—you can always say something descriptive. What do *you* think of Mrs. Grandcourt?"

"I think she is like the Princess of Eboli in *Don Carlos*," said Mirah, with a quick intensity. She was pursuing an association in her own mind not intelligible to her hearers—an association with a certain actress as well as the part she represented.

"Your comparison is a riddle for me, my dear," said Mrs. Meyrick, smiling.

"You said that Mrs. Grandcourt was tall and fair," continued Mirah, slightly paler. "That is quite true."

Mrs. Meyrick's quick eye and ear detected something unusual, but immediately explained it to herself. Fine ladies had often wounded Mirah by caprices of manner and intention.

"Mrs. Grandcourt had thought of having lessons from Mirah," she said, turning to Anna. "But many have talked of having lessons, and then have found no time. Fashionable ladies have too much work to do."

And the chat went on without further insistence on the Princess of Eboli. That comparison escaped Mirah's lips under the urgency of a pang unlike any thing she had felt before. The conversation from the beginning had revived unpleasant impressions, and Mrs. Meyrick's suggestion of Gwendolen's figure by the side of Deronda's had the stinging effect of a voice outside her, confirming her secret conviction that this tall and fair woman had some hold on his lot. For a long while afterward she felt as if she had had a jarring shock through her frame.

In the evening, putting her cheek against her brother's shoulder as she was sitting by him, while he sat propped up in bed under a new difficulty of breathing, she said,

"Ezra, does it ever hurt your love for Mr. Deronda that so much of his life was all hidden away from you—that he is among persons and cares about persons who are all so unlike us—I mean, unlike you?"

"No, assuredly no," said Mordecai. "Rather, it is a precious thought to me that he has a preparation which I lacked, and is an accomplished Egyptian." Then, recollecting that his words had a reference which his sister must not yet understand, he added, "I have the more to give him, since his treasure differs from mine. That is a blessedness in friendship."

Mirah mused a little.

"Still," she said, "it would be a trial to your love for him if that other part of his life were like a crowd in which he had got entangled, so that he was carried away from you—I mean in his thoughts, and not merely carried out of sight as he is now—and not merely for a little while, but continually. How should you bear that? Our religion commands us to bear. But how should you bear it?"

"Not well, my sister—not well; but it will never happen," said Mordecai, looking at her with a tender smile. He thought that her heart needed comfort on his account.

Mirah said no more. She mused over the difference between her own state of mind and her brother's, and felt her comparative pettiness. Why could she not be completely satisfied with what satisfied his larger judgment? She gave herself no fuller reason than a painful sense of unfitness—in what? Airy possibilities to which she could give no outline, but to which one name and one figure gave the wandering persistency of a blot in her vision. Here lay the vaguer source of the hidden sadness rendered noticeable to Hans by some diminution of that sweet ease, that ready joyousness of response in her speech and smile, which had come with the new sense of freedom and safety, and had made her presence like the freshly opened daisies and clear bird-notes after the rain. She herself regarded her uneasiness as a sort of ingratitude and dullness of sensibility toward the great things that had been given her in her new life; and whenever she threw more energy than usual into her singing, it was the energy of indignation against the shallowness of her own content. In that mood she once said: "Shall I tell you what is the difference between you and me, Ezra? You are a spring in the drought, and I am an acorn cup; the waters of heaven fill me, but the least little shake leaves me empty."

"Why, what has shaken thee?" said Mordecai. He fell into this antique form of speech habitually in talking to his sister and to the Cohen children.

"Thoughts," said Mirah; "thoughts that come like the breeze and shake me—bad people, wrong things, misery—and how they might touch our life."

"We must take our portion, Mirah. It is there. On whose shoulder would we lay it, that we might be free?"

The one voluntary sign that she made of her inward care was this distant allusion.

CHAPTER LIII.

"My desolation does begin to make
A better life."
—SHAKSPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra.*

BEFORE Deronda was summoned to a second interview with his mother, a day had passed in which she had only sent him a message to say that she was not yet well enough to receive him again; but on the third morning he had a note saying, "I leave to-day. Come and see me at once."

He was shown into the same room as before; but it was much darkened with blinds and curtains. The Princess was not there, but she presently entered, dressed in a loose wrap of some soft silk, in color a dusky orange, her head again with black lace floating about it, her arms showing themselves bare from under her wide sleeves. Her face seemed even more impressive in the sombre light, the eyes larger, the lines more vigorous. You might have imagined her a sorceress who would stretch forth her wonderful hand and arm to mix youth potions for others, but scorned to mix them for herself, having had enough of youth.

She put her arms on her son's shoulders at once, and kissed him on both cheeks, then seated herself among her cushions with an air of assured firmness and dignity, unlike her fitfulness in their first interview, and told Deronda to sit down by

her. He obeyed, saying, "You are quite relieved now, I trust?"

"Yes, I am at ease again. Is there any thing more that you would like to ask me?" she said, with the manner of a queen rather than of a mother.

"Can I find the house in Genoa where you used to live with my grandfather?" said Deronda.

"No," she answered, with a deprecating movement of her arm; "it is pulled down—not to be found. But about our family, and where my father lived at various times—you will find all that among the papers in the chest better than I can tell you. My father, I told you, was a physician. My mother was a Morteira. I used to hear all those things without listening. You will find them all. I was born among them without my will. I banished them as soon as I could."

Deronda tried to hide his pained feeling, and said, "Any thing else that I should desire to know from you could only be what it is some satisfaction to your own feeling to tell me."

"I think I have told you every thing that could be demanded of me," said the Princess, looking coldly meditative. It seemed as if she had exhausted her emotion in their former interview. The fact was, she had said to herself, "I have done it all. I have confessed all. I will not go through it again. I will save myself from agitation." And she was acting out that theme.

But to Deronda's nature the moment was cruel: it made the filial yearning of his life a disappointed pilgrimage to a shrine where there were no longer the symbols of sacredness. It seemed that all the woman lacking in her was present in him as he said, with some tremor in his voice,

"Then are we to part, and I never be any thing to you?"

"It is better so," said the Princess, in a softer, mellower voice. "There could be nothing but hard duty for you, even if it were possible for you to take the place of my son. You would not love me. Don't deny it," she said, abruptly, putting up her hand. "I know what is the truth. You don't like what I did. You are angry with me. You think I robbed you of something. You are on your grandfather's side, and you will always have a condemnation of me in your heart."

Deronda felt himself under a ban of silence. He rose from his seat by her, preferring to stand, if he had to obey that imperious prohibition of any tenderness. But his mother now looked up at him with a new admiration in her glance, saying,

"You are wrong to be angry with me. You are the better for what I did." After pausing a little, she added, abruptly, "And now tell me what you shall do."

"Do you mean now, immediately," said Deronda, "or as to the course of my future life?"

"I mean in the future. What difference will it make to you that I have told you about your birth?"

"A very great difference," said Deronda, emphatically. "I can hardly think of any thing that would make a greater difference."

"What shall you do, then?" said the Princess, with more sharpness. "Make yourself just like your grandfather—be what he wished you—turn yourself into a Jew like him?"

"That is impossible. The effect of my education can never be done away with. The Christian sympathies in which my mind was reared can never die out of me," said Deronda, with increasing tenacity of tone. "But I consider it my duty—it is the impulse of my feeling—to identify myself, as far as possible, with my hereditary people, and if I can see any work to be done for them that I can give my soul and hand to, I shall choose to do it."

His mother had her eyes fixed on him with a wondering speculation, examining his face as if she thought that by close attention she could read a difficult language there. He bore her gaze very firmly, sustained by a resolute opposition, which was the expression of his fullest self. She bent toward him a little, and said, with a decisive emphasis,

"You are in love with a Jewess."

Deronda colored, and said, "My reasons would be independent of any such fact."

"I know better. I have seen what men are," said the Princess, peremptorily. "Tell me the truth. She is a Jewess who will not accept any one but a Jew. There *are* a few such," she added, with a touch of scorn.

Deronda had that objection to answer which we all have known in speaking to those who are too certain of their own fixed interpretations to be enlightened by any thing we may say. But besides this, the point immediately in question was one on which he felt a repugnance either to deny or affirm. He remained silent, and she presently said,

"You love her as your father loved me, and she draws you after her as I drew him."

Those words touched Deronda's filial imagination, and some tenderness in his glance was taken by his mother as an assent. She went on with rising passion. "But I was leading him the other way. And now your grandfather is getting his revenge."

"Mother," said Deronda, remonstrantly, "don't let us think of it in that way. I will admit that there may come some benefit from the education you chose for me. I prefer cherishing the benefit with gratitude to dwelling with resentment on the injury. I think it would have been right that I should have been brought up with the consciousness that I was a Jew, but it must always have been a good to me to have as wide an instruction and sympathy as possible. And now, you have restored me my inheritance—events have brought a fuller restitution than you could have made—you have been saved from robbing my people of my service and me of my duty: can you not bring your whole soul to consent to this?"

Deronda paused in his pleading: his mother looked at him listeningly, as if the cadence of his voice were taking her ear, yet she shook her head slowly. He began again even more urgently:

"You have told me that you sought what you held the best for me: open your heart to relenting and love toward my grandfather, who sought what he held the best for you."

"Not for me, no," she said, shaking her head with more absolute denial, and folding her arms tightly. "I tell you, he never thought of his daughter except as an instrument. Because I had wants outside his purpose, I was to be put in a frame and tortured. If that is the right law for the world, I will not say that I love it. If my acts were wrong—if it is God who is exacting from me that I should deliver up what I withheld—who is punishing me because I deceived my

father and did not warn him that I should contradict his trust—well, I have told every thing. I have done what I could. And *your* soul consents. That is enough. I have, after all, been the instrument my father wanted.—'I desire a grandson who shall have a true Jewish heart. Every Jew should rear his family as if he hoped that a Deliverer might spring from it.'"

In uttering these last sentences the Princess narrowed her eyes, waved her head up and down, and spoke slowly with a new kind of chest-voice, as if she were quoting unwillingly.

"Were those my grandfather's words?" said Deronda.

"Yes, yes; and you will find them written. I wanted to thwart him," said the Princess, with a sudden outburst of the passion she had shown in the former interview. Then she added, more slowly, "You would have me love what I have hated from the time I was so high"—here she held her left hand a yard from the floor. "That can never be. But what does it matter? His yoke has been on me whether I loved it or not. You are the grandson he wanted. You speak as men do—as if you felt yourself wise. What does it all mean?"

Her tone was abrupt and scornful. Deronda, in his pained feeling, and under the solemn urgency of the moment, had to keep a clutching remembrance of their relationship, lest his words should become cruel. He began in a deep, entreating tone:

"Mother, don't say that I feel myself wise. We are set in the midst of difficulties. I see no other way to get any clearness than by being truthful—not by keeping back facts which may—which should carry obligation within them—which should make the only guidance toward duty. No wonder if such facts come to reveal themselves in spite of concealments. The effects prepared by generations are likely to triumph over a contrivance which would bend them all to the satisfaction of self. Your will was strong, but my grandfather's trust which you accepted and did not fulfill—what you call his yoke—is the expression of something stronger, with deeper, farther-spreading roots, knit into the foundations of sacredness for all men. You renounced me—you still banish me—as a son"—there was an involuntary movement of indignation in Deronda's voice—"but that stronger Something has determined that I shall be all the more the grandson whom also you willed to annihilate."

His mother was watching him fixedly, and again her face gathered admiration. After a moment's silence she said, in a low persuasive tone,

"Sit down again," and he obeyed, placing himself beside her. She laid her hand on his shoulder and went on:

"You rebuke me. Well—I am the loser. And you are angry because I banish you. What could you do for me but weary your own patience? Your mother is a shattered woman. My sense of life is little more than a sense of what was—except when the pain is present. You reproach me that I parted with you. I had joy enough without you then. Now you are come back to me, and I can not make you a joy. Have you the cursing spirit of the Jew in you? Are you not able to forgive me? Shall you be glad to think that I am punished because I was not a Jewish mother to you?"

"How can you ask me that?" said Deronda, remonstrantly. "Have I not besought you that I might now at least be a son to you? My grief is that you have declared me helpless to comfort you. I would give up much that is dear for the sake of soothing your anguish."

"You shall give up nothing," said his mother, with the hurry of agitation. "You shall be happy. You shall let me think of you as happy. I shall have done you no harm. You have no reason to curse me. You shall feel for me as they feel for the dead whom they say prayers for—you shall long that I may be freed from all suffering—from all punishment. And I shall see you instead of always seeing your grandfather. Is any harm come to him because the eleven years went by with no wretched *Kaddish* said for him? I can not tell. If you think *Kaddish* will help me—say it, say it. You will come between me and the dead. When I am in your mind, you will look as you do now—always as if you were a tender son—always as if I had been a tender mother."

She seemed resolved that her agitation should not conquer her, but he felt her hand trembling on his shoulder. Deep, deep compassion hemmed in all words. With a face of beseeching he put his arm round her and pressed her head tenderly under his. They sat so for some moments. Then she lifted her head again and rose from her seat with a great sigh, as if in that breath she were dismissing a weight of thoughts. Deronda, standing in front of her, felt that the parting was near. But one of her swift alternations had come upon his mother.

"Is she beautiful?" she said, abruptly.

"Who?" said Deronda, changing color.

"The woman you love."

It was not a moment for deliberate explanation. He was obliged to say, "Yes."

"Not ambitious?"

"No, I think not."

"Not one who must have a path of her own?"

"I think her nature is not given to make great claims."

"She is not like that?" said the Princess, taking from her wallet a miniature with jewels round it, and holding it before her son. It was her own in all the fire of youth, and as Deronda looked at it with admiring sadness she said, "Had I not a rightful claim to be something more than a mere daughter and mother? The voice and the genius matched the face. Whatever else was wrong, acknowledge that I had a right to be an artist, though my father's will was against it. My nature gave me a charter."

"I do acknowledge that," said Deronda, looking from the miniature to her face, which even in its worn pallor had an expression of living force beyond any thing that the pencil could show.

"Will you take the portrait?" said the Princess, more gently. "If she is a kind woman, teach her to think of me kindly."

"I shall be grateful for the portrait," said Deronda; "but—I ought to say, I have no assurance that she whom I love will have any love for me. I have kept silence."

"Who and what is she?" said the mother. The question seemed a command.

"She was brought up as a singer for the stage," said Deronda, with inward reluctance. "Her father took her away early from her mother, and her life has been unhappy. She is very young—

only twenty. Her father wished to bring her up in disregard—even in dislike—of her Jewish origin, but she has clung with all her affection to the memory of her mother and the fellowship of her people."

"Ah! like you. She is attached to the Judaism she knows nothing of," said the Princess, peremptorily. "That is poetry—fit to last through an opera night. Is she fond of her artist's life—is her singing worth any thing?"

"Her singing is exquisite. But her voice is not suited to the stage. I think that the artist's life has been made repugnant to her."

"Why, she is made for you, then. Sir Hugo said you were bitterly against being a singer, and I can see that you would never have let yourself be merged in a wife, as your father was."

"I repeat," said Deronda, emphatically—"I repeat that I have no assurance of her love for me, of the possibility that we can ever be united. Other things—painful issues—may lie before me. I have always felt that I should prepare myself to renounce, not cherish, that prospect. But I suppose I might feel so of happiness in general. Whether it may come or not, one should try and prepare one's self to do without it."

"Do you feel in that way?" said his mother, laying her hands on his shoulders, and perusing his face, while she spoke in a low meditative tone, pausing between her sentences. "Poor boy!—I wonder how it would have been if I had kept you with me—whether you would have turned your heart to the old things—against mine—and we should have quarreled—your grandfather would have been in you—and you would have hampered my life with your young growth from the old root."

"I think my affection might have lasted through all our quarreling," said Deronda, saddened more and more, "and that would not have hampered—surely it would have enriched your life."

"Not then, not then—I did not want it then—I might have been glad of it now," said the mother, with a bitter melancholy, "if I could have been glad of any thing."

"But you love your other children, and they love you?" said Deronda, anxiously.

"Oh yes," she answered, as to a question about a matter of course, while she folded her arms again. "But," she added, in a deeper tone, "I am not a loving woman. That is the truth. It is a talent to love—I lacked it. Others have loved me—and I have acted their love. I know very well what love makes of men and women—it is subjection. It takes another for a larger self, inclosing this one"—she pointed to her own bosom. "I was never willingly subject to any man. Men have been subject to me."

"Perhaps the man who was subject was the happier of the two," said Deronda—not with a smile, but with a grave, sad sense of his mother's privation.

"Perhaps—but I *was* happy—for a few years I was happy. If I had not been afraid of defeat and failure, I might have gone on. I miscalculated. What then? It is all over. Another life! Men talk of 'another life,' as if it only began on the other side of the grave. I have long entered on another life." With the last words she raised her arms till they were bare to the elbow, her brow was contracted in one deep fold, her eyes were closed, her voice was smothered: in her dusky flame-colored garment, she looked like a dreamed visitant from some region of departed mortals.

Deronda's feeling was wrought to a pitch of acuteness in which he was no longer quite master of himself. He gave an audible sob. His mother, opening her eyes, and letting her hands again rest on his shoulders, said,

"Good-by, my son, good-by. We shall hear no more of each other. Kiss me."

He clasped his arms round her neck, and they kissed each other.

Deronda did not know how he got out of the room. He felt an older man. All his boyish yearnings and anxieties about his mother had vanished. He had gone through a tragic experience which must forever solemnize his life, and deepen the significance of the acts by which he bound himself to others.

CHAPTER LIV.

"The unwilling brain
Feigns often what it would not; and we trust
Imagination with such fantasies
As the tongue dares not fashion into words;
Which have no words, their horror makes them dim
To the mind's eye." —SHELLEY.

MADONNA PIA, whose husband, feeling himself injured by her, took her to his castle amidst the swampy flats of the Maremma and got rid of her there, makes a pathetic figure in Dante's Purgatory, among the sinners who repented at the last and desire to be remembered compassionately by their fellow-countrymen. We know little about the grounds of mutual discontent between the Siennese couple, but we may infer with some confidence that the husband had never been a very delightful companion, and that on the flats of the Maremma his disagreeable manners had a background which threw them out remarkably; whence, in his desire to punish his wife to the uttermost, the nature of things was so far against him that in relieving himself of her he could not avoid making the relief mutual. And thus, without any hardness to the poor Tuscan lady who had her deliverance long ago, one may feel warranted in thinking of her with a less sympathetic interest than of the better-known Gwendolen, who, instead of being delivered from her errors on earth and cleansed from their effect in purgatory, is at the very height of her entanglement in those fatal meshes which are woven within more closely than without, and often make the inward torture disproportionate to what is discernible as outward cause.

In taking his wife with him on a yachting expedition, Grandcourt had no intention to get rid of her; on the contrary, he wanted to feel more securely that she was his to do as he liked with, and to make her feel it also. Moreover, he was himself very fond of yachting: its dreamy do-nothing absolutism, unmolested by social demands, suited his disposition, and he did not in the least regard it as an equivalent for the dreariness of the Maremma. He had his reasons for carrying Gwendolen out of reach, but they were not reasons that can seem black in the mere statement. He suspected a growing spirit of opposition in her, and his feeling about the sentimental inclination she betrayed for Deronda was

what in another man he would have called jealousy. In himself it seemed merely a resolution to put an end to such foolery as must have been going on in that pre-arranged visit of Deronda's which he had divined and interrupted.

And Grandcourt might have pleaded that he was perfectly justified in taking care that his wife should fulfill the obligations she had accepted. Her marriage was a contract where all the ostensible advantages were on her side, and it was only one of those advantages that her husband should use his power to hinder her from any injurious self-committal or unsuitable behavior. He knew quite well that she had not married him —had not overcome her repugnance to certain facts—out of love to him personally; he had won her by the rank and luxuries he had to give her, and these she had got: he had fulfilled his side of the contract.

And Gwendolen, we know, was thoroughly aware of the situation. She could not excuse herself by saying that there had been a tacit part of the contract on her side, namely, that she meant to rule and have her own way. With all her early indulgence in the disposition to dominate, she was not one of the narrow-brained women who through life regard all their own selfish demands as rights, and every claim upon themselves as an injury. She had a root of conscience in her, and the process of purgatory had begun for her on the green earth: she knew that she had been wrong.

But now enter into the soul of this young creature as she found herself, with the blue Mediterranean dividing her from the world, on the tiny plank-island of a yacht, the domain of the husband to whom she felt that she had sold herself, and had been paid the strict price—nay, paid more than she had dared to ask in the handsome maintenance of her mother:—the husband to whom she had sold her truthfulness and sense of justice, so that he held them throttled into silence, collared and dragged behind him to witness what he would, without remonstrance.

What had she to complain of? The yacht was of the prettiest; the cabin fitted up to perfection, smelling of cedar, soft-cushioned, hung with silk, expanded with mirrors; the crew such as suited an elegant toy, one of them having even ringlets, as well as a bronze complexion and fine teeth; and Mr. Lush was not there, for he had taken his way back to England as soon as he had seen all and every thing on board. Moreover, Gwendolen herself liked the sea: it did not make her ill; and to observe the rigging of the vessel and forecast the necessary adjustments was a sort of amusement that might have gratified her activity and enjoyment of imaginary rule; the weather was fine, and they were coasting southward, where even the rain-furrowed, heat-cracked clay becomes gem-like with purple shadows, and where one may float between blue and blue in an open-eyed dream that the world has done with sorrow.

But what can still that hunger of the heart which sickens the eye for beauty, and makes sweet-scented ease an oppression? What sort of Moslem paradise would quiet the terrible fury of moral repulsion and cowed resistance which, like an eating pain intensifying into torture, concentrates the mind in that poisonous misery? While Gwendolen, throned on her cushions at evening, and beholding the glory of sea and sky softening as if with boundless love around her, was hoping that Grandcourt in his march up and down was not going to pause near her, not going to look at her or speak to her, some woman under a smoky sky, obliged to consider the price of eggs in arranging her dinner, was listening for the music of a footstep that would remove all risk from her foretaste of joy; some couple, bending, cheek by cheek, over a bit of work done by the one and delighted in by the other, were reckoning the earnings that would make them rich enough for a holiday among the furze and heather.

Had Grandcourt the least conception of what was going on in the breast of this wife? He conceived that she did not love him: but was that necessary? She was under his power, and he was not accustomed to soothe himself, as some cheerfully disposed persons are, with the conviction that he was very generally and justly beloved. But what lay quite away from his conception was, that she could have any special repulsion for him personally. How could she? He himself knew what personal repulsion was—nobody better: his mind was much furnished with a sense of what brutes his fellow-creatures were, both masculine and feminine; what odious familiarities they had, what smirks, what modes of flourishing their handkerchiefs, what costume, what lavender-water, what bulging eyes, and what foolish notions of making themselves agreeable by remarks which were not wanted. In this critical view of mankind there was an affinity between him and Gwendolen before their marriage, and we know that she had been attractingly wrought upon by the refined negations he presented to her. Hence he understood her repulsion for Lush. But how was he to understand or conceive her present repulsion for Henleigh Grandcourt? Some men bring themselves to believe, and not merely maintain, the non-existence of an external world; a few others believe themselves objects of repulsion to a woman without being told so in plain language. But Grandcourt did not belong to this eccentric body of thinkers. He had all his life had reason to take a flattering view of his own attractiveness, and to place himself in fine antithesis to the men who, he saw at once, must be revolting to a woman of taste. He had no idea of a moral repulsion, and could not have believed, if he had been told it, that there may be a resentment and disgust which will gradually make beauty more detestable than ugliness, through exasperation at that outward virtue in which hateful things can flaunt themselves or find a supercilious advantage.

How, then, could Grandcourt divine what was going on in Gwendolen's breast?

For their behavior to each other scandalized no observer—not even the foreign maid warranted against seasickness; nor Grandcourt's own experienced valet; still less the picturesque crew, who regarded them as a model couple in high life. Their companionship consisted chiefly in a well-bred silence. Grandcourt had no humorous observations at which Gwendolen could refuse to smile, no chitchat to make small occasions of dispute. He was perfectly polite in arranging an additional garment over her when needful, and in handing her any object that he perceived her to need, and she could not fall into the vulgarity of accepting or rejecting such politeness rudely.

Grandcourt put up his telescope and said,

"There's a plantation of sugar-canes at the foot of that rock: should you like to look?"

Gwendolen said, "Yes, please," remembering that she must try and interest herself in sugar-canes as something outside her personal affairs. Then Grandcourt would walk up and down and smoke for a long while, pausing occasionally to point out a sail on the horizon, and at last would seat himself and look at Gwendolen with his narrow, immovable gaze, as if she were part of the complete yacht; while she, conscious of being looked at, was exerting her ingenuity not to meet his eyes. At dinner he would remark that the fruit was getting stale, and they must put in somewhere for more; or, observing that she did not drink the wine, he asked her if she would like any other kind better. A lady was obliged to respond to these things suitably; and even if she had not shrunk from quarreling on other grounds, quarreling with Grandcourt was impossible: she might as well have made angry remarks to a dangerous serpent ornamentally coiled in her cabin without invitation. And what sort of dispute could a woman of any pride and dignity begin on a yacht?

Grandcourt had an intense satisfaction in leading his wife captive after this fashion: it gave their life on a small scale a royal representation and publicity in which every thing familiar was got rid of, and every body must do what was expected of them, whatever might be their private protest—the protest (kept strictly private) adding to the piquancy of despotism.

To Gwendolen, who, even in the freedom of her maiden time, had had very faint glimpses of any heroism or sublimity, the medium that now thrust itself every where before her view was this husband and her relation to him. The beings closest to us, whether in love or hate, are often virtually our interpreters of the world, and some feather-headed gentleman or lady whom in passing we regret to take as legal tender for a human being may be acting as a melancholy theory of life in the minds of those who live with them—like a piece of yellow and wavy glass that distorts form and makes color an affliction. Their trivial sentences, their petty standards, their low suspicions, their loveless *ennui*, may be making somebody else's life no better than a promenade through a pantheon of ugly idols. Gwendolen had that kind of window before her, affecting the distant equally with the near. Some unhappy wives are soothed by the possibility that they may become mothers; but Gwendolen felt that to desire a child for herself would have been a consenting to the completion of the injury she had been guilty of. She was reduced to dread lest she should become a mother. It was not the image of a new sweetly budding life that came as a vision of deliverance from the monotony of distaste: it was an image of another sort. In the irritable, fluctuating stages of despair, gleams of hope came in the form of some possible accident. To dwell on the benignity of accident was a refuge from worse temptation.

The imbitterment of hatred is often as unaccountable to on-lookers as the growth of devoted love, and it not only seems, but is really, out of direct relation with any outward causes to be alleged. Passion is of the nature of seed, and finds nourishment within, tending to a predominance which determines all currents toward itself, and makes the whole life its tributary. And the intensest form of hatred is that rooted in fear, which compels to silence and drives vehemence into a constructive vindictiveness, an imaginary annihilation of the detested object, something like the hidden rites of vengeance with which the persecuted have made a dark vent for their rage, and soothed their suffering into dumbness. Such hidden rites went on in the secrecy of Gwendolen's mind, but not with soothing effect—rather with the effect of a struggling terror. Side by side with the dread of her husband had grown the self-dread which urged her to flee from the pursuing images wrought by her pent-up impulse. The vision of her past wrong-doing, and what it had brought on her, came with a pale ghastly illumination over every imagined deed that was a rash effort at freedom, such as she had made in her marriage. Moreover, she had learned to see all her acts through the impression they would make on Deronda: whatever relief might come to her, she could not sever it from the judgment of her that would be created in his mind. Not one word of flattery, of indulgence, of dependence on her favor, could be fastened on by her in all their intercourse, to weaken his restraining power over her (in this way Deronda's effort over himself was repaid); and amidst the dreary uncertainties of her spoiled life the possible remedies that lay in his mind, nay, the remedy that lay in her feeling for him, made her only hope. He seemed to her a terrible-browed angel from whom she could not think of concealing any deed so as to win an ignorant regard from him: it belonged to the nature of their relation that she should be truthful, for his power over her had begun in the raising of a self-discontent which could be satisfied only by genuine change. But in no concealment had she now any confidence: her vision of what she had to dread took more decidedly than ever the form of some fiercely impulsive deed, committed as in a dream that she would instantaneously wake from to find the effects real though the images had been false: to find death under her hands, but instead of darkness, daylight; instead of satisfied hatred, the dismay of guilt; instead of freedom, the palsy of a new terror—a white dead face from which she was forever trying to flee and forever held back. She remembered Deronda's words: they were continually recurring in her thought:

"Turn your fear into a safeguard. Keep your dread fixed on the idea of increasing your remorse. .....Take your fear as a safeguard. It is like quickness of hearing. It may make consequences passionately present to you."

And so it was. In Gwendolen's consciousness Temptation and Dread met and stared like two pale phantoms, each seeing itself in the other—each obstructed by its own image; and all the while her fuller self beheld the apparitions and sobbed for deliverance from them.

Inarticulate prayers, no more definite than a cry, often swept out from her into the vast silence, unbroken except by her husband's breathing, or the plash of the wave, or the creaking of the masts; but if ever she thought of definite help, it took the form of Deronda's presence and words, of the sympathy he might have for her, of the direction he might give her. It was sometimes after a white-lipped, fierce-eyed temptation with murdering fingers had made its demon-visit

that these best moments of inward crying and clinging for rescue would come to her, and she would lie with wide-open eyes in which the rising tears seemed a blessing, and the thought, "I will not mind if I can keep from getting wicked," seemed an answer to the indefinite prayer.

So the days passed, taking them with light breezes beyond and about the Balearic Isles, and then to Sardinia, and then with gentle change persuading them northward again toward Corsica. But this floating, gently wafted existence, with its apparently peaceful influences, was becoming as bad as a nightmare to Gwendolen.

"How long are we to be yachting?" she ventured to ask one day after they had been touching at Ajaccio, and the mere fact of change in going ashore had given her a relief from some of the thoughts which seemed now to cling about the very rigging of the vessel, mix with the air in the red silk cabin below, and make the smell of the sea odious.

"What else should we do?" said Grandcourt. "I'm not tired of it. I don't see why we shouldn't stay out any length of time. There's less to bore one in this way. And where would you go to? I'm sick of foreign places. And we shall have enough of Ryelands. Would you rather be at Ryelands?"

"Oh no," said Gwendolen, indifferently, finding all places alike undesirable as soon as she imagined herself and her husband in them. "I only wondered how long you would like this."

"I like yachting longer than I like any thing else," said Grandcourt; "and I had none last year. I suppose you are beginning to tire of it. Women are so confoundedly whimsical. They expect every thing to give way to them."

"Oh dear no!" said Gwendolen, letting out her scorn in a flute-like tone. "I never expect you to give way."

"Why should I?" said Grandcourt, with his inward voice, looking at her, and then choosing an orange—for they were at table.

She made up her mind to a length of yachting that she could not see beyond; but the next day, after a squall which had made her rather ill for the first time, he came down to her and said,

"There's been the devil's own work in the night. The skipper says we shall have to stay at Genoa for a week while things are set right."

"Do you mind that?" said Gwendolen, who lay looking very white amidst her white drapery.

"I should think so. Who wants to be broiling at Genoa?"

"It will be a change," said Gwendolen, made a little incautious by her languor.

"*I* don't want any change. Besides, the place is intolerable; and one can't move along the roads. I shall go out in a boat, as I used to do, and manage it myself. One can get rid of a few hours every day in that way, instead of stiving in a damnable hotel."

Here was a prospect which held hope in it. Gwendolen thought of hours when she would be alone, since Grandcourt would not want to take her in the said boat, and in her exultation at this unlooked-for relief she had wild, contradictory fancies of what she might do with her freedom —that "running away," which she had already innumerable times seen to be a worse evil than any actual endurance, now finding new arguments as an escape from her worst self. Also, visionary relief on a par with the fancy of a prisoner that the night wind may blow down the wall of his prison and save him from desperate devices, insinuated itself as a better alternative, lawful to wish for.

The fresh current of expectation revived her energies, and enabled her to take all things with an air of cheerfulness and alacrity that made a change marked enough to be noticed by her husband. She watched through the evening lights to the sinking of the moon with less of awed loneliness than was habitual to her—nay, with a vague impression that in this mighty frame of things there might be some preparation of rescue for her. Why not?—since the weather had just been on her side. This possibility of hoping, after her long fluctuation amidst fears, was like a first return of hunger to the long-languishing patient.

She was waked the next morning by the casting of the anchor in the port of Genoa—waked from a strangely mixed dream in which she felt herself escaping over the Mont Cenis, and wondering to find it warmer even in the moonlight on the snow, till suddenly she met Deronda, who told her to go back.

In an hour or so from that dream she actually met Deronda. But it was on the palatial staircase of the *Italia*, where she was feeling warm in her light woolen dress and straw hat; and her husband was by her side.

There was a start of surprise in Deronda before he could raise his hat and pass on. The moment did not seem to favor any closer greeting, and the circumstances under which they had last parted made him doubtful whether Grandcourt would be civilly inclined to him.

The doubt might certainly have been changed into a disagreeable certainty; for Grandcourt, on this unaccountable appearance of Deronda at Genoa of all places, immediately tried to conceive how there could have been an arrangement between him and Gwendolen. It is true that before they were well in their rooms he had seen how difficult it was to shape such an arrangement with any probability, being too cool-headed to find it at once easily credible that Gwendolen had not only while in London hastened to inform Deronda of the yachting project, but had posted a letter to him from Marseilles or Barcelona, advising him to travel to Genoa in time for the chance of meeting her there, or of receiving a letter from her telling of some other destination—all which must have implied a miraculous foreknowledge in her, and in Deronda a bird-like facility in flying about and perching idly. Still, he was there, and though Grandcourt would not make a fool of himself by fabrications that others might call preposterous, he was not, for all that, disposed to admit fully that Deronda's presence was, so far as Gwendolen was concerned, a mere accident. It was a disgusting fact; that was enough; and no doubt she was well pleased. A man out of temper does not wait for proofs before feeling toward all things animate and inanimate as if they were in a conspiracy against him, but at once thrashes his horse or kicks his dog in consequence. Grandcourt felt toward Gwendolen and Deronda as if he knew them to be in a conspiracy against him, and here was an event in league with them. What he took for clearly certain—and so far he divined the truth—was that Gwendolen was now counting

on an interview with Deronda whenever her husband's back was turned.

As he sat taking his coffee at a convenient angle for observing her, he discerned something which he felt sure was the effect of a secret delight—some fresh ease in moving and speaking, some peculiar meaning in her eyes, whatever she looked on. Certainly her troubles had not marred her beauty. Mrs. Grandcourt was handsomer than Gwendolen Harleth: her grace and expression were informed by a greater variety of inward experience, giving new play to the facial muscles, new attitudes in movement and repose; her whole person and air had the nameless something which often makes a woman more interesting after marriage than before, less confident that all things are according to her opinion, and yet with less of deer-like shyness—more fully a human being.

This morning the benefits of the voyage seemed to be suddenly revealing themselves in a new elasticity of mien. As she rose from the table and put a heavily jeweled hand on each side of her neck, according to her wont, she had no art to conceal that sort of joyous expectation which makes the present more bearable than usual, just as when a man means to go out he finds it easier to be amiable to the family for a quarter of an hour beforehand. It is not impossible that a terrier whose pleasure was concerned would perceive those amiable signs and know their meaning—know why his master stood in a peculiar way, talked with alacrity, and even had a peculiar gleam in his eye, so that on the least movement toward the door the terrier would scuttle to be in time. And, in dog fashion, Grandcourt discerned the signs of Gwendolen's expectation, interpreting them with the narrow correctness which leaves a world of unknown feeling behind.

"A—just ring, please, and tell Gibbs to order some dinner for us at three," said Grandcourt, as he too rose, took out a cigar, and then stretched his hand toward the hat that lay near. "I'm going to send Angus to find me a little sailing boat for us to go out in; one that I can manage, with you at the tiller. It's uncommonly pleasant these fine evenings—the least boring of any thing we can do."

Gwendolen turned cold: there was not only the cruel disappointment—there was the immediate conviction that her husband had determined to take her because he would not leave her out of his sight; and probably this dual solitude in a boat was the more attractive to him because it would be wearisome to her. They were not on the plank-island; she felt it the more possible to begin a contest. But the gleaming content had died out of her. There was a change in her like that of a glacier after sunset.

"I would rather not go in the boat," she said. "Take some one else with you."

"Very well; if you don't go, I shall not go," said Grandcourt. "We shall stay suffocating here, that's all."

"I can't bear going in a boat," said Gwendolen, angrily.

"That is a sudden change," said Grandcourt, with a slight sneer. "But since you decline, we shall stay in-doors."

He laid down his hat again, lit his cigar, and walked up and down the room, pausing now and then to look out of the windows. Gwendolen's temper told her to persist. She knew very well now that Grandcourt would not go without her; but if he must tyrannize over her, he should not do it precisely in the way he would choose. She would oblige him to stay in the hotel. Without speaking again, she passed into the adjoining bedroom, and threw herself into a chair with her anger, seeing no purpose or issue—only feeling that the wave of evil had rushed back upon her, and dragged her away from her momentary breathing-place.

Presently Grandcourt came in with his hat on, but threw it off and sat down sideways on a chair nearly in front of her, saying, in his superficial drawl,

"Have you come round yet? or do you find it agreeable to be out of temper? You make things uncommonly pleasant for me."

"Why do you want to make them unpleasant for *me?*" said Gwendolen, getting helpless again, and feeling the hot tears rise.

"Now will you be good enough to say what it is you have to complain of?" said Grandcourt, looking into her eyes, and using his most inward voice. "Is it that I stay in-doors when you stay?"

She could give no answer. The sort of truth that made any excuse for her anger could not be uttered. In the conflict of despair and humiliation she began to sob, and the tears rolled down her cheeks—a form of agitation which she had never shown before in her husband's presence.

"I hope this is useful," said Grandcourt, after a moment or two. "All I can say is, it's most confoundedly unpleasant. What the devil women can see in this kind of thing, I don't know. *You* see something to be got by it, of course. All I can see is that we shall be shut up here when we might have been having a pleasant sail."

"Let us go, then," said Gwendolen, impetuously. "Perhaps we shall be drowned." She began to sob again.

This extraordinary behavior, which had evidently some relation to Deronda, gave more definiteness to Grandcourt's conclusions. He drew his chair quite close in front of her, and said, in a low tone, "Just be quiet and listen, will you?"

There seemed to be a magical effect in this close vicinity. Gwendolen shrank and ceased to sob. She kept her eyelids down, and clasped her hands tightly.

"Let us understand each other," said Grandcourt, in the same tone. "I know very well what this nonsense means. But if you suppose I am going to let you make a fool of me, just dismiss that notion from your mind. What are you looking forward to, if you can't behave properly as my wife? There is disgrace for you, if you like to have it, but I don't know any thing else; and as to Deronda, it's quite clear that he hangs back from you."

"It is all false!" said Gwendolen, bitterly. "You don't in the least imagine what is in my mind. I have seen enough of the disgrace that comes in that way. And you had better leave me at liberty to speak with any one I like. It would be better for you."

"You will allow me to judge of that," said Grandcourt, rising and moving to a little distance toward the window, but standing there playing with his whiskers as if he were awaiting something.

Gwendolen's words had so clear and tremendous a meaning for herself, that she thought they

must have expressed it to Grandcourt, and had no sooner uttered them than she dreaded their effect. But his soul was garrisoned against presentiments and fears: he had the courage and confidence that belong to domination, and he was at that moment feeling perfectly satisfied that he held his wife with bit and bridle. By the time they had been married a year she would cease to be restive. He continued standing with his air of indifference, till she felt her habitual stifling consciousness of having an immovable obstruction in her life, like the nightmare of beholding a single form that serves to arrest all passage, though the wide country lies open.

"What decision have you come to?" he said, presently, looking at her. "What orders shall I give?"

"Oh, let us go," said Gwendolen. The walls had begun to be an imprisonment, and while there was breath in this man he would have the mastery over her. His words had the power of thumb-screws and the cold touch of the rack. To resist was to act like a stupid animal unable to measure results.

So the boat was ordered. She even went down to the quay again with him to see it before midday. Grandcourt had recovered perfect quietude of temper, and had a scornful satisfaction in the attention given by the nautical groups to the *milord*, owner of the handsome yacht which had just put in for repairs, and who, being an Englishman, was naturally so at home on the sea that he could manage a sail with the same ease that he could manage a horse. The sort of exultation he had discerned in Gwendolen this morning she now thought that she discerned in him; and it was true that he had set his mind on this boating, and carried out his purpose as something that people might not expect him to do, with the gratified impulse of a strong will which had nothing better to exert itself upon. He had remarkable physical courage, and was proud of it—or rather he had a great contempt for the coarser, bulkier men who generally had less. Moreover, he was ruling that Gwendolen should go with him.

And when they came down again at five o'clock, equipped for their boating, the scene was as good as a theatrical representation for all beholders. This handsome, fair-skinned English couple manifesting the usual eccentricity of their nation, both of them proud, pale, and calm, without a smile on their faces, moving like creatures who were fulfilling a supernatural destiny—it was a thing to go out and see, a thing to paint. The husband's chest, back, and arms showed very well in his close-fitting dress, and the wife was declared to be like a statue.

Some suggestions were proffered concerning a possible change in the breeze and the necessary care in putting about, but Grandcourt's manner made the speakers understand that they were too officious, and that he knew better than they.

Gwendolen, keeping her impassible air, as they moved away from the strand, felt her imagination obstinately at work. She was not afraid of any outward dangers—she was afraid of her own wishes, which were taking shapes possible and impossible, like a cloud of demon-faces. She was afraid of her own hatred, which under the cold iron touch that had compelled her to-day had gathered a fierce intensity. As she sat guiding the tiller under her husband's eyes, doing just what he told her, the strife within her seemed like her own effort to escape from herself. She clung to the thought of Deronda: she persuaded herself that he would not go away while she was there—he knew that she needed help. The sense that he was there would save her from acting out the evil within. And yet quick, quick, came images, plans of evil that would come again and seize her in the night, like furies preparing the deed that they would straightway avenge.

They were taken out of the port and carried eastward by a gentle breeze. Some clouds tempered the sunlight, and the hour was always deepening toward the supreme beauty of evening. Sails larger and smaller changed their aspect like sensitive things, and made a cheerful companionship, alternately near and far. The grand city shone more vaguely, the mountains looked out above it, and there was stillness as in an island sanctuary. Yet suddenly Gwendolen let her hands fall, and said, in a scarcely audible tone, "God help me!"

"What is the matter?" said Grandcourt, not distinguishing the words.

"Oh, nothing," said Gwendolen, rousing herself from her momentary forgetfulness and resuming the ropes.

"Don't you find this pleasant?" said Grandcourt.

"Very."

"You admit now we couldn't have done any thing better?"

"No—I see nothing better. I think we shall go on always, like the Flying Dutchman," said Gwendolen, wildly.

Grandcourt gave her one of his narrow, examining glances, and then said, "If you like, we can go to Spezia in the morning, and let them take us up there."

"No; I shall like nothing better than this."

"Very well; we'll do the same to-morrow. But we must be turning in soon. I shall put about."

CHAPTER LV.

"Ritorna a tua scienza
Che vuol, quanto la cosa è più perfetta
Più senta il bene, e così la doglienza."
—DANTE.

WHEN Deronda met Gwendolen and Grandcourt on the staircase, his mind was seriously preoccupied. He had just been summoned to the second interview with his mother.

In two hours after his parting from her he knew that the Princess Halm-Eberstein had left the hotel, and so far as the purpose of his journey to Genoa was concerned he might himself have set off on his way to Mainz, to deliver the letter from Joseph Kalonymos, and get possession of the family chest. But mixed mental conditions, which did not resolve themselves into definite reasons, hindered him from departure. Long after the farewell he was kept passive by a weight of retrospective feeling. He lived again, with the new keenness of emotive memory, through the exciting scenes which seemed past only in the sense of preparation for their actual presence in his soul. He allowed himself in his solitude to sob, with perhaps more than a woman's acuteness of compassion, over that woman's life so near to his, and yet so remote. He beheld

the world changed for him by the certitude of ties that altered the poise of hopes and fears, and gave him a new sense of fellowship, as if under cover of the night he had joined the wrong band of wanderers, and found with the rise of morning that the tents of his kindred were grouped far off. He had a quivering imaginative sense of close relation to the grandfather who had been animated by strong impulses and beloved thoughts, which were now perhaps being roused from their slumber within himself. And through all this passionate meditation Mordecai and Mirah were always present, as beings who clasped hands with him in sympathetic silence.

Of such quick, responsive fibre was Deronda made, under that mantle of self-controlled reserve into which early experience had thrown so much of his young strength.

When the persistent ringing of a bell as a signal reminded him of the hour, he thought of looking into *Bradshaw*, and making the brief necessary preparations for starting by the next train —thought of it, but made no movement in consequence. Wishes went to Mainz and what he was to get possession of there—to London and the beings there who made the strongest attachments of his life; but there were other wishes that clung in these moments to Genoa, and they kept him where he was, by that force which urges us to linger over an interview that carries a presentiment of final farewell or of overshadowing sorrow. Deronda did not formally say, "I will stay over to-night, because it is Friday, and I should like to go to the evening service at the synagogue where they must all have gone; and besides, I may see the Grandcourts again." But simply, instead of packing and ringing for his bill, he sat doing nothing at all, while his mind went to the synagogue and saw faces there probably little different from those of his grandfather's time, and heard the Spanish-Hebrew liturgy which had lasted through the seasons of wandering generations like a plant with wandering seed, that gives the far-off lands a kinship to the exile's home—while, also, his mind went toward Gwendolen, with anxious remembrance of what had been, and with a half-admitted impression that it would be hardness in him willingly to go away at once without making some effort, in spite of Grandcourt's probable dislike, to manifest the continuance of his sympathy with her since their abrupt parting.

In this state of mind he deferred departure, ate his dinner without sense of flavor, rose from it quickly to find the synagogue, and in passing the porter asked if Mr. and Mrs. Grandcourt were still in the hotel, and what was the number of their apartment. The porter gave him the number, but added that they were gone out boating. That information had somehow power enough over Deronda to divide his thoughts with the memories wakened among the sparse *taliths* and keen dark faces of worshipers whose way of taking awful prayers and invocations with the easy familiarity which might be called Hebrew dyed Italian, made him reflect that his grandfather, according to the Princess's hints of his character, must have been almost as exceptional a Jew as Mordecai. But were not men of ardent zeal and far-reaching hope every where exceptional?—the men who had the visions which, as Mordecai said, were the creators and feeders of the world—moulding and feeding the more passive life which without them would dwindle and shrivel into the narrow tenacity of insects, unshaken by thoughts beyond the reaches of their antennæ. Something of a mournful impatience, perhaps, added itself to the solicitude about Gwendolen (a solicitude that had room to grow in his present release from immediate cares) as an incitement to hasten from the synagogue and choose to take his evening walk toward the quay, always a favorite haunt with him, and just now attractive with the possibility that he might be in time to see the Grandcourts come in from their boating. In this case, he resolved that he would advance to greet them deliberately, and ignore any grounds that the husband might have for wishing him elsewhere.

The sun had set behind a bank of cloud, and only a faint yellow light was giving its farewell kisses to the waves, which were agitated by an active breeze. Deronda, sauntering slowly within sight of what took place on the strand, observed the groups there concentrating their attention on a sailing boat which was advancing swiftly landward, being rowed by two men. Amidst the clamorous talk in various languages, Deronda held it the surer means of getting information not to ask questions, but to elbow his way to the foreground and be an unobstructed witness of what was occurring. Telescopes were being used, and loud statements made that the boat held somebody who had been drowned. One said it was the *milord* who had gone out in a sailing boat; another maintained that the prostrate figure he discerned was *miladi*; a Frenchman who had no glass would rather say that it was *milord* who had probably taken his wife out to drown her, according to the national practice—a remark which an English skipper immediately commented on in our native idiom (as nonsense which—had undergone a mining operation), and further dismissed by the decision that the reclining figure was a woman. For Deronda, terribly excited by fluctuating fears, the strokes of the oars as he watched them were divided by swift visions of events, possible and impossible, which might have brought about this issue, or this broken-off fragment of an issue, with a worse half undisclosed—if this woman apparently snatched from the waters were really Mrs. Grandcourt.

But soon there was no longer any doubt: the boat was being pulled to land, and he saw Gwendolen half raising herself on her hands, by her own effort, under her heavy covering of tarpaulin and pea-jackets—pale as one of the sheeted dead, shivering, with wet hair streaming, a wild amazed consciousness in her eyes, as if she had waked up in a world where some judgment was impending, and the beings she saw around were coming to seize her. The first rower who jumped to land was also wet through, and ran off; the sailors, close about the boat, hindered Deronda from advancing, and he could only look on while Gwendolen gave scared glances, and seemed to shrink with terror as she was carefully, tenderly helped out, and led on by the strong arms of those rough, bronzed men, her wet clothes clinging about her limbs, and adding to the impediment of her weakness. Suddenly her wandering eyes fell on Deronda, standing before her, and immediately, as if she had been expecting him and looking for him, she tried to stretch out her hands, which were held back by her supporters, saying, in a muffled voice,

"It is come, it is come! He is dead!"

"Hush, hush!" said Deronda, in a tone of authority; "quiet yourself." Then, to the men who were assisting her, "I am a connection of this lady's husband. If you will get her on to the *Italia* as quickly as possible, I will undertake every thing else."

He staid behind to hear from the remaining boatman that her husband had gone down irrecoverably, and that his boat was left floating empty. He and his comrade had heard a cry, had come up in time to see the lady jump in after her husband, and had got her out fast enough to save her from much damage.

After this, Deronda hastened to the hotel, to assure himself that the best medical help would be provided; and being satisfied on this point, he telegraphed the event to Sir Hugo, begging him to come forthwith, and also to Mr. Gascoigne, whose address at the Rectory made his nearest known way of getting the information to Gwendolen's mother. Certain words of Gwendolen's in the past had come back to him with the effectiveness of an inspiration: in moments of agitated confession she had spoken of her mother's presence as a possible help, if she could have had it.

CHAPTER LVI.

"The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor lift them up to pray."

—COLERIDGE.

DERONDA did not take off his clothes that night. Gwendolen, after insisting on seeing him again before she would consent to be undressed, had been perfectly quiet, and had only asked him, with a whispering, repressed eagerness, to promise that he would come to her when she sent for him in the morning. Still, the possibility that a change might come over her, the danger of a supervening feverish condition, and the suspicion that something in the late catastrophe was having an effect which might betray itself in excited words, acted as a foreboding within him. He mentioned to her attendant that he should keep himself ready to be called if there were any alarming change of symptoms, making it understood by all concerned that he was in communication with her friends in England, and felt bound meanwhile to take all care on her behalf—a position which it was the easier for him to assume, because he was well known to Grandcourt's valet, the only old servant who had come on the late voyage.

But when fatigue from the strangely various emotion of the day at last sent Deronda to sleep, he remained undisturbed except by the morning dreams which came as a tangled web of yesterday's events, and finally waked him with an image drawn by his pressing anxiety.

Still, it was morning, and there had been no summons—an augury which cheered him while he made his toilet, and reflected that it was too early to send inquiries. Later, he learned that she had passed a too wakeful night, but had shown no violent signs of agitation, and was at last sleeping. He wondered at the force that dwelt in this creature, so alive to dread; for he had an irresistible impression that even under the effects of a severe physical shock she was mastering herself with a determination of concealment. For his own part, he thought that his sensibilities had been blunted by what he had been going through in the meeting with his mother: he seemed to himself now to be only fulfilling claims, and his more passionate sympathy was in abeyance. He had lately been living so keenly in an experience quite apart from Gwendolen's lot that his present cares for her were like a revisiting of scenes familiar in the past, and there was not yet a complete revival of the inward response to them.

Meanwhile he employed himself in getting a formal, legally recognized statement from the fishermen who had rescued Gwendolen. Few details came to light. The boat in which Grandcourt had gone out had been found drifting with its sail loose, and had been towed in. The fishermen thought it likely that he had been knocked overboard by the flapping of the sail while putting about, and that he had not known how to swim; but, though they were near, their attention had been first arrested by a cry which seemed like that of a man in distress, and while they were hastening with their oars, they heard a shriek from the lady, and saw her jump in.

On re-entering the hotel, Deronda was told that Gwendolen had risen, and was desiring to see him. He was shown into a room darkened by blinds and curtains, where she was seated with a white shawl wrapped round her, looking toward the opening door like one waiting uneasily. But her long hair was gathered up and coiled carefully, and, through all, the blue stars in her ears had kept their place: as she started impulsively to her full height, sheathed in her white shawl, her face and neck not less white, except for a purple line under her eyes, her lips a little apart with the peculiar expression of one accused and helpless, she looked like the unhappy ghost of that Gwendolen Harleth whom Deronda had seen turning with firm lips and proud self-possession from her losses at the gaming table. The sight pierced him with pity, and the effects of all their past relation began to revive within him.

"I beseech you to rest—not to stand," said Deronda, as he approached her; and she obeyed, falling back into her chair again.

"Will you sit down near me?" she said. "I want to speak very low."

She was in a large arm-chair, and he drew a small one near to her side. The action seemed to touch her peculiarly: turning her pale face full upon his, which was very near, she said, in the lowest audible tone, "You know I am a guilty woman?"

Deronda himself turned paler as he said, "I know nothing." He did not dare to say more.

"He is dead." She uttered this with the same under-toned decision.

"Yes," said Deronda, in a mournful suspense which made him reluctant to speak.

"His face will not be seen above the water again," said Gwendolen, in a tone that was not louder, but of a suppressed eagerness, while she held both her hands clinched.

"No."

"Not by any one else—only by me—a dead face—I shall never get away from it."

It was with an inward voice of desperate self-repression that she spoke these last words, while she looked away from Deronda toward something

at a distance from her on the floor. Was she seeing the whole event—her own acts included—through an exaggerating medium of excitement and horror? Was she in a state of delirium into which there entered a sense of concealment and necessity for self-repression? Such thoughts glanced through Deronda as a sort of hope. But imagine the conflict of feeling that kept him silent. She was bent on confession, and he dreaded hearing her confession. Against his better will, he shrank from the task that was laid on him: he wished, and yet rebuked the wish as cowardly, that she should bury her secrets in her own bosom. He was not a priest. He dreaded the weight of this woman's soul flung upon his own with imploring dependence. But she spoke again, hurriedly, looking at him:

"You will not say that I ought to tell the world? you will not say that I ought to be disgraced? I could not do it. I could not bear it. I can not have my mother know. Not if I were dead. I could not have her know. I must tell you; but you will not say that any one else should know."

"I can say nothing in my ignorance," said Deronda, mournfully, "except that I desire to help you."

"I told you from the beginning—as soon as I could—I told you I was afraid of myself." There was a piteous pleading in the low murmur to which Deronda turned his ear only. Her face afflicted him too much. "I felt a hatred in me that was always working like an evil spirit—contriving things. Every thing I could do to free myself came into my mind; and it got worse—all things got worse. That was why I asked you to come to me in town. I thought then I would tell you the worst about myself. . I tried. But I could not tell every thing. And *he* came in."

She paused, while a shudder passed through her, but soon went on:

"I will tell you every thing now. Do you think a woman who cried and prayed and struggled to be saved from herself could be a murderess?"

"Great God!" said Deronda, in a deep, shaken voice, "don't torture me needlessly. You have not murdered him. You threw yourself into the water with the impulse to save him. Tell me the rest afterward. This death was an accident that you could not have hindered."

"Don't be impatient with me." The tremor, the child-like beseeching in these words compelled Deronda to turn his head and look at her face. The poor quivering lips went on: "You said—you used to say—you felt more for those who had done something wicked and were miserable; you said they might get better—they might be scourged into something better. If you had not spoken in that way, every thing would have been worse. I *did* remember all you said to me. It came to me always. It came to me at the very last—that was the reason why I— But now, if you can not bear with me when I tell you every thing—if you turn away from me and forsake me, what shall I do? Am I worse than I was when you found me and wanted to make me better? All the wrong I have done was in me then—and more—and more—if you had not come and been patient with me. And now—will you forsake me?"

Her hands, which had been so tightly clinched some minutes before, were now helplessly relaxed and trembling on the arm of her chair. Her quivering lips remained parted as she ceased speaking. Deronda could not answer: he was obliged to look away. He took one of her hands, and clasped it as if they were going to walk together like two children: it was the only way in which he could answer, "I will not forsake you." And all the while he felt as if he were putting his name to a blank paper which might be filled up terribly. Their attitude, his averted face, with its expression of a suffering which he was solemnly resolved to undergo, might have told half the truth of the situation to a beholder who had suddenly entered.

That grasp was an entirely new experience to Gwendolen: she had never before had from any man a sign of tenderness which her own being had needed, and she interpreted its powerful effect on her into a promise of inexhaustible patience and constancy. The stream of renewed strength made it possible for her to go on as she had begun—with that fitful, wandering confession where the sameness of experience seems to nullify the sense of time or of order in events. She began again in a fragmentary way:

"All sorts of contrivances in my mind—but all so difficult. And I fought against them—I was terrified at them—I saw his dead face"—here her voice sank almost to a whisper close to Deronda's ear—"ever so long ago I saw it; and I wished him to be dead. And yet it terrified me. I was like two creatures. I could not speak—I wanted to kill—it was as strong as thirst—and then directly—I felt beforehand I had done something dreadful, unalterable—that would make me like an evil spirit. And it came—it came."

She was silent a moment or two, as if her memory had lost itself in a web where each mesh drew all the rest.

"It had all been in my mind when I first spoke to you—when we were at the Abbey. I had done something then. I could not tell you that. It was the only thing I did toward carrying out my thoughts. They went about over every thing; but they all remained like dreadful dreams—all but one. I did one act—and I never undid it—it is there still—as long ago as when we were at Rye-lands. There it was—something my fingers longed for among the beautiful toys in the cabinet in my boudoir—small and sharp, like a long willow leaf in a silver sheath. I locked it in the drawer of my dressing-case. I was continually haunted with it, and how I should use it. I fancied myself putting it under my pillow. But I never did. I never looked at it again. I dared not unlock the drawer: it had a key all to itself; and not long ago, when we were in the yacht, I dropped the key into the deep water. It was my wish to drop it and deliver myself. After that I began to think how I could open the drawer without the key; and when I found we were to stay at Genoa, it came into my mind that I could get it opened privately at the hotel. But then when we were going up the stairs, I met you; and I thought I should talk to you alone and tell you this—every thing I could not tell you in town; and then I was forced to go out in the boat."

A sob had for the first time risen with the last words, and she sank back in her chair. The memory of that acute disappointment seemed for the moment to efface what had come since. Deronda did not look at her, but he said, insistently,

"And it has all remained in your imagination. It has gone on only in your thought. To the last the evil temptation has been resisted?"

There was silence. The tears had rolled down her cheeks. She pressed her handkerchief against them and sat upright. She was summoning her resolution; and again, leaning a little toward Deronda's ear, she began, in a whisper:

"No, no; I will tell you every thing as God knows it. I will tell you no falsehood; I will tell you the exact truth. What should I do else? I used to think I could never be wicked. I thought of wicked people as if they were a long way off me. Since then I have been wicked. I have felt wicked. And every thing has been a punishment to me—all the things I used to wish for—it is as if they had been made red-hot. The very daylight has often been a punishment to me. Because—you know—I ought not to have married. That was the beginning of it. I wronged some one else. I broke my promise. I meant to get pleasure for myself, and it all turned to misery. I wanted to make my gain out of another's loss—you remember?—it was like roulette—and the money burned into me. And I could not complain. It was as if I had prayed that another should lose and I should win. And I had won. I knew it all—I knew I was guilty. When we were on the sea, and I lay awake at night in the cabin, I sometimes felt that every thing I had done lay open without excuse—nothing was hidden—how could any thing be known to me only?—it was not my own knowledge, it was God's that had entered into me; and even the stillness—every thing held a punishment for me—every thing but you. I always thought that you would not want me to be punished—you would have tried and helped me to be better. And only thinking of that helped me. You will not change—you will not want to punish me now?"

Again a sob had risen.

"God forbid!" groaned Deronda. But he sat motionless.

This long wandering with the poor conscience-stricken one over her past was difficult to bear, but he dared not again urge her with a question. He must let her mind follow its own need. She unconsciously left intervals in her retrospect, not clearly distinguishing between what she said and what she had only an inward vision of. Her next words came after such an interval:

"That all made it so hard when I was forced to go in the boat. Because when I saw you, it was an unexpected joy, and I thought I could tell you every thing—about the locked-up drawer and what I had not told you before. And if I had told you, and knew it was in your mind, it would have less power over me. I hoped and trusted in that. For after all my struggles and my crying, the hatred and rage, the temptation that frightened me, the longing, the thirst for what I dreaded, always came back. And that disappointment—when I was quite shut out from speaking to you, and I was driven to go in the boat—brought all the evil back, as if I had been locked in a prison with it and no escape. Oh, it seems so long ago now since I stepped into that boat! I could have given up every thing in that moment to have the forked lightning for a weapon to strike him dead."

Some of the compressed fierceness that she was recalling seemed to find its way into her under-toned utterance. After a little silence, she said, with agitated hurry,

"If he were here again, what should I do? I can not wish him here, and yet I can not bear his dead face. I was a coward. I ought to have borne contempt. I ought to have gone away—gone and wandered like a beggar rather than stay to feel like a fiend. But turn where I would, there was something I could not bear. Sometimes I thought he would kill *me* if I resisted his will. But now—his dead face is there, and I can not bear it."

Suddenly loosing Deronda's hand, she started up, stretching her arms to their full length upward, and said, with a sort of moan,

"I have been a cruel woman! What can *I* do but cry for help? *I* am sinking. Die—die—you are forsaken—go down, go down into darkness. Forsaken—no pity—*I* shall be forsaken."

She sank in her chair again and broke into sobs. Even Deronda had no place in her consciousness at that moment. He was completely unmanned. Instead of finding, as he had imagined, that his late experience had dulled his susceptibility to fresh emotion, it seemed that the lot of this young creature, whose swift travel from her bright rash girlhood into this agony of remorse he had had to behold in helplessness, pierced him the deeper because it came close upon another sad revelation of spiritual conflict: he was in one of those moments when the very anguish of passionate pity makes us ready to choose that we will know pleasure no more, and live only for the stricken and afflicted. He had risen from his seat while he watched that terrible outburst—which seemed the more awful to him because, even in this supreme agitation, she kept the suppressed voice of one who confesses in secret. At last he felt impelled to turn his back toward her and walk to a distance.

But presently there was stillness. Her mind had opened to the sense that he had gone away from her. When Deronda turned round to approach her again, he saw her face bent toward him, her eyes dilated, her lips parted. She was an image of timid forlorn beseeching—too timid to entreat in words while he kept himself aloof from her. Was she forsaken by him—now—already? But his eyes met hers sorrowfully—met hers for the first time fully since she had said, "You know I am a guilty woman;" and that full glance in its intense mournfulness seemed to say, "I know it, but I shall all the less forsake you." He sat down by her side again in the same attitude—without turning his face toward her and without again taking her hand.

Once more Gwendolen was pierced, as she had been by his face of sorrow at the Abbey, with a compunction less egoistic than that which urged her to confess, and she said, in a tone of loving regret,

"I make you very unhappy."

Deronda gave an indistinct "Oh," just shrinking together and changing his attitude a little. Then he had gathered resolution enough to say, clearly, "There is no question of being happy or unhappy. What I most desire at this moment is what will most help you. Tell me all you feel it a relief to tell."

Devoted as these words were, they widened his spiritual distance from her, and she felt it more difficult to speak: she had a vague need of get-

ting nearer to that compassion which seemed to be regarding her from a halo of superiority, and the need turned into an impulse to humble herself more. She was ready to throw herself on her knees before him; but no—her wonderfully mixed consciousness held checks on that impulse, and she was kept silent and motionless by the pressure of opposing needs. Her stillness made Deronda at last say,

"Perhaps you are too weary. Shall I go away, and come again whenever you wish it?"

"No, no," said Gwendolen, the dread of his leaving her bringing back her power of speech. She went on with her low-toned eagerness: "I want to tell you what it was that came over me in that boat. I was full of rage at being obliged to go—full of rage—and I could do nothing but sit there like a galley-slave. And then we got away—out of the port—into the deep—and every thing was still—and we never looked at each other, only he spoke to order me—and the very light about me seemed to hold me a prisoner and force me to sit as I did. It came over me that when I was a child I used to fancy sailing away into a world where people were not forced to live with any one they did not like—I did not like my step-father to come home. And now, I thought, just the opposite had come to me. I had stepped into a boat, and my life was a sailing and sailing away—gliding on and no help—always into solitude with *him*, away from deliverance. And because I felt more helpless than ever, my thoughts went out over worse things—I longed for worse things—I had cruel wishes—I fancied impossible ways of— I did not want to die myself; I was afraid of our being drowned together. If it had been any use I should have prayed—I should have prayed that something might befall him. I should have prayed that he might sink out of my sight and leave me alone. I knew no way of killing him there, but I did, I did kill him in my thoughts."

She sank into silence for a minute, submerged by the weight of memory which no words could represent.

"But yet all the while I felt that I was getting more wicked. And what had been with me so much, came to me just then—what you once said—about dreading to increase my wrong-doing and my remorse—I should hope for nothing then. It was all like a writing of fire within me. Getting wicked was misery—being shut out forever from knowing what you—what better lives were. That had always been coming back to me in the midst of bad thoughts—it came back to me then—but yet with a despair—a feeling that it was no use—evil wishes were too strong. I remember then letting go the tiller, and saying, 'God help me!' But then I was forced to take it again and go on; and the evil longings, the evil prayers came again and blotted every thing else dim, till, in the midst of them—I don't know how it was—he was turning the sail—there was a gust—he was struck—I know nothing—I only know that I saw my wish outside me."

She began to speak more hurriedly, and in more of a whisper:

"I saw him sink, and my heart gave a leap as if it were going out of me. I think I did not move. I kept my hands tight. It was long enough for me to be glad, and yet to think it was no use—he would come up again. And he *was* come—farther off—the boat had moved. It was all like lightning. 'The rope!' he called out in a voice—not his own—I hear it now—and I stooped for the rope—I felt I must—I felt sure he could swim, and he would come back whether or not, and I dreaded him. That was in my mind—he would come back. But he was gone down again, and I had the rope in my hand—no, there he was again—his face above the water—and he cried again—and I held my hand, and my heart said, 'Die!'—and he sank; and I felt, 'It is done—I am wicked, I am lost!'—and I had the rope in my hand—I don't know what I thought—I was leaping away from myself—I would have saved him then. I was leaping from my crime, and there it was—close to me as I fell—there was the dead face—dead, dead. It can never be altered. That was what happened. That was what I did. You know it all. It can never be altered."

She sank back in her chair, exhausted with the agitation of memory and speech. Deronda felt the burden on his spirit less heavy than the foregoing dread. The word "guilty" had held a possibility of interpretations worse than the fact; and Gwendolen's confession, for the very reason that her conscience made her dwell on the determining power of her evil thoughts, convinced him the more that there had been throughout a counterbalancing struggle of her better will. It seemed almost certain that her murderous thought had had no outward effect—that, quite apart from it, the death was inevitable. Still, a question as to the outward effectiveness of a criminal desire dominant enough to impel even a momentary act can not alter our judgment of the desire; and Deronda shrank from putting that question forward in the first instance. He held it likely that Gwendolen's remorse aggravated her inward guilt, and that she gave the character of decisive action to what had been an inappreciably instantaneous glance of desire. But her remorse was the precious sign of a recoverable nature; it was the culmination of that self-disapproval which had been the awakening of a new life within her; it marked her off from the criminals whose only regret is failure in securing their evil wish. Deronda could not utter one word to diminish that sacred aversion to her worst self—that thorn pressure which must come with the crowning of the sorrowful Better, suffering because of the Worse. All this mingled thought and feeling kept him silent: speech was too momentous to be ventured on rashly. There were no words of comfort that did not carry some sacrilege. If he had opened his lips to speak, he could only have echoed, "It can never be altered—it remains unaltered, to alter other things." But he was silent and motionless—he did not know how long—before he turned to look at her, and saw her sunk back with closed eyes, like a lost, weary, storm-beaten white doe, unable to rise and pursue its unguided way. He rose and stood before her. The movement touched her consciousness, and she opened her eyes with a slight quivering that seemed like fear.

"You must rest now. Try to rest; try to sleep. And may I see you again this evening—to-morrow—when you have had some rest? Let us say no more now."

The tears came, and she could not answer except by a slight movement of the head. Deronda

rang for attendance, spoke urgently of the necessity that she should be got to rest, and then left her.

CHAPTER LVII.

"The unripe grape, the ripe, and the dried. All things are changes, not into nothing, but into that which is not at present."—MARCUS AURELIUS.

Deeds are the pulse of Time, his beating life,
And righteous or unrighteous, being done,
Must throb in after-throbs till Time itself
Be laid in stillness, and the universe
Quiver and breathe upon no mirror more.

IN the evening she sent for him again. It was already near the hour at which she had been brought in from the sea the evening before, and the light was subdued enough with blinds drawn up and windows open. She was seated gazing fixedly on the sea, resting her cheek on her hand, looking less shattered than when he had left her, but with a deep melancholy in her expression which, as Deronda approached her, passed into an anxious timidity. She did not put out her hand, but said, "How long ago it is!" Then, "Will you sit near me again a little while?"

He placed himself by her side as he had done before, and seeing that she turned to him with that indefinable expression which implies a wish to say something, he waited for her to speak. But again she looked toward the window silently, and again turned with the same expression, which yet did not issue in speech. There was some fear hindering her, and Deronda, wishing to relieve her timidity, averted his face. Presently he heard her cry, imploringly,

"You will not say that any one else should know?"

"Most decidedly not," said Deronda. "There is no action that ought to be taken in consequence. There is no injury that could be righted in that way. There is no retribution that any mortal could apportion justly."

She was so still during a pause that she seemed to be holding her breath before she said,

"But if I had not had that murderous will—that moment—if I had thrown the rope on the instant—perhaps it would have hindered death?"

"No—I think not," said Deronda, slowly. "If it were true that he could swim, he must have been seized with cramp. With your quickest, utmost effort, it seems impossible that you could have done any thing to save him. That momentary murderous will can not, I think, have altered the course of events. Its effect is confined to the motives in your own breast. Within ourselves our evil will is momentous, and sooner or later it works its way outside us—it may be in the vitiation that breeds evil acts, but also it may be in the self-abhorrence that stings us into better striving."

"I am saved from robbing others—there are others—they will have every thing—they will have what they ought to have. I knew that some time before I left town. You do not suspect me of wrong desires about those things?" She spoke hesitatingly.

"I had not thought of them," said Deronda; "I was thinking too much of the other things."

"Perhaps you don't quite know the beginning of it all," said Gwendolen, slowly, as if she were overcoming her reluctance. "There was some one else he ought to have married. And I knew it, and I told her I would not hinder it. And I went away—that was when you first saw me. But then we became poor all at once, and I was very miserable, and I was tempted. I thought, 'I shall do as I like, and make every thing right.' I persuaded myself. And it was all different. It was all dreadful. Then came hatred and wicked thoughts. That was how it all came. I told you I was afraid of myself. And I did what you told me—I did try to make my fear a safeguard. I thought of what would be if I— I felt what would come—how I should dread the morning—wishing it would be always night—and yet in the darkness always seeing something—seeing death. If you did not know how miserable I was, you might—but now it has all been no use. I can care for nothing but saving the rest from knowing—poor mamma, who has never been happy."

There was silence again before she said, with a repressed sob, "You can not bear to look at me any more. You think I am too wicked. You do not believe that I can become any better—worth any thing—worthy enough—I shall always be too wicked to—" The voice broke off helpless.

Deronda's heart was pierced. He turned his eyes on her poor beseeching face, and said, "I believe that you may become worthier than you have ever yet been—worthy to lead a life that may be a blessing. No evil dooms us hopelessly except the evil we love, and desire to continue in, and make no effort to escape from. You *have* made efforts—you will go on making them."

"But you were the beginning of them. You must not forsake me," said Gwendolen, leaning with her clasped hands on the arm of her chair and looking at him, while her face bore piteous traces of the life-experience concentrated in the twenty-four hours—that new terrible life lying on the other side of the deed which fulfills a criminal desire. "I will bear any penance. I will lead any life you tell me. But you must not forsake me. You must be near. If you had been near me—if I could have said every thing to you, I should have been different. You will not forsake me?"

"It could never be my impulse to forsake you," said Deronda, promptly, with that voice which, like his eyes, had the unintentional effect of making his ready sympathy seem more personal and special than it really was. And in that moment he was not himself quite free from a foreboding of some such self-committing effect. His strong feeling for this stricken creature could not hinder rushing images of future difficulty. He continued to meet her appealing eyes as he spoke, but it was with the painful consciousness that to her ear his words might carry a promise which one day would seem unfulfilled: he was making an indefinite promise to an indefinite hope. Anxieties, both immediate and distant, crowded on his thought, and it was under their influence that, after a moment's silence, he said,

"I expect Sir Hugo Mallinger to arrive by to-morrow night at least; and I am not without hope that Mrs. Davilow may shortly follow him. Her presence will be the greatest comfort to you—it will give you a motive, to save her from unnecessary pain."

"Yes, yes—I will try. And you will not go away?"

"Not till after Sir Hugo has come."

"But we shall all go to England?"

"As soon as possible," said Deronda, not wishing to enter into particulars.

Gwendolen looked toward the window again with an expression which seemed like a gradual awakening to new thoughts. The twilight was perceptibly deepening, but Deronda could see a movement in her eyes and hands such as accompanies a return of perception in one who has been stunned.

"You will always be with Sir Hugo now?" she said, presently, looking at him. "You will always live at the Abbey—or else at Diplow?"

"I am quite uncertain where I shall live," said Deronda, coloring.

She was warned by his changed color that she had spoken too rashly, and fell silent. After a little while she began, again looking away,

"It is impossible to think how my life will go on. I think now it would be better for me to be poor, and obliged to work."

"New promptings will come as the days pass. When you are among your friends again, you will discern new duties," said Deronda. "Make it a task now to get as well and calm—as much like yourself—as you can, before—" He hesitated.

"Before my mother comes," said Gwendolen. "Ah! I must be changed. I have not looked at myself. Should you have known me," she added, turning toward him, "if you had met me now?—should you have known me for the one you saw at Leubronn?"

"Yes, I should have known you," said Deronda, mournfully. "The outside change is not great. I should have seen at once that it was you, and that you had gone through some great sorrow."

"Don't wish now that you had never seen me—don't wish that," said Gwendolen, imploringly, while the tears gathered.

"I should despise myself for wishing it," said Deronda. "How could I know what I was wishing? We must find our duties in what comes to us, not in what we imagine might have been. If I took to foolish wishing of that sort, I should wish, not that I had never seen you, but that I had been able to save you from this."

"You have saved me from worse," said Gwendolen, in a sobbing voice. "I should have been worse, if it had not been for you. If you had not been good, I should have been more wicked than I am."

"It will be better for me to go now," said Deronda, worn in spirit by the perpetual strain of this scene. "Remember what we said of your task—to get well and calm before other friends come."

He rose as he spoke, and she gave him her hand submissively. But when he had left her she sank on her knees, in hysterical crying. The distance between them was too great. She was a banished soul—beholding a possible life which she had sinned herself away from.

She was found in this way, crushed on the floor. Such grief seemed natural in a poor lady whose husband had been drowned in her presence.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July was remarkable not only for its true feeling, but for its tone of tranquillity and dignity. It was immediately recorded that fewer arrests were made and that much less drunkenness was observable than usual. And indeed the general character of the celebration showed that Americans had not forgotten during the century how to take care of themselves. The Centennial Fourth justified the remark of a shrewd Western philosopher to a politician on the eve of the meeting of a national political convention: "Don't be alarmed, my friend; six or seven hundred intelligent Americans are not likely to make fools of themselves." Not only was the day itself very beautiful—a rich, warm, breezy midsummer day—but there were few accidents, and the local festivities were successful. The chief and central celebration was naturally in Philadelphia, where the Declaration itself was signed and published, and where the great Exhibition testifies not only to our own progress, but to the friendly sympathy of the world. The throng of persons was enormous, and if the demonstrations of popular excitement seemed to be less vociferous than in some other places, it was merely because the early summer in Philadelphia has been a kind of prolonged Fourth with all its rejoicing.

Not the least interesting part of the Philadelphia celebration was the presence and cordial participation of the Emperor of Brazil, as the most striking of the foreign incidents associated with the day was the letter of the Emperor of Germany to the President. Nothing could have shown more conclusively the real work of America during the hundred years in modifying the political condition of the world. Empires have seen that the tenure of a republic may be more indefeasible and more powerful than their own. And it might well be thought one of the felicities of the century that before the first great anniversary of our national independence occurred we should have shown signally and indisputably the transcendent force and the marvelous recuperative power of a republic. But the lessons of the hundred years were nobly and amply enforced by many hundred orators. And here again the tone and scope of the discourses showed the dignity and intelligence of national maturity. The difference, for instance, between the oration of Mr. Charles Francis Adams at Taunton on the Fourth of July, 1876, and that of his father, John Quincy Adams, in Boston, eighty or ninety years before, is the difference between the ardor of impetuous youth and the grave, intelligent self-command of manhood. It was something, indeed, for a "Centennial" orator to remember, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams did, that his father at the age of nine heard the Declaration when it was first proclaimed in Boston, and that his grandfather did more than any other man to procure its adoption by the Continental Congress.

The oration of Mr. Evarts at Philadelphia, which, upon the spot and under the auspices of its delivery, was the chief discourse of the day, was nobly adequate to the great occasion. Less

ornately rhetorical than some of his speeches, the calm dignity of its tone peculiarly befitted the scene and the theme. The topic might be defined as the reasons and the results of the Declaration, and the oration was a broad and masterly analysis of the philosophy of the Revolution. It was the work of a trained thinker and of a mind used to a generous estimate of human action. The motives, the influences, and the circumstances of the Declaration have never been more comprehensively considered or more amply stated, and the high patriotic faith of the orator was shown to rest upon the most legitimate and impregnable foundations. In New York the oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, whose discourse last year before the Historical Society upon the genesis of the nation showed his special fitness for the duty in a fullness of information and a glowing amplitude of description which had caught the kindred splendor of Burke in the famous oration which Dr. Storrs eulogized. His Fourth-of-July discourse had the same richness of phrase and a tone of lofty exultation which swelled almost into a pæan, yet which the sober reflection of the country will justify. Indeed, in all the leading orations of the day nothing was more remarkable and satisfactory than the distinct declaration of the conviction that, with all exceptions made, the country was never more truly strong and hopeful than to-day. "Yet even in this presence," said Mr. Evarts, "and with a just deference to the age, the power, the greatness, of the other nations of the earth, we do not fear to appeal to the opinion of mankind whether, as we point to our land, our people, and our laws, the contemplation should not inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our country." And Mr. Adams at Taunton, while not denying the evidence of some moral decline since the war, said, "For myself, while sincerely mourning the mere possibility of stain touching our garments, I feel not the less certainly that the heart of the people remains as sound as ever." Dr. Storrs, also, declared, "It is among my deepest convictions that, with all that has happened to debase and debauch it, the nation at large was never before more mentally vigorous or morally sound than it is to-day." Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his ode, which he recited amidst thunders of applause, just before the oration of Mr. Evarts, exclaimed in the same high spirit:

> "Fused in her candid light,
> To one strong race all races here unite;
> Tongues melt in hers; hereditary foemen
> Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan:
> 'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
> She makes it glory now to be a man."

But besides the great city celebrations and the orations and odes of famous orators and poets, there were innumerable local festivities throughout the country. Indeed, none of the observances of the day were more characteristic than those of rural and suburban neighborhoods. It was precisely such assemblies of neighbors and friends that fostered the spirit of liberty among the colonies—reciting the precedents in British history, weighing the reasons, arguing the justice and the foundation of rights, and finally in the Continental Congress, which was but a representative town-meeting of the continent, pledging life, fortune, and sacred honor to maintain independence. One such celebration the Easy Chair saw in a peaceful village, and Dom Pedro and the imperial German William could have seen it with edification. A platform was built on one side of a broad street entirely shaded by overarching trees; but to secure the speakers from any wandering rays and to furnish a sounding-board, the platform was roofed, and the whole structure covered with the national flag, with the French and English flags hanging harmoniously by the American from the cornice and posts. The street had been well watered the evening before, and solid seats were placed from the platform to the trees opposite. Behind the stand sat a throng of Sunday-school children, who, led by a melodeon and three or four wind and stringed instruments, sang with the crowd, "Hail, Columbia," and "The Star-spangled Banner," and other patriotic hymns. The speakers were all neighbors. One venerable and beloved clergyman, whose term with that of his predecessor has filled three-quarters of the century, and who is always a leader in all patriotic and humane movements, made a fervent prayer, invoking the Divine benediction. Another clergyman then read with sincere feeling and deep appreciation the great Declaration, and, after a chorus sung by all the people, an old resident who has for many years studied the history of the county, and accumulated material of every kind for its annals, which he is about to publish, read an interesting sketch of the town in which the celebration was held, which was in accord, as the president of the day stated, with the suggestion of the President, a more general observance of which would have given a unique interest to the day. There was then a salute of thirteen shots and the singing of "The Star-spangled Banner," followed by an address from another neighbor, and, after an uplifting of all voices in "America," the benediction was pronounced, and the services were ended. In the evening there were fire-works.

This was a simple, hearty, inexpensive observance of the day, and none could have been more satisfactory. People of all ages and colors and races, of every religious and political creed, met as brothers and sisters and countrymen, full of a common feeling of gratitude and patriotic pride, and nothing of any kind was said or done to disturb the perfect harmony. The scene was itself an epitome of the country and the nation as the patriotic imagination loves to contemplate them —intelligent, self-respectful, and self-restraining. And so the great day is passed, will be long passed when these words are read, and the new century of our national life fairly begun. It is we who have rejoiced in this *annus mirabilis* who are to give the impetus to that century and its *life*; *and* where could we find a wiser guidance or a nobler inspiration than in the lives and conduct of those whom with fond and just pride we call our fathers? Greenough's statue of Washington sits facing the eastern front of the Capitol in the city of his name. One hand holds out a sheathed sword, the other is raised to heaven. The significance of the action is simple and grand. It is the lesson of the Centennial Fourth: "What Heaven inspires let this sword defend." And as God was with our fathers, so may He be with us!

Among the most interesting events of the early summer was the meeting of the two nominating conventions of the great political parties. Such

a convention is a curious illustration of the American character and the American political system. The city in which it is held, before and during the sessions, has the most festal and excited aspect. The streets are thronged with strangers. The hotels hum and overflow. Banners are stretched overhead. There are constant processions by night and day, carrying torches, transparencies, and flags; incessant bursts of martial music on all sides; sudden meetings in the street or in the great halls of the hotels; and vociferous oratory from doors, windows, and balconies, with shouts and huzzas and yells from the swarming crowds. The large parlors in the hotels are occupied by State delegations, the name of the State being legibly placarded on the door. Committees are perpetually passing from one delegation to another, and every where there are earnest argument and passionate appeal, jest, defiance, retort, oaths, laughter, and "taking a drink." Had Dom Pedro taken care to be at Cincinnati or St. Louis, he would have seen something more exceptionally American than any thing he has any where seen in the country.

The first comers to a convention begin to arrive about a week before the day of meeting. These are managers and agents intent upon a certain result. Their purpose is to see delegations and all other persons as they arrive, and to win their favor if possible. No kind of bribery is spared: bald money, if money will be taken; if not, then money in other forms. A poor delegate from a distance has his "necessary" expenses paid. Some rich friend of a candidate keeps open house, with perpetual lunch and exhaustless Champagne on ice. There are endless drives, dinners, nameless introductions and opportunities, to gratify the quiet delegate and put a lien upon his vote. Brag in every kind and degree—the most ludicrous and monstrous lying—is really the staple of conversation. Guessing, calculating, dogmatizing, betting, are loud on every side. Every body has a sudden sense of his importance as the holder of a possibly decisive vote, and a proud consciousness that this is the great mystery of state-craft, in which he is taking a master's degree. A cooler spectator wonders as he gazes how any good result can possibly proceed from such elements and processes, but consoles himself with the thought of a hundred analogies and the inexplicable humor of nature.

The day before the appointed meeting the agitation is universal and the excitement intense. The air is thick with rumors, and the general eagerness to believe what is desired makes every body so credulous that the only thing that can be certainly known is that nobody knows any thing. Meanwhile the great newspapers come in from every part of the country, full of fragmentary echoes and wild guesses and intentional and unintentional falsehoods designed to affect the result. The reporter of a journal that has staked its reputation for perspicacity upon the nomination of Mr. Brown, comes mysteriously to Mr. Jones and asks him confidentially if it is really true, as Mr. Robinson has just told him, that he, Mr. Jones, has withdrawn his opposition to Mr. Brown. Mr. Jones replies with vehemence that he wishes the language supplied a word strong enough to express the falsity of such a story, and asks if the reporter does not know that Robinson would deny the very mother who bore him if he could make ten cents by the denial. The reporter answers that he wishes to know only the exact truth, and that for that reason he has come in person to inquire. He then withdraws, with many thanks. And Mr. Jones reads in the reporter's paper when it appears: "Mr. Jones confessed last evening that Mr. Brown is sure to be nominated, and that his own position is wholly negative."

At length the momentous day dawns, and the convention assembles. It usually sits in some vast building which contains eight or nine times as many spectators as the whole number of delegates. The scene is imposing and inspiring. The proceedings begin in an orderly manner, but at the first interruption, or the raising of any doubtful point, the inflammable nature of the assembly is apparent. Every favorite name or motion which suits the humor of the convention is received with a tumult of acclamation which would be astonishing and appalling to one unaccustomed to great popular assemblies. At the moment of highest excitement, as when the nomination is actually made, the frenzy is resistless. The vast throng is standing on the floor and on the seats, shouting, yelling, and often weeping with mere nervous tension; arms are shaken wildly aloft with hats, handkerchiefs, fans, newspapers, or whatever may be at hand, and the uncontrollable roar is so overpowering that the brass-band, which is playing at its loudest, is entirely inaudible. The president of the convention wisely refrains from any effort to check the prodigious uproar, knowing very well that it will presently exhaust itself, and that of its own accord and by its own instinct the convention will again "please to be in order." This is, perhaps, the most striking impression of the whole week of the convention, with all its conflicts and confusions—that it is an assembly of persons of unlimited abandonment to expression of every kind, but also of a habit of self-control and restraint which makes any perilous or riotous excess impossible. They will "have their say out," but they will also have order when all is said. The sergeant-at-arms in the convention, like the police in the city and at the hotels, is a ceremony. The delegates take care of themselves, and each defends the peace of all.

But when we pass beyond the unique and entertaining spectacle, and ask whether the convention is a sensible method to secure the nomination of a President, there will be many a doubting Thomas even among the most orthodox believers in the American form of government. The figure which most aptly represents the feeling and action of a huge Presidential nominating convention is that of a tremendous steamboat race on the Mississippi. The absorbing determination is that none of the rival boats shall pull ahead. The tally is watched as passengers watch the nose of the steamer alongside. We must keep ahead. Safety and family and life and limb are all very well, but that boat must not creep up. And into the furnace go resin and tar and fat pine and whatever combustible thing we can lay hands on, and every fresh vote is an added inch in the driving ahead of the craft in which we are. By-and-by the race becomes, perhaps, one against all others, and, to mix the metaphor, there is a supreme effort made to combine the speed of all against the one, which is often

sueeessful. This kind of excitement will appear differently to different persons. But it is very far from the real intent of a nominating eonvention.

Simply stated, the true theory of sueh a eonvention is that it is an assembly of representatives from every Congressional district and from every State in the eountry, who meet to eonsult and to deeide who should be the eandidate. It is in the highest sense, theoretically, a representative popular assembly. In fact, however, there is no consultation whatever in the eonvention. There is, properly speaking, no debate upon essential questions. Every resolution is referred, without discussion, to a eommittee. There is no debate even upon the eardinal question of the eomparative character and availability of candidates. Indeed, that is not suffered to be a question. It is assumed by the eommon law of the convention that, in the usual phrase, "any eandidate that so patriotie and intelligent a body of eitizens eould nominate, would be sure to be elected by an overwhelming majority." If this is questioned, if a delegate suggests that some one of the candidates named might not earry the eleetion, a storm of hisses apprises him that he is eommitting the unpardonable sin against a party eonvention. With such an understanding, of course there can be no consultation or legitimate discussion. Every resolution having been referred without debate—and this is undoubtedly a neeessary provision if the session of the eonvention is not to be endless—and the platform, some part of which is sometimes, but not very seriously, questioned, having been adopted, nominations are in order.

Now the very purpose of the convention being to ascertain who, upon the whole, is the more desirable candidate, some statement of reasons why this or that person would be more or less likely to earry this or that State would seem to be indispensable. But as this is not permitted, the names of various candidates are presented in brief speeehes, the purport of whieh is that Mr. A is a great, good, and gallant man, and ought to be President, and that Messrs. B, C, D, E, and F are also great and good and gallant men, and ought also to be President. Moreover, nothing said in favor of Mr. A must be held to imply that Messrs. B, C, D, E, and F are not in every way his peers, or to suggest that all the friends of Mr. A will not work as zealously for Messrs. B, C, D, E, and F as they would for that incomparable statesman and glorious gentleman, Mr. A. But not only is there no consultation or discussion, but most of the delegates arrive "pledged" or "instructed," as the phrase is, not to discuss or eonsult, but to secure at all hazards the nomination of a certain eandidate. "I do not wish to consult," says such a delegate. "I hope that my mind is made up, and that I know my ehoice."

The eonsequenee is inevitable. The work of the eonvention is done by arrangement in advance, or often by a sudden, headlong, and doubtful movement at a eritieal moment, without opportunity for reflection, and as the only means of defeating an imminent and deplorable result. The action of the delegates is controlled by the wishes of candidates, communicated at the moment by telegraph, actually asking to be voted for, while the thought of the general welfare and of the real interests of the country would seem to have disappeared from the mind of delegates, if it had ever seemed to be present. Those who come to a deliberative assembly bound or pledged or instructed to a certain course of action have only the suceess of their own plans, not the general well being, in view. They are precluded from deliberation. They have prejudged the case without hearing the argument.

An Emerald philosopher might say that not only has the city of New York no old buildings of interesting assoeiation, but those that it has are constantly destroyed. No structure in the city certainly was more conspieuous to the mass of strangers, and none more formless, than Castle Garden. It was built for a fort, upon the same general plan with Fort William upon Governor's Island opposite, to defend the eity and the passage of the rivers. Fortunately its powers as a fort were never put to proof, and all the associations of the old pile were most peaceful and pleasant. When President Jackson made his first visit to New York he landed at Castle Garden, and the bridge that eonnected it with the Battery yielded to the pressure, as Major Jaek Downing records, if we are not mistaken, but "the invineible hero" luckily did not go through. A little later it became the most frequented and by far the most delightful of the summer "gardens," of which Contoit's and Niblo's were later examples. It was forty years ago, and the Battery was then truly a pleasure promenade. State Street, whieh bordered and overlooked it, was a fashionable street, full of fine houses, and their situation, directly facing the south and southwest, open to the sweet sea air, and commanding the panorama of the harbor and bay, was very much finer than that of the noblest modern mansion upon Murray Hill. Nothing eould compensate Naples for the desertion of the Chiaja and Villa Reale, and New York can have no street for residence so attraetive as the border of the Battery.

As the lower part of the city was abandoned to trade, and Bunker's Mansion House and the City Hotel were replaced by ware-rooms and offices, State Street also surrendered, and the Battery ceased to be a promenade. But a few families still lingered in the fine old neighboring houses, and the "Garden," having great spaee and the eharm of the water in the summer evening, was changed into a theatrieal hall. There, twenty-six years ago, Jenny Lind sang for the first time in Ameriea, after the most prodigious and skillful preparation of the public mind by the newspapers; and the eonclusive evidenee of her transcendent power and charm is that the immense and extravagant expectation was satisfied, and that the interest and enthusiasm in her and for her continued unabated until she left us forever. "The Turk," as Mr. Sumner used to eall the late minister of the Sultan in Washington, was an accomplished singer, but a Levantine. He could not resist the singing of Nilsson, but he pretended to be dissatisfied. When he was asked the reason, he exclaimed, impatiently, "She is too Northern." That, however, explained much of the spell of Jenny Lind. The simplicity and sincerity of the clear-eyed, unaffected blonde, who stood upon the platform with none of the traditional airs and graces of a *prima donna*, and, without the sheet of music in her hand, poured forth, in her wonderful voiee and with lofty religious rapture, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," impressed an American audi-

ence as if she had been a descending angel. Malibran, Grisi, Cinti Damoreau, Castellan, Caradori, Titiens, even Nilsson, were wholly different, and most of them came to us in their decline.

Jenny Lind "opened" at Castle Garden, but she obeyed destiny, and went afterward up town to the gay Tripler Hall, on the site of the Grand Central Hotel, near Bond Street, on Broadway, where she gave several series of concerts. But she returned to Castle Garden for her last concert in America. Bayard Taylor had written a song of greeting, which she sang on the first evening, and C. P. Cranch wrote the farewell to America, which she sang at the end of the last concert. The music was composed by Otto Goldschmidt, who had come out from Europe, and had played the piano at her concerts during her last year, and whom she married in Boston. The huge hall of Castle Garden was crowded at her farewell. One of the young enthusiasts of the time had arranged with a gardener, who was used to furnish bouquets to the *jeunesse doré*, to make the fittest and finest of all possible bouquets as a final offering to the *diva*. But as she would doubtless have scores of them, how was this one to be distinguished, even if she should choose to carry it? For there was the harrowing possibility to this ardent youth that there might be others which she would prefer to carry. After due meditation it was decided that the skillful master of flowers should construct a bouquet of pure white rosebuds, massing them in the mode of the day, with a cross of deep red buds in the middle—a composition which could be recognized from the hall at a glance. The most careful and detailed instructions were given for the delivery of the flowers at Mademoiselle Lind's hotel, and the youth awaited the desired but most doubtful evening. He was promptly in his seat, with an opera-glass of remarkable power, and when Jenny Lind came on, he raised his glass, hoping to see that she carried his flowers first of all. But seeing that it was not so, the ready optimist thought how much more touching it would be if they were the last she carried. So he was then fearful that his flowers would appear in the unmeaning intermediate parts of the concert. But all was as he wished. When, after an anxious and exciting delay, Jenny Lind appeared, full of emotion, and greeted by the audience with pathetic earnestness of feeling, to sing Mr. Cranch's song of farewell, she carried the flowers of the enthusiast, who was also a friend of the poet, and she held them while she sang. That young lounger of those days has always declared that he had a peculiar and personal interest in Castle Garden, and it is in vain that the young loungers of these days try to persuade him that there have been singers since Jenny Lind. He listens with patient courtesy. He bears with the warm asseverations and enthusiasms of the young men. It is all very natural and right; but then, he knows!

The last popular musical interest in Castle Garden was that of the Steffanone and Bosio opera company, and of the great Jullien—the first director of "monster concerts." He was an admirable conductor, and his absurdities of manner and dress made his concerts only the more amusing. After directing a performance during which he had gone through every kind of gymnastic evolution and exertion, as if he were in himself all the instruments and all the performers, he sank into a huge easy-chair, and hung over the back and arms with a most effective affectation of utter exhaustion and successful completion of an unprecedented task. Nor was there any doubt that he had done well, and he and his men were loudly applauded. His orchestra sometimes played really good music; but the concerts were popular "summer-night" entertainments, and waltzes and clap-trap compositions were the staple. There have seldom been pleasanter concerts of the kind. "The town" still hovered about Bond and Bleecker streets, and Madison Square was up town; so it was very easy to jump into a stage and get out at the Battery. There was an outer gallery surrounding the great hall of Castle Garden and overhanging the bay, and there in the summer moonlight young New York of both sexes sat looking out over the sparkling water, breathing the fresh sea air, he smoking, if she permitted, and she sipping lemonade or sherbet, if she would. Even as late as Jullien's concerts one pleasant gentleman, well known among the artists, and for his fostering care of American art, the late A. M. Cozzens, still lived on State Street. The Easy Chair remembers a merry party strolling from one of the concerts across the Battery with Mr. Cozzens to the hospitable house, and sitting at what was unquestionably one of the very last gay suppers of State Street.

For the last twenty years Castle Garden has been a great emigrant dépôt, and was the first shelter in America of thousands of Europeans flocking to the land of hope. The latest comers had a rough welcome, for a hundred and twenty newly arrived by an English steamer had just landed when on a Sunday afternoon in July the mass of sheds and buildings was burned down, and Castle Garden disappeared.

THERE is one aspect of the election which is now pending that even an Easy Chair can properly observe, and that is the general demand for political honesty and "high tone." The phrase "high-toned" had become very ridiculous from its application to pepper-pots, but it has a very intelligible meaning, which nothing else can express more aptly. It is like the word "gentleman," which has been curiously abused and made to stand for the most inconsistent characters and qualities, but which is still, as Tennyson calls it, "the grand old name." With the universal demand for a higher political tone, however, it is easy to see how much skepticism and contempt there is both of any assertion that there is room for improvement and of any resolute effort to improve. The shyster-statesman is not unknown even in this happy land in the hour of its Centennial glory, and he is firmly convinced that he is the only man who understands human nature and practical politics. As Dr. Johnson was of opinion in his Dictionary that "patriotism" is the last refuge of a scoundrel, so the shyster-statesman is scornfully sure that "reform" is the easy cry of charlatans and rascals.

One of his favorite tricks is to denounce the protest against political cheating and official fraud as Pharisaism. If members of a party suggest that honesty is the best policy, and that prompt investigation and punishment of party offenders by the party will tend to retain public confidence in the party, the shyster-statesman derides them

as "holier than thou" men, and dishonesty and fraud are practically condoned by him. This cry of contempt is very terrible to many persons, and it is often sincerely repugnant to them. They do not suppose themselves to be better than their neighbors, and they recoil from seeming to think so. They therefore appear to be half ashamed of their own convictions, and they are very likely to betray the very cause that they wish to serve. But this is a proof of cowardice. A man ought to have the courage to bear reproach when it is absolutely unjust, and known to him to be so. The shyster-statesman is only a loud bully. No man need be afraid of him or his noise. Men practically engaged in politics are clever enough, and have plenty of experience; but their great want is pluck. They are timid from a thousand reasons, and are constantly outwitted by their own timidity. The sarcastic epithet "truly good" scares them as much as a charge of theft; and the desire to propitiate and evade and compromise perpetually betrays their own cause.

A body of excellent citizens, who really have "no axes to grind," although the shyster can not believe that any body should concern himself with politics except for a selfish purpose, suggest that when offices are to be filled by election they wish to vote for honest, enlightened, progressive men. The shyster-statesman ridicules them at once as a congress of saints which wants an angel for every office. But if to insist upon honest officers is angelic politics, it bids fair to become very popular, as educated and well-bred men see no reason why ignorance and vulgarity should control public affairs, and they take part in politics. The shyster-statesman is ready for them, and sneers at them as "professors" and "prigs" and "kid-gloved" and "superfine." There is a laugh, as there is when the clown jumps into the ring with a saucy sally. But the shyster assumes that education and intelligence and decency and morality and courtesy are repugnant and distasteful to the American people, and as usual the shyster is mistaken. If his fellow-shysters and bummers and venal editors and party runners of every kind and degree were the people, this kind of argument would be effective. But they are not, and the fear of their noise and the panic which it excites in the minds of many well-meaning persons are unspeakably ludicrous. The thoroughbred politician of a low type—that is, our friend the shyster-statesman—undoubtedly despises, with all the sincerity of which he is capable, the demand of honesty, decency, and fair play in politics. His tactics consist of retorts in kind. If a damaging charge is brought against any fellow-partisan, he levels one, false or true, against some member of the other side. He sneers persistently at the suggestion of patriotic and impersonal motives. If opposition to the "regular" party decree is manifested by any one of the brethren, his instinctive remark is, "What does he want?" His sole reliance is upon what he calls the party strength, not upon the patriotism or the intelligence of the people. His conclusive argument is that the other side is worse than his own. His exhaustive theory of politics is that it is a mere question of the comparative foulness of pot and kettle.

Politics, indeed, as we know, often practically compels a choice of evils. But to accept this as a final situation is absurd. The history of political parties shows that great steps of progress have been made when a body of partisans have, so to speak, taken the bull by the horns, and have decided to make a choice of evils in a startling manner by promoting the present defeat of their side as the only way of securing an ultimate victory. This was done thirty years ago in the State of New York, when a certain number of the old Whig party, although more than ever hostile to the opposing party, decided that the lesser evil of the situation was an opposition success. This was a startling choice of evils. But the political student can hardly think that the decision was an unwise one. The shyster-statesman can not, of course, comprehend that a man should ever say that the pot and the kettle are both too black for him, and that he will, on the whole, take a fresh and shining pan. If he be a Pottite, the shyster of his party shows him that in such an attempt he will merely abandon the pot without getting the pan, and that the kettle will gloriously triumph. If the recusant should reply that he sees no other way of ever reaching an era of brighter hardware, the good shyster answers him with vehemence that he is a condemned impracticable fool. And indeed the only consolation for the Pannite is that condemned impracticable fools have done so much of the best work of this extraordinary world.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE first volume of BRYANT'S *Popular History of the United States* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) fulfills the justly high expectations which the names of both authors and publishers had excited. The prospectus does not in the least exaggerate the long-felt need for such a history. Mechanically, the volume is amenable to but one criticism—it is too bulky for convenient handling. We hope that the publishers may find in the deserved success of this edition the justification of a new one for the library, of a smaller-sized page and a larger number of volumes. The present edition is to be completed in four volumes, of which the first is presumably a sample. It is a large octavo, of nearly 600 pages; it contains four steel plates, a steel portrait of Mr. Bryant, eight maps, and nearly 300 wood-engravings, the subjects of which are generally well chosen and the execution of which is always excellent. The prospectus gives a list of seventeen artists who have contributed designs, and among them are some of our best American draughtsmen. The work is handsomely printed on thick paper, and is in every way a creditable specimen of American book-making. Turning to the literary execution, we find some ground for a serious apprehension that the authors have not sufficiently considered the proportions of their task, and will be compelled either to materially enlarge the dimensions of their work, or to condense the histories of the Revolution and the Civil War, as well as of those political changes and that commercial

growth a correct knowledge of which is essential to a comprehension of American history. Nearly one-fifth of the present volume is taken up with an account of prehistoric man and the evidences of his existence on this continent, and of the Northmen and other voyagers to these shores prior to the time of Columbus; and the volume—one-quarter of the entire history—only brings us down to 1647. The plan outlined in the preface by Mr. Bryant, however, provides for a very thorough treatment of the succeeding eras in American history, and indicates a philosophical view of the growth of the nation such as we might reasonably expect from the veteran editor who has had so much to do in making the history which he is now to record. The volume before us affords abundant indications of thorough research, such as assure the reader that it is not to be in any sense a mere compilation. The disputed questions—such as the character and career of Roger Williams—are treated with a candor which gives assurance that the more difficult ones which will arise in the later parts of the work will be fairly discussed by a judicial mind rather than fervently debated by an advocate. The style is characterized by simplicity rather than by eloquence, by perspicuity rather than by elegance. Unquestionably the greater part of the literary work has been done by Mr. Bryant's co-laborer, Mr. Sydney Howard Gay. Without brilliance, but without affectation, without fervor, but without partialities and prejudices, a careful student, but unencumbered with his learning, he has given to the American people not a romance in the guise of a history, nor the raw material out of which history should be made, but a plain unvarnished tale, which depends for its interest and value rather on the assiduity and fidelity of the narrator and the abundance of his well-digested materials than upon the artifices of either the rhetorician or the literary dramatist.

Mr. SPURGEON'S *Commenting and Commentaries* (Sheldon and Co.) is a useful book for a limited class of readers. Mr. Spurgeon's idea of a commentary is a book to suggest sermons; his test of one is its interest to the devotional reader. He has small consideration for such as are critical in their character, and still less for such as are not in fullest accord with his own type of theology; he is more familiar with the old English divines than with the fathers or the modern scholars; and there is no indication that he has any other acquaintance with German commentaries than such as he has derived from translations. The book consists of two parts—first "A Chat about Commentaries," in which he expresses in some detail his opinions concerning certain favorite works, and second, a list of commentaries filling over two hundred pages. The essays on commenting—*i. e.*, on expository preaching and on eccentric preachers—are apparently added to make up the full tale of pages.

Being a Christian, what it Means and how to Begin, by Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN (Congregational Publishing Society), is an admirable little treatise for its purpose, which is entirely practical, as the title indicates. It is quite a remarkable little book, too, as an indication of the age; for it is certain that Mr. Gladden would not have found any orthodox society to publish it twenty years ago, if indeed he could have published it at all and not have subjected himself to an ecclesiastical trial for heresy. He makes Christian experience a very simple thing, as well as a very practical one, and without engaging in any campaign against creeds, he makes very little of them. There is more theology, and of a more radical type, if we mistake not, than some of its careless readers will imagine, but as it is not destructive of even prejudices, but quietly ignores them, it will prove both the less obnoxious and the more efficacious.

If Mr. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH'S *Starboard and Port* (Harper and Brothers) had only the one first chapter, it would be worthy of commendation. Yachting is for the most part mere pleasuring, and that of a very effeminate sort. The Sound is not the sea, and there is nothing in the sail to Newport and back to try the real value of a yacht or the mettle of its commander. It is the British insular position that has made the British marine. We shall have no true yachting, none worthy of our national position or character, none to make men of our yachtsmen, none to develop the qualities of combined prudence and courage which America needs in its leaders, until other yacht owners follow Mr. Hepworth's example, cut down the tall masts, shorten the spars, substitute keel for centre-board—in a word, make their boats not to run races in smooth water, but to dare the wind and the wave. When they have done this, in lieu of an occasional solitary yacht working its way up to the coast of Maine, all the Atlantic coast from Point Judith to the Gulf of St. Lawrence will become available cruising ground. Mr. Hepworth's account of the cruise of the *Nettie* we commend to landsmen who enjoy a breezy book in summer, full of the salt air and blue sky and stimulating romance of a true sailor life, and still more to our discreet yachtsmen, who may learn from it the possibilities of manly enjoyment and national development in a pursuit the full value of which, despite our boasting born of inconsequential races of a day, we have not yet as a people begun to comprehend.

Hay Fever, or Summer Catarrh: its Nature and Treatment (Harper and Brothers), is a very thoroughly worked-up monograph on a matter hitherto little studied and still little understood. The author, Professor GEORGE M. BEARD, began his special study of the subject in 1873. He prepared and sent out circulars embodying fifty-five questions, which he had carefully prepared so as to cover, as far as possible, the whole subject in all its bearings. From these questions he received two hundred replies. These replies, coming directly from patients in various parts of the country, or from their physicians, afford the most important material on which his generalizations are based. But they are not all. A United States Hay Fever Association was formed in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, in 1874, of sufferers, and its annual reports have been placed at our author's disposal, and some of the individual members have actively co-operated with him in obtaining information. He has also conducted an extensive correspondence with physicians, and has made special studies of many cases himself. He gives, first, a history of "hay fever," tracing it through medical literature from 1819; next recounts his own method of investigation; sums up the statistical results of his inquiries; embodies in general propositions the conclusions to which he has been led; gives in detail information respecting

the symptoms, course, diagnosis, prognosis, prevention, and treatment of the disease; and closes with some account, of more interest to the medical faculty than to the general reader, of a number of specific cases. He regards hay fever as a functional disease of the nervous system—"a disease of the fashionable and the thoughtful, the price of wealth and culture, a part of the penalty of a fine organization and an in-door life." There is for it no specific; certain preventives are valuable, but the only, or at least the best, remedy is a change of climate, either to the sea-shore or the high mountainous latitudes. It is hereditary in character, is peculiar to modern civilization, and is most common in England and in the northern and eastern parts of the United States. Dr. Beard's book is written for lay readers, and is free from the technicalities of expression which render professional treatises on kindred subjects unintelligible to the non-professional student. It is well worthy the attention of sufferers from any of the numerous forms of this common catarrh, and can also hardly fail to become the standard treatise of the medical profession on this subject.

Mr. H. E. SCUDDER, in *Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), and Mr. EDWARD ABBOTT, in *Revolutionary Times* (Roberts Brothers), attempt somewhat the same task, viz., to give some graphic delineations of the country and its civil and social life in 1776. Mr. Scudder's book is larger, Mr. Abbott's is more thoroughly wrought out; Mr. Scudder gives in their own words the descriptions and narratives of contemporary writers, Mr. Abbott, from a general study, gives his own account of what they saw and what they were; Mr. Scudder's is the more curious, Mr. Abbott's the more useful book; Mr. Scudder's will be read in the cars, Mr. Abbott's in the library; Mr. Scudder's will entertain by its curious fragmentary gossip, Mr. Abbott's will be remembered for its comprehensive and yet pictorial grouping.—John Allyn publishes a sixth edition of DE TOCQUEVILLE'S *Democracy in America*, with Professor BOWEN'S revision of the English translation and supplemental notes. It must be enough to say of it that it is substantially a reprint of the fifth edition; that, recognized by American thinkers, it is universally regarded as the most profound view of American institutions, their benefits and their dangers; that it ought to be, even more than it is, a text-book for the study of each new generation; that no young man ought to be content with an abridgment of the original work; and that this American edition is far better than the English, on which it is founded.—Mr. LATHROP'S style is overambitious and not always clear, occasionally not even grammatical; we agree, too, with Mr. Macaulay, in thinking that personal acquaintance is a great desideratum, if not an essential qualification, in the biographer; and we do not know what Mr. Lathrop means by his assertion that his book is "not designed as a biography, but is rather a portrait." Nevertheless, his *Study of Hawthorne* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is, if not altogether a satisfactory account of Mr. Hawthorne's life and character, an interesting and measurably valuable introduction to one who has a large fame, and yet is but little known even to his own countrymen. The author has with enthusiasm gathered not a little curious and interesting material; but he has not always made the best use or passed the best judgment on it.—With Mr. Lathrop's *Study* the same house issue two volumes of Mr. HAWTHORNE'S stray papers, *Dolliver Romance, and Other Pieces*, and *Fanshawe, and Other Pieces*.—We hope that Mr. JOHN HABBERTON'S publication of *Selected Papers from the Spectator* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) indicates a revival of a public taste for the old English classics. The selection was a work of no small difficulty, and has been well done, and Mr. Habberton's introduction shows that he is a lover and a student of the essayists whom he is thus endeavoring to re-introduce to the American public. It is not too high praise to say that he does not suffer from the involuntary contrast which the reader makes between him and the writers whose master of ceremonies he has become.

It was a happy idea, that of WILL CARLETON, to put the stories of the child-heroism of the Revolution in verse, such as children could both understand and enjoy. His *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes*, illustrated (Harper and Brothers), will have a larger audience than one of young folks only, and well deserves it. The general characteristics of the *Farm Ballads* and the *Farm Legends* re-appear in these metrical stories; occasionally the verse drops beneath the dignity of the theme, and we sometimes wish it were stronger in expression, even if less graceful and rhythmical; but it does not lack dash and spirit in expression, and is full of life and action. The added notes will provoke many a boy, we trust, to some historical studies in the books recommended to the reader's notice in Mr. Carleton's note to his young friends.—The irregular metres of Mr. GEORGE H. CALVERT'S verse, *A Nation's Birth, and other National Poems* (Lee and Shepard), give a certain rugged forcefulness to his patriotic tributes. They are elevating and dignified in character, and yet fall short of the themes which have inspired them. The greatness of the subject is not infrequently thus disastrous to the poet.

In *Cripps, the Carrier* (Harper and Brothers), Mr. BLACKMORE violates every probability in the construction of his story. It is highly improbable that any lawyer should make an attempt to abduct the daughter of a client; improbable that he should trust to chance thereafter to bring about a love match between his son and the imprisoned girl; improbable that a pious aunt should lend herself to such a scheme of villainy; improbable that any girl with the intelligence and spirit of Grace should submit to the wrong and be deceived by the imposture; improbable that, with the whole community aroused, her hiding-place could be successfully concealed. When all these improbabilities are woven into one story, the product is about as impossible a plot as the novel-reader often falls upon. Nevertheless, *Cripps, the Carrier*, is a thoroughly entertaining story. Cripps himself is a decided character, and preserves the human sympathy which the general unreality of the book tends to impair. The other characters are well drawn and tolerably consistent, and while there is sufficient adventure to preserve a good degree of interest throughout the story, it does not excite any such alternations of hope and despair as make it unduly exciting for hot weather. Artistically, the best feature of this

novel consists in the sketches of English scenery and the studies of English character which it affords; these are good, and well worthy of a better-constructed plot.

The author of *Free, yet Forging their own Chains* (Dodd and Mead), has put into her work the results rather of a naturally quick observation than of any deep or careful study of character. The scene is laid in the mining districts of Pennsylvania, and the chronic labor difficulties of that region afford the background on which the romance is painted. There is a little about strikes, and a little about stock-jobbing operations; there is considerable love, and yet more adventure. The writer succeeds in what we may call the accessories of her drama very well—that is, in her scene-painting and dresses and tableaux, and in the dialect of the lower characters; but she crowds into one volume more than it can be made to contain, and deals with topics with which she has but a limited knowledge. We believe that this is her first venture; we hope that in her next she will select a more limited field, and give to it a more careful study. That she has considerable power both of invention and of description is quite evident, and equally so that she has not made the fullest or best use of the powers which she possesses.

Rev. Peter Pennot intended *Achsah* (Lee and Shepard) to be "a New England Life Study." As a novel it possesses no remarkable characteristics; the plot is thin; there is neither warmth of feeling nor brilliance of coloring; there is neither sentiment, nor philosophy, nor notably fine pictorial effect to distinguish it from the average story. As a "life study" it must be judged; and while the author certainly shows some familiarity with his chosen field, he has not painted a true portrait.

In *Silver Pitchers*, by Miss Alcott (Roberts Brothers), *Theophilus and Others*, by Mary Mapes Dodge (Scribner), and *For Summer Afternoons*, by Susan Coolidge (Roberts Brothers), we have three volumes of short stories and papers by popular and well-known writers. *Silver Pitchers*, which gives the name to the first volume, is a capital temperance tale, quite different from the ordinary pattern of melodramatic misery. Mary Mapes Dodge is as full of literary pranks and frolic in writing for the elders as in writing for the children. *For Summer Afternoons* is unequal to Miss Coolidge's previous stories. She has striven after effect, and has lost both what she sought and the simple natural beauty which she abandoned in the quest.—*Thomas Wingfold, Curate* (George Routledge and Sons), is one of the strong stories of George Macdonald, who has written some very strong and some very weak fiction. It is a quasi-theological novel; finds the specific for skepticism not in arguments from history, but in the intuitions of the soul; employs the dream as part of the machinery of his story—a favorite but not fortunate feature with George Macdonald, whose mysticism often runs into vagaries of thought and feeling. But it is to the same mysticism that we owe the creation of such a character as Polwarth, and the creative power more than compensates for the defects of the author's always original though sometimes lawless imagination.—*Oliver of the Mill*, by Maria Louisa Charlesworth (Robert Carter and Brothers), will be welcomed by all who remember—and who has forgotten?—*Ministering Children*. It is a very simple story, and depends for its interest upon the depth, the tenderness, and the genuineness of religious feeling which pervades it. Thoroughly religious, it is neither theological nor ecclesiastical, and produces its impressions not by homilies in the mouths of its characters, but by the spirit that breathes in their lives. It is without humor, but is rich in a genuine pathos.—*Hidden Perils* (Harper and Brothers) is not equal to Mary Cecil Hay's previous stories. It is less natural and simple in style and structure, less satisfactory in its outcome, and paints villainy in darker characters; but if it suffers unfavorably by comparison with *Old Myddelton's Money* or *Victor and Vanquished*, it does not suffer in comparison with other novels of the season. It presents high ideals of life and character, and its dramatic action and its portraiture of intense feeling—portraiture rather than analysis—show the hand of a true artist.—We are glad to welcome from that favorite of the children, H. E. Scudder, a story for the adults, *The Dwellers in Five Sisters' Court* (Hurd and Houghton). It can hardly be called a novel, so slight is the plot, but as a specimen of *genre* painting it is admirable. The scene is laid in Boston, and the painter has brought out with a poet's power that recalls the work of Dickens, which it does not, however, resemble in luxuriance of fancy, the romance of unromantic life, and the æsthetic and intellectual elements that hide themselves in the retired nooks and corners of such a city.—*Ellen Story*, by Edgar Fawcett (E. J. Hale and Son), is an ill-painted picture of an ill-chosen theme. It purports to be a representation of society in New York and Brooklyn. If that society were the hollow, heartless, and valueless thing which Mr. Fawcett imagines, it would hardly be worth the painting. We are glad to believe that it is not; and we only mention a somewhat popular story to warn our country readers against the error of believing it to be true.—*The Asbury Twins* (Lee and Shepard) is a story for young girls that boys will read with perhaps equal interest, chiefly of life in Paris; a story of love, yet not exactly a love story; of good moral tone, but not didactic; vivacious and sprightly but not dazzlingly brilliant. We confess to an enjoyment of Sophie May's stories, albeit they make no pretense to any remarkable artistic merit, and neither excite the curiosity by an involved plot, the emotions by a passionate warmth, nor the sensibilities by a succession of romantic situations.—*Rose Turquand*, by Ellice Hopkins (Harper and Brothers), is a novel of more than usual merit. It does not lack the ordinary elements of successful fiction—strong character-drawing, romantic adventure, genuine sympathy with a true heroine, and unquestionable pathos relieved by touches of quiet humor. The characteristic of the story, however, is its religious spirit, as the centre of interest is Rose Turquand. The pictures in the opening chapters of the hard, worldly, selfish Mrs. Adair and her group of rude children, and the exquisite tortures they inflict on the sensitive nature of the orphan, at once repel by their painfulness and attract by their power; but the attractive soon overmasters the repellent power, and the reader rises from the finished perusal of the story with a sense of satisfaction as well as of enjoyment. It is a book to be heartily commended.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—In solar spectroscopy the important announcement is made by Young (in *Silliman's Journal*) that the line 1474 K is double the distance of the components, being about $\frac{1}{40}$ of the distance of the sodium lines, or $\frac{1}{7}$ of a division of Angström's scale. Young was able to make this very delicate observation best in the eighth order diffraction spectrum from one of Rutherfurd's gratings (8640 lines to the inch). The separation of the overlapping spectra was accomplished by placing a 45° prism between the grating and the observing telescope. The more refrangible of the two components (which is heavier than the other and hazy at the edges) Young considers to be the corona line. In the same journal M'Farland gives a graphical comparison of the variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit according to Croll (Leverrier) and Stockwell. The values for the last 40,000 years and for the next 30,000 are almost identical; beyond these limits the *form* of the two curves is alike (as it should be), but the ordinates vary.

We learn from *Nature* that the lunar map of Lohrmann (three feet in diameter), of which a part was published in 1824, is now to be published in its complete form by Barth, of Leipsic. Schmidt, of Athens, is to furnish a descriptive letter-press. At the same time Schmidt is editing his own work on the moon (the results of over thirty years' labor), which is to be published by the Prussian government. The map (six French feet in diameter) is now engraving by the draughtsmen of the Prussian Staff College, and will contain over 34,000 craters, besides *rillen*, etc., etc. Trouvelot publishes in *Silliman's Journal* a memoir on the physical aspects of the planet Saturn, accompanied by drawings. Some of his conclusions seem to harmonize former unexplained observations. His principal conclusions are: 1. That the inner margin of the outer ring has for some years past shown angular or jagged forms near the ansæ, which may be attributed to a real irregularity of structure. 2. That the surface of the rings near the ansæ on both sides of the principal division has presented a mottled or cloudy appearance. 3. That the thickness of the whole ring system, from the inner edge of the dusky ring to the principal division, *increases* gradually, so that a cross section of it would be wedge-shaped. The proof of this comes from the form of the shadow of the planet on the rings, and from the appearance of the dusky ring upon the planet's disk. 7. That the dusky ring is not transparent throughout, but more nearly so nearer the planet. The coming opposition of Saturn will afford a favorable opportunity for testing these conclusions.

Pickering publishes a note on a form of photometer suitable for the determination of the brightness of nebulæ, etc. A simple modification of Zollner's photometer for the purpose had already been devised by Abbe.

Doberck publishes in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* the elements of the orbit of the binary *Eta Cassiopeiæ*. The period is 222 years, and the eighty-eight observations (1782 to 1876) agree well with theory.

Appendix III. to the Washington observations for 1874 (now passing through the press) is Burnham's General Catalogue of Double Stars. This is to contain, first, the current number; second, the specific name of the double, with synonyms; third, the mean right ascension and declination for 1880, with the precession; fourth, the position-angle at a given epoch; fifth, the distance; sixth, the magnitudes and colors; seventh, the observer; and eighth, notes. These last will be a succinct history of the star, with references to authorities, etc. Binaries are separately treated. All points of interest are noted, and the whole form is one suited to the observing astronomer. It will contain about ten thousand stars.

In *Meteorology*, Professor Loomis publishes his fifth paper of contributions to meteorology, and in this he concludes that areas of high barometer are formed from the air which is expelled from areas of low pressure, and that this forming process takes place chiefly on the southeast side of such an area. An area of high barometer may be the result of a storm prevailing at a distance of 1500 or 2000 miles to the northwestward. In oval areas of low pressure the average ratio of the longest and shortest diameters is 1.91, the highest value being 4.6; in similar areas of high pressure the average ratio is 1.82. For Europe the ratios are slightly smaller than America. A decided connection is discovered by him between the amount of rain-fall and the pressure at the centre of the storm, such that the rain-fall is least when the central pressure is increasing, and greatest when the pressure is decreasing—an effect that is most decided during the colder portions of the year. A valuable table is also given of the rain-fall in all known tropical hurricanes.

In some remarks on the criticisms of his theory of storms, Mr. Blasius, of Philadelphia, very properly insists on the importance of considering the areas of high barometer, or cold, heavy air. Mr. Blasius states that in 1851 he advocated the systematic study of weather; and Mr. Blodgett adds that "he proposed the Signal Service in 1851, and himself used the telegraph in the summer of 1852 for two months, and his chart proved then the practicability of determining the form and limits of any storm." Rev. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard College, writes that he urged the use of the telegraph in predicting storms in 1847 and subsequently, and that his labors were entirely independent of those of Mr. Blasius. Redfield, Espy, Loomis, and Henry were also equally with himself active thus early in urging and laying the foundations for a government storm bureau.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stotherd communicated a year ago to the Society of Telegraph Engineers a paper on "Lightning Conductors," which has just been published in their Journal; and in the discussion thereon Mr. Preece, the well-known electrician, as well as the other members present, gave abundant data to show that in a majority of cases—perhaps in nine out of ten—the common lightning-rods are so improperly connected with the earth, by not being led into a large spot of moist ground, that their efficiency is wholly destroyed. In such cases the lightning conductors are sources of positive danger. It is very desirable that builders and householders should

have the benefit of the experience of good electricians in regard to these matters.

Meteorological phenomena are so entirely dependent on the configuration of the earth's surface that we shall be justified here in calling attention to the fact that, in the last number of the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, Mr. C. Allen has given an interesting list of elevations of all points throughout Pennsylvania, as determined by railroad and canal surveys. His lists have been in most cases corrected by careful comparisons, and the whole furnishes the most important contribution to this subject made since the publication of Mr. Gardner's investigations. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the Army Weather Bureau has a large collection of similar data, which was indexed and elaborately discussed some four years ago by Professor Abbe in order to determine the altitudes of the stations occupied by its observers. The contour map of the United States just published by Mr. Gannett, of the Hayden Geological Survey, is a very great advance, in this respect, over any thing of the kind that has hitherto appeared, although it is but a first attempt, and subject to much further revision.

Jordan, of Carlsruhe, contributes to the theory of atmospheric refractions an article in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, in which he shows that, without making any assumption as to the decrease of temperature with altitude, we may, by a general assumption simply as to the curvature of the ray of light, obtain simpler tables and better results than by any of the tables now in use. Inversely, then, the average temperature of the air can be determined from refraction observations, as others have done from barometric observations, and thus valuable new meteorological results arrived at.

Professor Houston, of the Philadelphia High School, states that he is at work on a proposed improvement of the barometer, in which he hopes, by means of a scale floated on the surface of the mercury, to read with greater care and precision the atmospheric pressure.

The Thorell meteorograph exhibited in the Swedish section of the Centennial Exhibition is well worthy the attention of those desiring a cheap and complete self-recording apparatus.

In a paper read before the London Royal Society, Mr. Broun presents further studies of the simultaneous barometrical variations in India, in which he develops ideas previously hinted at by him, and concludes that the attraction of gravitation is not the only attractive force concerned in the variations of atmospheric pressure.

The observatory of Melbourne has published three fine volumes of meteorological observations made in 1872, 1873, and 1874 throughout the colony of Victoria. It is to be hoped that the extensive meteorological system of the various colonial governments in Australia may soon be continued in such a way as to give us a daily weather map for the whole of that continent. Mr. Cellery writes that he has already joined in the world-wide system of simultaneous observations.

It is stated that already Japan has, through its Bureau of Education, decided upon a national system of weather study, as did China a few years ago through its Department of Customs.

In *Physics*, the month has produced some papers of note. Dvorák has studied certain attractions and repulsions observed in the vicinity of sonorous bodies when they are vibrating. If, for example, a rod of wood be made to vibrate slowly, and a small square of paper suspended by a silk filament be moved slowly around it, the surface of the paper being preserved vertical, it will be noticed that in certain positions there will be attraction, and in certain others repulsion of the paper. The author attributes these movements to currents of air generated by the vibrating mass, and proves his theory by a number of highly interesting experiments.

The intimate relation between the diffusion, the viscosity, and the conductibility of a gas on the mechanical theory of heat renders interesting some careful experiments of Kundt and Warburg upon the last two properties of gases above given. The results obtained give for the friction co-efficient of air at 15° the number 0.000189, for hydrogen 0.0000923, and for carbon dioxide 0.000152. The value obtained for aqueous vapor was 0.0000975. The correspondence between these numbers obtained in a good vacuum and those of Graham and Maxwell at ordinary pressures, proves that this co-efficient is independent of pressure. The co-efficient of conductibility was determined from the time which a thermometer placed in the gas required to cool. At a certain limit of pressure the influence of convection disappeared, the cooling being due solely to radiation and conduction. By obtaining the most complete vacuum possible, they saw the rapidity of cooling become independent of the form of the vessel, and hence the conductibility is nil. In this way they showed the conductibility of hydrogen to be 7.1 times that of air, while that of carbon dioxide is 0.59. A curious fact observed was that the rapidity of cooling is by far the best test of the perfection of a vacuum.

Julius Thomsen has published a memoir on the heat of neutralization of chemical substances, in which he gives the following conclusions: the differences observed in the results obtained disappear if the substances used be mixed in aqueous solution. The bases soluble in water are thermally divided into two groups: 1st, that of the hydrates, represented by potassium hydrate; and 2d, that of the anhydrides, represented by ammonia, the typical heat of neutralization being for the first group for one molecule of normal sulphate 31,300 calories, and for the second group 28,200 calories, at 18°. For the insoluble bases only the apparent heat of neutralization can be measured, and this is the sum of the true neutralization heat and that of solution of the base. If the former be the same for the bases of the magnesia series (Mg, Mn, Fe, Ni, Co, Zn, Cu) as for the alkali earths, the heat of solution of these bodies will be negative, that of copper, for example, being −12,800 calories.

Heumann has published in full his memoir on the theory of luminous flames, in which the results of an extended investigation are given. He maintains that there are three separate causes which may destroy the luminosity of gas—subtraction of heat, dilution of the gas, and oxidation of the illuminants. Those hydrocarbon flames which lose their luminosity by cooling them, recover it again when they are heated. Those which lose it by dilution with air or with indifferent gases, recover it by raising the tem-

perature of the flame. Those flames which lose their brightness by the moderate introduction of oxygen, which oxidizes the carbon directly, are made bright again upon diluting the oxygen.

Potier has examined mathematically the question of the influence which the motion of matter exerts upon luminous ether waves.

Salet has examined the spectrum of nitrogen and of the alkali metals in Geissler tubes. He observed that sodium sealed with nitrogen in a tube under a slight pressure did not always cause the disappearance of the bands in the nitrogen spectrum, but that it appeared even to absorb the nitrogen and to become black. This nitride, treated with water, gave the reactions of ammonia. In his opinion, therefore, the bands in the nitrogen spectrum are not changed when treated with sodium, unless the nitrogen is actually absorbed by the sodium, when the spectrum changes, of course, to that of sodium vapor, which was the spectrum supposed by Schuster to be that of nitrogen.

Vogel has published additional facts concerning the effect of certain coloring matters upon the sensitiveness of silver bromide to different portions of the spectrum. He finds, for example, that a dilute solution of methylrosaniline picrate increases powerfully this sensitiveness for the red rays between B and C.

Cazin has sought to establish a relation between the heat produced by the magnetization and the demagnetization of iron, the amount of magnetism alternately lost or gained by the core and the position of the poles, and in this way to get an approximate value for the magnetic equivalent of heat.

In *Chemistry*, Janovsky has published a paper on equivalence, in which he maintains with good reason that the only rational basis for this property of atoms, as well as for the correlative one of combining weight, is to be found in the dynamical theory of work.

Zöller has made a series of experiments upon the antiseptic and disinfecting properties of carbon disulphide, from which it appears that this substance is quite remarkable in this direction. Since it appears that mould and putrefaction can not take place in air containing a comparatively small quantity of this vapor, the author especially recommends such an atmosphere for preserving meat and other food during the process of transportation to the consumer.

Suilliot finds that borax is not the excellent antiseptic that has been claimed, though it is equal in this regard to salt. But he gives the results of some experiments with calcium borate, which seem to show that this salt has antiseptic powers of considerable value. He believes that by the action of the meat the salt is decomposed, yielding a simple borate, which preserves from decomposition, while the boric acid thus set free preserves it from mould.

Troost and Hautefeuille have observed that when boron chloride is passed through a heated porcelain tube, silicon chloride and aluminum chloride are formed. Even pure silica and pure alumina are thus attacked. Silicon chloride does not attack porcelain, but is decomposed by alumina. Both chlorides attack zirconia and titanic oxide readily.

Hornberger has attempted to introduce zirconia into organic compounds, and has studied this earth at length. He concludes, first, that the similarity with silicon which is so striking in inorganic chemistry does not hold in organic; since, second, zirconia can not unite with alcohol radicals to form a sort of ether in which it plays the part of an acid; and third, zirconia plays a decidedly positive part in organic compounds, this element replacing readily only acid hydrogen.

Godeffroy has redetermined with care the atomic weights of rubidium and cæsium. The metals were separated from each other and from potassium by crystallization as alums, the last traces of rubidium being removed from the cæsium salt by precipitation of the latter by means of antimonous chloride. As a mean of four closely accordant determinations, the atomic weight of cæsium obtained was 132.627, and that of rubidium 84.525.

Bedson has studied certain compounds formed by ether with anhydrous metallic chlorides, describing those with vanadium oxychloride, titanium tetrachloride, and titanium trichlorhydrin.

Microscopy.—In consequence of the publication by Dr. Bessels, in the *Jenaische Zeitschrift*, Vol. IX., of a description of the animal and test of *Astrorhiza* as a new genus, Dr. Carpenter, in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* for May, gives an extract from a paper "On the Rhizopodal Fauna of the Deep Sea," presented to the Royal Society June 17, 1869, in which he describes this genus, which was first constituted by Dr. Sandahl in 1847, and has subsequently been considered as new by Bessels under the name *Haeckelina*.

In a paper upon the measurement of the bands of Nobert's test plate, in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, No. 163, Mr. J. A. Brown, F.R.S., arrives at the conclusion that visibility of lines of the same width increases as the distance between them decreases; that parallel lines are least visible when there are only two, and increase in visibility with their number; that Nobert's test lines fail as a test for the microscope, especially in the highest bands, from the incapacity of the machine to make separate lines at less intervals and of less width than $\frac{1}{160000}$ of an inch; they also fail, in all probability, on account of the faintness of the tint or shade of the lines made on the retina.

A very simple method of obtaining the butter globules from recent milk for purpose of comparison or as permanent objects is given by Mr. Brittain in the June number of *Science Gossip*. Drops of milk are placed upon a number of slides, and covered with thin glass as if for examination; after leaving for a few days to dry, the butter globules will be left behind, and several of the slides will be found sufficiently good for permanent use.

In the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for April is a translation by Mr. W. S. Dallas of Otto Hahn's "Micro-geological Investigation of *Eozoon canadense*." In this paper Hahn comes to the definite conclusion that the *Eozoon* is a myth founded on a mistaken conclusion as to the micro-geological character of certain serpentines.

Anthropology.—Mr. F. W. Putnam, curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, has prepared a Centennial volume for the institution, which will include all the reports, together with a complete index, and two steel engravings, the one of Mr. Peabody, the other of Professor Jeffries Wyman.

J. J. Von Tschudi has translated and published, with a splendid commentary and bibliography, *Ollanta*, an old Peruvian drama, originally written in the Quichua language. A translation of the same work was published in 1871 by Clements R. Markham, and entitled "*Ollanta:* an Ancient Inca Drama, translated from the original Quichua."

Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, on the 15th of June, read a paper before the Linnæan Society of London upon the prehistoric pig in Britain.

"The Khasi Hill Tribes of Northeast Bengal" is the subject of a pamphlet by Alfred Morgan, the substance of a paper read, June 10, before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool. The treatise is exceedingly valuable on account of the references to authorities. Some of their customs are worth mentioning. The young men reside apart in a bachelor's hall, where they sleep and take their meals. Cremation is practiced, the ashes being placed in earthen vases, which are deposited in family cemeteries. When a chief or a person of eminence dies, his body is preserved in honey in his coffin. The custom prevails of breaking an egg as a mode of augury. The exorcist throws the egg with all his force upon a board constructed for the purpose. The position of the chips is supposed to indicate the answer. The "Tarroo" is a custom practiced by those alleged to be possessed of demons. It consists in throwing away every thing one possesses and beginning life entirely anew.

Mr. J. C. Galton makes communications to *Nature* for June 1 and 8 upon the ethnology of the Papuans of the Maclay coast, founded upon information received from Mr. Maclay himself. The paper gives a valuable account of the food, utensils, implements, dwellings, villages, fire-making, plantations, navigation, social habits, etc.

M. Alphonse de Candolle, in his *History of Science and Savants*, has some speculations upon the probable destiny of the human race. He sets out with three axioms: 1. Sentient beings always endeavor to adapt themselves to their environment. 2. Human beings least able so to adapt themselves perish or propagate feebly. 3. Violent contests between nations and individuals accelerate modifications. He concludes from various premises that in the near future the earth will be more thickly inhabited; that there will be a greater mingling of races; that the three great races, the white, the negro, and the Chinese, will predominate; and that the weaker races will disappear.

In the remote future—say, fifty thousand years or more—supposing the present cosmical conditions to continue, the effects of oxidation and human labor will be to diminish metals and coal, and to reduce the race to the greatest misery. The diminution of terrestrial surfaces and the lowering of elevated regions will still more tend to their isolation and discomfort. On the other hand, an increase of intelligence and morality may help man to make a more economical use of the gifts of nature, and thus to prolong his existence. In short, "The human race will describe a curve, the extremes of which escape our powers of observation, while the mean part arrests our serious attention. We know that one of these extremes has already existed. We foresee the time when man will occupy all the habitable part of the world, and will have consumed that which is now found accumulated by a vast series of geological events. Without much imagination, we can thence foresee the other part of the curve tending to some final point in the far future. Such are the probabilities according to the existing state of things; but the longer the time considered, the more it is necessary to admit the possibility of events unknown, unforeseen, impossible even to be foreseen, which may introduce entirely different conditions."

In *Zoology*, the appearance of the *Zoological Record* for 1874, containing a full bibliography of all works on systematic zoology, is an event of interest, as this annual record is indispensable to the working naturalist, especially when situated away from scientific libraries.

After a voyage of three years and a half around the world, the *Challenger* returned to England May 24. Our readers have been informed, from time to time, of the interesting deep-sea discoveries made by the party under Professor Wyville Thompson. The expedition has been thoroughly successful, the only drawback being the untimely death of Dr. Willemöes-Suhm. The *Challenger* traversed a track of 69,000 miles, and established 362 observing stations, at all of which the depth has been ascertained with the greatest possible accuracy, and at nearly all the bottom temperature has been taken, a sample of the bottom water has been brought up for physical examination and chemical analysis, a sufficient specimen of the bottom has been procured, and the trawl or dredge has been lowered to ascertain the nature of the fauna. At most of these stations serial soundings have been taken with specially devised instruments to ascertain, by the determinations of intermediate temperatures and by the analysis and physical examination of samples of water from intermediate depths, the directions and rate of movement of deep-sea currents. Explorations of Juan Fernandez, a week's visit at Montevideo, were made before the vessel sailed for home by way of the Cape Verd Islands. A *Narrative of the Cruise of the Challenger*, by Professor Thompson, in two volumes, is announced by *Nature* as in an advanced stage of preparation.

That sea-urchins are sometimes viviparous, not passing through a metamorphosis, was first shown by Philippi (1845) in a South American species of *Hemiaster*. He found young sea-urchins in a sunken ambulacral area of the adult, and regarded them as the young of the *Hemiaster*. Lately it has been discovered by Grube that the young of *Anochanus*, a genus of sea-urchins occurring in the East Indies, live under similar conditions. During the present year Mr. A. Agassiz has examined some Hemiasters brought home by Dr. J. H. Kidder, the naturalist of the transit of Venus expedition, from Kerguelen Island, and finds that they are viviparous, the eggs (or the imperfectly developed pluteus or larva) probably escaping from the genital openings, readily finding their way into the artificial cavity formed by the spines which conceal the presence of the sunken areas, which serve as brood cavities.

A very fully illustrated memoir on the development of the fresh-water mussels (*Unio* and *Anodonta*) of Europe, by W. Flemming, is published in the Proceedings of the Royal Academy of Science of Vienna for 1875. The paper will interest American students, since these mussels so abound in our rivers. Similar but less extend-

ed researches have been carried on in this country by Dr. W. K. Brooks, but we believe they are as yet unpublished.

The great work of Mr. F. B. Meek on the *Invertebrate Cretaceous and Tertiary Fossils of the Upper Missouri* is illustrated by forty-five plates, and treats principally of fossil mollusks. It will be indispensable to the geologist of the far West, as the different divisions of the cretaceous and tertiary ages were originally established by the invertebrate remains therein described, and it therefore forms the basis of our knowledge of the two most important formations in the West.

Mr. Riley's eighth report on the noxious and beneficial insects of Missouri contains much valuable information regarding the common and more injurious insects of the Western States, particularly the Colorado potato beetle, canker-worm, army-worm, the Rocky Mountain locust, and the grape phylloxera. Public attention is annually turned to these destructive pests; and the careful studies of Mr. Riley, set forth in clear, forcible language, will do much toward enlightening the agricultural mind. If the other States were as intelligent and liberal in providing for the publication of such reports, co-operation could be secured between the inhabitants of different States, and the more injurious insects combated and held at bay.

Among other new entomological tracts are Baron Osten-Sacken's "Prodrome of a Monograph of the Tabanidæ of the United States," in which it is stated that there are 102 species of horse-fly (*Tabanus*) in America north of Mexico, of which twenty are new to science.

Mr. Scudder publishes in the Bulletin of the Buffalo Society of Sciences the second part of his synonymic list of the butterflies of North America, and in the *Canadian Naturalist* figures and describes the hind body of the larva of a dragon-fly and a part of the wing of a cockroach from the carboniferous formation of Cape Breton.

Dr. Hagen describes some curious insect deformities, such as butterflies with caterpillar heads, etc., in the Memoirs of the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

In a study of the axolotl (*Siredon mexicanus*), Dr. Weismann maintains that this creature is the result of a reversion to an Amblystoma or ordinary salamander, which latter came from larval or siredon-like forms. The occasional transformation of siredon to Amblystoma may be explained as a reversion, but this view is opposed by facts we have already stated regarding the transformations of species in the brine shrimps, due directly to physical causes.

Engineering.—The civil engineers of the country, as represented by the American Society of Civil Engineers, held their eighth annual convention at Philadelphia during the month of June, under the presidency of Mr. C. Clarke. A number of technical papers were read and discussed, a number of interesting excursions were made, including an examination of the operation of the gunpowder pile-driver, and a committee was appointed to memorialize Congress in favor of a continuance of the tests of iron and steel. The convention adjourned on the 15th of June.

The following is a record of the leading points in connection with the late extraordinary achievement in fast railroad traveling across the continent from New York to San Francisco. The train consisted of an engine, a baggage-car, a combined commissary and smoking car, and a palace-car.

Distance from New York to San Francisco	3334 miles.
Time from New York to San Francisco...	83 h. 34 m.
Average speed per hour to San Francisco..	39.66 miles.
Distance from New York to Pittsburg....	444 miles.
Time from New York to Pittsburg.....	9 h. 50 m.
Average speed per hour to Pittsburg.....	45.17 miles.
Maximum speed on Penn. R. R. per hour..	62 miles.
Minimum " " " " ..	25 miles.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers held a series of sessions at the hall of the Franklin Institute during June, which were numerously attended, and at which many important technical papers were read and discussed.

The Pittsburg *American Manufacturer*, on the subject of mechanical puddling, ventures the opinion that after all the trials made and in course of being made with mechanical puddlers, Danks is still ahead. Various changes in proportions and in the form of certain parts have been made abroad, but the Danks furnace is not so radically altered as to be any thing but the Danks furnace yet.

Mr. Britten has lately taken out English patents for the manufacture of glass from blast-furnace slag, and a company is now in course of organization to work the process on an extensive scale. The details of the process are exceedingly simple, and the product is affirmed to be acid-proof, and capable of use for all purposes for which the best bottle glass is suitable. It cuts readily with the diamond, and is available as rough plate for roofings, sky-lights, greenhouses, and for many other uses from which glass as heretofore manufactured is excluded on account of its cost. Excellent specimens of brilliantly colored glass have likewise been produced.

An explosive material or mixture bearing the name of heraklin, represented as being cheaper, safer, and more convenient than any of the explosives now used for blasting in mines, quarries, etc., is being extensively employed in the Austrian dominions, where it was invented and patented.

The steam-ship *Amérique*, of the General Transatlantic Steam-ship Company, has been provided with a new electric light for the purpose of illumination at sea. The apparatus used is one of M. Gramme's electro-magnetic machines designed for illuminating purposes. The propelling power is a small but powerful engine. The lamp consists of two pointed coke pencils, four or five inches in length and one-half inch square, kept at the proper distance from each other by a clock-work arrangement, and which will last some four hours. The light, it is affirmed, is visible at sea at a distance of fifteen miles, and lights the ship so perfectly that all the details of her equipment and rigging can be plainly seen at a distance of over a mile. The especial design of the lamp is to afford light for working the ship. The *Amérique* is the first vessel that has been equipped with the light, and the system is said to work with the greatest satisfaction.

The Sherman process of steel conversion in the Martin furnace is attracting much attention on the part of French metallurgists, in whose hands the process is said to have lately yielded surprising results. The Sherman process, it appears, is based on the addition of a small quantity of the iodide of potassium to the melted pig.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of July. In a debate on the Indian Appropriation, June 21, the Senate, 24 to 22, struck out the section transferring the bureau to the War Department. The bill was thrown into a conference committee, and finally passed, June 29. The Naval Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate, June 22, increasing the appropriations made by the House to the extent of $3,685,000. The Army Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate, June 26. All the sections contemplating reorganization of the army were stricken out.

On the 30th of June, the last day of the fiscal year, most of the appropriation bills being in conference committees that could not agree, a resolution was passed continuing the appropriations of 1875 during the next ten days, in all cases not covered by appropriation bills already passed. The same provisional measure was repassed July 10.

On July 5, both Houses agreed to the report of the conference committee on the Post-office Appropriation Bill. The House consented to an addition of $826,000. All third-class mail matter, except unsealed circulars, is to be transmitted at the rate of one cent for every two ounces or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each additional two ounces. The present rate of one cent per ounce for all merchandise remains unchanged.

The conference committees' reports on the Army and the Sundry Civil Appropriation bills were agreed to by the Senate, July 19. The report on the Army Appropriation was agreed to by the House on the same day.

The Senate, July 13, passed the House bill providing for the construction of military posts on the Yellowstone and Mussel rivers.

The House joint resolution providing for the issue of $10,000,000 in silver coin, in exchange for legal tenders, was passed by the Senate, June 21.

The conference committee's report on the Silver Bill was adopted by the House, July 13. The bill provides for the issue at once, if required, of $10,000,000 of silver for $10,000,000 of greenbacks, the latter to be used again only as fast as an equivalent of fractional currency is canceled. It then provides that the Treasury may buy $20,000,000 of bullion at the rate of, not exceeding, $200,000 per month, to be issued in coin at the same rate if wanted. All propositions making silver a legal tender for more than five dollars in any one payment were stricken out.

The House, July 16, unanimously passed the Senate joint resolution for the completion of the Washington Monument.

Senator Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, to succeed Mr. Bristow, resigned.

James N. Tyner has been appointed Postmaster-General, to succeed Marshall Jewell, resigned.

The Hon. James G. Blaine, July 11, accepted the office of United States Senator, tendered him by the Governor of Maine.

The Democratic National Convention met at St. Louis, June 27. On the 28th, Governor Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, was, on the second ballot, nominated for President. On the 29th, the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated for Vice-President.

Judge Thomas Settle has been nominated by the Republicans for Governor of North Carolina.

Our troops in Montana suffered a serious check in their operations against the Indians, June 25. General Custer had been detached from General Terry's command, with orders to follow the trail of the hostile Sioux in the direction of the Big Horn, while General Terry should ascend the Big Horn and attack the enemy in the rear. On the 25th, General Custer came suddenly upon a large force of the enemy. Without waiting for support, he attacked the Indians. He had twelve companies of cavalry. Four of these companies had been detached under Colonel Reno to make an attack from the other side upon the enemy. General Custer's force was overpowered and annihilated. General Custer, his two brothers, and nephew were killed. Not one of the command escaped. Colonel Reno's force was surrounded, and sustained severe losses, but was finally rescued by General Gibbon's command. The entire loss was two hundred and sixty-one killed and fifty-one wounded.

The Archbishop of Cologne was, June 28, deposed from his see by the secular law court.

On the 2d of July the Servian forces invaded the Turkish territory at three points, and on the same day the Prince of Montenegro entered Herzegovina at the head of an army. Several battles have been fought; but the reports of these actions are so contradictory that we are unable to judge as yet of the result.

DISASTERS.

July 4.—Terrific storm in Iowa. Forty-two persons drowned in the village of Rockdale.

July 9.—Castle Garden, New York city, destroyed by fire.

July 10.—Burning of the propeller *St. Clair*, on Lake Superior. Seventeen passengers and ten of the crew drowned.

June 25.—A Lloyd's dispatch announces the wreck of a Dutch steamer in the Straits of Sunda. Two hundred and thirty lives lost.

July 9.—Explosion of fire-damp in L'Hôpital Colliery, near St. Avold, France. Forty-two persons killed, and forty-seven seriously injured.

July 14.—Explosion on the English war ship *Thunderer*. Thirty lives lost.

OBITUARY.

July 3.—Colonel Marshall Lefferts, of the Seventh (New York) Regiment, on his way to Philadelphia, aged fifty-six years.

July 8.—In Louisville, Kentucky, the Hon. Edward Young Parsons, member of Congress, aged thirty-four years.

July 19.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, the Hon. George E. Pugh, aged fifty-four years.

June 20.—In Mexico, the famous Mexican general, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, aged seventy-eight years.

June 27.—In England, Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, aged seventy-five years.

July 6.—In Paris, France, M. Casimir-Périer, the well-known statesman, aged sixty-five years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE recent session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held in Brooklyn, recalls a comical scene that occurred almost at the same time in the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland. It seems that the reverend fathers and brothers were extremely lax in their attendance at the devotional exercises which inaugurated the daily sittings of the Assembly. A lay member took it upon himself to remonstrate with the clerics on the scantiness of their attendance at prayers, but he based his remonstrance on very curious grounds. He protested against it, not as calculated to indicate a religious lukewarmness, but as being "*disrespectful to his Grace the Lord High Commissioner!*"

What mirth there would have been if that little speech had been made in the P. G. A. in Brooklyn!

OUR friends in the New York Stock Exchange will appreciate the following, which occurred recently in Liverpool. A newspaper of that city states that a very unusual ceremony occurred at the Liverpool Stock Exchange the other day. Not a single sale had been recorded on the sale-board up to the time at which the morning prices are made up; and the members of the Exchange presented their chairman, Mr. Richard Withers, J.P., with a pair of white gloves, expressing their wish that he might be long spared to preside over them. The *Times* funnily heads this announcement, "*Diminution of Crime.*" Rather rough on the Liverpoolians.

A CORRESPONDENT in Butler County, Ohio, copies from a tombstone in a church-yard in that vicinity the following inscription, which attests the ability of the deceased as a housekeeper and the sort of persons she was accustomed to entertain. General Wayne, it may be mentioned, at one time was in command at the fort named in the epitaph:

MARGARET,
Wife of DAVID GREGORY.
Died August 12, 1821,
aged 66 years.

Here lies the woman, the first, save one,
That settled on the Miami, above Fort Hamilton;
Her table was spread, and that of the best,
And Anthony Wayne was often her guest.

HUMOR on the bench was recently displayed by a magistrate in one of the English colonies, who delivered the following remarkable judgment: "Pachua is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the Court on its rising, and while said Court was in the act of mounting its buggy, came from behind, and seizing the Court's dangling leg, the other foot being on the step, forcibly pulled back the Court, frightened the horse, and nearly caused an accident. The reason alleged for this by accused is that he wanted to hear the result of an application of his. The practice by petitioners of pulling the Courts by the legs is one that should be discouraged. Accused only says he is a poor man, admitting the truth of the complaint. He is sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment." Curiously enough, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, on reading this sentence, intimated to the subordinate functionary that the sentence and the phraseology thereof were not such as would commend themselves to minds running in exclusively legal grooves.

SOME years since the late Ira Harris, who long graced the bench of the Supreme Court at Albany, and was subsequently United States Senator, was presiding at a meeting of trustees of the Albany Medical College. A resolution was being discussed with some warmth, when a motion was made to lay it on the table, which the judge decided was not in order. One of the trustees, Charles Van Benthuysen, the well-known printer, remarked, in an audible voice, that it was "the first time he had ever heard that it was not in order to lay a *subject* on the table in a *medical* college."

THAT was not a bad reply of a youngster the other day, who, on being asked if he would not like to be an editor, said, gravely, "No, I am going to be a *good* man."

THUS far the political campaign does not appear to have provoked much doggerel. The following, however, which had its rise in Connecticut, sets forth a fact so generally known and universally practiced that we place it on file:

The nominating days have come, the maddest of the year,
When every politician chap struts round like chanticleer;
He flaps his little wings and crows, and makes a mighty noise,
And then he strikes the candidates for cash to treat the boys.

IN a thriving town of Michigan, a year or two ago, when the country was full of agents, and almost every body was agent for something or other, a certain infant of that town being blessed by the advent of a baby brother, was very inquisitive as to where the little stranger came from. Being informed that Dr. S—— had brought it, he stood in a brown-study for a moment, when, with the intelligent look of one who has solved a difficult matter, he asked, "Say, pa, is he the agent for them?"

OBSERVING the decease, at an advanced age, of the celebrated John Neal, of Portland, Maine, the author of American novels famous in their day, and of various other writings well worthy of being reproduced in print, I am reminded of an anecdote told me some years ago by a distinguished friend, of the clerical profession. Mr. Neal, though of a Quaker family, was noted for certain eccentricities of character more frequently exhibited by poetically remarkable people of the world than by members of that sect. Meeting my friend one day, he observed:

"I have been down to L——, to lecture."

"I hope you had a good time."

"Yes; and how many persons do you suppose I had to hear me?"

"No doubt, a very full audience"—as was to be inferred from Mr. Neal's well-known literary reputation.

"Well, I had a lecture I wanted to deliver free, so I sent down and engaged a hall, and had it

warmed and lighted at my own expense; and now how many do you suppose were there?"

"It is a manufacturing town," said my friend, musing; "the operatives were too tired, perhaps, to attend, and I should not wonder if you did not have more than a hundred."

"Guess again; not so many."

"Let us say fifty, then."

"No; fewer still."

"Certainly there could not be less than, say, twenty-five or thirty."

"I tell you there was not a *dam* one!"

Within the grounds of Hamilton Palace, in the west of Scotland, is a mausoleum used by the ducal family as a place of interment. The walls are ornamented with bass-reliefs forming Bible illustrations. These have been paraphrased in verse by a local bard. One of the series is a history of Jacob, and from it I venture to send you some extracts. The brothers are thus introduced:

When Esau and Jacob were boys,
A wild boy Esau was;
Jacob was a peaceable boy,
But Esau loved the chase.
One day from hunting he came home,
A hungry man was he;
Jacob some famous pottage had
Which soon caught Esau's e'e.

Rebekah instructs Jacob in the proposed deception of Isaac, but he is fearful of discovery. The former replies:

No fear of that, my darling son;
Just do as I direct.
I will you dress up for the scene,
That he will ne'er suspect.

Jacob obeys.

Away he went as he was bid,
And quickly he them slew;
His mother straightway did them cook,
And made a fav'rite stew.

Isaac is suspicious of Jacob.

Then Isaac unto Jacob said,
"Come near to me, I pray,
That I may feel it is the truth
That unto me you say."
Then Jacob he went unto him,
And he his hands did feel.
"The hands are Esau's hands, my son,
But it's like Jacob's squeal."

However improbable the fact mentioned in the last line of the following incident may appear to the casual reader, it may nevertheless be true: The presiding elder of the P—— District, in a sermon a few Sundays since, took occasion to deny the charge often made, that every man had his price, and could be bought. He said he knew a man in the Pennsylvania Legislature who at one time was offered twenty thousand dollars for his vote and refused it, *and he was a Democrat, too!*

A gentleman in Washington reports for the Drawer the following colloquy he lately overheard in that city by two "scared veterans:"

Pat. "Jamie, did ye iver know Gineral Burnside?"

Jamie. "No, I niver had the honor."

Pat. "Well, he's the foinest gintleman in the worrald. Och, but didn't he set his heart by his soger boys! I mind me well whin I was in the ould bloody Sixty-ninth Rigimint, and at the furst battle of Bull Run. At the very furst volley we resaved from the inemy the gineral rode over like the divil to our rigimint, and stopped right in front of me, and sez he to me, sez he, 'Corporal M'Quinn, are you hurt?' 'No, Sir,' sez I. 'Then,' sez he to me, sez he, 'let the battle go on.'"

It went on, though our people didn't seem to take much interest in the fight.

One of Dr. Macknight's parishioners, a humorous blacksmith, who thought that his parson's writing of learned books was a sad waste of time, being asked if the doctor was at the manse, answered, "Na, na; he's gone to Edinbro' on a verra useless job." The doctor had gone off to the printer with his laborious and valuable work, *The Harmony of the Four Gospels.* On being asked what this useless work might be which engaged his minister's time and attention, the blacksmith replied, "He's gone to mak' four men agree wha ne'er cast out."

We suppose there is no reason to question the entire accuracy of the following "interview," which occurred recently in a neighboring town: A gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a lady some time, popped the question. The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, Sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained silent for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again." Is that what is sometimes called "human nature?"

A Massachusetts Puritan sends us this:

In the early settlement of Chicopee, then a part of Springfield, Colonel Chapin owned land from the Connecticut River several miles east. Going to the east end of his land one day, he found Mr. Wright quite wrongfully chopping his timber. Said he, "Mr. Wright, whose land are you chopping on?"

Mr. Wright replied that he was "chopping on the highway."

"But how wide is the highway?" asked Mr. Chapin.

To which Mr. Wright answered, "Where the timber is pretty small and pretty crooked, it is very narrow; but where it is pretty tall and nice, it is very wide; *don't you know that, you old fool?*"

Mr. Chapin had not before heard it stated exactly in that way.

In a certain college in Virginia there was a youth named D——, who invariably used the *whar* and *thar* taught him in infancy by his negro nurse. Professor F—— tried hard to cure him of this habit, but was himself addicted to the no less vulgar habit of using *pint* for *point* and *jine* for *join*. One day the professor, seeing D—— very inattentive, said,

"Mr. D——, please read where Mr. C—— left off."

"I didn't see *whar* he left off, Sir," said the incorrigible D——.

"I did not say *whar* he left off," said the professor, "but perhaps I can tell you *where* he left off."

"All right, Sir," said D——; "show me the *pint*, and I'll *jine* in."

At the recent funeral of a noted comedian in this city, a gentleman not unconnected with the-

atrical affairs, who was among the sincerest mourners, glanced quickly about the church, and then was heard by his immediate neighbors to say to himself, "Bless my soul, if Barney could see himself now, he would say it was the biggest house he ever drew in his life."

THE following early use of the expression "Go to Jericho!" has, we believe, never been hitherto noticed in any American publication:

If the Upper House and the Lower House
Were in a ship together,
And all the base committées they were in another,
And both the ships were bottomlesse,
And sayling on the mayne,
Let them all goe to Jericho,
And ne'er be seen againe.

These verses occur in the *Mercurius Aulicus* for March 23–30, 1648, the well-known Royalist paper of the time.

A RETIRED sea-captain of jocose humor, in one of our Massachusetts sea-coast towns, met an acquaintance the other day who was rather noted for not very cleanly habits and person.

"Well," said the latter, "I have just been in bathing."

"You don't say so! Bathing, do you say?" asked the other. "And where did you go?"

"Oh, down to the beach."

"I am afraid, then, some of our vessels or boats will run foul of a new bank formed there, of which they never heard before."

A TURKISH JOKER.

THE Turks, grave and majestic as they are often supposed to be, have a traditional Joe Miller, one Nasr-Eddin, commonly called Nasr-Eddin *Hodja* (*i. e.*, the *abbé*, or half priest, half teacher). And just as there was a real Joe Miller, who was more or less, in some sense or other, the origin of the jest-book named after him, so there seems to have been an actual Nasr-Eddin, who lived in the days of Timour the Tartar, or Tamerlane (A.D. 1335–1405)—him of the one eye and the game-leg—and who dared to jest with the terrible soldier even to his face.

Now that it looks more than ever as if the Turks were to be dislodged out of the encampment they have so long occupied in Christendom, there is a certain propriety in remembering once more any thing characteristic of them; and this ancient collection of jests is worth something as showing that, barbarous as they are, they had some tincture of the mirthfulness which is so important a common bond of man to man. If they enjoy fun, there must be something good in them.

The best-known story of Nasr-Eddin is often found in collections of anecdotes; it is that of his thrice fooling the assembly of true believers out of a sermon by three successive jocular replies. The first time he ascended the pulpit, he said, "O true believers! do you know what I am going to say?" They replied, "No." Whereupon he asked, "Of what use to preach to such ignoramuses?" and came down from the pulpit.

The next time, when he asked the same question, they answered, "Yes, we know." Whereupon he said, "Then it is useless for me to tell you;" and came down.

The third time, having taken counsel together, the congregation prepared an answer which they thought would corner their joker-preacher, and said, "Some of us know, and some don't." Whereupon he promptly replied, "Let those who know tell those who don't;" and once more came down.

This is an easier way to save sermon-writing than exchange.

Some of the stories about Nasr-Eddin are too much of a bar-room kind for general society, and some (also omitted in this account) are rather flat; but taken together they represent the Hodja as a curious parallel, partly to Joe Miller and partly to such historical buffoons as Archie Armstrong, Will Sommers, Tarlton, and their facetious fraternity, who were, perhaps, all of them, full as foolish as funny. There is also an odd similarity in some of these stories to the Irish sort of jokes called "bulls."

Thus, the Hodja dreamed one night that he was offered nine aspers for something, but demanded ten; and upon this being allowed, he demanded nineteen, but woke up just at that point; and perceiving that there was neither cash nor customer, he turned over and shut up his eyes, saying, "Oh, well, my friend, give me nine, then."

This is exactly the case of the Irishman who dreamed that the Pope offered him either cold punch or hot; and having chosen the latter, and having waked up before the servant came back with the hot water, he told his dream, adding, with much sincerity, "And now it's throubling me that I didn't take it cowld."

ONE day the Hodja was on a journey, and seeing some very suspicious-looking horsemen coming, he threw off his clothes and dodged into a tomb that was at hand. The others, however, had espied him, and one of them came up and peeped in, saying,

"Halloo, my friend, what are you doing in there?"

The Hodja could not think of any answer except this: "Oh, it's my tomb; I only came out a moment for some fresh air."

HE once made his way into another man's garden, and proceeded to fill his bag and his bosom with carrots and turnips and any thing else he could lay hands on. The gardener came in just in season to catch him at it, and asked, with grimness, "What are you doing here?"

The Hodja, a good deal nonplused, stammered out that a powerful gust of wind blew him in there.

"But who pulled all these things?" asked the gardener.

"Why," said the Hodja, "if the wind could blow me in here, it could certainly pull up those vegetables."

"Maybe so," said the gardener; "and who put them all so nicely into that bag?"

"That's just what I was trying to make out when you came up," said the Hodja.

This is much like the response of the thieving African who was apprehended with a chicken in his hat, of whose presence he averred perfect ignorance, and opined that the fowl must have "crawled up his trowsers leg."

GOING along with a caravan, and leading his camel, he bethought him all at once that it would be pleasanter to ride, and accordingly he mounted. Presently the camel was frightened at something or other, started, threw the Hodja, and

trampled on him. He was quickly rescued by his companions, however; and as soon as he had recovered himself he said, "O Muslims! behold the folly and naughtiness of my camel. Just because I have been riding on him, he has been trying to ride on me. Do hold the rascal until I cut his throat."

"WHAT becomes of the old moons?" some one asked the Hodja.

"Cracked up to make stars of," said he.

ONE day the Hodja was found buying eggs at nine for an asper and selling them in another neighborhood at ten for an asper.

"But what makes you give ten," somebody asked him, "when you only got nine?"

"Oh," was the answer, "it makes business brisk."

This is our own joke of the old woman who bought apples at twelve and a half cents a dozen and sold them at a cent apiece, and who, on being asked how she could make any thing in that way of trade, said it was "by doing a very large business."

LOUNGING in the market, the Hodja was asked by a passenger, "What's the day of the month?"

"I don't know how much," answered the Hodja. "I have neither bought it nor sold it yet."

This is like the English jest, viz., Question, "What's o'clock?" Answer, "A time-piece."

HAVING dressed up his chickens in *pechtemals* (a cloth used in the bath, nearly black), the people gathered round and asked the Hodja what he did that for. "They are in mourning for their mother, the old hen," said he.

ONE day the Hodja found a beast in his lot, and ran after it with a club, but the animal got away. A week afterward, recognizing the beast yoked to a plow, he seized a stick and proceeded to administer a severe beating.

"Here!" cried the driver—"here! What are you thrashing my ox for?"

"Let me alone, you simpleton," said the Hodja. "He knows very well what he did."

A MAN with an egg hidden in his hand told the Hodja, "If you will guess what I have in my hand, I will give it to you to make an omelet of."

"Describe it to me," was the equally sapient answer of the Hodja, "and I'll tell you what 'tis."

"It is white outside," said the proponent, "and yellow inside."

"Oh, I know," was the response; "it is a turnip hollowed out and filled up with pieces of carrot."

This is a near parallel to the old conundrum, "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" and to the rhymed version of the same theme, in which Hodge (the English lout's name is a lucky match for the Turkish buffoon's surname) is told,

> Noah of old three babies had,
> Or grown-up children rather—
> Shem, Ham, and Japheth they were called:
> Now who was Japheth's father?

Unable to solve this abstruse query, and being furnished with the analogy of Tom Long, the smith, or rather cattle doctor, and his three boys, Tom, Dick, and Harry, Master Hodge "sees it," and triumphantly answers that Japheth is the son of Tom Long Smith, the doctor. It will be seen that the formula of these cases is one and the same, viz., a question whose statement ostentatiously gives the answer, and which is answered wrongly, when a wrong answer seems impossible, by means of a confusion of thought so ingeniously far-fetched that it looks more like unusual shrewdness than unusual silliness.

WHILE making his will, the Hodja said, "When I am dead, let me be put in an old tomb."

"Why an old one?" inquired those present.

"So that when the two angels of death come to question me, I can say, 'Let me be. I have been questioned once. Don't you see how old my tomb is?'"

THE Hodja, having swallowed some very hot soup, ran out among the people, calling out, "Look out! Get out of the way! I'm all on fire inside!"

THE Hodja saw a great many ducks about the spring at the head of a little stream. He ran up to try to catch some of them, but they all escaped; whereupon he seated himself by the spring and began to dip into it some bread which he had with him, and to eat it. "What are you eating there?" asked a passenger. The Hodja answered, "Duck soup."

SOME one came to the Hodja to borrow a rope. He went into the house to see about it, and came back saying that he couldn't lend it, as they had hung out some flour on it to dry. "Flour!" exclaimed the applicant; "as if they hung out flour on a rope!" But the Hodja replied, "The less I want to lend it, the more flour has got to be hung out on it."

THE Hodja was once wolf-hunting with his *amad* (*i. e.*, a sort of pupil-secretary). The amad had made his way quite into the wolf's den, when the animal himself came unexpectedly up, darted into the hole, and would have got quite in had not the Hodja caught hold of his tail. As the wolf scratched in trying to release himself, the dirt thus loosened fell into the eyes of the amad, who called out, "Hodja, what is this dirt?"

"You'll know very quick if the tail comes off," was the answer.

This is identically an American backwoods story, with the wolf instead of a bear.

THE Hodja had a lamb which he had fattened carefully. So his friends one day took the liberty of killing the lamb, and making ready to feast upon it. During the preparation the Hodja found out what they were doing, and hastened to the place, when one of them coolly said, "The end of the world is coming to-morrow: what can you do with your lamb? Give it to us, and let us eat it."

The Hodja refused to hear of any such arrangement; but another of them, coming in at the moment, urged the same reasons. Upon this evidence of the truth, the Hodja seemed to be convinced, and laying off his upper garment, he proceeded to light the fire and to roast the lamb. After a little, the company also took off their up-

per garments, and went to playing games with one another, leaving the clothes with the Hodja. That gentleman, however, put them all on the fire, where they were instantly burned up; and when the company asked, with a good deal of emphasis, what he did that for, he replied, "To-morrow is the end of the world: what can you do with your clothes?"

One day the Hodja borrowed a great kettle of a neighbor. When he was through with it he returned it, and a little saucepan along with it. The neighbor asked what this meant; whereupon the Hodja said, "The kettle had a young one." Upon this the neighbor readily accepted both. Some time afterward the Hodja again borrowed the kettle; but after waiting a long time to have it returned, the owner at last went after it, and knocked at the Hodja's door.

"What do you want of me?"

"I want my kettle."

"I see that you look quite well yourself; but I am very sorry to say that your kettle is dead."

"Nonsense! kettles don't die."

"Certainly they do. If a kettle can have a young one, it can die."

The formula of this jest is one which has more than once been used in modern fiction, in the shape of a payment of money by gamblers to a person who can't remember winning it, but is at last persuaded that he did, and receives it, but shortly finds himself committed in consequence to pay a much larger sum, which he is told he lost to other parties, although equally unable to remember it.

Once as the Hodja was walking in a cemetery by the side of a highway, it occurred to him to hide in an old tomb to watch whether the good and bad angels of judgment would come. While he was thus waiting, all at once there came the sound of bells; and struck with the idea that the day of resurrection and the last judgment were at hand, he crept out of his hiding-place. It was a caravan going by, and the mules, frightened at the sudden apparition, fell into disorder and "stampeded." Upon this the mule-drivers, sticks in hand, beset the Hodja, and inquired who he was.

"A dead man."

"What are you doing out here, then?"

"Only taking a walk."

"A walk? We'll *walk* you!" And they assaulted the Hodja with such vigor that he only escaped with many bruises, a broken head, and two black eyes.

When his wife saw him in such a plight, she asked where he came from.

"From the dead," said he. "I have been in a tomb."

"Well, how do things go on in the other world?"

"Why, wife, you had better look out there for one thing—not to frighten the pack-mules."

There were in the time of the Hodja three monks learned in all the sciences. These monks traveled hither and thither, and at last came to the states of the Sultan Ala-Eddin, who invited them to become Mussulmans. "This we will do," said the monks, "if you will cause answers to be given to all the questions which we will ask." It was so agreed, and the Sultan assembled all his wise men and theologians, who, however, could not answer any of the monks' questions. "How is this," said the Sultan, in vexation, "that among so many learned persons there is not found one to answer these men?" While he was thus dissatisfied, one of those present cried out, "There is none that can give the solution of these problems except the Hodja." So the monarch ordered the Hodja to be sent for, who hastened to present himself before his Majesty. After having received the salutation of the Hodja, the Sultan caused him to stand forward. "May I know," asked the Hodja, "for what reason the king of kings has desired my presence?" Upon this the Sultan informed him of the matter.

"Well, what are your questions?" said the Hodja to the monks.

One of them, coming forward, replied, "Where is the middle of the earth?"

The Hodja, staff in hand, descended from his ass, and marking a spot between the animal's fore-feet, he said, "There is the middle of the earth; it is between my ass's fore-legs."

"You say so, at least," replied the monk.

"If you don't believe it," rejoined the Hodja, "measure, and see if you find either more or less to add to my statement."

The second monk came forward and said, "How many stars are there in the sky?"

"Just as many as there are hairs on this ass."

"But how do you know that, if you have not counted them and compared the number?"

"And how do you know to the contrary, Mr. Monk, if you have not counted?"

"Answer me another question," said the monk, "and I shall know if your count is right. How many hairs are there in my beard?"

"As many," answered the Hodja, "as on my beast's tail."

"But how do you prove that?"

"Why, if you don't believe it, count them."

But the monk not being satisfied with this offer, the Hodja added:

"If that does not suit you, come, we will pull out the hairs of your beard and the hairs of my ass's tail; then we can tell very soon."

"Oh no," said the monk; "let nothing of that sort be done."

And at this point the three monks (says the story) humbled themselves before God, and all three became Mussulmans and fast friends of the Hodja.

The Hodja one day found that he could not fold his turban properly. He tried and tried, but could not get the ends together. In vexation, he went off and had it put up at auction. Some one was about to buy it, when the Hodja approached and whispered secretly in his ear, "My friend, take good care not to buy it; the ends won't come together."

Some one came to borrow the Hodja's ass. "He isn't here," was the reply. At which moment the ass brayed from within.

"O Allah!" exclaimed the applicant; "you say he is not here, and there he is, braying this moment!"

"What!" replied the Hodja, with indignation; "you believe an ass rather than an old man like me with a white beard! What a strange fellow you are!"

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THE SILVER MOUNTAINS OF UTAH.



TEMPLES OF THE RIO VIRGEN, SOUTHERN UTAH.

CAN any good come out of Utah? We have heard enough of spiritual wives and materialistic husbands, of the conflict between Mormon morals and Gentile laws—so much, indeed, that many are ready to conclude that the Territory possesses nothing of interest save the phenomena of a morbid religious development. Leaving these doctrines of unrighteousness, let us consider the many things in Utah which interest without giving pain. We have for this survey an embarrassment of riches: lofty mountains covering two-fifths of the whole Territory, 20,000 square miles of alkali desert, and wild cañons rich in natural beauty

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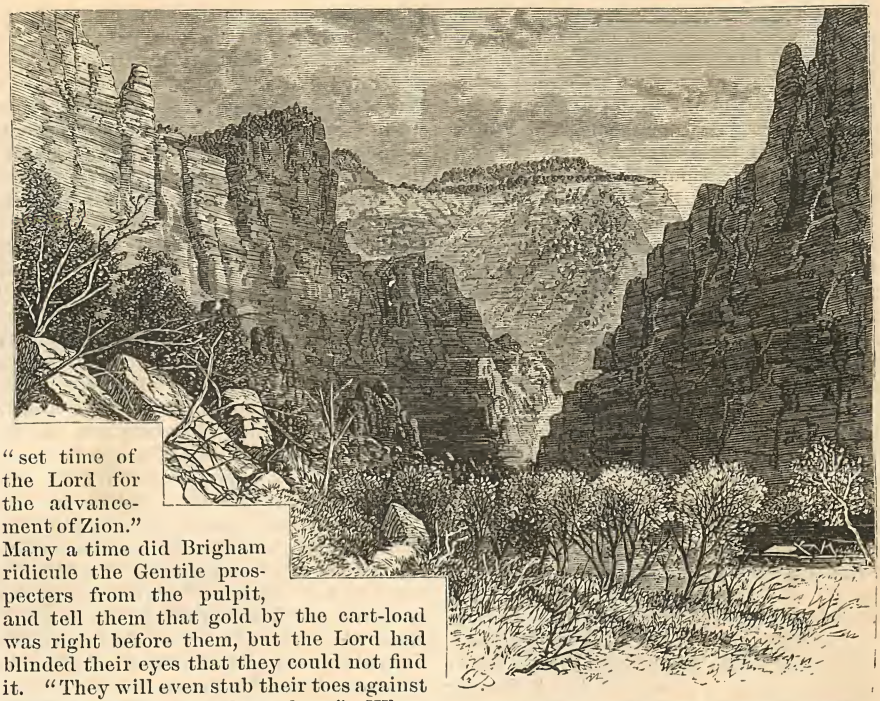
and mineral wealth; a Salt Lake covering 4000 square miles, hot springs and clear streams, mountains of salt and fountains of brine.

Could the traveler go "up in a balloon" to a point 15,000 feet above the general level of Salt Lake Valley, he would see spread out beneath him a tangled mass of mountain chains, sub-ranges, and detached peaks, intermingled with dark depressions marking the valleys, or shining plots of desert, the whole looking not unlike a map of the moon. At first view all seems without place or order: peaks, hills, and valleys thrown together, with rare strips of low and fertile flats. But more careful examination shows certain uniform features: nearly all the mountain chains have a general course from north to south, and all the larger valleys lie in the same direction; the deserts occupy the region farthest removed from the mountains; all the timber is found on the mountains, and thence flow the only streams. Jordan or Salt Lake Valley from this high point of view would appear as an immense trough sloping northward some thirty miles, widening in the same direction like a half-open fan, from a narrow cañon to a valley twenty miles in width.

Some such view I had in September, 1870, from Bald Peak, the highest in the Wasatch Range, nearly 12,000 feet above tide. Eighty miles south of me Mount Nebo bounded the view, its lowest pass forming the "divide" between the waters which flow into this basin and those flowing out with the Sevier into the Great Desert. Below me lay Utah Lake and vicinity, a clear mirror bordered by gray slopes; far down the valley, Salt Lake City appeared upon the plain like a green blur, dotted with white; northward the Salt Lake rolled its white-caps, sparkling in the morning sunshine, while the Wasatch Range, glistening along its pointed summits with freshly fallen snow, stretched away northward till it faded in dim perspective beyond Ogden. A hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and nearly the same from east to west, were included in one view—twenty thousand square miles of mountain, gorge, and valley. From such a point one can realize how little of Utah is of any value for agriculture: only the narrow border of lowland along the streams can be cultivated; all the rest, nineteen-twentieths of the valleys, consists of "bench" and table land, fit only, and that not half of it, for grazing.

Two years after, I visited Southern Utah and Northern Arizona, where a curious contrast is to be noted. In the north the most rugged mountains are relieved by graceful adjuncts; every where there is a gradual ascent from plain to bench, from bench to foot-hill and lower sub-range, and over all is a faint green tinge from timber or bunch grass, or a dreamy haze that softens the rudest outlines. Though even there half or more of the country is a complete desert, yet there is vegetation enough to maintain a feeling of life and growth. But in the south there is a grandeur that is awfully suggestive—suggestive of death and worn-out lands, of cosmic convulsions and volcanic catastrophes that swept away whole races of pre-Adamites. There the broad plateaus are cut abruptly by deep cañons with perpendicular sides, sometimes 2000 feet in height; there is a less gradual approach to the highest ranges, and the peaks stand out sharply against a hard blue sky. The air is evidently drier, there is no haze to soften the view, and the severe outlines of the cliffs seem to frown menacingly upon one who threads the cañons. Needle rocks project hundreds of feet above the general level, while great dikes of hard volcanic rock rise above the softer lime or sand stone—mighty battlements, abrupt and impassable, Pelion upon Ossa, piled as in Titanic war. Again, in the wider cañons or on the level plains one finds detached *buttes*, sugar-loaf in shape, and of every height from fifty to two thousand feet, that appear to have been hurled from the neighboring ranges.

The Wasatch Mountains divide Utah in two nearly equal parts; all that part east of their summit is still the range of the Mountain Utes, while but a little way west of these mountains the country is a complete desert. For these reasons the Mormon Utah consists of a narrow line of settlements down the centre of the Territory: an attenuated commonwealth, rarely more than ten miles wide, but nearly seven hundred miles long, from Oneida, in Idaho, to the Rio Virgen, in Arizona. Geographically, it nearly fills the definition of a line—extension without breadth or thickness. But a few years ago the total population of Utah was confined to the valleys, but since 1870 the mining interest has created a score of little communities on the mountains; and between them and the valley men exists much of the traditional feeling between Lowlander and Highlander, tempered only by the amenities of a necessary commerce. From the first settlement of Utah it was known in a vague way that some ore was to be found there. More than once a piece of galena was loosened from the "croppings" by teamsters while rolling logs down the mountain-sides. Indications of gold were found in Bingham Cañon, and gold sands were worked in the Sevier River, in Juab County, as early as 1861, and returned two or three dollars daily per man. The belief became universal among the Mormons that immense gold ledges were in the adjacent mountains, but not to be revealed till the



NORTH END OF LITTLE ZION VALLEY, RIO VIRGEN.

"set time of the Lord for the advancement of Zion." Many a time did Brigham ridicule the Gentile prospecters from the pulpit, and tell them that gold by the cart-load was right before them, but the Lord had blinded their eyes that they could not find it. "They will even stub their toes against it, and not know what hurt them." When Bishop Simpson visited Salt Lake City, Brigham informed him he could stand in his own door and see where there was more gold than the Saints would ever want to use, "unless it was for the manufacture of culinary vessels, ornamentation, and paving the streets of the New Jerusalem." Still later he preached one of his "inspired" sermons, in which he told the Saints the Gentiles never could or would discover the precious metals. "If they discover them, it will be over my faith." But he assured them when the Lord gave the word, that ledge of "pure gold" would be opened. Many Mormons also claimed to know the whereabouts of this ledge and another equally rich—"three feet thick of solid gold." It was a great subject of exciting discussion in the early mining days. At length one of the knowing ones was prevailed upon to discover the location. One ledge of "pure gold" proved to be crystallized iron pyrites, and the other, "three feet thick," was yellow mica!

Actual work on mines was begun by General Connor's soldiers in 1863 and 1864; and it is worthy of note that the first discovery was by a lady, the wife of a surgeon with the California volunteers.

A picnic had been organized from Camp Douglas to Bingham Cañon, twenty-five miles northwest of Salt Lake City; and during a ramble on the mountain-side this lady, who had a previous knowledge of minerals in California, picked up a piece of rock which she pronounced "float" from a ledge of silver-bearing quartz. The soldiers immediately prospected for the ledge, found it, and located the first mine in Utah. General Connor furloughed his men by detachments to prospect, and in a few months locations were numerous in Bingham, Stockton, and Little Cottonwood. One general difficulty attended all operations. The ore yielded from $30 to $60 per ton in silver, and from thirty to sixty per cent. lead; so it smelted freely, but could not be milled. Thus two or three tons of the crude ore made one ton of base bullion, which contained but $50 or $100 in silver and some 1995 pounds of lead. Refining works were not to be found west of the Missouri; freight across the plains was twenty-five cents per pound, and lead was worth in the East no more than eight or ten cents: result in miners' arithmetic—"Twenty-five into ten goes nary time and nothing over." Further work was postponed till the completion of the railroad and reduction of freights. The good accomplished by these early prospecters consisted in proving that the mines were valuable and the ore easy to smelt; the evil, setting up a number of "floating titles" which long overshadowed later workers and hindered the development of Stockton District for three years after the revival of mining.

In midsummer, 1869, there were no more than a thousand non-Mormons in Utah, of

whom half or more were engaged in "prospecting" for silver mines or developing old locations. In a year the mining population increased to 4000, and it was soon established beyond doubt that Utah was a rich mining country. In one month the Walker Brothers shipped 4000 tons of ore. The early history of the Emma Mine now reads like a romance. Mr. J. B. Woodman had never wavered in his faith that the hill north of Little Cottonwood Cañon contained a rich deposit. He had followed a narrow vein till his means were exhausted, without making a "strike." His faith was infectious, and one or two grocers in Salt Lake City furnished him on credit a hundred pounds of flour and some meat, which he and his partner carried up the cañon, wading through the snow. Before that provision was exhausted, they came upon the upper part of the deposit since known as the Emma Mine. In a month thereafter the most sanguine spoke of it as worth $40,000, whereat the many laughed. Every foot of additional development showed the ore body to be greater, and the property was successively sold and stocked at higher prices. In September, 1872, after it had been sold in London, a gentleman familiar with the workings of the mine presented the following exhibit:

Depth of workings	230 feet.
Breadth of workings	6 to 40 "
Length of workings	475 "
Cubic feet excavated (about)	500,000
Tons of ore extracted	30,000
Tons of waste and third-class ore	15,000
Value of ore	$2,500,000

So small had been the expenses of working, on account of the loose nature of the ore, that $2,200,000 of this had been clear profit. The mine might honestly have been sold for $2,000,000. It was stocked at $5,000,000. The result was a failure to pay dividends on such a capital, a cessation of working, caving in of the mine, a disgraceful lawsuit, and an international scandal. The nation at large has little to ease the smart. In Utah we have one consolation: all the honest work on the mine was done by Gentile residents; all the fraud was perpetrated by men who live outside of Utah, some of them our worst enemies. But we have suffered most of the ill effects. A cloud was thrown upon Utah mines which delayed our progress for two years.

The ore of the Cottonwood mines will doubtless average the richest, including silver and lead, in Central Utah. It carries from $100 to $200 per ton in silver, and from thirty to sixty per cent. in lead. Thus the metal is still at least ninety-six or ninety-seven per cent. lead, and is shipped eastward for separation.

In summer, Cottonwood District is the most delightful of cool retreats; in winter, a lofty snow-bank, with here and there a gray projection. In the winter sunshine it would, but for the occasional patches of timber, present a painfully dazzling expanse of white; and as it is, serious snow-blindness is not uncommon. When a warm south wind blows for a day or two, there is greater danger of snow-slides. In January, 1875, the snow fell there without intermission for eight days, filling the deepest gulches, into which the few stray animals plunged and floundered helplessly. In the circular mountain hollows, with a good growth of timber, the snow drifted from ten to forty feet deep, leaving the largest trees looking like mere shrubs. Distant settlements were quite isolated, and the narrow passes thereto stopped by snow. However, in the best-developed mines work went on underground, all the side chambers and vacant places being stacked full of ore as fast as it was mined. In a few more days the sun came out bright and clear, and though the thermometer rarely rises above the freezing-point during the first two months of the year in the higher camps, yet the warmth seems to have been sufficient to loosen the snow not yet tightly packed, and in every place where the slope was great and the timber not sufficient to bind it, avalanches of from one to a hundred acres came thundering into the cañons, sweeping all before them. One of the largest swept off that part of Alta City, Little Cottonwood, lying on the slope. Six persons were killed outright, either crushed by the timber of their own cabins or smothered in the snow, and many more were buried five or six hours, until relief parties dug them out. One woman was found sitting upright in her cabin with a babe in her arms, both dead. The cabin had withstood the avalanche, but the snow poured in at the doors and windows, and they were frozen or smothered. Thirty-five lives were lost in Utah that winter by snow-slides. Six men were buried in one gulch a thousand feet under packed ice and snow. Search for them was useless. But at length the breath of June dissolved their snowy prison, and the bodies were revealed, fresh and fair as if they had just ceased to breathe.

North of Little Cottonwood, and, like it, opening westward upon Jordan Valley, is the cañon of Big Cottonwood, with a very similar class of mines. Kesler's Peak is the central point of that district, whether for mineral wealth or natural beauty. Far up the cañon is Big Cottonwood Lake and the beautiful little oval vale around it, where the Mormons usually celebrate Pioneers'-day—the 24th of July. Of course the Gentiles select some other spot, and have usually demonstrated at Alta City, Little Cottonwood, on the 4th of July. There, on Independence-day, one finds himself still surrounded by snow-clad peaks, and can mix his patriotic

drinks with water flowing direct from a snow-bank. Often the highest peaks are not bare of snow till the middle of August, and sometimes not till snow comes again; but as "late fall and late spring" is the weather formula for a mountainous country, August, September, and October are the best months for prospecting. South of Alta is the "divide," which leads over to the head of American Fork Cañon—"the Yosemite of Utah." While hardly worthy of such a title, it well deserves a visit, and has the advantage of being accessible in a four hours' ride from Salt Lake City. A narrow-gauge railroad, built by Howland and Aspinwall, of New York, to transport ore, runs down the cañon and connects near Provo with the Utah Southern.



KESLER'S PEAK, BIG COTTONWOOD.

Jordan Valley is bounded on the west by the Oquirrh ("Lost Mountain," in the Ute language), which at the north end abuts sharply on the lake, leaving barely room for railroad and wagon road; and beyond the point we enter upon Tooele Valley, eastern section of Tooele County. This county contains 7000 square miles, and not more than a hundred sections of cultivable land! Of the rest, one-third or more consists of mountains, rugged and barren or scantily clothed with timber and grass, and 4000 square miles of the worst desert in the world. But it contains three of the richest mining districts in the West, and a dozen more which promise equal richness when developed. Hence the agricultural (Mormon) population is small, while the Gentile miners have increased rapidly; hence, too, this is the first, and as yet the only, county in the Territory to pass under Gentile control, and is known in our political literature as the "Republic of Tooele." Tooele City, the county seat, and only considerable town, was long inhabited by the most fanatical Mormons in Utah; and when in 1870 the opening of mines first set the tide of Gentile travel flowing through the place, they resisted change with stubborn tenacity. At length Mr. E. S. Foote, now Representative elect from the county, ventured to set up a Gentile hotel; but they led him a merry dance for a year or two. The City Council (every Mormon settlement in Utah is incorporated) raised his license every quarter, until it took one-fifth or more of his receipts to pay it, and every Gentile who smoked a cigar, ate a dinner, or staid overnight at Foote's was putting from ten cents to a dollar in the city treasury. Still he pulled through; one after another came, and now the flourishing Gentile colony in Tooele have church, school, and social hall of their own, and the young Mormons welcome the change. When the county offices passed into Gentile hands late in 1874, the old Mormons seemed to expect nothing less than ruin and confiscation, and are yet scarcely recovered from their amazement.

Eight miles beyond Tooele is Stockton, the "lead camp of Utah." Most of its mines yield from $20 to $40 in silver and from a

thousand to fourteen hundred pounds of lead per ton. Hence the ore works almost as easily as metallic lead melts; and though long considered the slowest, as it was the oldest, mining town in Utah, with more capital and cheaper transportation, Stockton is steadily growing in importance. Here we enter Rush Valley, an oval some fifteen by thirty miles in extent, with a water system of its own, and cut off from the Great Salt Lake by a causeway some eight hundred feet high. Twenty years ago the centre and lowest point of this valley was a rich meadow, and included in a government reservation six miles square; now the centre of that meadow is twenty feet under water, and a crystal lake eight by four miles in extent covers most of what *was* the reservation. Such is the change consequent on the aqueous increase of late years in this strange country. Three deep cañons break out westwardly from the Oquirrh. In the southern one, known as East Cañon, "horn-silver," or chloride, was discovered in August, 1870; in three months a thousand men were at work in that district. Bowlders were often found lined with chloride of silver which yielded from $5000 to $20,000 per ton. Ophir City, the metropolis, stands in the bottom of a cañon 2000 feet deep, which makes a very singular division of the district. On the south side are *bonanzas* of very rich ore, mostly chloride in a limestone matrix, with little or no admixture of base metal; on the north side are larger bodies of lower grade ore, a combination of sulphides of iron, lead, arsenic, antimony, and zinc, carrying in silver from $30 to $80 per ton, and from twenty to fifty per cent. of lead. From the series of mines on Lion Hill, south side, known as the Zella, Rockwell, etc., have been taken at least $800,000 in silver, leaving an immense amount in sight.

Over the sharp ridge which bounds East Cañon on the north is Dry Cañon, which was the leading camp of Utah in 1874. There one mine yielded three-quarters of a million. In this camp carbonates of lead and silver predominate, all the ore smelting freely. Both cañons are included in Ophir District, which has passed through the three periods destined for all new mining camps. The year 1870 was the era of discovery and high hopes, 1871 of wilder speculation not unmixed with fraud; then came the era of reaction and long-drawn-out lawsuits, which were aggravated by the wretchedly unsettled condition of the Utah courts. It was the era of transition from the old Mormon system of juries directed by priestly "counsel" to the Gentile system. The Saints were determined to retain their hold on the courts, or cut off supplies; the Federal district judges were equally determined the courts should not run unless independently of the Mormons. Courts of equity in the afternoon enjoined proceedings directed by courts of law in the forenoon; injunctions tied up every thing, and restraining orders confronted every body, and the weary way of contending claimants lay across a desert of fruitless litigation, diversified only by mountains of fee bills, and strewn with certioraris, nisi priuses, and writs of error. Capital fled the scene of so much contention. There were more lawsuits impending than the Third District Court could have settled in ten years. At last some of the disputes reached a



AMERICAN FORK CAÑON.

conclusion in court, twenty times as many were compromised, and in 1874 the district entered on the more satisfactory stage of steady work and development. The deepest mine is now down 1400 feet, and the great question as to whether these are permanent fissure veins is being solved in the only way it can be—by digging. The district contains some twelve hundred working miners and about half as many women and children.

Here are some of the most sublime views in Northern Utah. Having visited every peak of the Oquirrh in the summer, business at length took me to Dry Cañon in midwinter. The cañon begins abruptly in a vast amphitheatre, of which the sides rise for 1500 feet at an angle of forty-five; and at the close of a day's climbing, visiting the higher mines, sunset came while we were still upon the summit. Along the Oquirrh every peak was glittering red or dazzling white; then the sun sank beyond the Cedar Mountains, and all Rush Valley was for a moment bathed in a yellow waxy light. Forty miles to the southwest the sharp cañon which leads up to Columbia District seemed to rise out of obscurity, every peak glowing in the ruddy light; far to the north the Salt Lake shone like a sea of quicksilver, and southward East Cañon seemed to deepen rapidly until the houses in Ophir sank out of sight. The mirage on the Great Salt Desert first rose in ghastly gray pillars and fantastic forms, then rolled away like a dissolving cloud. Another minute, and from the point where we had last seen the sun great banners streamed away toward the zenith, first a rosy red, then a pale yellow, and finally a soft purple, which in turn rapidly faded into the deep blue of the sky, as the evanescent twilight gave way to full night. But just before this final transformation, borne upon the evening breeze, came to our ears that strange, mysterious music so often heard at twilight on broad plains or mountain-tops. Some liken it to the distant sound of church bells; but to my ear it has no metallic ring; it is rather like the cry of hounds in full pack, and seems at times exactly overhead, so that I involuntarily glance upward. The superstitious Cornish miners say that it is the cry from the souls of unbaptized infants, who after death must wander in the air till the Judgment-day! As it dies away it does sound singularly like the cry of a lost child, but gradually lengthens out to a long monotonous wail in the minor key. The cold air settling rapidly down into the cañons after night-fall produces the tone, as it rushes through the crevices in the rock. In less than half an hour after sunset the air is bitter cold, and beautiful as the mountains are by moonlight, we hasten down the steep trail to the comforts of a warm cabin and miner's supper.

From the eastern slope of the Oquirrh, Bingham Cañon opens upon Jordan Valley; at the south end of the range is Camp Floyd District, and a little farther down is Tintic. This ends the list of developed districts in Northern Utah. The Utah Lake Valley, which drains by way of the Jordan into the Salt Lake, is bounded on the south by Mount Nebo, and south of that we enter upon the more benighted regions of polygamy. There Mormonism may still be seen in something like its primeval purity. North of Provo, and particularly about Salt Lake City, the Saints have been affected by association with Gentiles, and partially lost the faith. Even in the south polygamy is weakening; but on the main road to the southern mines may still be seen two towns without parallels in America—Taylorsville and Winnville. Two worthy Mormon patriarchs, Elder Taylor and Elder Winn, have each taken numerous "wives," and each of their sons has done the same. The result is two villages, in one of which all the inhabitants are Taylors, and in the other all Winns. The Taylors have been the better Saints, and outnumber the others two to one, which is very disheartening to the Winns. Old man Winn is reported to have said to an official who visited him not long ago that life to him was but a weary desert, and at times he felt like fainting by the way-side. At other times he declared that never more would he go through the Endowment House and take another young wife, "for that old Taylor can just naturally raise two children to my one." It is ever to be regretted that the Centennial Commissioners could not have secured one or both of these families for our great show of native products. The effete despotisms of Europe have nothing of the sort.

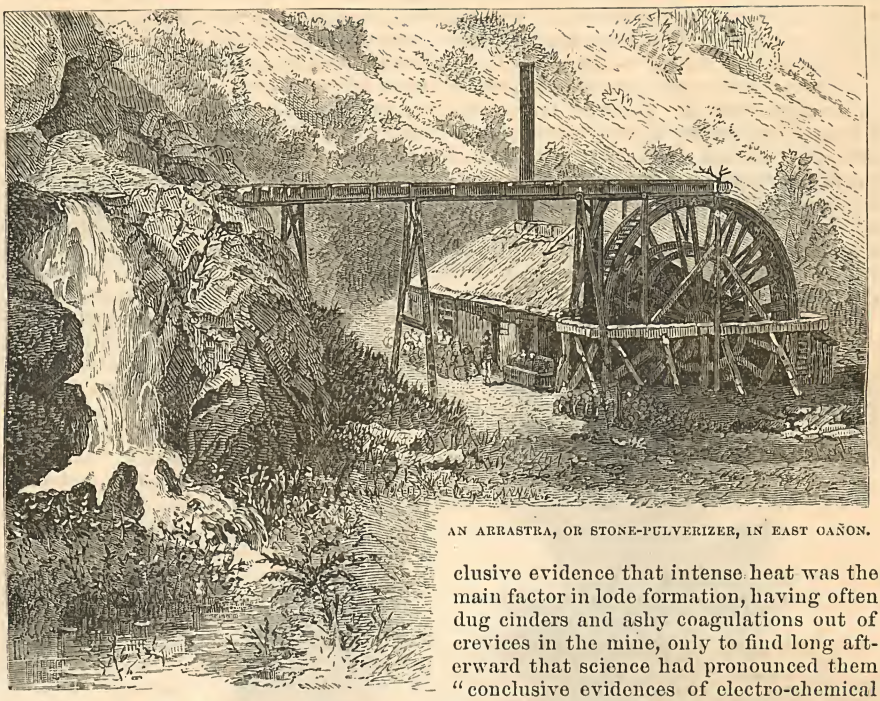
At the northern termination of Iron Mountain the stage road turns southwest, by way of Fillmore and Beaver, to Pioche, Nevada; but another road leads to the left, between Iron Mountain and the Wasatch, to the Sevier mines, which lie two hundred miles straight south of Salt Lake City. Thither I went in midsummer, 1869, traveling up the valley of the Sevier, which had been abandoned by the Mormons on account of the Indian war. With no dread of the savages, myself and mining friends thought it a most delightful and romantic trip. For three days after leaving Iron Mountain we journeyed leisurely through a region abounding in game and with the very perfection of climates. It is that of a high altitude in a low latitude, pleasantly cool in summer and not too cold in winter. Sevier District has an abundance of timber and water-power, but the mines are "lean in silver and rich in lead," and can not profitably be worked until the railroad, now slowly stretching southward, reaches that vicinity. Then they will

employ a large number of men. Twenty miles west of Sevier District lies Beaver Valley, and west of that the Beaver Mountains, in which has grown up a prosperous mining community. The Rollins Mine in that section has been worked for lead occasionally by the Mormons ever since 1852, and long before that by Spaniards or Indians. Of the lead from this mine the Mormons made bullets, which retailed every where through the mountains at thirty cents per pound. They contained at least $50 per ton in silver, and some gold, which no one knew or took account of. Out of the same mine came the lead used to fight the United States army in 1857. Now it is the property of a Federal official and his partner, who are making it serve better and more patriotic purposes. Such is the richness of the Beaver mines that they are developing rapidly without the aid of the railroad, which, we are yearly promised, will reach them next year. That county contains almost every mineral useful to man—silver, iron, copper, coal, kaolin, and fire-clay of most excellent quality. With all this the climate is singularly mild and equable. In summer I found Beaver City a little cooler than Salt Lake Valley, as it is nearly one thousand feet higher, though two hundred miles farther south. The winters are about like those of Northern Georgia. The fertile valley on Beaver Creek, with a large Mormon population, can furnish provisions for a community of 50,000; and with the extension of the railroad to that point, it will doubtless be the richest region in the south, the metropolis of Southern Utah and Northern Arizona.

Utah now contains ninety mining districts and some 10,000 people engaged in mining. The mines and improvements are valued all the way from fifteen to thirty million dollars, and the annual yield of lead, silver, and gold has reached five millions. All this interest has grown up since 1870; and if any man is inclined to believe the silly slander sometimes put forth by Eastern apologists for the Mormons that the Gentiles in Utah are "a set of carpet-baggers who have no interests at stake in the Territory," I would ask him to consider that the value of assessed property in Utah increased from $9,000,000 in 1870 to $21,548,348 in 1873 — an increase of the property to the extent of 140 per cent. when the "carpet-baggers" had been at work three years. Only the machinery and other improvements at the mines are included in the assessment, not the mines themselves. The ore and bullion exported in 1873 amounted to $4,523,497; all agricultural products exported to $392,315; and the total value of all agricultural products was $4,520,700—that is, the ten thousand miners turned out a little more actual wealth than all the rest of the population, and exported more than twelve times as much. The miles of railroad increased from 38 in 1870 to 220 in 1874; and the assessed value of rail-



OLD MILL, AMERICAN FORK CAÑON.



AN ARRASTRA, OR STONE-PULVERIZER, IN EAST CAÑON.

roads during the same period rose from $480,000 to $2,219,000. I do not object to the Mormons lying about us—that is part of their mission; but I think it a little unkind for some Eastern people to help them.

Copper is found in vast quantities in Tintic and some other districts, but the reduction thereof has not made much progress. Bismuth ore is found in the southern counties in abundance. Graphite, black-lead, native sulphur, alum, borax, carbonate of soda, and gypsum are widely disseminated, and beds have been discovered that will richly pay for working. Salt is so plentiful as scarcely to be an article of commerce. Near the lake and in many other localities it can be had for shoveling into a wagon and hauling home. Fire-clay and sandstone are abundant, as is building stone of every description, including marble and granite. Kaolin of the finest quality abounds. All the ochres used for polishing, pigments, and lapidary works are in inexhaustible supplies. The Territory will not average one acre in forty fit for agriculture, but nearly all the rest is valuable for some kind of mineral.

Scientific imagination and unlearned conjecture have alike been exhausted in the attempt to account for the formation of our mineral lodes. As the indications differ in different districts, the empirical explanations range over the whole line of possibilities, from fire and volcanic action to cold water, salt, and chemical reaction. In many of the mines of Utah I have seen most conclusive evidence that intense heat was the main factor in lode formation, having often dug cinders and ashy coagulations out of crevices in the mine, only to find long afterward that science had pronounced them "conclusive evidences of electro-chemical action." In Colorado, on the other hand, my observations inclined me to the theory that water was the main factor. Finally, and after some years' practical experience in both Territories, I determined to study it out; and after a vigorous six months' campaign with Dana, Raymond, Werner, and Silliman, I deliberately came to the conclusion that what we *don't* know about the formation of mineral veins would make a big science; also that, except from practical experience, one man knows *about* as much what is in the ground out of sight as another.

If the reader will bear in mind that the question is as yet undecided, it will do him no harm to examine the principal theories, of which there are four. First is the Eruption theory—that the mineral, in a fluid state, burst a passage upward through the mountain from some great reservoir below. This is a theory which almost every one adopts on first examination of mines, and in no long time abandons. Second is the Aqueous Deposition theory—that the mineral was originally in solution in shallow seas or brackish lakes, and settled into the crevices as the general level changed and the mountains were elevated. This theory is held by few, if any, scientific men at present. The Sublimation theory is that the mineral rose with vapor and hot water, and was cooled and condensed upon the walls of pre-existing crevices. Valuable evidence for this theory is claimed to have been found in Georgia, where the hot waters issuing from the vicinity of a mine have left within

a few years a noticeable coating of precious metal on the rock. In Utah, also, the near vicinity of rich mines to those wonderful hot springs, with evidences of volcanic action, strengthens the theory. Last is the Electro-Chemical or Wave-Convulsion theory—that electric currents passing around the earth, with an occult action in the rock, have "concentrated" the ore particles from all the adjacent rock into the vein. I shall not elaborate this theory, for two reasons: I do not fully understand it myself, and know but two men in America who do, and judge, therefore, it would not be clear to the general reader. In Colorado this theory is widely accepted; in Utah the tendency of experienced thinkers is toward the Sublimation theory.



CACTUS GROWTH ON DESERT SOUTH OF ST. GEORGE.

When I say that the non-Mormon population, which did not exceed 1000 in 1869, now numbers at least 15,000, and that four-fifths of these are men, the reader will doubtless feel curious as to the effect on Mormonism. The first effect, of course, was a furious effervescence—a social phenomenon similar to the chemical action when acids rouse a dormant alkali. The Saints (which is the modest self-designation of the Mormons) were the most conservative people in the world, the new-comers the most restless and innovating; the Saints complete devotees of a theocracy, the Gentiles furiously democratic; the former perfectly willing to have all their voting done by a priesthood, the latter determined on organizing political parties and discussing public questions as in the communities from which they came. Of course there was trouble. The Mormon Church officials appoint all the Territorial officers, and then have the people elect them by a unanimous vote. Every ballot is marked and numbered, and if, as rarely happens, any Saint votes against the Church ticket, he (or she!) is promptly disciplined. A gentleman who was present and saw it, states that John D. Lee, the butcher of Mountain Meadows, stood at the polls in his town and cast three hundred and fifty votes—for himself and each of his eighteen wives, for his thirty sons and their wives, for his daughters and their husbands, and for all the neighbors who sent their ballots along by him! The Gentiles paid more than half the taxes, but had no voice in the government. The Saints had absolute control of all the courts and juries, and laughed at those who talked of punishing Lee and his fellow-assassins. The first fight of the Gentiles was against the Mormon Probate Courts. In this they were victorious before the Supreme Court of the United States, and now only the United States District Courts have general jurisdiction. But the Saints still have a majority of the jury; so the Mountain Meadows assassins can be brought to trial, but can not be convicted. Meanwhile free speech and a free press were established.

Eight years ago we were hedged in at every point. There was literally no safety or liberty for a non-Mormon here, except in silence and submission. Z. Snow, Esq., attorney for the Church, gave notice, in his speech before the United States Court, that if the Mormon Probate Court were not allowed criminal jurisdiction, "streams of blood would flow in the streets of this city." Brigham Young I have repeatedly heard curse every official here, announce that they could only stay by sufferance, and had no legal rights here whatever. The change cost the blood of some good men. Eight years ago we published our little daily paper in the upper story of a stone building, with a hatchway ready to be thrown open at any moment to cut off a mob; and when the editor went out at night he took the middle of the street, and kept his hand on his revolver. Now there is not a valley in Utah so remote but a man may speak, write, or print what he pleases, and they dare not touch him. The first Gentile who married a Mormon's "plural" wife was shot dead on Main Street. Now such a marriage is as safe in Utah as it would be in Ohio. The first Gentile who ventured to contest a case with the city was brutally murdered by a band of the "secret police." Now such a case can be tried on its merits with perfect safety.

A Liberal party has been organized, and cast 5000 votes in 1874; it controls one county and half a dozen towns, and if Congress could only be persuaded to guarantee us a free ballot, would soon have a healthful minority in the Legislature. Three things the Liberals intend to have, and will keep up the fight till they get them: a free ballot, free trade, and a system of accountability among public officials. But, aside from these, there is an irreconcilable difference between theocracy and republicanism; and no matter how able the officials the President sends to Utah, the trouble will continue all the same till the question as to which is to be paramount is settled. I know many of the young Mormons are delighted with the change; the old ones resist it most stubbornly, and with a great deal of ingenuity. Congress ought to give the Territory an amended jury law and a free ballot, then the minority would hold its own and increase.

As to polygamy, I am sure it is on the decline. Indeed, there has been no subsequent period in Mormon history when there were so many polygamous marriages as from 1852 to 1857. The young people are disgusted with it. One phase of the subject is especially repulsive—the mixtures of blood-relationship. Some cases within my knowledge have given rise to consanguineous puzzles that will bother the Master in Chancery, if the estates ever get into court.

HAYDON AND HIS FRIENDS.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON was born at Plymouth, in Devonshire, England, January 26, 1786. Sixty years after, borne down in the weary struggle of life, he lay dead in his painting-room in London, shot through the brain by his own hand. Three months before his death, while still somewhat hopeful of success in his last effort, he had written in his journal, "It is glorious to fight a *last* battle—*nous verrons*." He also wrote an epitaph which he wished inscribed on his tombstone when the time came. It embodies his own estimate of his career:

"Here lieth the body of BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, an English Historical Painter, who, in a struggle to make the People, the Legislature, the Nobility, and the Sovereign of England give due dignity and rank to the highest Art, which had ever languished, and until the Government interferes will ever languish in England, fell a victim to his ardor and his love of country: an evidence that to seek the benefit of your Country, by telling the truth to Power, is a crime that can only be expiated by the ruin and destruction of the man who is so patriotic and imprudent. He died believing in Christ as the Mediator and Advocate of Mankind.

"'What various ills the Painter's life assail—
Pride, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail.'"

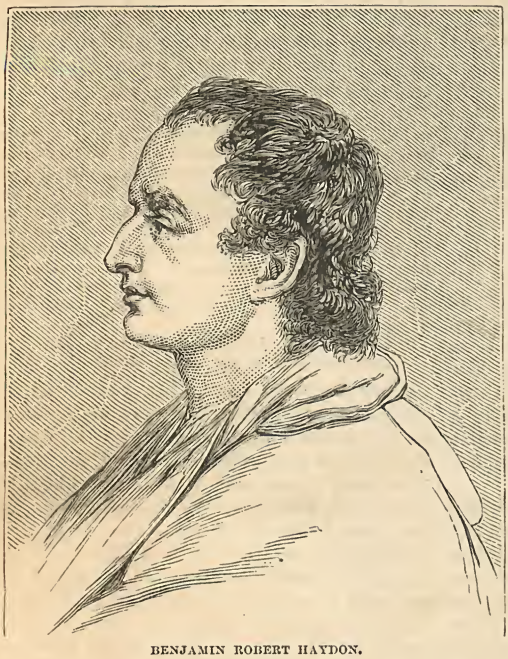
During almost all his life, and down to his last day, Haydon kept a journal in which he noted down incidents as they occurred, the progress of his own labors, and his opinions upon books, men, and art; this fills nearly thirty huge ledger-like volumes. A few years before his death he began an autobiography, which was brought down to his thirty-fourth year. A life of Haydon, prepared from these materials by Mr. Tom Taylor, deservedly ranks among the best works of its class.* During the present year a son of the painter, an officer of the British navy, has put forth a memoir of his father.† This work, while serving to revive interest in the subject, adds little to our knowledge of it. Mr. Frederick Haydon frankly acknowledges that he is "neither a painter nor a literary man; her Majesty's royal navy does not instruct the midshipmen in literature or art." The memoir is unsatisfactory as a whole, although it contains some characteristic anecdotes; the correspondence has little of special interest; the so-called table-talk consists mainly of bits from Haydon's journal, many of which had already been given by Mr. Taylor, to whose work we must still mainly look for information as to its subject. Neither book enables us fairly to judge of Haydon's place in art, though there are not

* *Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited by TOM TAYLOR, Esq. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† *Benjamin Robert Haydon:* Correspondence and Table-Talk; with a Memoir by his Son, FREDERICK WORDSWORTH HAYDON. In two volumes. London: Chatto and Windus. 1876.

a few, and their number seems to be increasing, who assign to him the foremost place among English historical painters.

Haydon was the only son of a prosperous printer and stationer, who wished him to engage in and succeed to the business. He received a good education, learned to draw cleverly, and resolved to become a historical painter, although he had never seen a tolerable picture or sculpture, and knew nothing of art beyond what he had learned from engravings, and from Reynolds's *Discourses*. To his wish there was an obstacle which one would have supposed insuperable. In his sixteenth year he was attacked by an inflammation of the eyes which rendered him for a time wholly blind; and when he at length partially recovered, he "found that his natural sight was gone." As we understand it, in addition to permanent weakness, his eyes had lost their normal power of adapting themselves to different distances. His son thus describes his manner of working at his best:



BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

"His natural sight was of little or no use to him at any distance, and he would wear, one pair over another, sometimes two or three pairs of large round concave spectacles, so powerful as greatly to diminish objects. He would mount his steps, look at you through one pair of glasses, then push them back on his head, and paint with his naked eye close to the canvas. After some minutes he would pull down one pair of his glasses, look at you, then step down, walk slowly backward to the wall, and study the effect through one, two, or three pair of spectacles; then, with one pair only, look long and steadily in the looking-glass at the side to examine the reflection of his work; then mount his steps, and paint again. Without his glasses he could see nothing distinctly."

The boy was not disheartened by this infirmity of vision. "I can see enough," he said; "and see or not see, I will be a painter; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first." He might have gained greater confidence from the example of the great composer, the deaf Beethoven. Finding him bent on his purpose, his father gave a reluctant though not ungracious consent that he should go up to London and study in the Academy. He was then a slender but athletic youth of nineteen, with aquiline features, ruddy complexion, bluish-gray eyes, and black curly hair, which early grew white and thin, and in time left him almost bald.

The morning after his arrival he rushed to the exhibition, and looked about for historical paintings, of which he had never seen one. The most admired paintings of that year were the "Gil Blas" of Opie and the "Shipwrecked Sailor Boy" of Westall. "I'm not afraid of you," was his self-confident comment. The next day he bought casts of the head of Laocoon, and of hands, arms, and feet, and before night was hard at work drawing from the round and studying anatomical plates. The first Sunday he went to church, fell on his knees, and prayed to God to bless his efforts to reform the national taste in art. We think that during his whole life he never began a picture, unless it were a portrait, without fervently imploring the Divine blessing. For three months he worked from early dawn until far into the night, scarcely speaking to a human being. "I wanted no guide," he says. "To apply myself night and day, to seclude myself from society, to keep the Greeks and the great Italians in view, to endeavor to unite form, color, light, shadow, and expression, was my constant determination. I was resolved to be a great painter, to honor my country, to rescue art from that stigma of incapacity which was impressed upon it."

At length he bethought himself of a letter of introduction which he had brought to Mr. Prince Hoare, an amiable gentleman, who, failing to make himself a painter, remained a connoisseur and friend of artists. Hoare gave him a letter to Northcote, a Plymouth boy, who had been successful in London as a portrait painter. The old man peered sharply through his spectacles, glanced over the letter, and said, in the broad Devonshire dialect, which he had not got rid of during

his forty years in London: "Zo ye mayne to be a peintur; aand what sort o' peintur?" "A historical painter." "Heestorical peintur! Whoy, ye'll staarve wi' a boondle o' streaw oonder yeer heead"—a prophecy destined to almost literal fulfillment. Then, reading the letter again, he went on: "Aand Meestur Hoare zays ye're stoodyin' aanatomie. Thaat's no yuse. Sir Joshua deedn't kneaw it; aand whoy shuld ye waan't to kneaw what he deedn't?" "But Michael Angelo did." "Meechel Aangelo! whaat's he got to du heere? Ye must peint pertraits heere." "But I won't, Sir." "Ye waan't! But ye moost." Opie, to whom Hoare had also given him a letter, took a different view of the case: "You are studying anatomy: master it. If I were of your age, I would do the same." "But Mr. Northcote says it's of no use." "Never mind what he says. He doesn't know it himself, and would like to keep you as ignorant."

So Haydon went on studying anatomy and drawing by himself until after Christmas, when he entered as a student in the school of the Royal Academy. Not very long afterward came a tall, pale, awkward young Scotchman, with a fine eye, short nose, and coarse mouth; very quiet unless aroused by argument, when he became eager and voluble. His name was David Wilkie, and between him and Haydon a sort of friendship was struck up which lasted through life, although David was not overfond of giving proof of it when Benjamin fell into difficulties. David had the national organ of "getting along" finely developed. To Haydon he once gave this canny counsel: "If ye joost want to get along in the warld, it's not condoocive to your interests to be *too recht*. It's better joost to let others believe they're recht and you wrang." Meanwhile David's shyness, awkward figure, and shabby attire made him a butt with the students. In lack of a model, Haydon once found him in his garret, stark naked, drawing from his own figure by the help of a mirror. "It's joost capital practice," said the imperturbable David. His drawings soon became admirable, and in character and grouping reminded one of Teniers. He had brought a letter of introduction to Lord Mansfield, himself a Scotchman, who commissioned him to paint a picture from one of his drawings. This was the famous "Village Politicians." No price was named, and one day his lordship, happening into the studio, asked, "How much am I to pay you for this picture, Mr. Wilkie?" "I hope," said the trembling artist, "that your lordship will not think fifteen guineas too much." His lordship thought this too much, and advised the painter to consult his friends. When the exhibition approached, the hanging committee gave the best place to the "Village Politicians." At the private view the great and glorious Prince Regent honored it with his august approval, and the *News* of the next day said, "A young man by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." At the public exhibition the crowd was so great around the picture that there was no getting near it. Lord Mansfield became anxious to make sure of his prize. "I believe, Mr. Wilkie," he said, "I owe you fifteen guineas; shall I give you a check?" David reminded his patron that he had thought this too much, and had advised him to consult his friends, who thought it too little. "Oh, but I considered it a bargain," said his lordship. "Did you, upon your honor, my lord?" "I did, upon my honor." "Then the picture is your lordship's for fifteen guineas." "Now, then," said his lordship, "I hope you will accept a check for thirty guineas." Honest David had wisely not made himself *too recht*, and thereby gained on the spot fifteen guineas, the parents in due time of many more.



DAVID WILKIE IN ARGUMENT.

Wilkie became famous at once. Lord Mulgrave and the excellent Sir George Beaumont were noted connoisseurs in those days. The former commissioned Wilkie to paint "The Rent Day," the latter, "The Blind Fiddler," and both sounded the praises of the

young Scotchman. "If a young man," says Haydon, "wanted to be puffed at dinners until Academicians grew black in the face, Lord Mulgrave and Sir George were the men to do it." Sir George, with perhaps pardonable exaggeration, described Wilkie as "a young man who came to London, saw a picture by Teniers, then rushed home and painted the 'Village Politicians' at once—at once, my dear Lady Mulgrave, at once."

Poor David suddenly became the rage. No wonder that for a time he lost his head. He bloomed out—much as Dickens did, *long after*, under like circumstances—into a flashy imitation of a dandy. But his heart was, after all, in the right place; he wished his family to share his glory. One day he invited his friend to come and see him. "Upon the table," says Haydon, "spread out in glittering triumph, were two new bonnets, two new shawls, and Heaven knows what, to astonish the natives of his Scottish home, and enable his venerable father, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to preach a sermon on the vanity of women, while his wife and daughter were shining in the splendor of fashion from the dress-makers of the West End of London." Then came the work of packing, and the manifold discussions as to the way in which the precious treasures could be saved from perils by sea and by land during the hazardous transit to the Scottish manse. All this time David stood by, eager and interested, till at length his conscience began to prick him, and he said, "Re-e-ally, I've joost been varry idle," and he flung himself heart and soul upon "The Blind Fiddler." Haydon was now ready to undertake his first painting, "Joseph and Mary resting on the Road to Egypt." He says:

"I ordered the canvas, six feet by four, and on October 1, 1806, setting my palette and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting. I arose, and looking fearlessly at my unblemished canvas, in a species of spasmodic fury I dashed down the first touch. I stopped and said, 'Now I have begun, and never can that last moment be recalled.' Another touch and another, and before noon I had rubbed in the whole picture, when in came Wilkie, who was delighted that I had fairly commenced."

"Joseph and Mary" was completed in six months, and sent to the Academy exhibition of 1807, where it was pronounced a remarkable work for a student. Through Wilkie, Haydon had in the mean time been made known to Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave, the latter of whom commissioned him to paint for him the "Assassination of Dentatus," from Roman history. The picture when sent to the exhibition of 1809 did not greatly please the Academicians, who hung it in a bad place. Haydon ascribed this to jealousy, and from this really dates the bitter warfare which he so long waged against the Royal Academy. Lord Mulgrave professed himself satisfied, and paid him 160 guineas, to which he afterward added fifty more. The painter always considered this one of his best works, one which marked an epoch in English art, and three years later the National Gallery awarded to it the honorary prize of 100 guineas which had been offered for the best historical painting. Lord Mulgrave, who had lionized the young painter, seemed to suspect that the Academicians were right, after all, and, as Haydon thought, turned the cold shoulder upon him. He had also undertaken to paint a "Macbeth" for Sir George Beaumont for £100. He took three years for the work, painted it over and over again, and at last made it larger than had been contemplated, and wanted £500, which Sir George refused to pay, and declined to take the picture, although he offered to give Haydon the £100, he to keep the picture.

During this three years Haydon's circumstances had changed. His father had supported him for six years, and thought it time that he should look out for himself. Earning nothing, the painter contracted debts, which in 1812 amounted to more than £600. He had also made himself obnoxious to the Academy by his criticisms in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. From this period dates the beginning of that burden of debt which rested upon Haydon through all his remaining years, consigned him again and again to a debtors' prison, and brought him into those perpetual straits the recital of which in his autobiography and journal forms one of the saddest chapters in biography.

Deeply in debt, and with scarcely a shilling in the world, Haydon laid aside his unfinished "Macbeth," and set about an enormous picture, to which he proposed to devote at least two years. His old friend, Prince Hoare, met him one day, and asked, "What are you going to paint?" "Solomon's Judgment." "Rubens and Raphael have both tried it." "So much the better; I'll tell the story better than they have done." "How are you going to live?" "Leave that to me." "Who will pay your rent?" "Leave that to me." "You will never sell it." "I trust in God." "Well, if you are arrested, send for me." The canvas was ordered, twelve feet ten inches by ten feet ten inches, and the artist went to work. In a few months he had not a shilling to buy a dinner. The keeper of the chop-house where he had been wont to dine, suspecting his poverty, told him to dine there every day, and not to pay. John Hunt said a plate would always be laid for him at his table. His landlord, with whom he was already £200 in arrears for his great

painting-room, was persuaded to let him stay two years longer, until "Solomon" was finished. Leigh Hunt lent him from time to time the few pounds he could spare. Hilton, an old fellow-student, who had made a successful hit which had saved him from starvation, shared with him his good fortune. Old Benjamin West sent him £15 in a kindly, ill-spelled letter. So by one means and another Haydon lived. "Solomon" was painted, and sent to the Water-Color Exhibition. The painter had quarreled with the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, and would not send the picture for exhibition to either.

To the private view came the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Payne Knight, who was held an authority in art, and at whom Haydon had fiercely girded in the matter of the Elgin marbles. Knight pronounced the picture "distorted stuff," and her Highness sniffed that "she was sorry to see such a picture there." But when the picture was shown to the public, it took them by storm. Before half an hour a gentleman offered £500 for it. Haydon's price was £600. The gentleman asked the painter to go and dine with him, and talk the matter over over their wine. He had agreed to pay the £600, when his wife interposed, "My dear, where shall I put my piano?" and so the bargain fell through. On the third day the trustees of the National Gallery sent Sir George Beaumont and another gentleman to purchase the picture for them. They were examining it and applauding its merits, when suddenly the attendant put upon it the placard, "Sold." "Why," said the baronet, "we came to buy it for the gallery." "You did not say so." "But we were going to do so." "Ah! but a gentleman bought it while you were talking." "God bless me! it is very provoking." Just then Haydon came in. Sir George, who had kept aloof from him ever since the "Macbeth" business, rushed up and shook him cordially by the hand. "Haydon, I'm astonished. You must paint me a picture; indeed you must. Lady Beaumont and I will call—yes, indeed." Lord Mulgrave now came in, swore the picture was as fine as Raphael. "Haydon, you must dine with us to-day, of course."

When Haydon went home he found his table covered with the cards of lords and dukes, literary men and ladies. He paid his landlord the old £200, and allowed him to draw on him for the remainder; he paid the chop-house man twenty guineas, the arrears for his dinners; he paid tailor and coal merchant. In a week he paid out £500, and had £130 left. There were many other debts, but now that he seemed to have plenty of money, nobody wanted it. He and Wilkie started off on a trip to Paris. This was in May, 1814. Napoleon was in Elba, Louis XVIII. was on the throne, and every Englishman who could afford it was off for Paris. Haydon came back in a month and went down to his native town. His picture had been purchased by a banker there. The citizens received him with acclamation, and presented him with the freedom of the city, "as a testimony of respect for his extraordinary merit as a historical painter, and especially for the production of his recent picture, 'The Judgment of Solomon.'" Forty years later Haydon mentions that the picture had been consigned to a coal-hole. After his death it came into the possession of Sir Edward Landseer.

Haydon set vigorously to work; but his money was soon gone, including a hundred guineas with which he had been presented by the National Gallery in token of admiration for the "Solomon" of which it had so narrowly missed becoming the possessor. Old debts began to press upon him, new ones had been contracted, and in February we find him noting in his journal: "I have £200 to pay next month. As yet I have not sixpence toward it; but I trust in God, who has always relieved me." By-and-by, Sir George Beaumont came and said he must have a picture. Haydon hoped that nothing less than life size would satisfy him. "Certainly not," he said; "but the price must not exceed 200 guineas;" and he advanced fifty guineas toward it. "Sir George's heart," writes Haydon, "was always tender, but he is capricious." In a word, he was fond of having lions about him, provided they did not cost too much; and he had in time abundant occasion to know that Haydon was a very expensive lion.

We pass hurriedly over the events of many years, touching here and there upon salient points. Money came in moderately, mostly in the shape of advances upon pictures to be painted. It went, so to speak, faster than it came. He fell into the hands of regular money-lenders. Here is an example of their way of "accommodating" their victims. One day Haydon wanted a hundred pounds. The usurer, who was a sort of pawnbroker and picture dealer, held back. He must buy a wretched daub for £20, not really worth a shilling. This added to the £100, with interest at five per cent. for three months, made a total of £122 10*s*. Deducting the price of the worthless picture and the interest, left Haydon with £77 10*s*., for which he gave his note, indorsed by a friend, for £100, to be paid in three months. In course of time he came to know how law expenses can be made to run up.

In 1820 Haydon completed his great picture, "Christ entering Jerusalem," upon which he had been engaged six years, and hired a room in which to exhibit it. At the private view nobody knew what to say about it. The head of the Saviour was

wholly different from the traditional type. At last in strode Mrs. Siddons. All waited for her verdict. "How do you like the Christ?" asked Sir George Beaumont. After a long pause she said, in the deep tragic tone which had become natural to her on every occasion, "It is completely successful!" The question was settled. The great actress invited the painter to her house, where she told him, "The paleness of your Christ gives it a supernatural look." Next day Haydon wrote her an extraordinary letter of thanks. "Madam," he wrote, "I have ever estimated you as the great high-priestess of nature—as the only being living who had ever been, or who was worthy to be, admitted within the veil of her temple.....You will then judge of my feelings at having been so fortunate as to touch the sensibility of so gifted a being.....one in whose immediate impressions I would place more confidence, and bow to them with more deference, than to the united reasoning of the rest of the world," and so on. The picture was afterward exhibited in Edinburgh, the total receipts being nearly £3000, from which £1200 were to be deducted for expenses. In this year, also, he received about £800 from friends and for premiums with three pupils, so that his entire income was something like $13,000; yet this melted away to a great extent in repaying usurious loans already contracted. With this triumphant year Haydon closes his autobiography. No wonder that he found little heart to bring down from his journals the events of the ensuing years!

The journal for 1821 opens with the vaticination: "I now see difficulties are my lot in pecuniary matters; but if I can float and keep alive attention through another picture, I will reach the shore." He now began another great picture, "The Raising of Lazarus." In June he was for the first time arrested for debt, but managed somehow, at a cost of £11 for legal fees, to tide the matter over. A few days afterward he was a spectator at the coronation of George IV. in Westminster Hall, Sir George Beaumont lending him ruffles and a frill, other friends lending him a blue velvet coat and a sword. He was in high spirits, for he was accompanied by a widow who was soon to be his wife.

Five years before, by mere accident, he saw Mary Hayman, and fell madly in love with her on the spot. Her husband was still living, but apparently on his death-bed, and she had a boy two years old. Before her husband died another child was born to them. They were married in October of this year, and Haydon became a true father to her two boys. His wife was a noble woman in every respect. Several hasty pen-and-ink portraits of her appear in the journal. One of them bears written across it, "My lovely Mary, when first I saw her."

The year 1822 passed pleasantly, although the shadow of pecuniary troubles always looms up. On the 7th of December the "Lazarus" was finished. It was exhibited early next year, with a profit of about £450. The next day he projected a great picture of the "Crucifixion," upon which he implored a benediction, that it might be "the grandest Crucifixion ever painted." On the 12th his first son was born. At the close of the journal for this year he gives a sort of summary of his doings during the twelvemonth. Of the 365 days he had been busy 159, brush in hand; of the remaining 206 he had been absolutely idle, from pleasure or inclination, thirty days, although even then his art was never absent from his mind; for two days in the week he was busy about money matters, though be always had his sketch-book with him, and arranged work for the next day; he had been ill twenty days, and there were fifty-two Sundays; so that "in justice I do not think I am ever what may be called downright idle."

The successful exhibition of "Lazarus" was brought to a close in April, 1823, by an execution levied on the picture, and the painter was for the first time imprisoned for debt. He was soon honorably discharged as an insolvent, no one of his hundred and fifty creditors making any opposition. His pictures were sold to his creditors, "Lazarus" bringing but £300, and "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" only £240. Upon leaving prison he took humble lodgings, and began to paint portraits for his bread. He wrote a short autobiography, bringing his life down to this period, to which ten years later he appended this self-satirical note:

"Shortly after the 'Lazarus' was finished, this remarkable man, B. R. Haydon, died. He always said it would be his last great work. Another person, one John Haydon, painted, in imitation of the former, a few small works; but *he* was a married man—had five children—sent his pictures to the Academy, asked a patron or two to employ him, and, in short, did all those things that men must do who prefer their own degradation to the starvation of their children."

Late in 1824 his lawyer, Mr. Kearsley, who had before often befriended Haydon, took him in charge after an eccentric fashion. During the ensuing twelvemonth he would advance him £300 from time to time, provided it was needed and Haydon deserved it. In return, he must paint all the portraits he could get to do at a fixed price, seventy-five guineas for a full-length, and in proportion for smaller ones; while not engaged upon portraits, he must be busy in painting historic or fancy pieces of a salable size. The money advanced must be paid out of the sale of these pictures, with interest at the moderate rate of four per cent. per annum, the paintings not sold to remain as security. If this did not keep the

painter afloat, he must pledge himself never to make any further request of him, and, if required, must make a statement under oath of all the work upon which he was engaged. The arrangement seems to have worked well, though Haydon loathed portraits. He also received a commission for a historical picture, "Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites," from which he hoped great things. His journal for the year closes: "This year has been one of mingled yarn, good and evil, but the good, as it generally does, preponderated."

The year 1826 was one of financial distress, and, left to himself, Haydon's affairs went awry. Sir George Beaumont died in 1827, and Haydon thus sums up his character:



"He was an extraordinary man—a link between the artist and the nobleman, elevating the one by an intimacy which did not depress the other. Born a painter, his fortune prevented the necessity of application for subsistence, and so he did not apply. Painting was his great delight. He talked of nothing else, and would willingly have done nothing else. His great defect was a want of moral courage: what his taste dictated to be right, he would shrink from asserting if it shocked the prejudices of others, or put himself to a moment's inconvenience. With great benevolence, he appeared, therefore, often mean; with exquisite taste, he seemed often to judge wrong; and with a great wish to do good, he often did a great deal of harm. He seemed to think that to bring forth unacknowledged talent from obscurity was more meritorious than to support it when acknowledged. The favorite of this year was forgotten the next. His loss, with all his faults, will not easily be supplied. He founded the National Gallery. Let him be crowned. Peace to him."

Scattered through Haydon's journal and letters are many keen sketches of character. Of Keats he says, in a letter to Mary Russell Mitford:

"He was a victim to personal abuse and the want of power to bear it. He began life full of hope. He expected the world to bow at once to his talents, as his friends had done. Goaded by ridicule, he distrusted himself and flew to dissipation. For six weeks he was hardly ever sober, and he told me that he once covered his tongue and throat as far as he could reach with Cayenne pepper, in order to enjoy 'the delicious coolness of claret in all its glory.' He had great enthusiasm for me, and so had I for him; but he grew angry latterly because I shook my head at his proceedings. I begged him to bend his genius to some definite object. I remonstrated with him on his absurd dissipation, but to no purpose. The last time I saw him was at Hempstead, lying on his back in bed, helpless, irritable, and hectic. He had a book, and, enraged at his own feebleness, seemed as if he was going out of the world with contempt for this, and no hopes for a better. He muttered as I stood by him that if he did not recover, he would cut his throat. I tried to calm him, but to no purpose. Poor dear Keats, had nature but given you firmness as well as fineness of nerve, you would have been as glorious in your maturity as great in your promise."

Of Leigh Hunt he writes to Wordsworth, in 1817:

"Leigh Hunt's weather-cock estimation of you I can not account for, nor is it worth while to attempt. He first attacks you when he had never read your works; then Barnes brings him your 'Excursion,' points out your sonnets, and he begins to find that he really should have looked through a poet's works before he came to a conclusion on the genius displayed in them. When I first knew him he was a really delightful fellow, ardent in virtue, and perceiving the right in every thing but religion. His great error is inordinate personal vanity, and he who pampers it not is no longer received with affection. I am daily getting more estranged from him, and indeed all his old friends are dropping off."

Haydon draws this sharp contrast between Scott and Jeffrey:

"Jeffrey has a singular expression, poignant, bitter, piercing, as if his countenance never lighted up but at the perception of some weakness in human nature. Whatever you praise to Jeffrey, he directly chuckles out some error that you did not perceive. Whatever you praise to Scott, he joins heartily with yourself, and directs your attention to some additional beauty. Scott throws a light on life by the beaming geniality of his soul, and so dazzles you that you have no time or perception for any thing but its beauties, while Jeffrey

seems to revel in holding up his hand before the light in order that he may spy out its deformities. The face of Scott is the expression of a man whose great pleasure has been to shake Nature by the hand; while to point out her deformities with his finger has certainly, from the expression of his face, been the chief enjoyment of Jeffrey."

Many personages are characteristically hit off by a phrase: "What a singular look the Duke of Wellington always has, with his greyhound eyes, his eagle nose, and his singular mouth, like a helpless infant learning to whistle!"—"What I dislike in Wordsworth is his affectation of superior virtue. We once stepped into Christie's. In one corner of the room was a copy of the statues of 'Cupid and Psyche' kissing. Cupid is taking her lovely chin and turning her pouting mouth to meet his, while he archly bends his own, as if saying, 'Pretty dear.' Catching sight of the group, Wordsworth's face reddened, he showed his teeth, and then said, in a low voice, '*The dev-v-v-vils!*'"—"I have had a horrid week with a mother and her eight daughters, mamma remembering herself a beauty, while the daughters see her a matron. They say, 'Oh, this is not suitable to mamma's age,' and 'That fits mamma's time of life.' They want 'mamma;' she wants herself as she looked when she was of their age, and papa fell in love with her."—He had once attended a reading of *Macbeth* by Mrs. Siddons at her own house, not long before her death. He stepped out on the landing-place, where he could overhear the comments of the servants waiting in the hall. One said, "What, is that the old lady making such a noise?" "Yes," said another; "she makes as much noise as ever." "Why," rejoined a third, "she tunes her pipes as well as she ever did."

We must hurry over the closing period of Haydon's life. Notwithstanding some marked successes not only as an artist but as a lecturer upon art, he kept gradually falling into deeper and deeper straits. His appeals for aid took almost the form of actual begging letters. He was four times imprisoned for debt, and as often released as a bankrupt. The entries in his journal assume a sadder and sadder tone. From time to time he pawned his books, casts, clothing, and even his spectacles, for a few shillings to buy bread. Of his eight children five died young. He had painted one popular picture, "Napoleon musing at St. Helena," standing on a cliff gazing over the broad ocean, with his back toward the spectator. To copy and recopy this became his standing resource. How many times he recopied this we know not. At the close of 1844 he notes, "I have painted nineteen Napoleons—thirteen musings at St. Helena, and six other musings." A fortnight afterward, and there are five more. Another ten days: "Begun and finished a Napoleon in two hours and a half—the quickest I ever did, and the twenty-fifth." Money comes in, not seldom in large sums, but somehow it disappeared, not by dissipation or extravagance, but in paying bill-discounters and law expenses. At the close of 1845 he was almost overwhelmed with joy at receiving a promise from Sir Robert Peel that his eldest son, who had won high honors at Oxford, should be appointed to a clerkship with a salary of £80.

The closing scene was fast approaching. Early in 1846 he had two large paintings completed, "The Death of Aristides" and "The Burning of Rome by Nero." As a final effort he resolved to exhibit these. The exhibition opened on Easter-Monday, April 13. A long and flaming advertisement was put forth, closing, "Haydon has devoted forty-two years to improve the taste of the people; and let every Briton who has pluck in his bosom and a shilling in his pocket crowd to his works during this Easter week." On the first day there were twenty-two visitors at a shilling each. The next day he thanks God that the receipts have doubled. Close by, the American dwarf, "General Tom Thumb," was exhibiting himself. At the close of the week Haydon sums up the results of the two exhibitions: "Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week; B. R. Haydon, 133½—the half a little girl." Not quite a month later he closed the exhibition, having lost by it nearly £120.

For a few weeks he set himself down to paint other great pictures, all the time harassed by duns and threatened executions. On the 16th of June he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Brougham, setting forth his necessities. From Peel he received £50 "from a limited fund at his disposal." Next day he sent back to a bookseller some books which he had not paid for. "As I drove along," he says, "I thought I might get money on them. I felt disgusted at the thought, stopped, and told him I feared I was in danger, and as he might lose, I hoped he would keep them a few days."

The last entry but one in his journal, for June 21, is, "Slept horribly, prayed in sorrow, got up in agitation." The last entry of all reads: "*June* 22. God forgive me. Amen. Finis of B. R. Haydon.

'Stretch me no longer on this tough world.'—*Lear.*

End of the twenty-sixth volume." He had gone out early, bought a pistol, and returned at nine. He wrote a while, then embraced his wife, who was about to visit a friend at his special desire. At a quarter to eleven a report of fire-arms was heard, but it was supposed to proceed from troops exercising in the park. An hour later his daughter entered the painting-room, and found her father dead before the easel, on

which stood an unfinished picture. A razor and a small pistol lay by his side. His throat was fearfully gashed, and there was a bullet-hole in his head. On the table was his Prayer-book, open at the epistle for the day, letters to his wife and children, and his will, beginning:

"In the name of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, in the efficacy of whose atonement I firmly and conscientiously believe, I make my last will and testament, on this day, June 22, 1846, being clear in my intellect and decided in my resolution of purpose."

And closing:

"I die in peace with all men, and pray Almighty God not to punish for the sake of the father the innocent widow and children he leaves behind. I ask her pardon and my children's for the additional pang, but it will be the last; and released from the burden of my ambition, they will be happier and suffer less. Hoping, through the merits of Christ, forgiveness."

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was committed in an unsound state of mind. He was solemnly interred in Paddington church-yard, one of the most beautiful in England, near the grave of Mrs. Siddons, and among those of his five children. Considerable sums were raised for his family, and his wife received a government pension amounting to two shillings and ninepence a day, "in consideration of her distressed circumstances and the merits as an artist of her late husband." She died in 1854, and his daughter, once the most beautiful girl in England, followed her a few years later.

Haydon left behind him about 250 paintings, large and small. His son is confident in the belief that "his reputation as a painter will last as long as there is an artist in Europe, and that before another century has come and gone he will take that rank in English art which may be denied him now, but to which he must unquestionably succeed."

SŒUR ANTOINE.

Up crumbling Roman stairway,
O'er cobble pave,
Climbeth one with footing fleet,
Glideth one with muffled feet
As o'er a grave.
Ah! 'tis thou of glance demure,
My gentle sœur du bon secours.

Round throat and brow lies folded
The linen white;
O'er her shoulders chastely drawn,
Under flowing hood of lawn,
It glimmers light;
Scant the sable robe's contour
Of sombre sœur du bon secours.

One crucifix she weareth
Adown her breast;
Hangs another at her side,
Unto skull and rosary tied,
In carven rest.
Spouse of Jesu evermore
Is saintly sœur du bon secours.

She hath a lowly mission,
And loves it much:
By the bed of pain to stand,
With untiring, steady hand
And skillful touch;
So she serveth rich and poor,
My faithful sœur du bon secours.

To Holy Church she looketh
With single eye;
What it proffereth receives,
What it promiseth believes
Undoubtingly:
Real to her its dogmas hoar,
My child-like sœur du bon secours.

Familiar ties of kindred
Be quite forgot;
Very name by mother blest,
Crooned above her cradle-nest,
Lo! did she not
Once for all, long since, abjure,
My pious sœur du bon secours?

Her sister mates she loveth,
And loves none other—
Save with filial reverence meet,
In obedience complete,
The cloister mother.
Dreameth ne'er of mortal wooer
My stainless sœur du bon secours.

In crumbling Tiber city,
I'd like to know,
Does she still with footing fleet,
Still with muffled gliding feet,
Move to and fro?
Whose sick-room may now immure
My darling sœur du bon secours?

When years ago we parted,
Her eyes were wet—
Dear meek eyes! within their dew
Seemed to glisten shyly through
A dumb regret:
Not quite nature-proof, I'm sure,
Was tender sœur du bon secours.

But by-and-by comes heaven;
And then, may be,
Shall our placid nun turn human,
Finding out she is a woman;
For verily
Lives above no saint more pure
Than my sweet sœur du bon secours.

NEWARK.



BROAD STREET, NEAR THE MARKET, NEWARK.

I.

ON a sunshiny May morning, two hundred and ten years ago, white sails might have been seen fluttering over the smooth blue waters of the Passaic River, and presently three quaint little vessels came to anchor in the shadow of a clump of hemlock-trees which adorned one of its green banks.

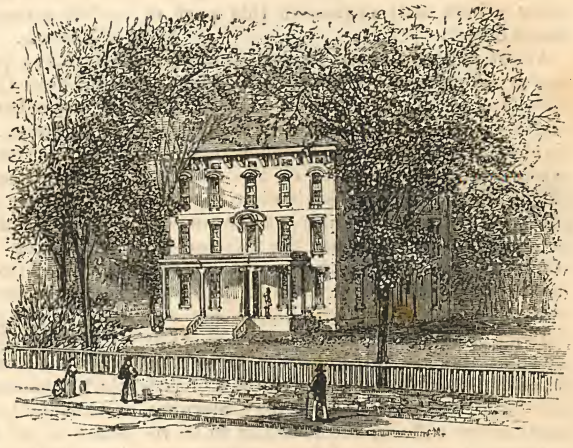
Thirty families, the flower of the New Haven colony, had seceded from the new charter and the harsh east winds of Connecticut, and were about to plant a town upon New Jersey soil. They were animated in this movement by sovereign religious considerations, and yet, in the choice of a site, they seem to have been keenly alive to the charms of secular enterprise. Meadows, plains, and gently rising hills were kissed by a navigable stream. Puritan exclusiveness rejoiced in the still solitude which promised uninterrupted spiritual life, while at the same time Puritan thrift doted on the material advantages of the situation. The country was just waking from its winter sleep; the birds were chirping cheerfully in the budding trees, and gorgeous wild flowers brightened the spring scene. It is said that a pretty little strife arose among the pilgrims as to who should land first, and that Elizabeth Swaine, a beautiful girl of nineteen, the daughter of Samuel Swaine (one of the prominent men of the party), was merrily handed up the bank by her gallant lover, Josiah Ward.

Some five years prior to this event, a few New Haven gentlemen, chief among whom was Robert Treat, afterward Governor of Connecticut, visited the region for the purpose of ascertaining the character of the lands. They made so favorable a report upon their return that they were sent by the colony, the same autumn, to negotiate terms with Governor Stuyvesant for the re-

moval of New Haven bodily to the Dutch dominion. They were received and entertained with great courtesy, but when they claimed full powers of self-government, without appeal, Stuyvesant was nonplused, and declined to grant them greater liberties than were enjoyed by Dutch subjects, at least until he should receive definite instructions from his superiors in Holland. In 1665 Robert Treat, with two or three associates, was again on a tour of exploration. In the interim, however, the world had turned over. The Dutch dominion had ceased to exist; the English banner floated over New York and New Jersey. Some personal friends of Treat, New Englanders, more recently from Long Island, having obtained a patent for a vast tract of land from Governor Nicolls, had commenced the settlement of Elizabeth, and now, within a brief period, the Duke of York had sold New Jersey to two of his lords, who had sent over Philip Carteret, a young man of six-and-twenty, as a Governor of their own. Treat found the settlers of Elizabeth quite willing to part with that portion of their purchase which lay on the other side of what has ever since been known as "Bound Brook," and entered into a written agreement for its transfer, Carteret promising to extinguish the Indian title as far as the northern bend in the Passaic River. Treat returned to Connecticut to make preparations, and was now here with his family, the leader of the party who were about to take possession of their new domain. They were nearly all ashore, and busily at work providing temporary quarters for their antique chests of household goods and gods, when they were suddenly confronted by some Indians, who angrily informed them that the plantation, which they supposed free from all claims and incumbrances, belonged to the Sagamores at Hackensack, that tribe never having been fully paid for it.

At this late hour one can almost feel the chill with which enthusiasm was turned into disappointment. There was no alternative but to re-embark. The task was performed with less of Christian resignation than is commonly attributed to the worthies of that era. The voyage from New Haven had been attended with storms, and it was as long and tedious in the fairest weather as a trip to Mexico would be to-day. Houses and lands had been sacrificed; the towns of Branford, Milford, and Guilford, all within the New Haven colony, had been left nearly desolate. An ignominious return was almost as much to be dreaded as the tomahawk.

After a conflict of tough wills, in which opinion was pretty nearly divided as to which calamity it was best to embrace, and an interview with the Governor, who would assume no responsibility in the matter, it was decided to treat with the Indians. A conference was appointed at Hackensack, and hither Robert Treat and his son (John Treat), Jasper Crane, and John Curtis were conducted through the bogs and swamps, and entertained by Perro, the sachem, in his wigwam for two days and two nights. The result was an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. An agreement was signed by which the Indians were to relinquish all right and title to the territory (now Essex County) for a stipulated number of axes, knives, kettles, etc., to be paid in regular installments during the forth-coming year. Tradition says that an illuminated miniature of one of the English queens, sent by the daughter of Micah Tompkins as a gift to the wife of the Indian chieftain, was the turning-point in the transaction, and that the pretty donor composed a song afterward, in which she styled herself the "princess of the woods." It was Micah Tompkins who concealed the regicides, Major-Generals Goffe and Whalley and Colonel Dixwell, in his house in Milford for over two years, and it was this same musical maiden who often sang a ludicrous Cavalier ballad, which had come over from England, satirizing King Charles's judges, in a room directly over their heads, little dreaming that two of them were within sound of her voice. Quite as unconsciously she contributed to the sowing of the seed from which the city of Newark has sprung.



THE FRELINGHUYSEN MANSION, NEWARK.

II.

"I am seized with a violent disposition to take off my hat to my ancestors whenever I

walk down Broad Street," once remarked a distinguished public character. It is one of the widest and finest avenues on this continent. It is not only the great business, but the social centre of a city which spreads over an area of eighteen or more square miles. And it was created in the beginning. Its bank, insurance, and mercantile blocks are substantial, and in many instances elegant. Its churches illustrate the ornate architecture of the period. The northern and southern portions are deeply shaded with magnificent trees. Here, in dignified mansions, reside the families enriched by the industry of the busy town. The southern portion of the street is now, more strictly speaking, Newark's West End. In former years the aristocracy clustered about the enchanting parks to the north. The stately homes of such ancient and important families as the Frelinghuysens, the Hornblowers, the Wrights, the Wards, the Days, the Halseys, the Van Antwerps, the Nicolls, and many others still ornament this part of Broad Street.

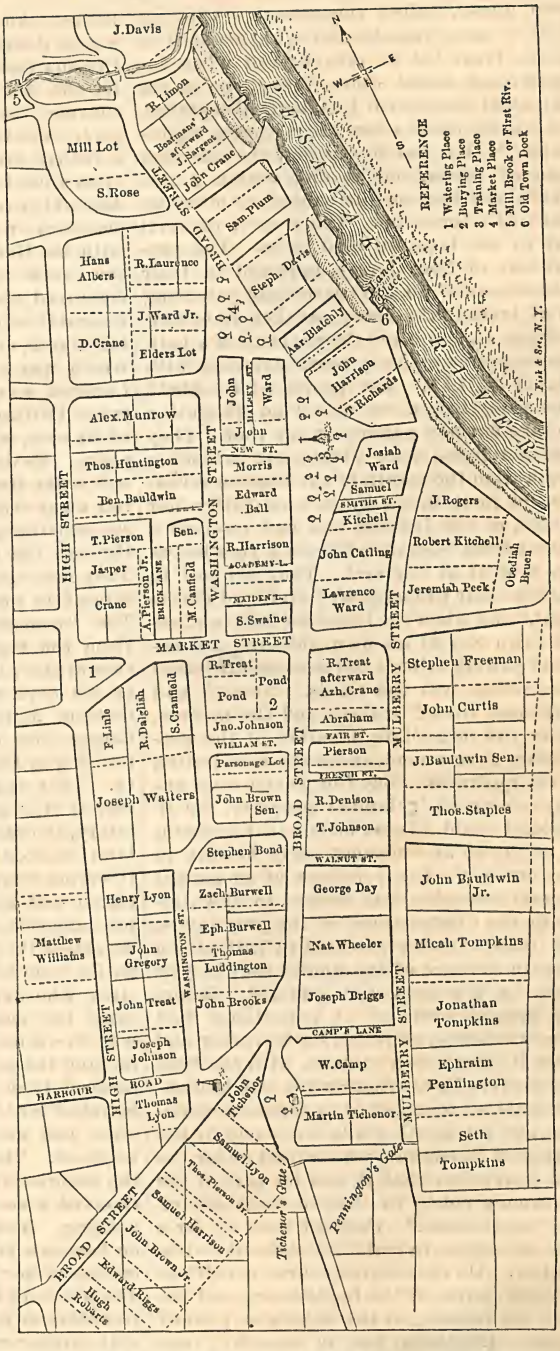
About midway Broad is crossed at right angles by Market, another exceptionally wide street, also an ancestral legacy. The neighborhood of the intersection is the great pivot of the city's trade and commerce, which extends to every quarter of the civilized globe. Market Street rises, in district-school parlance, in the court-house, on the western hill-side, and empties into the railroad dépôt, to the east. From the top of the court-house you look down upon a perfectly straight street, filled with horse-cars and vehicles of every sort and description, while the sidewalks are half hidden from view by boxes and bales and moving throngs of people. The sight on a week-day morning, about seven o'clock, is something to be remembered; an army of men, women, and children, the latter of all ages, fill both street and sidewalks as they proceed to their various employments. There never was a more useful thoroughfare than Market Street. It is none too broad. And it is exactly where it should be. It drains that portion of the city which sits upon a hill. And a very large portion of the city seems to sit on the hill, or upon the billows of hills and picturesque elevations which overlook the sea of brick and foliage upon the plains below. To the right and left of you runs High Street, parallel with Broad. It is very properly named, although the brow of the heights is not yet reached. It is lined with handsome private residences, planted at easy distances from each other, amidst leafy and flowery surroundings, and has the smooth pavement which renders it a favorite drive. The streets which connect it with Broad Street are a little too steep for comfort, but by a gradual descent to the south, where elegant mansions dot the soil as far as the eye can reach, and a mild detour, you will find yourself upon the common level. To the west, north, and northwest of the court-house the better class of dwellings prevail, the more noticeable the farther you go. Tasteful villas are scattered here and there, but their grounds have been clipped off at the edges by the scissors of industry, and they are closely pushed by rows of ambitious cottages, school-houses, and great unsightly mills. To the southwest the Germans have built a city of their own, of which more presently.

To return to Broad Street. It is in itself a great historical monument. It was along its line that the first settlers built their houses. As soon as they had obtained a double title to the land, they laid out the town. Some few demurred because so much of the earth's surface was turned into roads, but the shrewd discernment of the leading minds would not abate an inch, hence the broad, beautiful main streets and extensive public squares which are the present glory of Newark. Military Park was designed as a military parade ground, and was called the Lower Green; Washington Square was for a market-place, and was known as the Upper Green. Each man contributed equally to the cost of the property, and then drew by lot six acres for a homestead. Before the drawing the gallant Robert Treat was courteously given the choice of a home lot of eight acres. He fixed upon the southeast corner of Broad and Market streets, where his descendants resided until the commencement of the present century. A number of "tradesmen's lots" were set apart to be given to the first of any trade who should settle permanently in the place. Each man was bound by an agreement to bear an equal share in all public burdens, such as clearing,* ditching the meadows, fencing, killing wolves, etc., and the time to perform such service was regulated with the precision of a military manœuvre.

During the first seventy years of Newark, the line between civil and ecclesiastical affairs was scarcely perceptible, town and church being one. The town called the ministers and raised their salaries. Articles for religious and political government were adopted, which embodied the gist of the New England codes. None but church members were eligible to any town office, and church membership was an indispensable prerequisite to the right of suffrage. The

* "Stubbing the highways" is the expression used in the town records of Newark, which, thanks to Robert Treat, are handed down from the beginning. "The burning of the woods seems to have been a very serious operation. Every year a committee was appointed and clothed with power to say when and only when the work should be undertaken. On the appointed day the planters were called together at beat of drum, and sent to this work."—*Stearn's First Church of Newark.*

town, as soon as fairly organized, established a court of judicature, appointed a tavern-keeper, and built a grist-mill. Robert Treat was the first town-clerk, and he and Jasper Crane were the first magistrates. The latter was president of the Town Court. He had been one of the fathers of the New Haven colony—in 1639 signed its original constitution in Mr. Newman's barn. From 1663 to 1665 he was a magistrate in both the New Haven and Hartford colonies, and was the one who so bitterly deplored the haste with which Connecticut tried *to make New Haven miserable.* Henry Lyon was made town treasurer and tavern-keeper. He was instructed to beware of entertaining strangers "indiscriminately." The traveler must furnish religious testimonials before he could procure rest and refreshment. Thomas Johnson was the first constable. It was incumbent on him to see that every "disobedient and refractory person," and every *liar*, "quietly departed the place seasonably." Minor offenses, such as swearing, "tippling on the Lord's day, *except for necessary refreshment*," and night-walking after nine o'clock, were punishable by fines and public whipping. As the cattle ran in common, John Ward, one of the sons of the aged Deacon Lawrence Ward, was honored with the office of brander and recorder of them. Indeed, almost every man had an appointment. George Day was chosen to announce the town-meetings, William Camp to view the fences, and Ephraim Pennington, a handsome young bridegroom, the ancestor of the two Governors Pennington, as assistant surveyor. No one was received as a "member of the town" without a certificate of church membership, and, even then, only by a full vote. John Rockwell, upon urgent application, was admitted on condition of keeping a boat on the Passaic River for public use. Accessions to the population from Connecticut swelled the number of efficient men in the colony to sixty-five in the course of a year. And a cleverer band, taking them as a whole, have rarely, if ever, peopled a town in America.



PLAN OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, AS LAID OUT BY THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS.

The boundary line between Newark and Elizabeth knotted with the first strain, like most of the boundary lines of that period. For the purpose of untying the kink, a committee from Newark met a committee from Elizabeth on a little round hill between the

two places, called thenceforth "Divident Hill." As a preamble to the business before them, Treat led in prayer; and when the conference ended, John Ogden, one of the principal founders of Elizabeth, also prayed, returning thanks for their "*loving* agreement."* I regret to say that the line ever tangled again, but it did, within a few years, and became the subject of many an *unloving* altercation. The root of the evil lay in the insecure land titles. The proprietors of New Jersey provided in their "concessions" for the survey and patenting of all lands in the Province taken up by new settlers, and required the payment of a halfpenny per acre yearly rent, beginning with March 25, 1670. The people of Elizabeth esteemed themselves under no obligation to take out new patents or pay rent. They had purchased their plantation, extending north from the mouth of the Raritan seventeen or more miles, by at least thirty-four inland, of the Indians, and had received a patent from Governor Nicolls a year before the arrival of Carteret. They claimed to possess their property by "civil and divine right," and when the Governor sold or allotted town lots at his own pleasure, and exacted galling tribute, all manner of riotous proceedings was the result. Newark had purchased from Elizabeth and the natives, under the immediate sanction of the proprietary government, and made no objection to the quitrents. But the people were uneasy about their landed property, for if Carteret could dispose of lots in Elizabeth, he might at any moment serve Newark in like manner. The privilege of an annual General Assembly was secured to New Jersey by the "concessions" of the proprietors, and its first session was held in 1663, fifteen years in advance of any similar body in New York. A few laws were enacted. Before any special business of importance had been transacted, however, the Governor and Council came into a collision with the Representatives as to whether the two branches should sit together or in separate chambers, and the meeting was broken up by the aggrieved legislators, who retired under the firm conviction that it was no part of the Governor's policy to observe the spirit of the "concessions." Carteret went on for a time struggling to maintain authority without law. He constituted courts, which was the prerogative of the Legislature, and forbade the training of the militia on pain of death. Elizabeth was in anarchy; and Newark gravely appointed her three best men, Treat, Crane, and Swaine, to consult with Mr. Ogden, of Elizabeth, and decide what course to pursue for the safety of the towns. An Assembly was their right, and a new danger which threatened from the Indians facilitated their resolute demand for one, until the Governor was induced to convene the desired body. This was in 1671. But it no sooner came together than a radical difference of opinion was shown upon almost every subject of moment. The Assembly exercised the right of originating measures without previous consultation with the Governor, and the latter dictated the course to be pursued, and in the end destroyed the record of proceedings. The Assembly adjourned itself until the following March, and then held another meeting, which was as stormy as the month itself. Carteret was getting afraid of the democratic Puritans. The Assembly had a mind of its own, with which he was not in sympathy. He denied its right to convene without writs from himself, and his secretary ran away with the minutes. And now we see something of the blood of 1776 creeping through the veins of the Representatives. They met again in May, and the Governor refused to preside over their deliberations. The "concessions" explicitly guaranteed them the right to appoint a president in case of the willful absence of the Executive or his deputy, and they at once invited Captain James Carteret, the son of Sir George (one of the proprietors), who was residing in Elizabeth, to act in that capacity. They next issued a warrant for the arrest of William Pardon, the Governor's secretary, in order to recover possession of the laws enacted at their last meeting. The Governor retreated to Bergen, where he declared war and bloodshed by means of a proclamation, unless the "muteeneers," as he called them, "submit within ten days." So far from being terrified, the Representatives, who were many of them lawyers, became the more invincible. John Ogden, who was a magistrate, issued a warrant attaching the goods of the secretary, who had escaped from custody, and his house was searched for the missing papers. The Governor had no alternative but to return to England. The Representatives petitioned the proprietors for redress of grievance, and received a cool, brief answer which settled nothing. Newark petitioned several times on her own private account for the confirmation of her "bought and paid-for lands." The war with Holland, which resulted in the recapture of New York, followed, producing still further complication; the subsequent restoration of the proprietary government of New Jersey brought a long bill of "explanations," which took away from the people the most valuable privileges hitherto conceded. Then the proprietors changed and multiplied, and had conflicting claims with each other. Elizabeth as well as Newark had no alternative but to take out new pat-

* The scene has been commemorated in a beautiful poem from the pen of Mrs. E. C. Kinney, wife of Hon. William B. Kinney, United States minister to Turin, and mother of the poet E. C. Stedman.

ents. At a later date, after a series of disturbances and costly litigation, a judicial opinion was obtained, which declared the original patents of Nicolls in accordance with law and of full force and obligation.

Just before Newark's third birthday, the little town received its present name. A

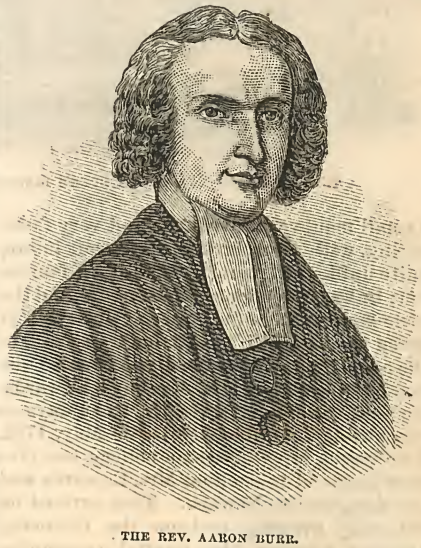


FIRST CHURCH IN NEWARK.

meeting-house was in process of erection—a queer little edifice, thirty-four feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and thirteen feet between joists—and a meeting was called to provide nails. After every man had been compelled to furnish "voluntarily" a specified quantity of nails, prayer was offered. Newark's first clergyman, Rev. Abraham Pierson, an aged, very learned, and very pious divine from Connecticut, had recently died, and reference being made to his former life in Newark, England, by Mr. Canfield, it was "sweetly agreed" then and there that Newark, which is the simple translation of the Latin words "*novum opus*" (new work), was singularly appropriate, and should be the future appellation by which the settlement should be known and respected among its neighbors.

III.

Newark is emphatically a city of churches. More than one hundred may be counted within its limits. The little pioneer—with its three rough wooden seats on each side, where the congregation was seated by a committee chosen for the purpose,* according to "age, infirmity, and descent," the children always in the rear, with a "tithing man" placed over them to prevent "misbehavior, such as sleeping and whispering"—without ornamentation or warmth, has preserved its historical continuity to the present time, and appears in the *First Presbyterian Church*, a large brown-stone sanctuary, standing on Broad Street nearly opposite the old site. It is invested with peculiar and interesting associations. Few churches can boast a longer line of illustrious names among its ministers. Rev. Abraham Pierson was succeeded by his son, Rev. Abraham Pierson, whose reputation for scholarship was so high that he was chosen the first President of Yale College. Aaron Burr, the elder, an eminent scholar, was installed over this church in 1738. He established a Latin school for boys, and an academy was built on the Upper Green. In 1744 the celebrated Rev. David Brainard was ordained, and preached his probationary sermon in this church. The College of New Jersey took its rise from the fact. Yale, where his standing would have entitled him to the highest honors, had expelled Brainard for some trifling indiscretion, and the officers of that institution showed marked dissatisfaction toward the ministers of the New Jersey Synod for participating in his ordination. "Let us have a college of our own," said Burr. Ere long a classical school, under the care of Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, of Elizabeth, was erected into a college by charter from the acting Governor of New Jersey. President Dickinson officiated in his new capacity for four months, when he suddenly died. Burr, who was one of the trustees, removed the pupils, eight in number, to Newark, where he conducted their exercises in addition to his Latin school and church duties. About the same time Governor Belcher, that distinguished patron of learning and religion, took his seat in the executive chair of the Province. He became cordially interested in the infant in-



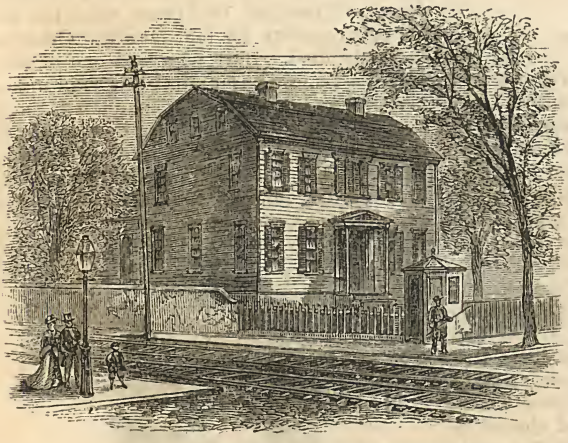
THE REV. AARON BURR.

stitution, and prepared a new charter, containing broader privileges and naming new trustees. On the 9th of November, 1747, the First Presbyterian Church in Newark was the scene of the incorporation of the college with imposing ceremonies. The Governor, as *ex officio* president of the Board of

* Newark town records.

Trustees, took a conspicuous part. Burr was unanimously chosen president of the college, and conferred degrees, after the manner of the academies of England, upon a class of seven young men, among whom was the afterward eminent Richard Stockton. By special request, Governor Belcher at the same time received from the college, through President Burr, the degree of Master of Arts.

The college remained in Newark some eight years, the students boarding in private families. Ninety or more students were graduated during that period, among whom was Samuel Davis, the renowned pulpit orator, from whom Patrick Henry is said to have caught much of the fire of his eloquence, and who subsequently became president of the college. The presence of the college made Newark a kind of ecclesiastical metropolis, and the meetings of the Synod were usually held here, beginning the day after Commencement. President Burr was



THE OLD PARSONAGE, AARON BURR'S BIRTH-PLACE.

a small man, very handsome and very fascinating, with clear dark eyes of a soft lustre, quite unlike the piercing orbs of his famous son; he had a slender, compact figure, and the style and bearing of a prince. Until thirty-seven he remained a bachelor, and then, in the oddest manner, courted and married the lovely daughter of Rev. Jonathan Edwards. He paid the family a visit of three days at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in May, 1752. Two weeks later he sent a college boy into New England to conduct Mrs. Edwards and her daughter to Newark. They arrived on Saturday evening, and on the following Monday evening the nuptial ceremonies were celebrated between President Burr and the young lady, to the astonishment of the patriarchs and gossips in the church, who whispered, dubiously, "She is only twenty-one!" Aaron Burr the younger, whose career has filled one of the most conspicuous as well as unenviable pages of American history, was born in the old parsonage, which stood on the west side of Broad Street, just below the church. It was a great double two-story stone building, with a square roof drooping over an immense kitchen in the rear. Mrs. Burr describes her son, just before the family removed to Princeton, thus: "Aaron is a little, dirty, noisy boy;.....begins to talk a little; is very sly and mischievous. He is sprightly, and most say he is handsome, but not good-tempered. He is very resolute, and requires a good governor to bring him to terms." The successor of President Burr in the church was Rev. Dr. Alexander M'Whorter, who occupied the parsonage almost half a century, until 1807. It was a remarkable dwelling. In no other in the State were so many distinguished characters sheltered from time to time. It was a great wedding place. Pairs from all parts of the country came to the minister to be married, often on horseback, the bride behind the bridegroom. In no other house in New Jersey were so many people ever made happy or miserable.

The first Episcopal church in Newark had its origin in a little conscientious Sabbath-breaking. Colonel Josiah Ogden saved his grain in a wet harvest on the Lord's day. His Presbyterian brethren treated the offense with the utmost rigor, and although he was acquitted at the trial, he, with several others, withdrew from the church. It was about the time that the London Church Society had sent missionaries into New Jersey (1734), and episcopacy was in agitation. The wealth and influence of the Ogdens turned the scale, hence the organization of Trinity Church. Colonel Josiah Ogden gave the site and laid the corner-stone of the first edifice, upon Military Park. He was the grandson of John Ogden, of Elizabeth. His father, David Ogden, took up his abode in Newark soon after its settlement, and married Elizabeth Swaine, widow of Josiah Ward, the lady whose foot first rested upon Newark soil. Rev. Uzal Ogden, D.D., was the first rector of this church, who officiated regularly until after the Revolution. He went to England to be qualified. He was somewhat of a farmer, and owned a large number of slaves. It was an old saying that the negroes raised the corn, the hogs ate the corn, and the negroes ate the hogs. The reverend doctor was obliged to provide means outside of the earnings of his negroes for their support.

Almost every shade of Christian belief

has now its organization and its church edifice in Newark. It was after much social friction, and many obstacles thrown in the way of immigration, that the stiff Newarkers found their iron bonds of church discipline gradually yielding, and began to see that the religion which they professed could withstand the surging tide of humanity. They learned to welcome people from every clime and of discordant opinions; they proved, in the language of the poet, that

> "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

And exceedingly wide they became in some instances. The most ridiculous extremes of public sentiment are chronicled. I can not forbear indulging in one illustration. It was esteemed during the tender early years of Newark very "unbecoming" and improper, and "highly immoral" in its tendency, for women to sing in church. Had not the apostle Paul decreed that women must keep silence in the churches? The men only might join in songs of tuneless praise. And yet before the lapse of a century and a half Newark graciously accorded to women the right of suffrage. It may be new to some of my readers, but it is nevertheless true, that in the beginning of the present century widows and single women were entitled by the laws of New Jersey to vote in all elections. In 1807 the Legislature authorized an election to settle the location of the Essex County court-house. Newark was intensely excited, for Elizabeth had been for some time growing arrogant. Public meetings were held in all parts of the county, and the air had a bitter taste. The children in the schools were employed for days in writing tickets for the contest. Personal safety was in danger whenever a good word chanced to be spoken for Elizabeth. Two Newark gentlemen drove to Elizabeth in a gig on private business, and were received with a bucket of tar. The day of the election was fair. Every horse, carriage, and cart in the place was in requisition. Every man and every woman old enough and big enough (age was a minor consideration), or who expected to grow old enough and big enough, to vote was promptly at the polls. Vehicles were going constantly to and fro from the different polls, and every person voted at every poll. Married women voted as well as single women. Three sisters, the youngest aged fifteen, changed their dresses and their names, and voted six times each. Two of them are still living, and reside in Newark. Men and boys put on women's clothes, in order to duplicate their votes. Never was there a more reckless proceeding. Newark won the court-house, and in the evening illuminated herself even to the tops of her steeples; cannons thundered and bellowed, and all the tar and apple barrels which could be gathered in for miles around were consumed by fire.



THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, NEWARK.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

Up to the time of the Revolution, Newark had not progressed beyond a trim and moderately prosperous village. It had acquired little fame, save for its shoes, its fever and ague, and its sweet cider. It contained about one hundred and fifty dwelling-houses, some few of which were stately and



GRAND STAIRWAY IN THE OLD SCHUYLER MANSION.
[SEE PAGE 677.]

imposing in architectural appearance. The soil was under high cultivation, and fruit was growing in great profusion. The war swept over the town like a devastating flood. There came seven long-drawn-out years of terror and famine. Armed legions from both the hostile armies invaded the streets, slept in the barns, ate the pigs and poultry, trampled down the grass, robbed the orchards and the corn fields, and plundered the houses. In November, 1776, Washington, with thirty-five hundred soldiers, entered Newark on his retreat through New Jersey, and remained encamped for six days. On the morning of November 28 Washington marched out of Newark in a southwesterly direction, and Lord Cornwallis and his army marched pompously in from New York. The British officers quartered themselves in the best houses, and demanded the best furniture to make their rooms comfortable. When they moved on, they took the furniture along with their luggage. A British garrison was left in Newark until after the battle of Trenton. Both officers and soldiers committed so many outrageous acts that a volunteer company was secretly formed to punish them whenever an opportunity should occur. These volunteers were furnished by the Newark women with tow frocks and pantaloons *dyed blue*—which was the origin of the name "Jersey Blues"—and were commanded by Captain Littell, who distinguished himself by many daring exploits.

On the day the British garrison abandoned Newark and marched to Elizabeth, it was noted that a detachment was sent toward Connecticut Farms, purpose not known. Captain Littell and his Blues speedily followed them. Coming suddenly upon the unsuspecting enemy, Littell ambushed a few men in their rear, and appeared in front with the rest of his force, and demanded an instant surrender. They turned to escape, and finding themselves thwarted, laid down their arms without firing a gun. The British general was exasperated by their capture, and ordered out a body of Hessians to avenge the affront; but Littell goaded them by spirited attacks, without special exposure to his own men, until he had them driven into a wretched swamp, where he compelled them to surrender to greatly inferior numbers. Mortified beyond measure at this second discomfiture, a troop of horse was sent to annihilate the "rebel devils;" but they in turn were routed, and sought safety in flight. A Tory was finally persuaded, through the offer of a large reward, to lead three hundred troops to Littell's house in the night for the purpose of catching him off his guard. As they were preparing to storm the dwelling, they were attacked in the rear so sharply as to be driven precipitately away. While collecting their scattered forces in the road below, Littell, who had formed an ambuscade along a fence line, fired upon them, and the commander fell. In the confusion and darkness they were unable to form any estimate of the number of their assailants, and fled like their predecessors.

With the first outbreak of hostilities a Committee of Public Safety was appointed in Newark, and in session almost daily. It was presided over by Dr. William Burnet, who was soon appointed Surgeon-General of the American army. He was stationed

at West Point at the time of Arnold's defection, and was one of the officers who were sitting with the latter at table when the news came that a spy had been captured below. Dr. Burnet's son, Major Ichabod Burnet, of Newark, was one of the aids of General Greene, and the messenger who was sent to communicate the intelligence of his fate to Major André, and attend him to the place of execution. Major Burnet became a special favorite of Lafayette, and when the latter visited this country in 1825 he is said to have kissed the miniature likeness of the boyish officer with profound emotion. Dr. Burnet was of great service to the country. He founded a military hospital, and at the close of the war was made judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and president of the State Medical Society. He was a grandson of the celebrated prelate Bishop Burnet, and, like him, a man of remarkable force of character. His son, Judge Jacob Burnet, was one of the founders of Cincinnati and one of the chief formers of the State Constitution of Ohio. Another son, David, was the President of Texas when it was a republic.

Among those who joined the army and won special notice was William S. Pennington, afterward Governor of the State. He was quite young, and his first service was as a non-commissioned officer in a company of artillery. In one of the battles General Knox found him almost alone, loading and firing a piece of artillery with such signal bravery that he procured his promotion at once to the rank of first lieutenant of an artillery company in the field.

The Ogdens were divided. Judge David Ogden, of Newark (who had recently been commissioned Chief Justice of the Province), with one or two others, remained loyal to the king, and retired to New York, while Aaron Ogden, of Elizabeth (afterward Governor of the State and president of the Cincinnati), Matthias Ogden, the celebrated brigadier-general, and many other branches of this great family, took up arms in defense of the country. There were innumerable skirmishes and tragic scenes in and about Newark and Elizabeth, the half of which could never be told. The battle of Springfield was perhaps one of the most memorable on record. It was during the heat of the contest that Rev. Mr. Caldwell, the chaplain of one of the Elizabethtown regiments, finding that the men were getting short of wadding for their firelocks, galloped to the church near by and brought back an armful of psalm-books, shouting, as he handed them around, "Now put Watts into them, boys!"

The winter of 1780 was noted for the severity of the cold. The rivers, Newark Bay, and even the harbor of New York, were closed with solid ice. An army, with all its artillery and baggage, could cross as easily as upon the firm earth. The most terrific storms added to the distress of the inhabitants, the snow piling up in every direction. No approach to such freezing temperature has been known in this climate since that time, except in 1822, when the North River was frozen over, so that persons crossed to Jersey City on the ice for three days, and a sutler's shop was established midway for refreshments.

The situation of Newark rendered it a shining mark for foraging and marauding



THE OLD SCHUYLER MANSION.—[SEE PAGE 677.]

parties. The British troops came over from New York in 1777, and plundered every house of any consequence in the place. They entered the Ogden mansion, on the corner of Broad and Court streets, then one of the most costly private homes in the State, and stripped it of every thing. They ripped open beds and scattered the feathers in the air in order to take the ticks along with them for clothing. They pulled a dangerously sick son of Justice John Ogden out of his bed and grossly abused him, broke desks and furniture which were too heavy to carry off, wantonly destroying important papers. The more they were entreated to desist, the more indecent they became. They burned the next house. It belonged to Benjamin Coe, who, with his aged wife, was insulted with such fury that they fled through the back-door for their lives. Mr. Coe threw a bag of gold into a patch of weeds as he ran, which was subsequently recovered. The houses of Samuel Pennington and Josiah Beach were robbed of every thing, even to the family clothes. The Tories fared no better than their neighbors. Some of them had their shoes taken from their feet. On another occasion, January 25, 1780, 500 British troops came over in the night on the ice. After helping themselves to every thing they wanted and many things they did not want, and distressing the inhabitants generally, they burned the academy on the Upper Green. Just then the flames shot into the air from the Presbyterian church in Elizabeth, which had been fired by another British party unknown to the Newark visitors. The latter were alarmed, and hastily retreated, taking along with them several prisoners who had been captured in attempting to defend their families, among whom was Judge Joseph Hedden, one of the Committee of Public Safety, who was compelled to follow the soldiers on the ice in his night-shirt. Just before they reached Powles Hook a blanket was thrown about him, but he died in a few days in consequence of his inhuman treatment.

Many a brave patriot sleeps his last sleep in the old grave-yard "behind the old parsonage," on Broad Street; that is, he did sleep there until the resurrection which was instituted a few years ago by the march of improvement. A smooth passageway now leads from street to street through this sacred inclosure, and a great pile of ancient headstones upon one side of it tells the story which my pen refuses to reveal. Standing beside this expressive pile, my eye fell upon the following epitaph:



PILE OF GRAVE-STONES IN OLD CEMETERY.

Here lyeth the reliques
Of a real saint
Who suffered much for Christ
And did not faint
And when his race was run
Ending his story
He sweetly passed through death
To endless glory.

Patrick Falconer aged 33 years died June 27, 1672.

A few graves still remain undisturbed, but the dark stones which mark them lean this way and that, as if in perpetual expectancy of the same fate as their fellows. The red brick walls on every side are totally devoid of reverence. Men whistle while they make chairs and pianos in the overlooking windows. The heroes of the past are forgotten.

Another and less ancient burial-place is in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church, opposite. It is overgrown with rank grass, and now and then a monument canting sideways, and a head-stone has toppled over, but its finely cut marble, its soft shade, and its fresh flowers show that it is in sympathy with the present generation. It has, however, an atmosphere of unrest, as if it could not repose perfect confidence in the spirit of the age. Ominous-looking edifices hover painfully near. The whir of machinery and the screech of the locomotive disturb the silence and covertly threaten all peaceful slumber. Who can predict that the final waking is far remote?

Mount Pleasant is one of several cemeteries in the city and vicinity, and occupies about forty acres of fine rolling land on the Passaic River. It is laid out with great taste, and has all the harmony and pleasantness of a park. The monuments are noticeable for their variety and beauty. Ornamental trees thickly shade the winding avenues, and flowering shrubbery is disposed and cultivated with care. Money is lavished freely in all directions. Mount Pleasant is more cheerful than Greenwood, and it has the same general appearance of respectability and comfort.

It was many years after the Revolution before Newark recovered from her losses. Prior to the commencement of the present century few buildings of importance had been erected, and the population numbered less than three thousand. There were but two churches, and the town shepherd tended his flocks in pastoral style. Hotels were in the ascendant, however, and Newark was better supplied in that particular than she has ever been since. To-day the city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants can not boast of a single hotel of any note.



A BIT OF GERMANTOWN.—[SEE PAGE 675.]

The Gifford House, owned by Archer Gifford, corner of Broad and Market streets, was for many years as well known to Southerners as the St. Nicholas at a later date. It was the head-quarters of gentlemen of fortune who hunted for amusement; upon its sign was painted a pack of hounds, with the sportsmen on horseback arrived at the death, the fortunate hunter holding the fox by the hind-legs. The Alling House, on Broad just below Fair Street, was notable as the residence of several conspicuous Frenchmen, among them Châteaubriand, who there conceived *The Genius of Christianity*—one of the most impressive displays of his intelligence. Talleyrand, the exiled Bishop of Autun, spent the greater part of



SCENE OUTSIDE THE MARKET.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

the time between 1792 and 1795 in the same house, and is said to have taken lessons in chair-making, and to have taught a class in French.

IV.

The first Newark banking institution, which was the only one of the kind in the State for many years, was chartered in 1804. Judge Elisha Boudinot was its first president, and William Whitehead, the father of William A. Whitehead, the New Jersey historian, was the first cashier. The bank was opened in the front parlor of the private residence of Judge Smith Burnet; and as a perpetual menace to robbers, two great knives and two large horse-pistols were placed in bold relief upon the mantel.

It is within the last half century that Newark has taken a leap forward and multiplied her population at least fourteen times. The same period has wrought the change in the facilities for communication with New York. The nine-mile road was a little more than a protracted pile of logs and stones, and the only public conveyance a huge, unwieldy vehicle with a long body hung upon iron jacks. The stage-coach carried the mail. During the Postmaster-Generalship of Gideon Granger, serious irregularities occurred in the distribution of letters; and as the business was not yet systematized, with its agents, detectives, etc., he determined to travel in disguise over his mail-routes, in order to discover what contractor was remiss in the performance of his obligations. General Cumming, the New Jersey mail contractor, was privately informed of the movements of his superior by a friend in the General Post-office, and instructed his negro driver how to proceed when he should happen to have a passenger answering to a certain description. Not long after, Granger entered the stage at Powles Hook (now Jersey City), and Sambo, with a wise countenance, mounted to his seat, and gathering up his reins gave his horses a tremendous crack of his long whip. Away they bounded with fearful celerity over the corduroy road. Presently Granger put his head through the window and requested the driver to go slower. "Can not do it, Sir; I drive the United States mail," was the reply, accompanied by another crack of the whip over the heads of the leaders. Again and again did Granger beg and implore the obdurate darky to moderate his speed, and every time came the response, "Can not do it, Sir; I drive the United States mail," with renewed application of the whip. Granger did not recover from the bruises of his John Gilpin ride for weeks, and was quite satisfied that one contract was honestly fulfilled.

The two cities are now connected by four railroads, over which one hundred and two regular passenger trains pass each way daily. The people of Newark can, at eight o'clock in the morning, take their choice of eight railroad trains which will leave for New York within three-quarters of an hour.

The entrance to Newark from New York by either of these modern routes presents a bewildering scene. Ugly yellow and brown wood and dingy brick buildings of every size and style since the flood seem to run together and overlap each other in one magnificent hodge-podge of dust and buzz. Tall chimneys, which I am free to pronounce the most inveterate smokers in the known world, are chasing each other like a band

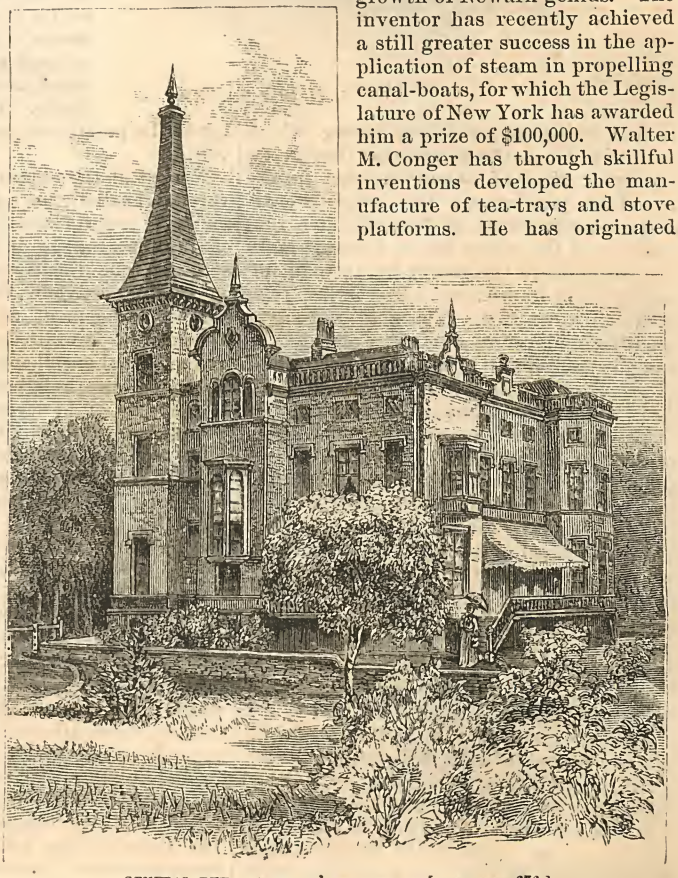
of rowdies. One of the younger and more daring of the railroad companies has seen fit to elevate its track into the neighborhood of the roofs; you can look down as from a balloon into the wilderness of factories. But you are none the wiser for the looking. The fault is not in the want of conspicuous signs—rather in their countless number. They misplace themselves for your mystification. "MALT" stares in great letters from the front of a church-organ establishment, and "RUBBER-COATED HARNESS TRIMMINGS" from the middle of a lumber yard. That is, as near as you can fix it in your mind after the train stops.

Almost every thing is made in Newark that is made by man. Take a tour among the workshops, and you will no longer wonder why Newark banks never fail, why Newark insurance companies are the safest in the country, and why Newark officials rarely steal. You will speedily learn to enjoy the untidy streets and sidewalks in the novelty of treading upon a sound financial basis. There are prodigious manufactories of hats, silks, iron-ware, soap, tin, brushes, steam-engines, and whatever else is required by the civilized millions of our race.

The records of the Patent-office show that Newark has contributed more useful inventions to industrial progress than any other American city. In one year (1873) upward of one hundred patents were issued to Newarkers alone. In the iron and machinery factories you are constantly surprised with the inestimable benefits conferred upon modern society by inventive minds. Herbert Cottrell originated a wonder-working machine, called the diamond stone band saw, which will cut stone of any hardness quite as readily as the common saw separates wood. He originated another machine by which any kind of stone may be ornamented according to the fancy of the architect; and also a polishing machine, which is the most perfect device known for polishing level and irregular stone surfaces.

The making of telegraph instruments has been attended with important inventions. Thomas A. Edison originated the Gold and Stock Exchange indicator, used in Wall Street. Thirty-six hundred of these have been made in Newark during the last three years, many of which have been exported to Europe, where their use is constantly increasing. Mr. Edison also invented the quadruplex telegraph, by which device four messages are sent over one wire in various directions at the same moment without interference with each other. The most important result of Mr. Edison's genius and inventive skill, however, is the American automatic telegraph system, by which one wire is made to transmit as much intelligence as thirty or more Morse wires. It is successfully working between New York and Washington, and in the British Post-office between London and Dublin, and upon the submarine telegraph from Falmouth, England, to Vigo, Spain.

The Baxter steam-engine is another outgrowth of Newark genius. The inventor has recently achieved a still greater success in the application of steam in propelling canal-boats, for which the Legislature of New York has awarded him a prize of $100,000. Walter M. Conger has through skillful inventions developed the manufacture of tea-trays and stove platforms. He has originated



GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY'S MANSION.—[SEE PAGE 676.]



MRS. KINNEY.

several valuable machines, among which is a saw for cutting irregular bevels on the outer rims of oblong wooden frames for stove platforms. The immense carriage manufactories of Newark have revolutionized the whole art of carriage making throughout the world by introducing nearly every improvement of the last two-thirds of a century. The gold and silver smelting and refining works excel, in the amount and quality of their productions, those of any other city in the land. Saddlery and hardware have been the means of distributing immense wealth. The great India rubber factories have a world-wide reputation. The manufacture of celluloid has become an important industry. This new material is produced by a chemical process from cellulose, one of the substances which constitute the cellular tissue of plants, being that which forms the walls or sides of the vegetable cells. It is solid, hard, and elastic. It is transparent, like pale amber, and may be colored any hue or tint. It is adapted to take the place of hard rubber, and is substituted for ivory, coral, amber, and jet. It is used in dental plates, combs, jewelry, harness, and many other trimmings. A recently established industry is the production of the celebrated "Russia leather." It is not an imitation, but the genuine article, the distinguishing characteristic of which is a peculiar odor, imparted from certain chemicals used in dyeing, supposed to give it greater durability and complete freedom from the ravages of insects. But I must not dwell longer upon the Newark industries, which are legion. I might easily fill a volume. I will only add in this connection that Newark has the largest morocco factories and the most important button-works in the United States.

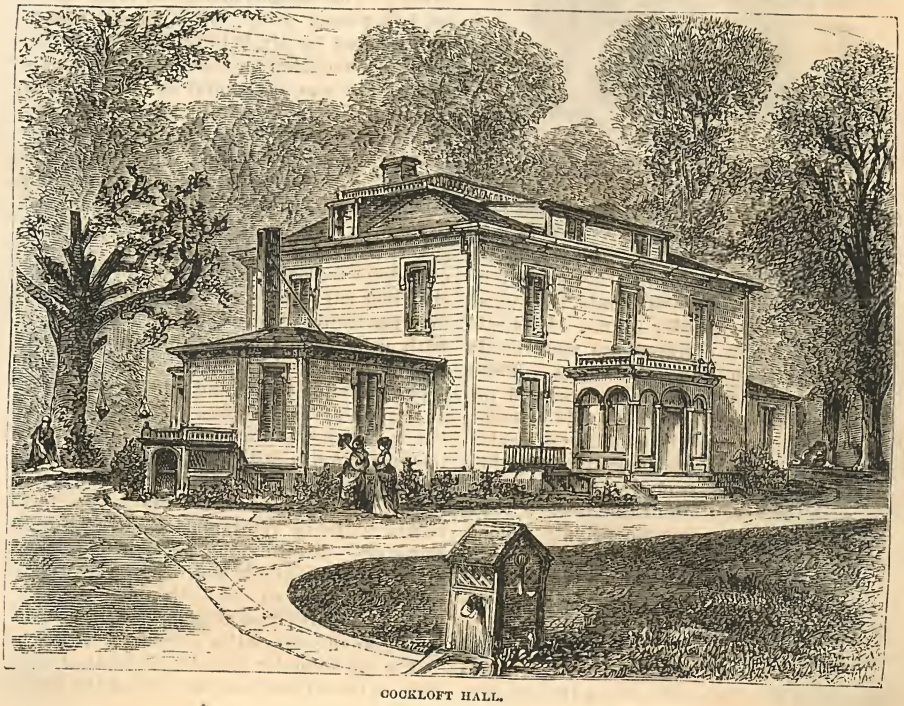
Newark illustrates the value of morals in art. Her productions are of uniform excellence, and they are of such diversity that an industrial exhibition is one of the established institutions of the city. It has been specially successful, attracting national attention. Its buildings are large, covering some two acres. They are fitted up handsomely, and the display is such that it is a perpetual source of wonder to the visitor how a single city can furnish so large a variety of manufactured articles from her own limits. A similar result would hardly be possible in any other city in the world.

Except at the exposition, Newark affords very slight facilities for evening entertainment. Concerts and lectures have a fair share of patronage during the winter season, and one theatre is sustained. New York is too conveniently near, however, for the encouragement of artists and actors, and Newark is well educated, and exacting as far as real excellence is concerned. The press of Newark is cordially supported in the production of several daily and weekly journals, notwithstanding the influx of the New York papers with their triple sheets. Newark has a well-appointed library containing over 20,000 carefully selected volumes, and it occupies a centrally located and pleasant edifice of its own. The New Jersey Historical Society (a State institution) has its home and its library here, and the latter is a favorite resort for scholars.

The charities of Newark are more interesting than numerous. The wants of the suffering poor are as fully met as elsewhere, which leads me to observe that cases of extreme destitution are less frequent than in most of our large cities. I visited the Orphan Asylum and the Foster Home, and one or two kindred institutions which have arisen since the beginning of the century. The Foster Home has just celebrated its twenty-seventh birthday with an elegant

new brick building in the upper part of the city. It reminded me of a beautiful portrait, by Rembrandt Peale, of the gifted founder of the first charitable society of Newark. It was Mrs. Kinney, the daughter of Dr. William Burnet, and mother of Hon. William B. Kinney—a lady who was a star in the social and intellectual world of her day, as well as a writer and a theologian. It was she who instituted the first Sabbath-schools in the city. When Mrs. Washington traveled from Virginia to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1775, in her own conveyance—"a chariot and four, with black postilions in scarlet and white liveries"—she spent the night of November 29 at the house of Dr. William Burnet, on Broad Street; and Mrs. Kinney, then in her sweet teens, was one of "the party of ladies and gentlemen" who escorted Mrs. Washington toward Dobb's Ferry the next morning, she occupying a seat beside the latter in her carriage. Fourteen years later, when Mrs. Washington journeyed to New York from Mount Vernon to join her husband after he was elected President of the United States, Mrs. Kinney was one of the honored few who attended her from Philadelphia to Elizabeth. She was on familiar terms with the ladies of the "Republican Court," but her tendencies were chiefly in the direction of Christian usefulness. She was some years in Cincinnati, where she was active in founding institutions of benevolence, which have been almost as fruitful as her labors of love in Newark.

A wondrous tide of Germans has flooded Newark, dropping into all the vacant lots about the factories, and spreading itself over the flats to the east and the hills to the southwest, until it numbers about one-third of the voting population. Between the years 1850 and 1860 the increase was ninety per cent. The German quarter on the hills is one of the interesting features of the city. A section of nearly two miles square is a snug, compact, well-paved city within a city, giving evidence of neither poverty nor riches. The Germans who dwell here are chiefly employed in the factories, and nearly all own their houses. They built to suit their convenience, at odd dates and with varied means, hence there is very little uniformity in the blocks. They live economically, and save money. German habits and German customs appear on every side. The women carry heavy bundles, great baskets, and sometimes barrels, upon their heads. At noon you will see women and children running across the streets and up and down with pitchers in their hands. They are going for lager-beer to drink with their dinners, which is as indispensable as the dinner itself. And none of them need to go far. There are eight or ten immense breweries within the district. One, no larger, perhaps, than the others, has a sub-cellar, arched after the manner of the Cincinnati wine-cellars, and extending to a great distance under the buildings and sidewalks, capable of containing fifteen thousand hogs-



COCKLOFT HALL.

heads of the foaming beverage. The preparation of this article for the market requires incessant and skilled labor. You have but to see the kettle boil—containing one hundred and fifty barrels—and observe the nicety with which every detail of the work is conducted, to convince you that art, if not poetry, may flourish among hops.

Wherever there is room, the Germans have gardens, and raise vegetables for the Newark market. At early dawn the women may be seen driving their one-horse wagons into town. By-the-way, the Newark market is a curiosity. The building proper is constructed over the canal, east from Broad Street the length of a block. The hucksters have their stands outside in Broad Street. Under a great shed to the right of the market building, the women, perched on high seats, with their wares carefully arranged about them, knit while their customers gather.

Newark takes pride, and justly, in her



SUMMER-HOUSE, COCKLOFT HALL.

public schools. They are of the same general character as those of New York and Boston and the other large cities, but in some of the methods of instruction, particularly in the lower departments, they excel them all. Perfect order reigns. It is said that the German children are more easily disciplined than any other class. Three schools, one of which has a thousand pupils, are composed chiefly of this element, and there is a plentiful sprinkling of it elsewhere. It is well that the system of public education receives such careful attention, for, with the exception of the Newark Academy, the city contains no private schools of any importance.

I have not forgotten that Newark has a Board of Trade, which has reached the promising age of seven years, or that the city can go to rest on winter nights with the consciousness of possessing one of the best-organized Fire Departments in the country. But I must pass on. The suburbs are almost as interesting as the city itself. The shores of the Passaic, for instance, northerly from the bridge, are lined with historical mansions and associations. In early times a large estate was owned upon the east by a brother of General Wolfe, of Quebec memory, who was a sportsman, and laid out great deer parks, and beautified his property with the choicest of flowers and trees. One of the first objects of interest as you leave the smoke of the town is "Kearny Castle," as it is called, the stately home of the late brave and lamented General Philip Kearny. It is situated in the midst of acres of dense shade, reached by a winding avenue from the main street.

Nearly opposite, upon the western bank of the river, stands the famous old mansion known as "Cockloft Hall." The main part of the building is over one hundred and fifty years old, although it has been pieced and modernized until "Pinder Cockloft" himself would hardly recognize it should he return. It was built by the Gouverneurs, a New York family of Huguenot origin, who owned an extensive plantation in the vicinity, and through whom it descended to Gouverneur Kemble. The latter, a bachelor, resided there for many years with his servants, at which period it was the favorite resort of Irving, Paulding, and other of the *literati* of New York, and it was where the witty papers were concocted which monthly appeared "to vex and charm the town." The summer-house, so often quoted, has passed away, but a pencil sketch was secured by Mr. Whitehead just before its final demolition for the opening of a new street. It was octagonal in shape, some eighteen feet in diameter, elaborately ornamented, its door opening upon the Passaic. Its three windows looked inland, that the proprietor, as Irving says, "might have all views upon his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect." A fish pond beside it had been made by blowing up a bed of rocks; "for," continued Irving, "although the river runs at about one hundred yards' distance from the house, and was well stored with fish, there was nothing like having things to one's self." The little edifice had a private wine-cellar and the most accommodating of easy-chairs. The old cherry trunk, which was immortalized by the genius of Irving, is still preserved in front of the mansion.

Just north of Mount Pleasant Cemetery is where Henry William Herbert—"Frank Forester"—dwelt among the gloomy cedars, and came to his tragic end. Across the river, again, you come to the birth-place of Major Jack Downing; and elegant country-seats spring upon your notice at every turn.

The old Schuyler mansion, opposite Belleville, is one of the most ancient of the land-

marks. It was built about the middle of the last century, as you will quickly discover if you enter its main hall—some twenty feet in width, with antique paneling—and ascend its grand old-fashioned winding staircase. All the brick used in the construction of the edifice was imported from Holland, and the mortar was a year old. Arent Schuyler, the brother of Colonel Peter Schuyler, the first Mayor of Albany, bought a large tract of land in this vicinity in 1695. He soon after took up his residence here. One day a negro slave who was plowing turned up a greenish heavy stone. He took it to his master, who sent it to England for analyzation. It was found to contain eighty per cent. of copper. The avenue to wealth was at once seized upon, and great quantities of the ore were shipped to the Bristol copper and brass works in England. Schuyler, wishing to reward the lucky slave, told him to name three things which he most desired, and they should be given him. The innocent fellow asked, first, that he might remain with his master as long as he lived; second, that he might have all the tobacco he could smoke; and third, that he might have a dressing-gown like his master's, with big brass buttons. "Oh, ask for something of value," said Schuyler. The negro hesitated a few minutes, then added, "Please give me a *little more tobacco.*"

Colonel Peter Schuyler and Colonel John Schuyler, the two sons of Arent Schuyler, were both men of mark. John continued the working of the mines, and in 1761 an engine was brought out from England to facilitate operations. To superintend this engine came Josiah Hornblower, the father of the late Chief Justice Hornblower, of Newark. An officer visiting Colonel John Schuyler at his residence on the Passaic in 1776 gives us a glimpse of the manner of life of the family, who had fifty or sixty negro slaves, besides other servants. He describes the eminences, the groves, the lawns, the ornamental gardens, and the deer parks, containing "one hundred and sixty head of deer," as being very magnificent. Colonel Peter Schuyler distinguished himself in the French war, and was one of the heroes who entered Montreal when that city surrendered to the British in 1760. His daughter Catharine was the first wife of Archibald Kennedy, Earl of Casselis.

A bridge across the Passaic, built by the three counties which come to a point here—Essex, Hudson, and Bergen—will bring you to Belleville, a pleasant little village of two thousand people and five churches, which was once within the limits of Newark. The Jersey City Water-works are established near this bridge, and those of Newark a little further on. You stop to ask if all the people of these places drink out of the Passaic River. Then you cast your eye up and down and recall to memory what you have seen along its banks, and wonder if you shall ever be thirsty again. But hark! the bridge tender is explaining about the pumps and the reservoirs and the filters, and you, adding it to your stock of information on hand, viz., that a lump of ice will purify the most impure water, will possess your soul with silence. Bloomfield and Montclair lie west of Belleville, and are much larger villages. Montclair is the higher land of the two, and is building up rapidly.

The Oranges—a whole orchard of them—are beyond, due west of Newark, and occupy even more territory than the latter place; it was formerly called "Newark Mountain." A highway was laid out by order of the



PETER SCHUYLER.

town of Newark to this point in 1681, but as late as 1696 but two families lived here—Deacon Azariah Crane (whose wife was a daughter of Robert Treat) and Edward Ball. In 1718 the first religious organization was formed, called the "Mountain Society," which was the germ of the First Presbyterian Church of Orange.

By horse-car, from the corner of Broad and Market streets to Orange proper (there are some eight or nine railroad stations among the Oranges), the time is forty minutes. You will be puzzled to know where Newark ends and Orange begins, for it is one continuous city to the end of the route. Orange is, however, a city of homes—I might say with propriety a city of villas. There is no business done here beyond what sup-

plies local necessities, except the manufacture of hats in some twenty-five factories. Its citizens are chiefly wealthy New Yorkers, and those from other cities who love the beauties of natural scenery and plenty of room. It is located on a succession of hills running north and south parallel with a picturesque chain of mountains. Upon the side of the mountain nestles Llewellyn Park, which care and cost have brought to a charming degree of perfection. The mountain is every where dotted with castles and cottages, surrounded by highly cultivated grounds. Driving through Orange, you will be attracted by the number of unique and handsome church edifices, which seem to adorn almost every block. But if you descend to dull statistics, you will discover that there is only one to every six or seven hundred inhabitants. You will also be



THE SCHUYLER ARMS.

smitten with the spirit of inquiry as to why the little red line on the map which encircles the city is girt so tight, when there is so much more to take in. Let me tell you that the Oranges have had their little private quarrels, and it is hardly fair to make investigations.

By a slightly circuitous route from Orange along the outskirts of Newark and through the pretty village of Irvington, you come to Elizabeth. Not the "old borough" of Elizabethtown, which was incorporated with much pomp and circumstance in 1740, but a revised city of twenty prosperous years, with all the modern improvements. It contains scarcely a tenth of its early territory, one town after another having been graduated from its borders; but what it has lost in acres it has made up in population. It is the dépôt of a considerable commerce, and spacious warehouses, extensive manufactories, attractive cottages, and elegant mansions have sprung up in every quarter. These last are planted up and down the smooth, wide, leafy streets, in a manner most pleasing to the fastidious eye. Elizabeth, although originally settled by the same Puritan stock as Newark, shortly received accessions to its population from England and Scotland, who were sacredly taught to believe in the divine right of kings. Hence there were two elements, by no means congenial, for the organization of social, political, and religious institutions. For many years Elizabeth was the larger and more notable place. It was the residence of the Governors and the officers of the government. It was where the General Assembly met until 1682, when it commenced its alternations between Perth Amboy and Burlington. Elizabeth established the first schools of importance in the State, and from that time until the present it has been a favorite seat of learning. Its private schools are excellent, and so numerous as to supply the deficiency of its industrial neighbor. Elizabeth has through all its history been the residence of persons of distinction. Some few houses are standing which would furnish the key to a whole chapter of memories. "Liberty Hall," the home of Governor William Livingston, who guided the State through its perils during the Revolution, is by no means the least among them.

Perhaps Newark, with her aspiring tendencies, will yet spread forth her arms and embrace the whole of Essex and Hudson counties. It would be no more wonderful than the events of the last half century.

LAOCOON.

A GNARLED and massive oak log, shapeless, old,
Hewed down of late from yonder hill-side gray,
Grotesquely curved, across our hearth-stone lay;
About it, serpent-wise, the red flames rolled
In writhing convolutions; fold on fold
They crept and clung, with slow, portentous sway
Of deadly coils; or in malignant play,
Keen tongues outflashed, 'twixt vaporous gloom and gold.
Lo! as I gazed, from out that flaming gyre
There loomed a wild, weird Image, all astrain
With strangled limbs, hot brow, and eyeballs dire,
Big with the anguish of the bursting brain:
Laocoon's form, Laocoon's fateful pain—
A frescoed dream on flickering walls of fire!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

LACE LORE.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF OLD LACE.

"Here the needle plies its busy task;
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its blossom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair—
A wreath that can not fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay."
—COWPER: *The Winter Evening.*

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store—
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day—
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light."
—COWPER.

I AM glad that my grandmother was a lovely old lady, and that she had been in her day a beauty; that she is embalmed in my memory, first as a sweet-tempered, gentle-mannered woman, as unpretending in her words and ways as she was in her plain black gowns, always made in the same style, with a French pelerine crossed on her bosom over an inside kerchief of the finest and sheerest white lawn, and a cap to match, with neatly crimped borders, guiltless of lace, or that exquisite embroidery which my grandmother wrought so swiftly with her long shining needles; and secondly, as the original of the portrait of a wondrously lovely girl that hung on the unpainted walls of the quaint, old-fashioned, Frenchified house in which my eyes first saw the light. Such old ladies as my grandmother exist no longer; they have passed away like the fashions of her gown and cap. On the wrinkled faces of the old ladies of to-day dwells no such summer calm of golden charity as smiled on my grandmother's lips and beamed from her soft eyes. And yet she had been a beauty. For the portrait on the wall was that of a woman not only rarely beautiful, but of one who might have been the admiration of courtly circles. The beautiful French blonde hair, arranged *à la*

Pompadour; the brown eyes to match, modestly veiled by their long lashes; the lovely contour of the face and bosom, which was, in fact, too fully exposed for modesty by the low, square corsage of her dress, trimmed with fine laces of old Venice point; the jewels in the ears and the rich necklace told the story that my grandmother had been in her day a ball-room, if not a court, belle. And the traditional beauty, by rights, always becomes the cross old beldame (*grandmother*) living her petty triumphs over again, and bitterly railing at the changes that have taken place since she was young. But sometimes the story of a life's discipline is told in one little incident.

"Grandmamma," I said one day as I sat at her knee, "why did you look down when your portrait was painting?"

A faint flush rose in her faded cheek, and she smiled.

"Because my mother made me wear that low-necked dress," she replied, "and I could not look the young portrait painter in the face while I wore such a dress. It was not modest."

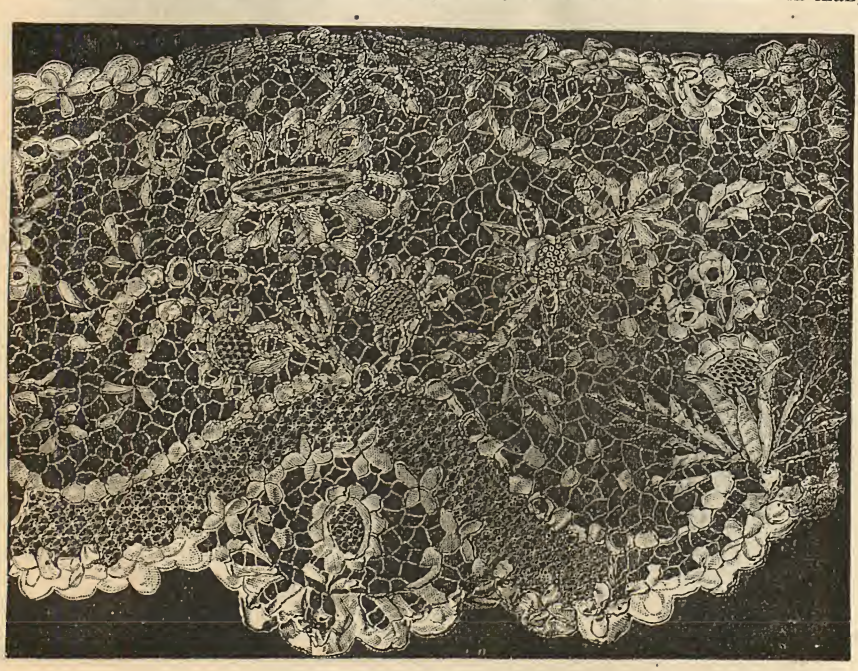
"Who was the painter, grandma?"

"He was not your grandpapa, my dear"—and she sighed, but smiled again, and added, "but he might have been."

How many noble men, how many lovely women, have been made so by an early disappointment!

My grandmother was educated in a French convent. There she learned the excellent and womanly accomplishment of "working with the needle curiously." The wheels and open cut-works with which she adorned her daughters' and her granddaughters' best gowns were filled in with exquisite lace stitches, the art of making which is now lost. The illustration on this page represents one specimen of my grandmother's open cut-work. Much of the patience, gentleness, and reticence which the practice of that tedious work taught is lost with the lost stitches.

My grandmother wore no laces when I was a little girl, but wondrous were the treasures of antique points—d'Angleterre and Malines, d'Argentan and Venise and d'Alençon—which were contained in many



OPEN CUT-WORK, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

a beautiful box that had been sent to her from time to time during her fifty years' residence in America by her sister, my grandaunt Ursule, who lived in Paris. These passed into the hands of her children and their children, but I began the study of my subject—lace—poring over them forty years ago, before the family distribution began. Some of those laces were then four hundred years old, heir-looms that had been handed down from mothers to daughters for generations. Most of my grandmother's laces are lost now, but the beauty of the few that have been preserved is as much above that of any modern lace production as a cathedral of the first three centuries after the Renaissance surpasses in the grandeur of its inspiration the dead,

cold imitations of Gothic architecture made at the present day.

Many a story did my grandmother tell her grandchildren as we gathered around her little work-table, and watched her fingers plying the shining needles or deftly arranging her stores of embroideries and laces. From her lips I first heard the story of the origin of that fine patternless guipure which is, par excellence, "*point de Venise.*"

"In the islands of the Lagunes," said my grandmother, "there is related a legend of the origin of this charming lace. I did not hear the story in Venice, but from a Venetian girl, one of my school-mates in the convent. The story is, that a sailor youth from the Indian seas brought home to his betrothed, a worker in needle points, such as *point coupé* and *lacis*, a bunch of delicate, pretty coralline, telling her that it was the lace which the mermaids wove in their coral caves under the transparent waters of the Indian Ocean.

"'Pretty as it is,' said the young lace-worker, 'I will make something with my needle far prettier. My bridal veil shall be of mermaid's lace.'

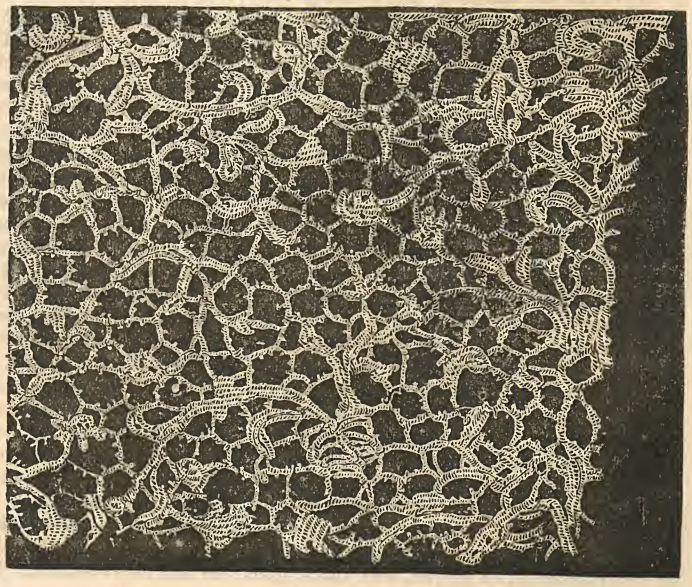
"The sailor lover sailed away, and was gone for months. Day by day the young girl worked with her needle, forming the white knots and tiny stars, and uniting them by delicate '*brides*,' until an exquisite long scarf of guipure was produced, so marvelously beautiful that when she wore it for her bridal veil it became the admiration of all Venice. Noble ladies, princesses, and queens became the patrons of the young worker in mermaid's lace, and finally the guipure, which she had invented to please her lover, became the taste of all Europe.

"Numerous kinds of lace were produced by the Venetian women, and in the palmiest days of the Queen of the Adriatic so many points were in use it would be impossible to enumerate them. Certain Venetians, however, among whom were Parasoli, and Vinciolo, and Mignerak, a Frenchman, collected many of them into pattern-books, with which Venice supplied the world, as well as with her points. Many of those old original pattern-books I have seen myself in the convent in which I was educated in France, before the terrible Revolution came and our convents were destroyed."

One day my grandmother took up a piece of old and tarnished gold-lace, and, after telling us the Bretagne version of the story of Blue-beard, she said,

"This is the kind of lace that Comorre, the Bretagne Blue-beard, found in the hands of his wife, trimming her baby's cap with it, when he returned from one of his long journeys, in which he had selected the girl that was to be her successor."

In one of the drawers of a quaint old wardrobe, which my grandmother always kept carefully locked, but which she one day opened to show us its contents, there was, neatly folded over blue tissue-paper, a white dress of fine Quintaine, almost covered with open cut-work, and trimmed with



VENICE POINT.

old and yellow laces, and a square lace veil, so large that when my grandmother took it from the drawer and threw it over her head, with one point touching her forehead, the other fell in shimmering waves beyond the hem of her black dress.

"Oh, grandmamma!" we all cried, "why have you never shown us this before?"

"Because, my dears, this was my bridal dress and veil; and among the ancient families in Bretagne a bride wears her lace-adorned dress but twice—once on her wedding day, and again at her death, when she lies in state for a few hours before her body is placed in the coffin. After the marriage ceremony we carefully fold away our dress in the finest linen, intended for our winding-sheet, and each year, on the anniversary of

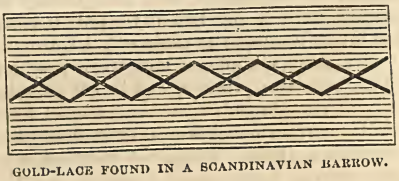
the wedding day, we put into it fresh sprigs of lavender and rosemary, until the day of mourning comes. Then the white marriage garment and veil leave their resting-place, and once more deck the lifeless form of her who wore them in the hour of joy and hope. This morning I sent you into the garden to gather lavender and rosemary, and now, my children, for the first time I am showing you the dress and veil in which I will be arrayed when my body will be put away from your sight forever."

My grandmother could make beautiful lace stitches, but she was not versed in lace lore. She could only tell us whence originated the art of making that delicate tracery, seemingly wrought by fairy fingers out of mist and cobwebs, almost out of nothing, *point de Venise*, the earliest known lace, dream-lace, looking as if it had in that magic city of the sea suffered "a sea-change into something rich and strange," with blobs of sea-weed, star-fish, and spires and curves of shells, and even that little horror, the sea-horse, and many a tiny grotesque monster besides, gleaming at us out of the delicate confusion of its wondrous mesh.

I shall not attempt to give my readers a detailed history of the art of lace-making, nor to settle the disputed point as to its being of ancient or of mediæval origin, whether it grew out of the "raiment of needle-work" in which the Psalmist describes the king's daughter to have been arrayed, or the "cauls and veils," the "nets of checker-work," and the "tapestry," with which Solomon's "virtuous woman" is said to have clothed herself, or whether it had a later origin. When we turn our eyes to the land of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and gaze into the dim Ptolemaic period, we can certainly see traces of the filmy tissue. Homer, Herodotus, and other Greek writers make repeated mention of the cauls and veils, the net-works and the gold-embroidered garments, of the patricians of Egypt, and the effigies on the tombs of this remarkable people are clothed in tunics, with what looks like a border of lapped or netted or crocheted edgings darned around the hem in marvelously diffused patterns, wrought in gold, silver, and divers colors. Isaiah speaks of the Egyptians as "they that work in fine flax and weave net-works." And in confirmation of these writers there appears in the celebrated Abbot collection of the New York Historical Society a female mummy of the Ptolemaic period, on whose head is a cap of lace, an example of the "réseau" or ground, such as our grandmothers called "Grecian net." The toilet of this mummied monument of the age of fable bears witness of the luxury of the period, for upon her withered form are ornaments of gold and pearl. Gazing on this relic of time, it does not require a very strong imagination to conceive Cleopatra and the dusky ladies of her voluptuous court clothed in point-lace and diamonds; but I do not think they were ever thus arrayed. Egyptian lace was probably a very crude and primitive creation. Imagination must not lead us too far.

From the Egyptians it is reasonable to conclude that the Greeks and Hebrews learned, and perhaps made some improvements in, the art of lace-making; and from Greece, through captives taken in war, with other refinements of the wardrobe and luxuries of the household, lace must have reached Rome. But their "nets" and "checker-works" were not known under the name of lace, and it is not probable that the ancients ever attained any degree of perfection in the art, for if this had been the case, we would have more evidence of the fact. Mrs. Miller, an Englishwoman, in a series of "Letters from Italy," written in 1770 and 1771, speaking of the cabinet of Portici, mentions an elegant statue of Diana, dressed in "a purple gown worn after the manner of the Roman ladies, the garment edged with lace exactly resembling *point*. This lace is an inch and a half broad, and has been painted purple." Ancient statuary, however, affords but meagre hints on this subject. Very little of the classic work of ancient Greece exhibits a tendency to ornament. We look in vain for fret or bossing on the matchless works of Phidias and Praxiteles. When they clad their statues at all, there was no departure from the stern simplicity of the Doric period of art. Later, however, we find lace copied in marble. In the celebrated gallery of the Bracchia Nuovo, in the Vatican, are several pieces of statuary richly adorned with sculptured lace, and among them a full-length figure of Augustus the Younger, the hem of whose robe is most delicately fretted.

But not to those polished nations of antiquity alone was the knowledge of embroidery and lace confined. The gentle handicraft was no doubt a domestic art in Scandinavia. Odin and his followers, it is thought, brought over this, among other arts, from the fabulous East, for in the *London Almanac* of 1767 there is an account of the opening of a Scandinavian "barrow" or burrow near Wareham, in England, and within it, in the hollow of an oak, among many bones covered with deer-skins neatly sewed together, was, with other things, a piece of gold-lace four inches long and two and a half inches broad.



GOLD-LACE FOUND IN A SCANDINAVIAN BARROW.

It was much decayed and blackened with age, but it was genuine gold-lace of the old lozenge pattern that is found almost invariably on the borders of the coats and other garments of the ancient Danes.

But the few specimens of the lace-workers' skill of those remote periods, some of which are found in the South Kensington Museum and in various public and private collections of antique laces in Europe, merely prove that the art of lace-making was, like that of painting or of Gothic architecture, only in its infancy, in its archaic stage, in those early days. It did not reach perfection while it was a purely domestic art, nor even when it passed into the feudal castles of the nobles, and became a collateral art with that of making tapestry in the hands of the lady châtelaines and their attendant damsels of noble birth and high degree, who resided with them to be educated in all the arts that became a gentlewoman. But the types and forms of the art originated in these the early days of the Renaissance, just as the types of architecture and painting took their first forms then, and no doubt from the same cause—the effort of the human mind to deliver itself of its most inward and spirit-haunting emotions: the same feeling that moved the human soul to express itself in pictures of the Virgin and Child, of saints and angels. At this period wrought, no doubt, Tennyson's lovely Lady of Shalott. Her "magic web of colors gay," on which she worked by night and day, doubtless was lace, for much of this early mediæval lace is colored. My attention was first called to this by an artist friend, Madame Esther, a Devonshire lace-worker, who showed me several colored specimens of antique guipure.

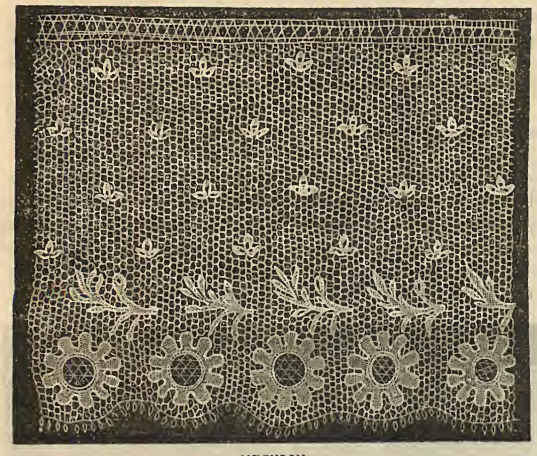
On a certain day we visited together a Belgian gentleman and his wife, in whose possession were two of the most remarkable pieces of modern point-lace (needle point) that I have ever seen. The first was a three-cornered point or shawl, and was made of creamy white diamond-shaped silken pieces joined together for a ground, upon which glowed the forms, colors, and shades of from fifty to one hundred field flowers and exotics, delicate wistarias, blue-eyed forget-me-nots, gorgeous dahlias and roses, and many a floral gem of name unknown save to the practical botanist or florist. The web was as delicate as if woven of the spider's most attenuated thread, and as strong and elastic as horse-hair. It was, in fact, needle point in both white and colored silk. The whole piece was so filmy fine it could be drawn through Madame Esther's wedding ring. I burst into a rapture of delight when M. Eugène held it up between us and the light.



UNFINISHED WORK OF A SPANISH NUN.

"I have found it!" I exclaimed; "I have found it! This is the magic web with colors gay woven by the fairy Lady of Shalott. I always suspected that wondrous web to be lace, and now I am sure of it."

"Softly," said Madame Esther, smiling. "I think this is modern *point de Bruxelles*,



MECHLIN.

and none but the deft fingers of Belgian girls could have perfected these flowers. The Lady of Shalott was no doubt a lace artist, and her web was doubtless colored *passement au fuseau*, but it was not equal to this. Beautiful, beautiful, indeed! It is the rarest piece of work of the kind I have ever seen, and in my day I have handled the laces of imperial and royal wardrobes. Here are flowers of a hundred tints and forms growing into beauty, and arranged and grouped by an artist's hand."

M. Eugène: "The hand of D'Huyghens himself"—gazing fondly at the marvelous creation, as he held it up in such a manner as to show to the greatest advantage the glowing hues that were imprisoned in its delicate mesh. "D'Huyghens designed the pattern, and then painted each flower, petal, leaf, and tendril separately for the parchment lace-workers, and the fingers of no less than eighty experts in needle point were employed a whole year in executing this wonderful triangle."

This *chef-d'œuvre*, fit for an empress or a queen of American society, would have found its place among the treasures of some crowned head of Europe, along with the lace dress of as marvelous beauty that was brought with it to this country, if it had not been for the late Franco-Prussian war. In fact, both pieces were made with the expectation of finding a purchaser for them in the Empress Eugénie. But the revolution in European affairs which banished Napoleon III. and Eugénie from France seriously affected the lace industries of Belgium as well as those of France, and the lace artists of M. Eugène's manufactory are to-day engaged in selling oranges in the streets of Brussels or are starving, and his beautiful laces are in the hands of the New York Custom-house officials. Such pieces of work as the bankrupt lace manufacturer brought over are not at present in demand in Europe. Political affairs there are too unsettled, the situation too uncertain, for even queens and empresses to order $25,000 dresses or $5000 shawls.

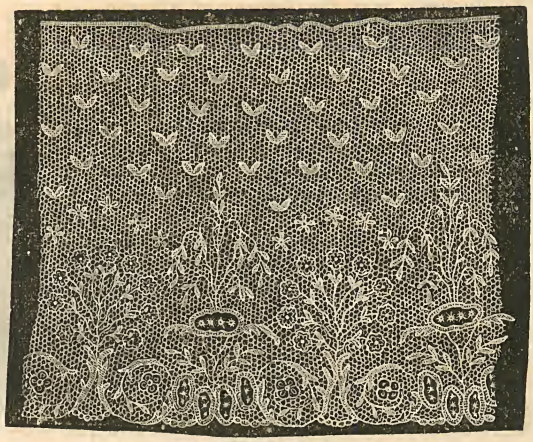
I claim for the beautiful creation, lace, that it is as truly an art creation and emanation of religious affection in the feminine artist soul, which found no other method of expression than that of the needle, as that the productions of Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, Guido, and Michael Angelo are creations of high art. And as a proof of my position, let us look at the early productions of lace in the convents of Spain, Italy, and France. Some of these unfinished works, handed down to us and preserved in the works of Madame Palisser and M. Seguin, contain crude types of form, the réseau or ground, the pearl picot, the *point gaze*, *punto a reticella*—every thing, in fact, that we afterward find perfected in the centuries following the Renaissance, and that resulted in the exquisite points of Brussels, Mechlin, d'Alençon, the *points de France*, *de Chantilly*, the laces of Valenciennes, and that mysterious *point d'Angleterre* whose origin it is impossible to discover. To the works of Madame Palisser and M. Seguin I must refer my readers for the history of the various kinds of lace that from time to time became the fashion in Europe, and that still form the employment of hundreds of thousands of workers in its various countries.

The passion for wearing lace reached its height in the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. In 1653 we find an account of the great Mazarin, while engaged in the siege of a city, holding a careful correspondence with his secretary, Colbert, concerning the purchase of some points from Flanders, Venice, and Genoa. He advises Colbert to advance 30,000 or 40,000 livres for the laces, adding that by making the purchase in time he will derive great advantage in the price, but as he hopes the siege will soon be at an end, they may await his arrival at Paris for his final decision. It seems, however, from Colbert's answer to Mazarin that these laces were destined as patterns for the improvement of the French manufactories; for in the inventory of Mazarin's effects after his death there is no mention of Italian points or lace coverlets, "*dentelles d'or ou d'argent.*" There is no doubt that the minister and his secretary were then meditating the establishment of those *points de France* that Colbert instituted so successfully in 1665 at d'Alençon. The history of the establishment of this manufacture is interesting in itself, and may afford a lesson for our republic that could be taken advantage of in

a shorter time than might be deemed possible by some. In 1660 the French government issued a sumptuary ordinance prohibiting the use of all foreign "*passemens*," *points de Gènes*, *points coupés*, and any French laces and *passemens* exceeding an inch in width. The ordinance then goes on to condemn the canons which, it states, have been introduced into the kingdom with an excessive and insupportable expense by the quantity of points of Venice and Genoa with which they are loaded. The use of these canons was entirely prohibited, unless they were made of plain linen or the same stuff as the coat, without lace or any ornament. The lace-trimmed "canons" of Louis XIV., as represented in his interview with Philip IV., in the Isle of Pheasants, previous to his marriage in 1660, give a good idea of these extravagant appendages. The ordinance of 1660 had but little effect, for various others were issued in the following year, with the oft-repeated prohibitions of the points of Genoa and Venice; but edicts were of no avail. No royal command could compel people to substitute the coarse, inferior laces of France for the fine, artistic productions of her sister countries.



LACE-TRIMMED CANONS OF LOUIS XIV.



POINT D'ALENÇON.

Colbert, therefore, determined to develop the lace manufacture in France, and produce fabrics that should rival the coveted points of Italy and Flanders, so that if money was lavished upon those luxuries, it should not be sent out of the country.

In 1665, at the recommendation of the Sieur Raoul, he selected Madame Gilbert, a lady of Alençon, who was acquainted with the manner of making Venice point, and giving her an advance of 50,000 crowns, established her at his own château, Lonray, near Alençon, with thirty expert lace-workers whom he had at great expense caused to be brought over from Venice. In a short time Madame Gilbert arrived in Paris with the first specimens of the fabric produced by herself and her workers. The king, inspired by Colbert with a desire to see the work, during a supper at Versailles announced to his courtiers that he had just established a manufactory of point more beautiful than the finest of Venice, and appointed a day for an inspection of the specimens.

On the day appointed the king and his courtiers came to Colbert's house in Paris. Madame Gilbert, instructed by Colbert, had arranged the laces, the beautiful *points d'Alençon*, in the most artistic manner on the walls of a room hung with crimson damask, where they showed to the best advantage. When the king and the nobles entered the room, they were perfectly delighted. The Grand Monarque ordered a large sum of money to be given to the happy Madame Gilbert, and turning to his courtiers, said,

"Gentlemen, I hope I will see no other lace worn at my court than this new fabric, upon which I bestow the name *Point de France*."

Scarcely had Louis retired, when the courtiers rushed back, and, at exorbitant prices, paid to Madame Gilbert, stripped the room of its contents. The approval of

the monarch was the fortune of Alençon. *Point de France*, adopted by court etiquette, soon became as fashionable as it was compulsory. All who had the privilege of the "casaque bleu," all who were received at Versailles or were attached to the royal household, could only appear, the ladies in trimmings and head-dresses, the gentlemen in ruffles and cravats, of the royal manufacture.

An ordinance of August 5, 1665, founded upon a large scale the manufacture of *points de France*, with the exclusive privilege for ten years, and a grant of 36,000 francs. A company was formed, its members rapidly increased, and in 1668 the capital amounted to 22,000 livres. Eight directors were appointed, at salaries of 12,000 livres a year, to conduct the manufacture, and the company held its sittings in the Hôtel de Beaufort, at Paris. The first distribution of profits took place in October, in 1665, amounting to the enormous profit of fifty per cent. upon each share. In 1670 a second distribution was made, and 120,000 livres were distributed among the share-holders. The distribution of 1673 was still more considerable. In 1675 the ten years' privilege ceased. The money was returned, and the remainder of the profits divided.



POINT DE FRANCE—PRESENTATION OF THE GRAND DAUPHIN TO HIS FATHER.



COLBERT, 1683.

Colbert likewise set up a fabric at the Château de Madrid, built by Francis I., in the Bois de Boulogne. Such was the origin of point-lace in France. Colbert's plan was crowned with success. He established a lucrative manufactory that brought large sums of money into the kingdom, instead of sending it out. Well might he say that "Fashion was to France what the mines of Peru were to Spain."

From the fourteenth to the eighteenth century the art of lace-making continued to increase and spread in all the countries of Europe. It would be impossible to enumerate all the different points that are spoken of in the histories of lace that have from time to time been written, or that occur in the inventories and wardrobe accounts of kings and queens, priests and prelates, in those five centuries. Every country of Europe—nay, every section of the various countries—had its particular point. This is measurably the case at the present day. The lace industries of Europe form no small item in the revenues of those nations. In spite of the inventions in the way of machineries that weave imitations of every old or new point, thousands of women and children earn their livelihood by the manufacture of needle or pillow lace (hand-made), working mostly in their own cottages, in the open air, or at the windows, on the flowers or designs which are generally given out to them from the central manufactory, where the designing is done, and where the whole is put together by "bride" or "réseau" workers after the outside flower workers have finished their part of the work.* It is

* All lace is divided into pillow and point lace. The first is made by the needle on a parchment pattern, and termed needle point, *point à l'aiguille*, or *punta in aca*. Pillow lace is sometimes improperly called point. The manner of making it is thus described: The "pillow" is a round or oval board, stuffed so as to form a cushion, which is placed on the knees of the workwoman,



MODERN HONITON LACE.

estimated that there are 500,000 lace-workers, mostly women and children, in Europe, of whom nearly one-half are employed in France. Almost all of these lace-workers perform their labor at their own homes. In Belgium, where there are 900 lace schools, many of which are in convents, there are no less than 150,000 women engaged in lace-making. In Auvergne, in France, there are 130,000 thus employed, most of whom work in their homes in the environs of Le Puy, which was one of the earliest centres of this industry, and where it still continues to flourish.

England produces a large quantity of pillow lace. Very beautiful specimens of the laces of Bedford, Wiltshire, Dorset, Northampton, Buckinghamshire, and Devonshire are given in Madame Palisser's *History of Lace;* but the principal lace-producing town of England is Honiton, in Devonshire. Honiton is the best known of the English laces on this side of the Atlantic. This lace was brought into modern notice and made fashionable by Queen Victoria, who, commiserating the condition of the lace-workers of Devonshire, and wishing to bring their work into demand, ordered her wedding dress of it. Her two daughters and the Princess of Wales following her example, by ordering their wedding dresses also of Honiton, have made it a fashionable and expensive lace ever since.

The only attempt to introduce the art of lace-making into this country was made by a Honiton lace-worker, Madame Esther, whose name I have mentioned in another part of this article. A genuine artist and an enthusiast, she opened a small school of design for lace two years ago in New York, which is only partially successful for want of capital to carry on the enterprise.

Now I dare say if Madame Esther was as devout a Catholic as my good grandmother was, she would appeal to St. Jean François Regis for aid in her work. The legend of St. François, and how he came to be the patron saint of lace-workers, is preserved among the charcoal-burners and water-carriers of Auvergne, as well as among the lace-workers of that region. It is that in 1640, in the month of January, the town authorities of Le Puy posted up at the four



TOMB OF BARBARA UTTMAN, AT ANNABERG.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

and sometimes on an elevated frame before her. On this pillow a stiff piece of parchment is fixed, with small holes pricked through to mark the pattern. Through these holes pins are stuck into the cushion. The threads with which the lace is formed are wound upon bobbins, formerly bones—from whence the name "bone lace." Now the bobbins are made of small round pieces of wood about the size of a pencil, having round their upper ends a deep groove, so formed as to reduce the bobbin to a thin neck, on which the thread is wound, a separate bobbin being used for each thread. By the twisting and crossing of these threads the ground of the lace is formed. The pattern, or figure, is made by interweaving a thread much thicker than that forming the groundwork, according to the design pricked out on the parchment. Such has been the pillow, and such the method of using it, with slight variations, for centuries; certainly ever since 1581, as is shown by a painting of Martin de Vos, of that date. Again, all lace consists of two parts, the ground and the flower. The plain ground is styled in French "entoilage," on account of its containing the flower or ornament, which is called "toile." The honey-comb net-work or ground, in French, "réseau," "fond," "champ," "treille," is of various kinds: wire ground, Brussels ground, trolly ground, etc.; fond clair, fond double, etc. Some laces are not worked upon ground at all. The flowers are made, and then connected by irregular threads, termed, variously, "brides," "legs," "pearl ties," and "coxcombs." All the guipures are made thus.

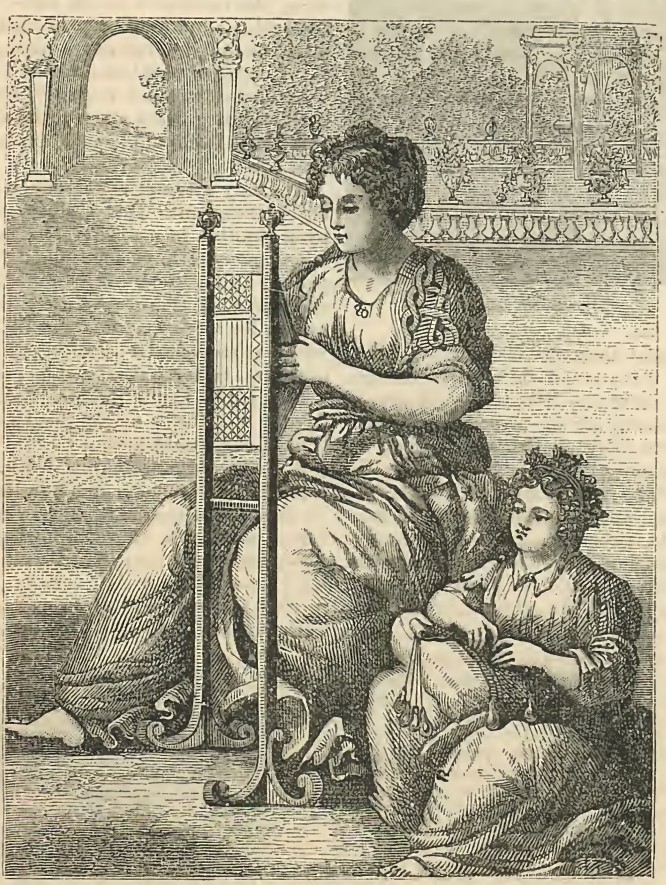
corners of the streets an ordinance of the Parliament of Toulouse, forbidding, under pain of heavy fines, all persons, of what degree soever, to wear lace upon their garments after the seventh day of the month of February following. The reasons assigned for this ordinance were that so many women were occupied in working lace that it was difficult to obtain domestic service, and also that it was desirable to do away with the class distinctions that the wearing of lace marked. This caused a great sensation in Le Puy and Velay among the merchants, as well as among the unfortunate women who existed only by the proceeds of their lace-working. They appealed to the great preacher of that day, Jean François Regis, who procured a revocation of the edict; consequently when he was canonized he became the patron saint of lace.

I can not close this desultory chat about lace and lace-workers without relating the legend of another lace saint, who, if she is not canonized by ecclesiastical law, is at least in the hearts and memories of the dwellers in the Hartz Mountains of Germany. She sleeps in the church-yard of Annaberg. Under an old lime-tree rises the tomb erected to her memory by the pious Annabergers. On it is inscribed:

"Here lies Barbara Uttman, died 14 January, 1575, whose invention of lace in the year 1561 made her the benefactress of the Hartz Mountains.

"An active mind, a skillful hand,
Bring blessings down on the Father-land."

The honor of introducing pillow lace making into Germany is by common consent accorded to Barbara Uttman, or rather Barbara Etterlein, for that was her maiden name.



LACE-MAKING, AFTER MARTIN DE VOS, 1581.

She was born in 1514, in Etterlein, a small town of Saxony, which derives its name from her family. Her parents, burghers of Nuremberg, had removed to the Saxon Hartz Mountains for the purpose of working some mines. Here Barbara married a rich master-miner, Christopher Uttman, of Annaberg. It is said that she had learned the art of making pillow lace from a native of Brabant —a Protestant lady, whom the cruelties of the Duke of Alva had driven from her country. Barbara had observed the mountain girls occupied in making net-work for the

miners to wear over their hair; she took great interest in the work, and profiting by the knowledge derived from the Brabant lace-worker, she succeeded in making her pupils produce, first, a fine-knitted tricot, and afterward a kind of plain lace ground. In 1561, having procured aid from Flanders, she set up, in her own name of Barbara Uttman, a workshop at Annaberg, and there began to make laces of various patterns. This branch of industry soon spread from the Bavarian frontier to Altenberg and Giessen, giving employment to thirty thousand persons, and producing a revenue of one million thalers. Barbara Uttman died in 1575, leaving sixty-five descendants, children and grandchildren. It is said that when she was taking lessons from her Brabant teacher, after she had completed her first attempt at making lace ground or réseau, her teacher took the small piece in her hand and carefully counted the stitches which Barbara had made.

"Why do you count the stitches?" inquired Barbara of the gentle lady.

"Because," she replied, "I wish to know how many of your children will weep at your funeral."

"How many?" again inquired Barbara, never doubting the fulfillment of the prophecy, for that was in the Middle Ages.

"Sixty-five," was the answer. Barbara believed her friend, and so it actually came to pass.

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART V.

"Shall sharpest pathos blight us, doing no wrong?"

SO writes our greatest living poet, in one of the noblest poems he ever penned. And he speaks truth. The real canker of human existence is not misery, but sin.

After the first cruel pang, the bitter wail after her lost life—and we have here but one life to lose!—her lost happiness, for she knew now that though she might be very peaceful, very content, no real happiness ever had come, ever could come to her in this world, except Robert Roy's love—after this, Fortune sat down, folded her hands, and bowed her head to the waves of sorrow that kept sweeping over her, not for one day or two days, but for many days and weeks—the anguish, not of patience, but regret—sharp, stinging, helpless regret. They came rolling in, those remorseless billows, just like the long breakers on the sands of St. Andrews. Hopeless to resist, she could only crouch down and let them pass. "All Thy waves have gone over me."

Of course this is spoken metaphorically. Outwardly, Miss Williams neither sat still nor folded her hands. She was seen every where as usual, her own proper self, as the world knew it; but underneath all that was the self that she knew, and God knew. No one else. No one ever could have known, except Robert Roy, had things been different from what they were—from what God had apparently willed them to be.

A sense of inevitable fate came over her. It was now nearly two years since that letter from Mr. Roy of Shanghai, and no more tidings had reached her. She began to think none ever would reach her now. She ceased to hope or to fear, but let herself drift on, accepting the small pale pleasures of every day, and never omitting one of its duties. One only thought remained; which, contrasted with the darkness of all else, often gleamed out as an actual joy.

If the lost letter really was Robert Roy's—and though she had no positive proof, she had the strongest conviction, remembering the thick fog of that Tuesday morning, how easily Archy might have dropped it out of his hand, and how, during those days of soaking rain, it might have lain, unobserved by any one, under the laurel branches, till the child picked it up and hid it as he said—if Robert Roy had written to her, written in any way, he was at least not faithless. And he might have loved her then. Afterward, he might have married, or died; she might never find him again in this world, or if she found him, he might be totally changed: still, whatever happened, he had loved her. The fact remained. No power in earth or heaven could alter it.

And sometimes, even yet, a half-superstitious feeling came over her that all this was not for nothing—the impulse which had impelled her to write to Shanghai, the other impulse, or concatenation of circumstances, which had floated her, after so many changes, back to the old place, the old life. It looked like chance, but was it? Is any thing chance? Does not our own will, soon or late, accomplish for us what we desire? That is, when we try to reconcile it to the will of God.

She had accepted His will all these years, seeing no reason for it; often feeling it very

hard and cruel, but still accepting it. And now?

I am writing no sensational story. In it are no grand dramatic points; no *Deus ex machinâ* appears to make all smooth; every event—if it can boast of aught so large as an event—follows the other in perfectly natural succession. For I have always noticed that in life there are rarely any startling "effects," but gradual evolutions. Nothing happens by accident; and, the premises once granted, nothing happens but what was quite sure to happen, following those premises. We novelists do not "make up" our stories; they make themselves. Nor do human beings invent their own lives; they do but use up the materials given to them—some well, some ill; some wisely, some foolishly; but, in the main, the dictum of the Preacher is not far from the truth, "All things come alike to all."

A whole winter had passed by, and the spring twilights were beginning to lengthen, tempting Miss Williams and her girls to linger another half hour before they lit the lamp for the evening. They were doing so, cozily chatting over the fire, after the fashion of a purely feminine household, when there was a sudden announcement that a gentleman, with two little boys, wanted to see Miss Williams. He declined to give his name, and said he would not detain her more than a few minutes.

"Let him come in here," Fortune was just about to say, when she reflected that it might be some law business which concerned her girls, whom she had grown so tenderly anxious to save from any trouble and protect from every care. "No, I will go and speak to him myself."

She rose and walked quietly into the parlor, already shadowed into twilight: a neat, compact little person, dressed in soft gray homespun, with a pale pink bow on her throat, and another in her cap—a pretty little fabric of lace and cambric, which, being now the fashion, her girls had at last condescended to let her wear. She had on a black silk apron, with pockets, into one of which she had hastily thrust her work, and her thimble was yet on her finger. This was the figure on which the eyes of the gentleman rested as he turned round.

Miss Williams lifted her eyes inquiringly to his face—a bearded face, thin and dark.

"I beg your pardon, I have not the pleasure of knowing you; I—"

She suddenly stopped. Something in the height, the turn of the head, the crisp dark hair, in which were not more than a few threads of gray, while hers had so many now, reminded her of—some one, the bare thought of whom made her feel dizzy and blind.

"No," he said, "I did not expect you would know me; and indeed, until I saw you, I was not sure you were the right Miss Williams. Possibly you may remember my name—Roy, Robert Roy."

Faces alter, manners, gestures; but the one thing which never changes is a voice. Had Fortune heard this one—ay, at her last dying hour, when all worldly sounds were fading away—she would have recognized it at once.

The room being full of shadow, no one could see any thing distinctly; and it was as well.

In another minute she had risen, and held out her hand.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Roy. How long have you been in England? Are these your little boys?"

Without answering, he took her hand—a quiet friendly grasp, just as it used to be. And so, without another word, the gulf of fifteen—seventeen years was overleaped, and Robert Roy and Fortune Williams had met once more.

If any body had told her when she rose that morning what would happen before night, and happen so naturally, too, she would have said it was impossible. That, after a very few minutes, she could have sat there, talking to him as to any ordinary acquaintance, seemed incredible, yet it was truly so.

"I was in great doubts whether the Miss Williams who, they told me, lived here was yourself or some other lady; but I thought I would take the chance. Because, were it yourself, I thought, for the sake of old times, you might be willing to advise me concerning my two little boys, whom I have brought to St. Andrews for their education."

"Your sons, are they?"

"No. I am not married."

There was a pause, and then he told the little fellows to go and look out of the window, while he talked with Miss Williams. He spoke to them in a fatherly tone; there was nothing whatever of the young man left in him now. His voice was sweet, his manner grave, his whole appearance unquestionably "middle-aged."

"They are orphans. Their name is Roy, though they are not my relatives, or so distant that it matters nothing. But their father was a very good friend of mine, which matters a great deal. He died suddenly, and his wife soon after, leaving their affairs in great confusion. Hearing this, far up in the Australian bush, where I have been a sheep-farmer for some years, I came round by Shanghai, but too late to do more than take these younger boys and bring them home. The rest of the family are disposed of. These two will be henceforward mine. That is all."

A very little "all," and wholly about other people; scarcely a word about himself. Yet he seemed to think it sufficient, and as if she had no possible interest in hearing more.

Cursorily he mentioned having received her letter, which was "friendly and kind;" that it had followed him to Australia, and then back to Shanghai. But his return home seemed to have been entirely without reference to it—or to her.

So she let all pass, and accepted things as they were. It was enough. When a shipwrecked man sees land—ever so barren a land, ever so desolate a shore—he does not argue within himself, "Is this my haven?" he simply puts into it, and lets himself be drifted ashore.

It took but a few minutes more to explain further what Mr. Roy wanted—a home for his two "poor little fellows."

"They are so young still—and they have lost their mother. They would do very well in their classes here, if some kind woman would take them and look after them. I felt, if the Miss Williams I heard of were really the Miss Williams I used to know, I could trust them to her, more than to any woman I ever knew."

"Thank you." And then she explained that she had already two girls in charge. She could say nothing till she had consulted them. In the mean time—

Just then the tea bell sounded. The world was going on just as usual—this strange, commonplace, busy, regardless world!

"I beg your pardon for intruding on your time so long," said Mr. Roy, rising. "I will leave you to consider the question, and you will let me know as soon as you can. I am staying at the hotel here, and shall remain until I can leave my boys settled. Good-evening."

Again she felt the grasp of the hand: that ghostly touch, so vivid in dreams for all these years, and now a warm living reality. It was too much. She could not bear it.

"If you would care to stay," she said—and though it was too dark to see her, he must have heard the faint tremble in her voice—"our tea is ready. Let me introduce you to my girls, and they can make friends with your little boys."

The matter was soon settled, and the little party ushered into the bright warm parlor, glittering with all the appendages of that pleasant meal—essentially feminine—a "hungry" tea. Robert Roy put his hand over his eyes as if the light dazzled him, and then sat down in the arm-chair which Miss Williams brought forward, turning as he did so to look up at her—right in her face—with his grave, soft, earnest eyes.

"Thank you. How like that was to your old ways! How very little you are changed!"

This was the only reference he made, in the slightest degree, to former times.

And she?

She went out of the room, ostensibly to get a pot of guava jelly for the boys—found it after some search, and then sat down.

Only in her store closet, with her housekeeping things all about her. But it was a quiet place, and the door was shut.

There is, in one of those infinitely pathetic Old Testament stories, a sentence—"And he sought where to weep: and he entered into his chamber and wept there."

She did not weep, this woman, not a young woman now: she only tried during her few minutes of solitude to gather up her thoughts, to realize what had happened to her, and who it was that sat in the next room—under her roof—at her very fireside. Then she clasped her hands with a sudden sob, wild as any of the emotions of her girlhood.

"Oh, my love, my love, the love of all my life! Thank God!"

The evening passed, not very merrily, but peacefully; the girls, who had heard a good deal of Mr. Roy from David Dalziel, doing their best to be courteous to him, and to amuse his shy little boys. He did not stay long, evidently having a morbid dread of "intruding," and his manner was exceedingly reserved, almost awkward sometimes, of which he seemed painfully conscious, apologizing for being "unaccustomed to civilization and to ladies' society," having during his life in the bush sometimes passed months at a time without ever seeing a woman's face.

"And women are your only civilizers," said he. "That is why I wish my motherless lads to be taken into this household of yours, Miss Williams, which looks so—so comfortable," and he glanced round the pretty parlor with something very like a sigh. "I hope you will consider the matter, and let me know as soon as you have made up your mind."

"Which I shall do very soon," she answered.

"Yes, I know you will. And your decision once made, you never change."

"Very seldom. I am not one of those who are 'given to change.'"

"Nor I."

He stood a moment, lingering in the pleasant, lightsome warmth, as if loath to quit it, then took his little boys in either hand and went away.

There was a grand consultation that night, for Miss Williams never did any thing without speaking to her girls; but still it was merely nominal. They always left the decision to her. And her heart yearned over the two little Roys, orphans, yet children still; while Helen and Janetta were growing up and needing very little from her except a general motherly supervision. Besides, *he* asked it. He had said distinctly that she was the only woman to whom he could thoroughly trust his boys. So—she took them.

After a few days the new state of things

grew so familiar that it seemed as if it had lasted for months, the young Roys going to and fro to their classes and their golf-playing, just as the young Dalziels had done; and Mr. Roy coming about the house, almost daily, exactly as Robert Roy had used to do of old. Sometimes it was to Fortune Williams the strangest reflex of former times; only—with a difference.

Unquestionably he was very much changed. In outward appearance more even than the time accounted for. No man can knock about the world, in different lands and climates, for seventeen years, without bearing the marks of it. Though still under fifty, he had all the air of an "elderly" man, and had grown a little "peculiar" in his ways, his modes of thought and speech—except that he spoke so very little. He accounted for this by his long lonely life in Australia, which had produced, he said, an almost unconquerable habit of silence. Altogether, he was far more of an old bachelor than she was of an old maid, and Fortune felt this: felt, too, that in spite of her gray hairs she was in reality quite as young as he—nay, sometimes younger; for her innocent, simple, shut-up life had kept her young.

And he, what had his life been, in so far as he gradually betrayed it? Restless, struggling; a perpetual battle with the world; having to hold his own, and fight his way inch by inch—he who was naturally a born student, to whom the whirl of a business career was especially obnoxious. What had made him choose it? Once chosen, probably he could not help himself; besides, he was not one to put his shoulder to the wheel and then draw back. Evidently, with the grain or against the grain, he had gone on with it; this sad, strange, wandering life, until he had "made his fortune," for he told her so. But he said no more; whether he meant to stay at home and spend it, or go out again to the antipodes (and he spoke of those far lands without any distaste, even with a lingering kindliness, for indeed he seemed to have no unkindly thought of any place or person in all the world), his friend did not know.

His friend. That was the word. No other. After her first outburst of uncontrollable emotion, to call Robert Roy her "love," even in fancy, or to expect that he would deport himself in any lover-like way, became ridiculous, pathetically ridiculous. She was sure of that. Evidently no idea of the kind entered his mind. She was Miss Williams, and he was Mr. Roy—two middle-aged people, each with their different responsibilities, their altogether separate lives; and, hard as her own had been, it seemed as if his had been the harder of the two—ay, though he was now a rich man, and she still little better than a poor governess.

She did not think very much of worldly things, but still she was aware of this fact—that he was rich and she was poor. She did not suffer herself to dwell upon it, but the consciousness was there, sustained with a certain feeling called "proper pride." The conviction was forced upon her in the very first days of Mr. Roy's return—that to go back to the days of their youth was as impossible as to find primroses in September.

If, indeed, there were any thing to go back to. Sometimes she felt, if she could only have found out that, all the rest would be easy, painless. If she could only have said to him, "Did you write me the letter you promised? Did you *ever* love me?" But that one question was, of course, utterly impossible. He made no reference whatever to old things, but seemed resolved to take up the present—a very peaceful and happy present it soon grew to be—just as if there were no past at all. So perforce did she.

But, as I think I have said once before, human nature is weak, and there were days when the leaves were budding, and the birds singing in the trees, when the sun was shining and the waves rolling in upon the sands, just as they rolled in that morning over those two lines of foot-marks, which might have walked together through life; and who knows what mutual strength, help, and comfort this might have proved to both?—then it was, for one at least, rather hard.

Especially when, bit by bit, strange ghostly fragments of his old self began to re-appear in Robert Roy: his keen delight in nature, his love of botanical or geological excursions. Often he would go wandering down the familiar shore for hours in search of marine animals for the girls' aquarium, and then would come and sit down at their tea-table, reading or talking, so like the Robert Roy of old that one of the little group, who always crept in the background, felt dizzy and strange, as if all her later years had been a dream, and she were living her youth over again, only with the difference aforesaid: a difference sharp as that between death and life—yet with something of the peace of death in it.

Sometimes, when they met at the innocent little tea parties which St. Andrews began to give—for of course in that small community every body knew every body, and all their affairs to boot, often a good deal better than they did themselves, so that there was great excitement and no end of speculation over Mr. Roy—sometimes meeting, as they were sure to do, and walking home together, with the moonlight shining down the empty streets, and the stars out by myriads over the silent distant sea, while the nearer tide came washing in upon the sands—all was so like, so frightfully like, old times that it was very sore to bear.

But, as I have said, Miss Williams was

Miss Williams, and Mr. Roy Mr. Roy, and there were her two girls always besides them; also his two boys, who soon took to "Auntie" as naturally as if they were really hers, or she theirs.

"I think they had better call you so, as the others do," said Mr. Roy one day. "Are these young ladies really related to you?"

"No; but I promised their father on his death-bed to take charge of them. That is all."

"He is dead, then. Was he a great friend of yours?"

She felt the blood flashing all over her face, but she answered, steadily: "Not a very intimate friend, but I respected him exceedingly. He was a good man. His daughters had a heavy loss when he died, and I am glad to be a comfort to them so long as they need me."

"I have no doubt of it."

This was the only question he ever asked her concerning her past life, though, by slow degrees, he told her a good deal of his own. Enough to make her quite certain, even if her keen feminine instinct had not already divined the fact, that whatever there might have been in it of suffering, there was nothing in the smallest degree either to be ashamed of or to hide. What Robert Roy of Shanghai had written about him had continued true. As he said one day to her, "We never stand still. We either grow better or worse. You have not grown worse."

Nor had he. All that was good in him had developed, all his little faults had toned down. The Robert Roy of to-day was slightly different from, but in no wise inferior to, the Robert Roy of her youth. She saw it, and rejoiced in the seeing.

What he saw in her she could not tell. He seemed determined to rest wholly in the present, and take out of it all the peace and pleasantness that he could. In the old days, when the Dalziel boys were naughty, and Mrs. Dalziel tiresome, and work was hard, and holidays were few, and life was altogether the rough road that it often seems to the young, he had once called her "Pleasantness and Peace." He never said so now; but sometimes he looked it.

Many an evening he came and sat by her fireside, in the arm-chair, which seemed by right to have devolved upon him; never staying very long, for he was still nervously sensitive about being "in the way," but making himself and them all very cheerful and happy while he did stay. Only sometimes, when Fortune's eyes stole to his face —not a young man's face now—she fancied she could trace, besides the wrinkles, a sadness, approaching to hardness, that never used to be. But again, when interested in some book or other (he said it was delicious to take to reading again, after the long fast of years), he would look round to her for sympathy, or utter one of his dry drolleries, the old likeness, the old manner and tone, would come back so vividly that she started, hardly knowing whether the feeling it gave her was pleasure or pain.

But beneath both, lying so deep down that neither he nor any one could ever suspect its presence, was something else. Can many waters quench love? Can the deep sea drown it? What years of silence can wither it? What frost of age can freeze it down? God only knows.

Hers was not like a girl's love. Those two girls sitting by her day after day would have smiled at it, and at its object. Between themselves they considered Mr. Roy somewhat of an "old fogy;" were very glad to make use of him now and then, in the great dearth of gentlemen at St. Andrews, and equally glad afterward to turn him over to Auntie, who was always kind to him. Auntie was so kind to every body.

Kind? Of course she was, and above all when he looked worn and tired. He did so sometimes: as if life had ceased to be all pleasure, and the constant mirth of these young folks was just a little too much for him. Then she ingeniously used to save him from it and them for a while. They never knew—there was no need for them to know—how tenfold deeper than all the passion of youth is the tenderness with which a woman cleaves to the man she loves when she sees him growing old.

Thus the days went by till Easter came, announced by the sudden apparition, one evening, of David Dalziel.

That young man, when, the very first day of his holidays, he walked in upon his friends at St. Andrews, and found sitting at their tea-table a strange gentleman, did not like it at all—scarcely even when he found out that the intruder was his old friend, Mr. Roy.

"And you never told me a word about this," said he, reproachfully, to Miss Williams. "Indeed, you have not written to me for weeks; you have forgotten all about me."

She winced at the accusation, for it was true. Beyond her daily domestic life, which she still carefully fulfilled, she had in truth forgotten every thing. Outside people were ceasing to affect her at all. What *he* liked, what *he* wanted to do, day by day—whether he looked ill or well, happy or unhappy, only he rarely looked either—this was slowly growing to be once more her whole world. With a sting of compunction, and another, half of fear, save that there was nothing to dread, nothing that could affect any body beyond herself—Miss Williams roused herself to give young Dalziel an especially hearty welcome, and to make his little visit as happy as possible.

Small need of that; he was bent on tak-

ing all things pleasantly. Coming now near the end of a very creditable college career, being of age and independent, with the cozy little fortune that his old grandmother had left him, the young fellow was disposed to see every thing *couleur de rose*, and this feeling communicated itself to all his friends.

It was a pleasant time. Often in years to come did that little knot of friends, old and young, look back upon it as upon one of those rare bright bits in life when the outside current of things moves smoothly on, while underneath it there may or may not be, but generally there is, a secret or two which turns the most trivial events into sweet and dear remembrances forever.

David's days being few enough, they took pains not to lose one, but planned excursions here, there, and every where—to Dundee, to Perth, to Elie, to Balcarras—all together, children, young folks, and elders: that admirable *melange* which generally makes such expeditions "go off" well. Theirs did, especially the last one, to the old house of Balcarras, where they got admission to the lovely quaint garden, and Janetta sang "Auld Robin Gray" on the spot where it was written.

She had a sweet voice, and there seemed to have come into it a pathos which Fortune had never remarked before. The touching, ever old, ever new story made the young people quite quiet for a few minutes; and then they all wandered away together, Helen promising to look after the two wild young Roys, to see that they did not kill themselves in some unforeseen way, as, aided and abetted by David and Janetta, they went on a scramble up Balcarras Hill.

"Will you go too?" said Fortune to Robert Roy. "I have the provisions to see to; besides, I can not scramble as well as the rest. I am not quite so young as I used to be."

"Nor I," he answered, as, taking her basket, he walked silently on beside her.

It was a curious feeling, and all to come out of a foolish song; but if ever she felt thankful to God from the bottom of her heart that she had said "No," at once and decisively, to the good man who slept at peace beneath the church-yard elms, it was at that moment. But the feeling and the moment passed by immediately. Mr. Roy took up the thread of conversation where he had left it off—it was some bookish or ethical argument, such as he would go on with for hours; so she listened to him in silence. They walked on, the larks singing and the primroses blowing. All the world was saying to itself, "I am young; I am happy;" but she said nothing at all.

People grow used to pain; it dies down at intervals, and becomes quite bearable, especially when no one sees it or guesses at it.

They had a very merry picnic on the hill-top, enjoying those mundane consolations of food and drink which Auntie was expected always to have forth-coming, and which those young people did by no means despise, nor Mr. Roy neither. He made himself so very pleasant with them all, looking thoroughly happy, and baring his head to the spring breeze with the eagerness of a boy.

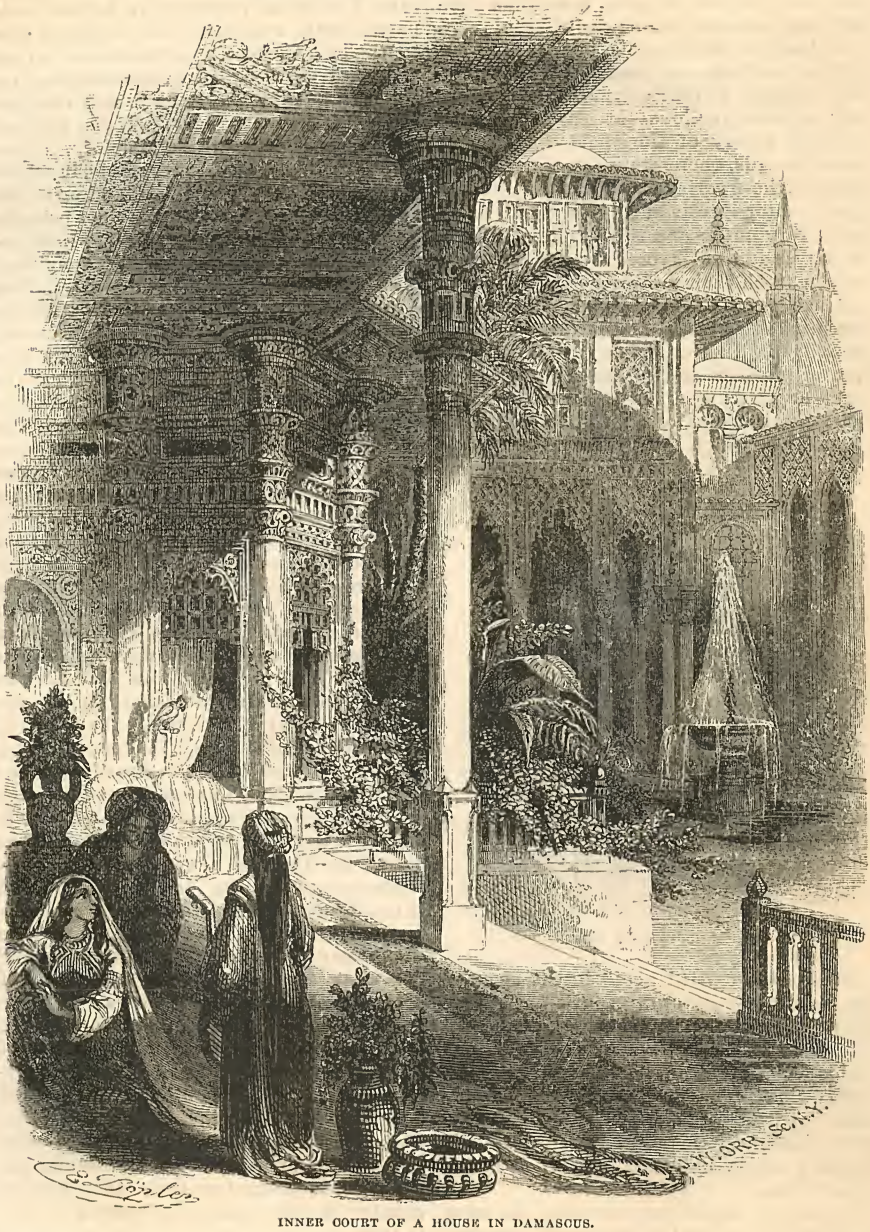
"Oh, this is delicious! It makes me feel young again. There's nothing like home. One thing I am determined upon: I will never quit bonnie Scotland more."

It was the first clear intimation he had given of his intentions regarding the future, but it thrilled her with measureless content. If only he would not go abroad again, if she might have him within reach for the rest of her days—able to see him, to talk to him, to know where he was and what he was doing, instead of being cut off from him by those terrible dividing seas—it was enough! Nothing could be so bitter as what had been; and whatever was the mystery of their youth, which it was impossible to unravel now—whether he had ever loved her, or loved her and crushed it down and forgotten it, or only felt very kindly and cordially to her, as he did now, the past was—well, only the past!—and the future lay still before her, not unsweet. When we are young, we insist on having every thing or nothing; when we are older, we learn that "every thing" is an impossible and "nothing" a somewhat bitter word. We are able to stoop meekly and pick up the fragments of the children's bread, without feeling ourselves to be altogether "dogs."

Fortune went home that night with a not unhappy, almost a satisfied, heart. She sat back in the carriage, close beside that other heart which she believed to be the truest in all the world, though it had never been hers. There was a tremendous clatter of talking and laughing and fun of all sorts, between David Dalziel and the little Roys on the box, and the Misses Moseley sitting just below them, as they had insisted on doing, no doubt finding the other two members of the party a little "slow."

Nevertheless Mr. Roy and Miss Williams took their part in laughing with their young people, and trying to keep them in order; though after a while both relapsed into silence. One did at least, for it had been a long day and she was tired, being, as she had said, "not so young as she had been." But if any of these lively young people had asked her the question whether she was happy, or at least contented, she would have never hesitated about her reply. Young, gay, and prosperous as they were, I doubt if Fortune Williams would have changed lots with any one of them all.

HOME LIFE IN THE EAST.*



INNER COURT OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

WE propose in this article, commencing with the wedding and ending with the burial, to trace the history and describe the condition of an Eastern household. The reader who follows carefully the course of our narrative will find in the ancient customs which are still maintained unchanged in the Orient some few features worthy of our imitation; he will find more that indicate how true it is that all the world is kin; and he will find also some that illustrate the truth that Christianity has greatly changed

* The illustrations and, in the main, the facts embodied in this article are taken from Dr. HENRY J. VAN LENNEP'S *Bible Lands: their modern Customs and Manners illustrative of Scripture* (Harper and Brothers). The necessary limitations of space are such that we present here only one aspect of Eastern life, which in this volume is admirably illustrated in all its aspects by one whose long residence in the East gives him personal familiarity with the subject.

social life, and that if women are the most devoted adherents of the Christian Church, it is true that woman owes more than even she imagines to the influence of Christianity.

In America, love precedes and prepares the way for marriage—at least this is our theory of courtship. In the East, marriage precedes and prepares for love—at least this is the Oriental theory of the wedded state. It quite accords, therefore, with the Eastern ideas of the marriage relation that women should enter into it at an age which to us seems very unfit; and this practice of early marriages is also favored by the fact that women reach their maturity at a much earlier age than with us. They are at the height of their bloom and beauty at fifteen or sixteen. They are often married at thirteen or fourteen, and sometimes as early as eight or nine; and Dr. Van-Lennep mentions one instance of a wedding which he attended in which the bride was so young



BRIDAL CROWN, OR DODOS.

that she was carried about in the arms of her relatives. Naturally courtship is done by proxy, and the young men are cheated out of what the American regards as one of his most sacred, inalienable rights. The duty of looking up for the young man a suitable wife, which even in our own society the mother, aunts, or sisters often assume, is in the East, by universal consent, devolved upon them.

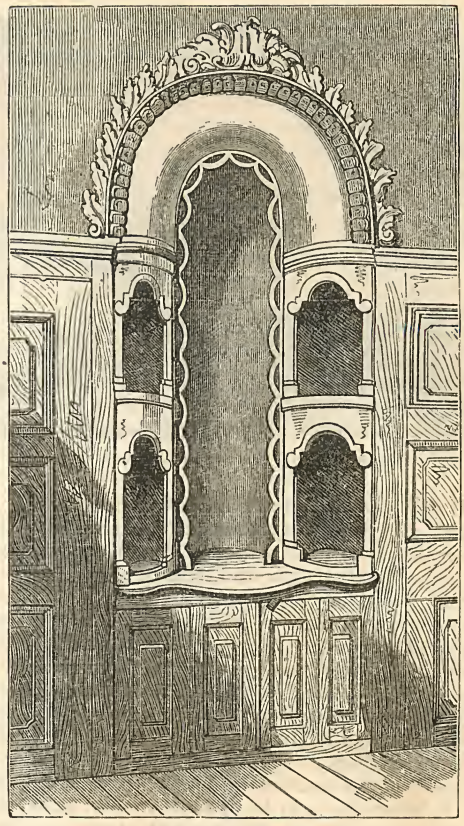
Womanly nature is essentially the same the world over, and we may safely assume that they are nothing loath to perform the duty which social custom intrusts to them. For this purpose they sally forth in a body on their tour of inspection, call at any house which affords reasonable hope of containing a suitable inmate, are invariably greeted with the utmost courtesy, and ushered at once into the reception-room; the young lady is summoned, and presently enters, bearing sweetmeats and water; she is arrayed in all the finery and jewels which belong to her dowry; nor is it considered a breach of social propriety to inquire with particularity respecting her marriage portion. This frankness prevents some of the awkward discoveries which sometimes occur with us after marriage to mar the happiness of the honey-moon. If the preliminary negotiations are satisfactory, a bargain is made between the parents, in which the amount paid by the husband or on his behalf, either to the bride or to her parents, is definitely agreed upon. This, which under the Mosaic law was fixed at a uniform rate—at fifty shekels, or twenty-five dollars—varies among the modern Jews with the condition of the bride's family, while among some of the Circassian tribes and the Tartars, as among the African savages, the daughter, when she reaches a marriageable age, is sold to the highest bidder. The parties are considered as affianced as soon as the marriage contract has been agreed to, but the nuptial ceremony is sometimes deferred for a considerable period, during which time the bride and groom are not permitted to see each other; their sole intercourse with each other is through the intervention of a "friend of the bridegroom." The wedding dress is even more a matter of importance with the Eastern bride than with us. The preparation of her toilet, in the presence of female friends, often occupies a large part of two days. The wedding veil, the bridal crown, the dodos or cap, are some of the emblems donned for the bridal ceremony. The costumes are often rich and gorgeous beyond expression. Fashion, as interpreted by an Oriental milliner quoted by Dr. Van-Lennep, prescribes the characteristics of an ideal wedding dress. It should measure six yards from the shoulders to the end of the train; the long sleeves should sweep the floor; the material is silk; it is elaborately embroidered by a party of professional embroiderers under the direction of a chief. The sum paid for superintending the needle-work on a single robe referred to by Dr. Van-Lennep was five hundred dollars, while the charge for the work done by the subordinates was two thousand five hundred dollars, and the entire cost of the dress was ten thousand; nor must it be forgotten that labor in that country is very much less expensive than in this.

The marriage festivities last often for a week, and in many sections of the East the old practices are still maintained. The bridegroom, with a procession, starts with music and torches, by night, for the house of the bride, where, after a show of resistance, and sometimes quite a struggle, she is taken possession of, and borne away to her future home. This resistance by the coy maiden to the approaches of her husband

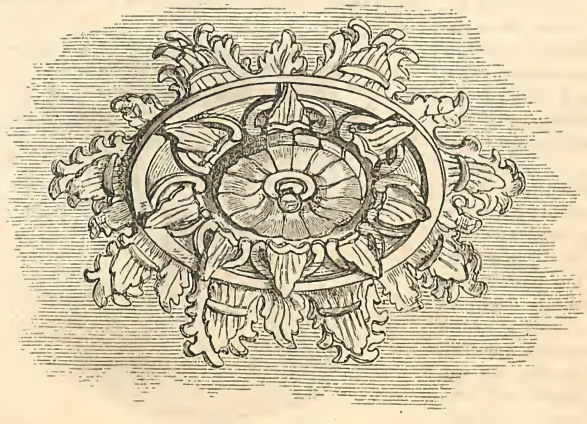
is curiously illustrative of the marriage customs of many countries, and in various forms—from that of African society, in which the bridegroom chases the fleeing bride, captures, and carries her away bodily, to that of the Nestorians, where the bride remains in a corner of the church until the time comes for the joining of hands, when she is dragged half across the building by main strength toward her intended husband, who is allowed to seize her hand only after a vehement struggle, during which the officiating clergyman stands passively by.

Far more important, however, than any difference in the form of the marriage ceremony between East and West is the fundamental difference in the nature of the marriage contract. Even the State of Indiana has not succeeded in incorporating in its legislation a facility of divorce equal to that of the Orient, where, both among the Jews and the Muslims, the husband is both judge and jury, having a right to divorce his wife at any time, with no other limitation than the requirement that he shall give her a written statement both of the fact and of the cause of the divorce. A liberty so large as this seems to render unnecessary what is, however, a common practice among certain Muslims—marriage for a limited period. In entering upon this strange relation, the parties agree to live together for a fixed period, which varies from a few days to ninety-nine years, and the contract is regularly drawn up by the judge and duly signed by witnesses. This practice is confined to the transient residents of large cities, and the women who enter upon such relations are deemed of good repute.

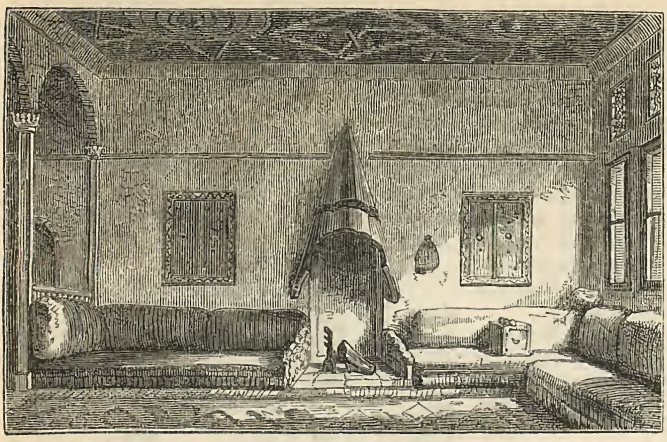
From the bird to the nest, from the bride to the home, the transition is easy. The tent is the germ from which, by a process of Darwinian development, the Oriental house has grown. In the cheapest and poorest houses this idea of a tent is carried out in the details. There is a single apartment within, oblong in form. The roof is a simple and rude form of dome, which looks like a conical chimney, and is intended for the escape of the smoke from the fire-place, which stands in the middle of the room. The building material is mud, or sun-dried bricks, or branches of trees daubed with mud both within and without. Sometimes the roof is flat, the site chosen being the sloping side of a hill, so that one end of the roof is level with the ground. A railing separates the apartment occupied by the people from that appropriated to the cattle. Light is admitted through an opening in the roof, which serves also for a chimney; but this is sometimes wanting, and the smoke has to find its way out as best it can. In such cases a narrow opening made in the wall serves for a window, but



GYPSUM ALCOVE.



CEILING ORNAMENT IN GYPSUM.



COUNCIL-CHAMBER AT TOCAT.

it admits cold and rain as well as light, and has often to be closed by a rude sort of shutter, leaving the inmates in utter darkness, relieved only by the dull light of a smoking tallow candle.

The city house is, however, quite a different affair, and in one respect it must be conceded that the Oriental is wiser than are we. "The chief aim of the Occidental is to obtain beauty on the outside, and his success is to be judged from a general view from without. To this is to be sacrificed much of the comfort of those who live within; rooms have to be of inconvenient sizes and shapes, passages awry, and windows in the wrong places. The Oriental, on the other hand, cares little for the outward appearance; his houses are usually mere agglomerations of rooms. Nothing is to be seen without but a dead-wall, with, at most, a high latticed window." The regulation pattern of such a house is a series of rooms built around and opening upon a court in the centre. Into this court admittance is given by a lofty gateway, whose double doors stand open all day long, revealing within the refreshing shade of a variety of trees, the acacia, the citron, and the jasmine, together with other odoriferous and flowering shrubs. On the carved benches at each side of the gate lounge the gayly clad retainers of the master of the house. He himself often takes his seat here, and receives his guests or transacts business where the atmosphere is refreshed by the cooling breeze and enlivened by the cheerful twitter of the swallows flitting in and out. The court itself is generally provided with a tessellated pavement; a well, tank, or fountain commonly occupies the centre of the court; a pillared veranda runs around it; upon this veranda open all the windows of the lower apartments, unfurnished with glasses, and closed with solid single shutters of walnut wood. Directly opposite the great entrance, with the court intervening, is the *liwan*, an apartment open in front, and used as a reception-room for guests and as an office for the transaction of business. The houses of the wealthy are highly ornamented with pavements and wainscoting of marble, with carvings in marble, alabaster, and wood, and with ceilings and walls plastered with gypsum, wrought out in elaborate and often beautiful designs.

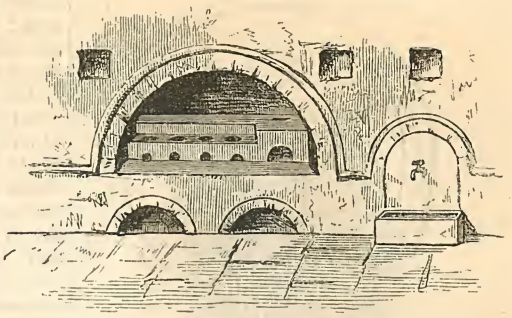
The furniture of the poorer houses is of the poorest description. Three stones reared against the outer wall of the peasant's single-roomed hut constitute the housewife's cooking stove; a saucepan or two, a few wooden spoons, and some basins or bowls of the coarsest earthenware are the table utensils; the furniture consists of a coarse carpet, or sometimes a black goat's-hair cloth, only a yard in width, spread along two or three sides of the room next the wall; a cushion filled with straw serves the purpose of chair or lounge; the bedding spread on the floor at night is piled up in one corner by day.

The apartments of the wealthy are, however, often elaborately furnished. The accompanying illustration, representing the council-chamber of the Governor of Tocat, in Asia Minor, will give the reader a fair idea of an Oriental interior. The room is ordinarily of an oblong shape. A platform raised six or eight inches above the rest of the floor occupies a larger part of the room, extending from side to side, and being of equal length and width. The highly orna-



BRAZIER.

mented ceiling is divided in the same manner; frequently near the edge of the platform on either side rises a pillar, from which springs a graceful arch. A seat or divan is built around the three sides of the room on the raised platform. This divan consists of a frame about a foot high and three feet in width, upon which are laid mattresses stuffed with wool, hay, or straw. Over the mattresses is spread a covering of chintz, broadcloth, or even some richer fabric, usually of a bright scarlet or crimson color, often trimmed with a long silk fringe interwoven with gold threads. Large soft cushions are placed against the wall; a rich carpet generally covers the raised portion of the floor. Chairs are not wholly unknown, but they are rarely seen outside *cafés* and other public resorts. The fire-place, when there is one, is on one side of the room, where the place of the divan is occupied by a hearth flanked on either side by marble or other stone, which answers the purpose of a fender. Sometimes a single andiron is used; sometimes the wood is set upright against the back of the chimney. Such a fire-place, however, is seen chiefly in the mountainous districts, where wood is procurable; the more common fuel is charcoal, grass, and dried manure.



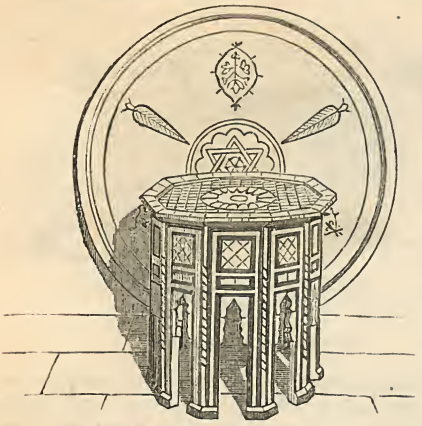
ORIENTAL KITCHEN RANGE.

In the East, however, the stove is more common than the open fire-place, though the Oriental stove is quite unlike ours. It is a brazier, or stand of brass or copper, about two feet high, in the top of which is a pan to contain the fire of charcoal. A layer of ashes is first put in the pan; on this the charcoal is laid and lighted. The whole brazier is then carried by hand from the court-yard, where the fire is started, to the room where it is needed. The stove of the poorer classes is simply an earthenware pan. Even the modern range is not, however, unknown in the East, though of a very simple and rude construction. It is built of stone or brick, about three feet high, supplied with a fire bed not wholly unlike our grates, and with holes above for the pots and saucepans. The cooking utensils are almost as various as with us. Cast iron is unknown; the common materials are copper and brass. The Orientals believe that tongs, like forks, were made after fingers, and it is wonderful to see how a human being can handle a live coal without harm. Still, iron tongs are to be seen as an article of necessity in the blacksmith's shop, and as an article of luxury in the dwelling of the wealthy.



A PUBLIC OVEN.

The oven of the private house is variously constructed. The most common form is that still to be seen, in a slightly modified form, in our American logging camp. It consists of a hole in the ground about three feet deep, a little wider at the bottom than at the top, and plastered within with clay. The tent dwellers use a portable oven of earthenware, covered at the top, and with an opening at the side. In either case the fire is first kindled in the oven, and then, when the oven is sufficiently heated, the dough is introduced. This is the



COMMON TABLE AND TRAY.

method also pursued in the public ovens, which have existed in all the larger towns since the days of Hosea. These, in structure and in the method of operating, resemble our New England brick ovens. A brisk fire is kindled on the floor of the oven; when the chamber has become sufficiently heated, the embers are raked out, and the loaves of bread are put in their place inside by means of a long-handled shovel; then the door is closed, and the loaves are left to bake.

If the cooking apparatus of the East is simple compared with ours, the food is ordinarily no less so. The elaborate dishes of an American or European dinner party are, for the most part, unknown in the family life of these people, who retain something of the simplicity of the early child-life of the world. Stews, thickened by long simmering over the fire; soups and pottages, flavored with aromatic herbs, and thickened with sour curds or flour; rice, mingled with chopped meat, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and onions; bread, cakes, and pasty—constitute, with fruits and garden vegetables, raw or cooked, the chief articles of diet. The killing of a lamb or kid, now as in Bible times, is reserved for special festival occasions. The dinner table is a very slight affair, about two feet high and eighteen inches wide, often beautifully carved and inlaid. It sits in the middle of the floor or against the angle of the divan, the master of the house sitting on the divan, his companions sitting round upon the mat or carpet, and the wife waiting as a servant upon her lord. The hours for meals are those of a fashionable or busy American in the great cities—breakfast early, before going to business; dinner late, on the return home at sunset. The noonday meal is a lunch of bread and fruits. Dinner over, the poor go to bed by the light of a blazing fire on the hearth, or the light of a pitch-pine torch set in a chink in the wall. In the houses even of the better classes, tallow candles afford a feeble and flickering light in contrast with our modern chandeliers. The candlesticks are of brass, silver, or gold, never having more than a single stem. Those most commonly in use are not over a foot high, and are made to set on the table; but larger ones are in frequent use, and are set, as needed, on the floor. Olive-oil lamps are also in common use in the olive districts. If, however, the light is dim, it must be remembered that there are neither printed books nor daily newspapers to be read by the evening lamps.

Circumstances have made the Oriental people peculiarly social and hospitable. The very want of books and newspapers aids to make them so. The traveler bringing news from a far-off land, or even the gossip of a not remote town or village, is always welcomed to the social circle gathered about the camp fire, or sitting on the floor about the open fire-place, or, in the



CANDLESTICKS.

wealthier mansion, on the cushioned divan and in the tapestried apartment, lighted from one or more tall candlesticks, and promoting conversation by the inspiration of pipes and coffee. There are no hotels. The inn or caravansary is but a lodging-place for caravans whose company is too large to be accommodated in private families. The proffer of perfume or the use of incense is in special instances, and as an honor to special guests, the first offering of hospitality. The perfume usually employed is the *lignum aloes*, a small bit of which is dropped upon burning coals in a little chafing-dish or censer of silver or gold filigree, sometimes adorned with precious stones. The fumes escape through the perforated cover. Sometimes the perfume is rose-water sprinkled upon the hands or the face of the guest from an ornamental bottle; sometimes it is an odorous substance thrown upon the burning coals of the brazier, or put in the pipes



COMMON WICKER TABLE WITH COLLATION.



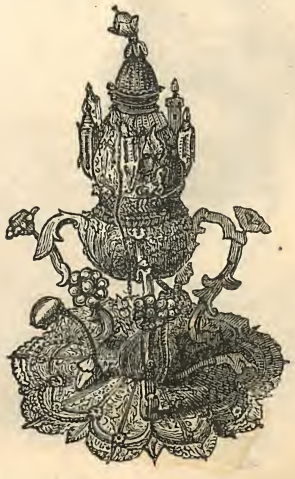
COFFEE POT AND CUPS.

of the social circle. Simple refreshments, coffee or sherbet, almost invariably follow.

The meal itself is rarely a social occasion. It is generally dispatched expeditiously and in silence. If there are a number of guests, a proportionate number of small tables, such as have already been described, are set for their use in different parts of the room. When the master wishes to show special attention to his guests, he waits upon them, deprecates the meagre fare, and bids them partake freely. On great festive occasions as many as a hundred dishes sometimes appear upon the table, following one another in quick succession, beginning with soup, and alternating a sweet dish with some form of cooked meats—now a fruit jelly, then a roast fowl, finishing at last by a huge plate of "pillau," or boiled rice. The chief dish, a roasted sheep or fatted calf, is served whole, and torn in pieces with the hands, each guest doing his own carving. The dishes are passed from table to table, through the various social gradations, ending in the kitchen, where the servants, retainers, and scullions wait impatiently for their share. At the close of the meal each one rises as it suits him, washes his hands as before meat, and is then served with coffee or a pipe. There is but little wine-drinking during the meal, but plenty after it.

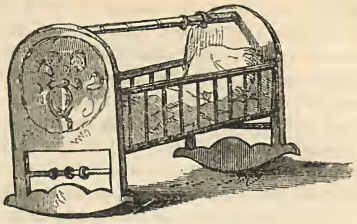
Music and dancing are the essential concomitants of social festivity. The Oriental music is of a rude description, radically different from ours. Dr. Van-Lennep gives an interesting analysis of the difference, too long for us to transfer to these pages. We must content ourselves with saying that harmony is unknown, and even impossible; that our stringed instruments need to be strung differently, and our wind instruments made over, before they are capable of performing the curiously disjointed Oriental melodies; that the only musical accompaniment to a melody in the Orient consists of a single note, struck in different octaves for the sake of variety; and that the Oriental melodies republished in this country are, for these reasons, but poor imitations of the originals, which can not, indeed, be expressed in our ordinary system of musical notation.

The musical instruments of the East are as rude in conception and structure as the



SILVER CENSER.

music which is performed upon them. The most common martial instruments are the drum and the hautboy, but the bagpipe sometimes takes the place of the latter instrument, and sometimes serves alone, as in Scotland, Italy, and Bulgaria. The drum is of various forms, from that of the Darabukkeh, which is held under the arm and struck by the fingers, to that of a drum like our own, played with a peculiarly shaped drumstick. The house instruments are of sufficient variety to constitute the material for quite an orchestra. The flute, the guitar, the violin, the tambourine, the castanet, all resemble in their general nature our own instruments. The modern organ has not even a distant relative in the East, but the Kanoon or Santûr is the ancestor of our piano. This instrument—for the two names indicate only slight varieties in the same instrument—consists of a box two inches in depth and of an irregular form, its greatest size being thirty-nine inches by sixteen. Across this are strung the strings of wire, underneath which is a perforated sounding-board. The performer holds it upon his knees or carries it suspended from his neck, and plays it by striking the chords with the forefinger of each hand, to which is fastened a plectrum of horn, or with wooden hammers. Music is a well-recognized profession. Bands of performers go about on especial festive days, as the singing children on Christmas in Germany and England; they are heard in the *cafés;* they are hired by the wealthy to grace their festivals. Usually a young lad serves as the solo singer, the rest joining in the chorus, and using their instruments as an accompaniment.



ORIENTAL CRADLE.

Music is, however, by no means confined to professional musicians. Every where and at all places you may hear the quaint weird melodies of the Orient. Mothers soothe their infants with plaintive lullabies; children accompany their games with song and chorus; the muezzin chants the call to prayers from the top of the minaret; the church beadle keeps time to the music of his exhortation to matins with the resounding blows of his heavy stick upon the pavement; the street vendors extol their wares with rude chant and song; the priest recites his prayers and the congregation their responses in a musical monotone; the wedding, the circumcision, the baptism, the burial, are all accompanied by instrumental music and song. Not lightly and carelessly caroling, as the Italians, but with sober and sometimes tearful earnestness, as befits the plaintive music, the Oriental takes up what is to him the solemn psalm of life.

The respect which the strong pay to the weak, which, therefore, men pay to women, is the real measure of civilization; and it must be conceded that, so measured, the civilization of the East is painfully lacking. The "equality of the sexes" is utterly unknown. If the husband happens to walk the streets with his wife or daughter, he precedes her by several paces; they never walk side by side. If in conversation he alludes to either in polite society, he prefixes the reference with the phrase, "I beg your pardon," as politeness requires him to do before mention of a donkey or a hog. If, absent, he writes to his



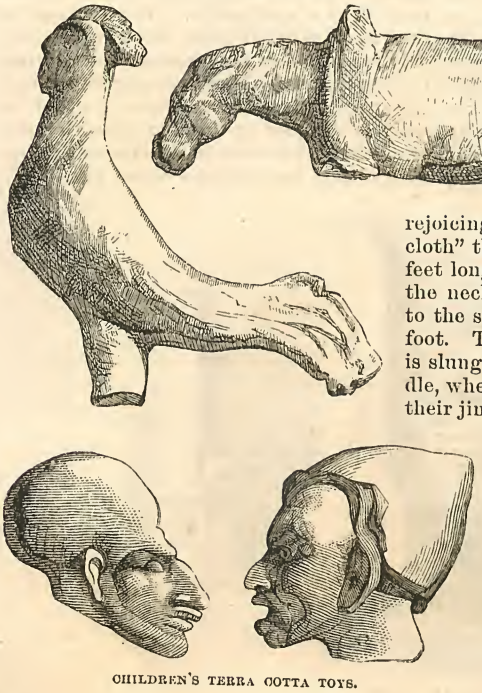
ORIENTAL BAGPIPE.

family, his letter is addressed to his son, not to his wife, even though his son may be a babe in the mother's lap. In many places the wife speaks to her husband only with hesitation; the bride does not speak above a whisper till the honey-moon is past, and, in token of this compulsory reticence, even wears a handkerchief around her mouth till her mother-in-law bids her dispense with it. She is, indeed, a true housekeeper, but not a true wife; she prepares the meals, waits upon the table, washes the hands and even the feet of her lord, and performs all the menial services of the household for him; but his social and intellectual life she never shares. Her industry contributes to his wealth, but no part of it is hers. She cultivates the farm in his absence; even in his presence she weeds or picks the cotton, prunes the vines, gathers the grapes or olives, wields the sickle, and helps to gather in the harvest. She takes her babe to the field, leaves it in its cradle, nurses it, brings it home with her when the day's work is done. She gathers the brush-wood and the manure for the fire, and fills at the fountain or the well the jar of water, bringing it at even home upon her head. Within-doors she is equally busy. She works in embroidery, spins the wool, cotton, flax, or goat's hair, plies the loom, and makes up the homespun fabrics into garments for her children. In brief, all the poetical eulogy of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs is realized in the prosaic domestic experience of the Oriental housewife. But in all her industry she is ever a loveless and a hopeless drudge.

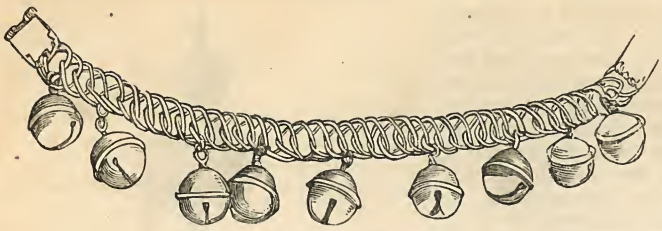


ORIENTAL DISTAFF.

Widely as life differs in its outward garb, its inward experiences are not without resemblances. If we enter the inner precincts of the household, we find at once a curious similarity and a curious contrast with our own. The birth of a son is celebrated with great rejoicings. The child is clothed in a "swaddling-cloth" three or four inches wide and about ten feet long, which is firmly wound round it from the neck downward, pinioning the arms firmly to the sides, so that it can neither stir hand nor foot. Thus cured of all infantile restlessness, it is slung on the mother's back, or left in the cradle, where rings of glass or metal amuse it with their jingle. When it begins to walk, an anklet is fastened about its ankles, whose tiny bells announce to the mother whither the child is straying. Dolls' heads of terra cotta, that might be hardened specimens of the modern monstrosities in gutta-percha; miniature horses, cattle, dogs, fish, birds, and wild beasts; dolls with movable legs and arms, like an American jumping-jack; curious grotesques of all imaginable and unimaginable shapes and forms; whistles, flageolets, candy representations of the



CHILDREN'S TERRA COTTA TOYS.

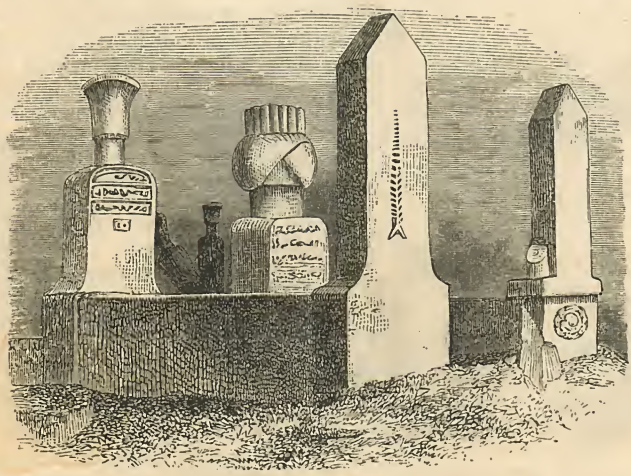


BELLS FASTENED TO A CHILD'S ANKLE.

animal creation, any or all of which might, in slightly modified form, be found in an American toy store—are among the toys of childhood, whose inalienable right to amusement is recognized almost the whole world over. It is true that the religion of Islam, like that of the ancient Hebrews, forbids the making of graven images; but a liberal construction is put upon this statute, and it does not practically shut out the children of the Orient from mimic children of their own.

From the cradle to the grave is but a step, from the toys of childhood to the tears of old age. We began this glance at Eastern life with the wedding; we may fitly end it with the funeral. The mourning customs of the East have not materially changed since the days when Joseph went up to bury his father in the land of Canaan. Professional mourning women announce the death by a shriek, shrill and piercing; they weep, they beat their breasts, they tear their hair. The entire household join with them in noisy and obtrusive demonstrations of sorrow. The outer garment is sometimes replaced with a coarse robe or shawl of sackcloth. Oftener it is rent in the distraction of grief. But a reasonable regard to economy is not forgotten on these occasions. The undertaker first goes to every mourner, and carefully rips the central seam of his robe three or four inches down the breast. The rending of the garment is thereafter only the ripping of a seam; a needle and a little thread easily repair the damage. The sacred tears of affection are treasured up in a bottle. For this purpose the master of ceremonies presents each weeping friend with a piece of cotton-wool with which to dry his eyes. This cotton is preserved, and the tears wrung from it into the tear bottles, as a future and efficacious remedy in the last hours of life. Thus a carefully pre-arranged extravagance of grief prepares for and accompanies the last rites of respect. When the time of burial arrives, which in that warm climate is never long delayed, the body is dressed in its best attire, and laid, not in a coffin, but upon an open bier, perhaps adorned with flowers, and so borne, by the Turks in silence, by the Christians with softly chanted hymns, to its last resting-place. Yet even here economy is not forgotten: every valuable article of clothing is taken from the remains, which are then buried, without a coffin, and in a shallow grave.

In this article we have only turned over a few pages of Dr. Van-Lennep's really remarkable volume—a volume which possesses the fascination of a book of personal travel, with the compactness and the authority of a cyclopedia. It is without a rival in its peculiar field. We have selected only one phase of Orientalism, and in illustrating that, have been only perplexed how either to condense descriptions in which no space is occupied by florid or pious rhetoric, or to select where nothing has been described which could be omitted without loss.



ORIENTAL GRAVES.

AUNT RHODANTHE'S MISTAKE.

BESSIE and Miss Rhodanthe are sitting in the dining-room together. Bessie is doing nothing, unless you consider an occasional sigh employment; but Miss Rhodanthe is knitting vigorously on a long gray stocking. Who is Bessie, and who is Miss Rhodanthe? Very different persons, you may be sure, or this story would never have been written. And yet, when Miss Rhodanthe Woodward was young and fair, as tradition says that she once was, she had not been so very unlike her pretty niece. It is hard to believe it now, as you look from the parchment and angles of the elder woman to the blushes and dimples of the girl. Yet, if you look closely, you will see that the soft gray eyes of the girl are identical in shape and color with the cold, steely ones of the elder woman. The features, too, if you trace them line by line, making all due allowance for the shrinkage and hardening of age, are line for line the same. When Aunt Rhodanthe's hair was dark and soft and plentiful, it must have waved in the same little rings and tendrils over the same white forehead. If you doubt still, misled by the difference of expression, look at this old-fashioned ivory miniature, and you will see Bessie's lovely, mischievous face, with the dimpled smiles around the red mouth, and the touch of pathos in the gray eyes, and the lovely curves of cheek and chin and throat. And forty years ago that was Aunt Rhodanthe, and to-day Aunt Rhodanthe is a grim-faced, gray-haired, elderly woman, with nothing bright, nor fair, nor winsome about her. *Eheu, fugaces!*

Now and then Aunt Rhodanthe casts sharp inquisitive glances at the listless figure opposite to her. Once or twice she opens her lips as if to speak, but snaps them together suddenly again, and the words remain unuttered.

"Bessie," she says at last; and Bessie looks up with a start.

"Wake up, Bessie, child," says Aunt Rhodanthe, briskly, "and tell me what ails you."

A faint flush creeps over Bessie's face as she replies,

"Nothing ails me, Aunt Rhodanthe. What do you mean?"

Aunt Rhodanthe frowns and clicks her needles savagely for a moment. Then she speaks again:

"'Nothing' doesn't make a girl's cheeks pale nor her eyes hollow, Miss Bessie. 'Nothing' doesn't make her sigh when she thinks nobody hears her, nor set her lips in a defiant fashion if a body asks her a civil question. You might as well tell me all about it, for I shall find out if you don't."

"There's nothing to find out, Aunt Rhodanthe," Bessie says, a little drearily. "I've had rather a hard winter, that's all. I've been teaching, you know, since papa lost his money last fall, and I'm not used to it. I suppose I am a little run down."

"Ralph Dormer has nothing to do with it, I suppose?" says Aunt Rhodanthe, peering suspiciously over her spectacles. "The girls tell me that you have not seen him since your father's failure."

Bessie flushes a deep scarlet now, and her eyes flash.

"Aunt Rhodanthe, what do you mean?" she exclaims. "Dr. Dormer was nothing to me, that I should care whether he comes or not. You have no right to think nor say such things."

Aunt Rhodanthe watches her grimly for a moment. Then her lips relax into a smile, and she nods her head sagely two or three times.

"That's right, my girl. I like your spirit. Take it that way, cover it up and tell nobody, and you'll outlive it yet. Ralph Dormer comes of a bad stock—a bad stock. I never liked him, never. Your mother was crazy to let it go so far."

"But, Aunt Rhodanthe," expostulates Bessie, breathlessly, "mamma didn't let it go: there was nothing to go. And as for 'covering up'—why, Aunt Rhodanthe, what makes you say such things? Nobody ever said such things to me before."

"Time they did," says Aunt Rhodanthe, gravely. "See you peak and pine and dwindle and dwine, and never say a word to shake you back into health! Iron and quinine, that's what you want, mental and physical. No sugar coating nor gelatine covering—the bitterer the better. That's what you want, and that's what you'll get, for I'm going to take you home with me to-morrow, Bessie, so you might as well go and pack up."

Home with Aunt Rhodanthe to the old homestead where her father was born, but which Bessie has never seen? Well, it might have been worse, she thinks. Better? Ah, yes! it might have been better once, but never now. It might have been better if Ralph had not failed in his appointment that one night—the very night that Bessie knew first that her father was ruined. It might have been better if she had not written that short little savage note, breaking off the engagement utterly and forever, making no explanation, only inclosing the ring which he had given her only two weeks before, and setting him free from his plighted word. Why had she done it? She has wondered herself sometimes; she wonders vaguely now, as she folds her dresses mechanically and lays them in the trunk, smoothing out the wrinkles carefully as she used to do when her heart was in her wardrobe. She can hardly recall the events and feelings of that evening. First her father had come home to dinner, looking sad and grave, and

had called her mother out for a private conference. Then mamma had come among them again, with tears in her eyes, and had told them of the sudden failure of the bank, by which nearly all of papa's property was lost. They had all been very quiet under the news, had kissed mamma and cried a little quietly, and been very tender and loving to papa and to each other, and that was all. They had talked about what they should do, and somebody had said,

"Bessie is all right, anyhow. Of course she and Ralph will be married at once now. I don't suppose he is the kind to back out for this. Eh, Bessie?"

It must have been Fred, brother Fred, who said that. Such an idea would not have entered the mind of one of the girls, or, if it had, they would have had too much sense to utter it. But, of course, Fred had blurted it out in his hap-hazard way, and the idea had entered poor little Bessie's mind and stuck there and rankled. And then when Ralph, whom she had confidently expected that evening, did not come, and when the next day had nearly passed without bringing him, why, of course, Fred's foolish words came back to her. And then—Bessie could not tell now why she did it, could not realize the storm of excitement and passion in which she had decided that Ralph was false and cruel, like the rest of the world—she determined that he should not be the first to break the bonds which had become irksome to him, nor should he be bound against his will. So she had scribbled a few cold, bitter words, and sent them off upon the spur of the moment. Had she repented since? Why, what had she done *but* repent, even when his reply came, as cold and as bitter as her note, accepting his freedom, and congratulating her on her timely release? They had hurt her bitterly, those curt, cruel sentences, for away down at the bottom of her heart, under all the excitement and anger and suspicion, there had been a warm little nest of faith and love. She had not believed—not really believed—that Ralph would take her at her word; but he had done it, and—

"Bessie! Bessie, child!" calls Aunt Rhodanthe, "will your packing never be done? Don't stop to dream over it. Dreams never did any good yet. Take the world as it is, child, and you will soon find that there is no room in it for dreams."

The sun is just setting as Bessie and Aunt Rhodanthe drive up to the low rambling house, with its cream-white walls thickly mantled with vines. The sky is all one flush of purest rose, and the distant hills stand out hard and black against the glow. Down from their tops sweeps the fresh mountain wind, and Bessie's eyes grow brighter already as she inhales it.

"How lovely it is here, Aunt Rhodanthe!" the girl says, as she looks around her. "And you have lived here all your life?"

"All my life," replies Aunt Rhodanthe; "and that is a long time, Miss Bessie. The rocks and the hills are the same that they were when I was as young and bright as you; but the rest—"

And Aunt Rhodanthe stands still for a moment, and gazes over the wide, fair landscape steeped in the tremulous golden light, and a shade of what is almost sadness steals over her hard features, while Bessie watches her wonderingly. It is only for an instant, though, and then she turns again to Bessie.

"See, Bessie," she says, pointing away to where a thin thread of smoke curls up through the trees. "It is there that Dr. White lives. He was an old friend of Ralph Dormer's father. He too, you know, was Dr. Ralph Dormer; and it was there that I met him first. A bad stock, Bessie—a bad stock; and Ralph Dormer is his father over again."

"Did you know him, Aunt Rhodanthe?" Bessie asks, wonderingly.

"Know him!" says Aunt Rhodanthe, as she turns away. "For six months Ralph Dormer and I met every day. The road between the houses was well traveled then. And for forty years I have not seen his face nor heard his name, until I heard it in your house. The path through the woods between the houses was grown up long ago, but the path between our hearts was grown up before that."

Aunt Rhodanthe says no more, and Bessie follows her silently into the house.

At breakfast the next morning Aunt Rhodanthe begins her threatened course of iron and quinine.

"What do you intend to do with yourself to-day, Bessie?" she asks.

The girl looks out of the window dreamily.

"I don't know," she says. "The days are so long now that it is hard to fill them all up."

She means the literal day, the long bright days of July; but Aunt Rhodanthe suspects a hidden meaning, and snaps her up.

"'The days are so long now!' And since when are they so long, pray? Since Ralph Dormer proved himself a villain, like his father before him?"

"Aunt Rhodanthe, what *do* you mean?" Bessie says, desperately. "Why do you keep harping on Ralph Dormer? And what did his father do, that it should be brought up against Ralph Dormer now?"

Miss Rhodanthe hums a little tune and drums thoughtfully upon the table for a moment before she speaks. Then she says,

"Never mind now, Bessie. Perhaps I'll tell you some time, and perhaps not. It is more to the purpose now to fill up your day for you. Do you sing and play? Do you sketch?"

"Yes, Aunt Rhodanthe," Bessie says, meekly; "but just remember that I have been daily governess all winter, and I am so sick of the things that I have been trying to grind into stupid children. Do let me have a rest from them."

"Bessie Woodward," Miss Rhodanthe says, sternly, "is there one individual thing in which you take an interest—a real vital interest, I mean—enough to make you forget yourself and every body else for a while? Not one? I might have known it. Who expects a modern young lady to take a vital interest in any thing but her dress and her flirtations? Well, as you have no interests, duties may do as well, and we must find them for you."

Miss Rhodanthe says no more at the time, but leaves Bessie to idle away the day as she will. Miss Rhodanthe does not idle away her days, as Bessie well knows. Indolence Miss Rhodanthe holds to be the parent of all vices and follies. To be happy, be busy, is Miss Rhodanthe's motto, and well does she carry it out. It tires Bessie to watch her at first, as, in her high boots and broad hat, she tramps about the farm, directing, overseeing, scolding, encouraging, as the case may require. No wonder, thinks Bessie, that her farm is the most productive, her house the best ordered, her maids and workmen the most industrious, in the neighborhood. No wonder that Miss Rhodanthe's eye has grown keen and her tongue sharp in the course of sixty years, if all of them have been like this. And yet there is a soft spot in her heart, too, Bessie concludes, when she finds that all of Aunt Rhodanthe's tramps have not business for their sole object. Charity has its place in her scheme of life, and her face is well known in all the houses of the poor in her vicinity. Gradually Bessie grows ashamed of her idle, purposeless life in contrast with Miss Rhodanthe's perpetual energy, and it is not long before she has begun to accompany her aunt in her charitable expeditions. At first she is actuated only by a sense of duty, but soon she begins to take an interest in Aunt Rhodanthe's pensioners for their own sakes, and by degrees she slips into the position of sole messenger and almoner. Miss Rhodanthe says nothing, but, if we can judge from her looks, she is satisfied that the moral iron and quinine have been found.

Bessie has her favorites among Miss Rhodanthe's pensioners, and her visits to the little brown cottage tenanted by rheumatic old Hannah Lowe and her rosy, toddling grandchild are perhaps longer and more frequent than to the others. She has staid later than usual in the cottage on this special evening. The child is sick, and the doctor, for whom Bessie has sent, has not yet come, and she waits to hear his decision. A step on the broad stone outside of the door announces his arrival. Why does Bessie start, and why does that bright flush leap up over her face at the sound? It is not the heavy tread of old Dr. White that she hears; but what then? What then? Why, only that she knows, when she hears the first tones of the new-comer's voice, that neither ear nor heart has played her false. The step was Ralph Dormer's step, and the voice is Ralph Dormer's voice, and Bessie shrinks back into the farthest and darkest corner as he enters.

Dr. White is tired, and has sent Ralph, who, it appears, is his guest at present, in his stead. Hannah Lowe looks at him doubtfully. He is too young to inspire her with confidence, though his face wears the air of true professional gravity as he bends over the child, and inquires into its symptoms. Hannah Lowe appeals to Bessie, who shrinks deeper into her corner with a frightened murmur. The doctor can distinguish only a vague figure in the shadows; but Bessie sees him clearly—sees the frank blue eyes and the broad white forehead and the brown curling hair which she knows so well; sees, too, an expression which is new to her, which used not to be upon Ralph Dormer's face—the look of one who has suffered. But what can Ralph Dormer have suffered? she wonders.

He goes at last. The child is not seriously ill—some trifling childish ailment; and Bessie can leave her corner, and hurry home through the gathering twilight, with a strange tight feeling about her heart, and a look in her eyes which leads Aunt Rhodanthe to inquire wonderingly whether she has seen a ghost. No, Bessie has seen no ghost, and she does not think it worth while to say that she has seen Ralph Dormer.

Two or three days have passed, during which Bessie has not again seen Ralph. Then, one afternoon, as she is returning home, she meets Dr. White. Bessie is a special favorite of the bluff, genial old doctor's, and he turns and walks with her now. Soon he begins to speak of another favorite of his, Ralph Dormer—speaks of him as Bessie herself might have spoken six months before, as Bessie has, oh! how often, thought of him in her own heart. A noble, upright, manly young fellow, he calls him—strong as a man and tender as a woman.

"I want to introduce him to you some time, Miss Bessie," the good old doctor goes on, "but not just now. The poor fellow is hardly up to ladies' society at present, for he has just had a bitter bad blow, and it takes all his manhood to live it down. It was a cruel, shameful thing in any woman to throw away such a heart as his, and for such a cause."

Bessie gasps. She can not articulate, can not form a question amidst the confusion in her mind, and the doctor goes on:

"Poor fellow! he started in life with such bright prospects, and now he is so cruelly weighted. He had just entered upon the practice of his profession when all the money which his father had left him was lost by the bursting of the —— Bank. That was bad enough, just when he needed it most to give him a fair start; but the worst was, that the girl he was engaged to jilted him in the most shameful manner. The very day after the failure, he received a note from her releasing him from the engagement, which, 'under the changed circumstances, he could not fail to feel a burden.' The jade might at least have had the decency to wait a week or two; but no! she must do it at once, and crush the poor fellow utterly."

"Who was she?"

The words sound strangely to Bessie as they fall from her lips; she hardly knows her own voice; but the doctor notices nothing.

"I don't know. He never would tell me her name. He is tender of her even yet, little as she deserves it."

The doctor talks on, but Bessie hears no more. Gradually, out of the whirl in her brain, thoughts emerge and form themselves clearly. The —— Bank? Why, that was the one in which her father's money was. And so the same blow which had crushed their fortune had crushed Ralph's hopes too, and she had never known it. That, then, was the reason why he had not come that evening. And she, base, ungrateful little fool that she is, has thought that Ralph was a mercenary coward. And he—what has he thought of her all these months? She remembers the vague terms in which her note was couched, for even then she had not dared to formulate her suspicions against him. Yes, it is easy enough to see how the mistake had arisen; but how can it ever be corrected? All this time Ralph has been despising her, has been learning to outgrow his love for her, and is it likely that he would despise her less or love her more if he knew the truth? And while Bessie thinks, the old doctor talks on, unmindful of her abstraction, until they reach the gate, and Bessie awakens from her thoughts in time to hear his last words:

"So I asked him to visit me here, with a view to taking him into partnership, for I am getting too old to go flying about the country like the Wild Huntsman, at the call of every old woman who chooses to get up a midnight panic for the benefit of her family. Perhaps I have been indiscreet in telling you all that I have, Miss Bessie; but I know I can trust you with Ralph's secret."

"Trust her with Ralph's secret!" The words sound like a burlesque to Bessie, but she answers mechanically, and bids the old doctor good-night. Aunt Rhodanthe finds her standing on the porch where the doctor has left her.

"What ails you, Bessie?" she says. "Why don't you come in?"

"Aunt Rhodanthe," exclaims Bessie, suddenly, "I have seen Ralph Dormer."

She does not mean to speak the words, is hardly conscious of what she is saying; but she must go on now; and the whole story comes out. Aunt Rhodanthe stands in the gray twilight and listens, with a face as cold and gray as the evening sky.

"Well?" she says, when Bessie has finished.

Then as the girl, uncertain of her meaning, does not reply, she adds,

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Aunt Rhodanthe, what can I do?" cries the girl, tremulously. "I can not—oh! I can not let Ralph think of me as he has been doing, as he must do; and yet how can I explain after all this time? How can I be sure that it will do any good? Help me, Aunt Rhodanthe; tell me what to do."

The face of the elder woman does not soften at the girl's piteous pleading.

"Will you do as I tell you?" she asks, in a cold, hard voice.

"Aunt Rhodanthe, I will do any thing, any thing, to set right this cruel wrong."

Cold and hard fall Miss Rhodanthe's words upon Bessie's ear:

"There is no question of setting right, Bessie. I know what Ralph Dormer is, by what his father was before him. It is a nice story, a pretty little fable, which he has invented to clear his own skirts of the charge of falsehood and treachery. 'Blood will tell,' and Ralph Dormer is his father's own son."

"Aunt Rhodanthe!" All Bessie's old love and faith blaze up afresh at her aunt's words, and she cries, passionately, "It is not so, Aunt Rhodanthe. You do not know Ralph; and I—oh! I am rightly punished for doubting him for an instant. I will not rest under it. I will clear myself at whatever cost, and then if he despise and spurn me, why, he must."

"Listen to me, Bessie," Aunt Rhodanthe says. "I tell you I know what Ralph Dormer is, though I have never seen him. What I tell you now, I have never told to mortal ear before. Long ago I knew Ralph Dormer's father only too well. He was staying with his friend Dr. White, as Ralph is now. The families were intimate, and we met every day, and I thought him as good and true and noble as you think his son. We were lovers, people said, and I suppose I loved him. One has such follies in youth. And then at last he asked me to marry him, asked me by letter, and I—how absurdly happy I was! I remember now how bright the world looked, and how I sang as I went about my work. Of course I answered the letter, believing all that he said, like a fool that I was; and then—"

"And then, aunty?" repeats Bessie, timidly.

"'And then,' Bessie?" says Aunt Rhodanthe, sharply. "Why, there was no '*and then.*' That was all—absolutely all. Ralph never came, never wrote. The next thing I heard he had left the country, and two years later I heard of his marriage. I was young then, Bessie; and when people are young, they suffer sharply, but believe me when I tell you that they get over it. Grief does not kill, but shame may. And I tell you, Bessie, that sooner than see my niece the laughing-stock of the country, I will turn you out of my house. So long as you stay under my roof, I positively forbid your attempting to communicate with Ralph Dormer in any way, by word of mouth, or message, or letter."

And so saying, Aunt Rhodanthe turns away, without waiting for an answer, and leaves Bessie alone in the twilight.

The days drag themselves into weeks, and the weeks slip away somehow, and still Ralph and Bessie never meet. Aunt Rhodanthe is doubly kind to Bessie in these days; but if the girl tries to utter a tremulous little appeal for leave to see or write to Ralph, the elder woman's face hardens, and Bessie dares not go on. Neither dares she disobey Aunt Rhodanthe while she is under her roof, and even if she did, would it be of any use? That, after all, is the thought that keeps her silent. Were she but sure that Ralph's love for her would come back, yes, then she could brave Aunt Rhodanthe's wrath; but of this she is not, can not be, sure, and the risk is too terrible.

Bessie is in the library one day, turning over the old books. She is often at a loss for occupation now, for she does not dare to go about among her pensioners as she used to do, for fear of meeting Ralph again. The books date from Aunt Rhodanthe's youth, most of them, and she looks at them with a languid amusement. *Clarissa Harlowe, The Scottish Chiefs, Children of the Abbey, Thaddeus of Warsaw*—did people really read such, thrill over their pages, smile and sigh at the bathos and sickly sentimentality—smile and sigh, not in ridicule, as Bessie does now, but in genuine sympathy? She takes up an old volume bound in time-stained leather, and turns the leaves carelessly. *Elegant Extracts* is the title lettered on the back, and she laughs a little over the quaintly turned rhymes and obsolete spelling of the old ballads and extracts. Why, what is this between the leaves? An old letter, folded in the square, primitive style of the days before envelopes were known, sealed with a pretty device of Cupids and darts—an old letter, which bears in faded ink the name of "Dr. Ralph Dormer" in Aunt Rhodanthe's old-fashioned hand. Dr. Ralph Dormer; yes, that is the name, and the handwriting is Aunt Rhodanthe's: there is no mistaking its character; but what should a letter to Ralph Dormer be doing among Aunt Rhodanthe's old books? Bessie stands with the letter in her hand, pondering. Ralph Dormer? Why, that was the name of Ralph's father too, and the letter has never been opened, and—

"Now, then, Bessie," says Aunt Rhodanthe, opening the door briskly, "mooning again, as usual? When will you learn, child, that moping and brooding never did any good yet?"

"Aunt Rhodanthe," interrupts Bessie, unheeding her words, "will you look at this letter that I have found?"

Miss Rhodanthe takes the letter from her hand and looks at it, turning it over and over with a vague, uncomprehending expression. Gradually a light breaks upon her mind. The mists of forty years roll away, and she sees herself again a bright, light-hearted girl. The old library is still before her eyes, but instead of Bessie, a curly-headed boy (who is Bessie's father now) crouches over a book, the same which Bessie holds to-day. The boy's eyes brighten and his cheeks flush over the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," and he looks up impatiently at his sister's voice.

"What is it, Rhoda?" he says, and carelessly takes the letter which she hands him.

"Take it over at once, Fred," she says. But the boy reads on, and forgets all about the commission before she has left the room.

Forty years ago! And for forty years she has been cherishing rancor and malice and hatred in her heart—for forty years—while the old letter, that never reached her lover, lay quietly between the leaves of the old book! Ralph had gone to his grave long ago believing her false and heartless and cruel. The wrong can never be set right now; and oh! the wasted years and the wasted love and youth and hope! Not a word says Miss Rhodanthe, as she muses; but Bessie, watching her aunt's face, sees two slow tears roll down the withered cheeks.

"What is it, Aunt Rhodanthe?" Bessie asks, timidly.

But Aunt Rhodanthe does not answer. She only goes slowly out of the room with the letter still in her hand, and that strange, soft look upon her face which for forty years it has not worn before.

So it was only a mistake, after all—a cruel, fatal mistake; but at last, after all these years, she knows that Ralph Dormer loved her, and that he was not the villain which she has so often called him. Her world is upset by the knowledge, you see. All that she has held most firmly, her anger, her hatred, her bitterness, are slipping from her grasp. And if Ralph Dormer were not a villain, what of Ralph Dormer's son? Her

premises being overturned, her theory falls to the ground. The mistake of forty years ago can never be set right now; but the mistake of to-day must, at least, be rectified. And so Aunt Rhodanthe, prompt in all things, writes her letter, and dispatches it, directing it, as she did the other one, to "Dr. Ralph Dormer." This letter, however, does not fail in reaching its destination, for, just as Aunt Rhodanthe is saying to Bessie, "I have written to Ralph Dormer, and I think that he will be here in the course of the day," a step is heard in the hall—a step which sends the bright blood flushing up to Bessie's forehead.

Miss Rhodanthe disappears, and Bessie goes shyly forward to meet Ralph, but finds herself caught up unceremoniously in two strong arms, while a voice whispers, "Can you forgive me, Bessie, for all the hard things I have thought of you, and for all I have made you suffer?"

It is turning the tables with a vengeance, for Bessie has thought that she was the one to ask for forgiveness; but she accepts the situation with a good grace, understanding that Aunt Rhodanthe's explanation has been ample enough to spare her the pain of confession.

"As far as I understand it, neither of you has much cause to pride yourself on your behavior in the matter," Aunt Rhodanthe says, afterward. "Here have you both been thinking exactly the same things of each other, and making idiots of yourselves for months, when a dozen words would have set the whole thing straight. There *are* times in life when 'silence' is any thing but 'golden.' I suppose I am hardly the one to reproach you for it, though," says Aunt Rhodanthe, with a half sigh, as she thinks of the forty years which lie behind her.

Dr. White is gathered to his fathers now, and his partner, Dr. Dormer, reigns in his stead. Dr. Dormer's wife will never shrivel and fade into the likeness of Aunt Rhodanthe; for the light of happiness which went out so early for the elder woman, still shines brightly over Bessie Dormer's life, and is softly mellowing her to a ripe and fair maturity. When Bessie is sixty, you will find it even harder than you do now to believe that Bessie in youth, as far as looks went, was simply Miss Rhodanthe over again.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS OF FLORIDA.

By MRS. MARY TREAT.

[Second Paper.]

EARLY in March the new leaves of the pitcher-plant (*Sarracenia variolaris*) begin to make their appearance, and soon after, the large yellow flower, with its drooping petals, is very conspicuous every where on the damp pine-barrens of Florida. It is one of the most remarkable of all our insectivorous plants, and destroys by far a larger number of insects than any carnivorous plant with which I am acquainted. The leaves are from six to twelve inches in length, hollow, and trumpet-shaped; they stand very erect, and the opening is covered by a rounded arching hood. Just below the hood the leaf is spotted with pure white, and these spots are surrounded by bright scarlet veins. The inner surface of the hood is lined with brilliant colors: finely reticulated veins of scarlet run over a yellowish ground. A broad wing extends along one side of the leaf from the base to the opening at the summit; the wing is bound or edged by a purplish cord, which also extends around the opening. This cord or edge of the wing is one of the most wonderful features of the plant. The flower stem is much longer than is shown in our engraving.

From observations taken on the ground where the plants grew, I found innumerable insects were attracted to them. The flaunting yellow flower may lure many moths and butterflies to the plant, but the flower is not the attraction after they reach it. This cord that runs along the edge of the wing secretes a sweet fluid, and as the wing reaches to the base of the leaf, insects that crawl on the ground as well as those that fly are attracted to this sweet secretion. I noticed on some of the plants a line of small ants extending from the base of the leaf to the summit, feeding on the secretion; so numerous were they that they crowded each other, but all steadily advancing to the opening, down which they disappeared.

All persons who have observed ants feeding have probably noticed the regular order in which they move to and from their food. The aphides (plant-lice) produce a sweet secretion of which the ants are very fond. Linnæus, with his fertile imagination, called the aphides the ants' cows. The ants are very friendly toward the aphides, for they supply them with abundant food, on which they thrive. Now if we observe the ants feeding on this secretion from the aphides, we can also see that they form two regular lines, the hungry ones moving up the stem to take their food, and the satisfied ones returning down the stem; and very friendly and fraternal they seem, never getting in each other's way, but often greeting one another as they meet, putting their antennæ together as if communicating something, and then they pass on, each his own way.

Mark the difference when the ants are found feeding on the sweet secretion of *Sarracenia variolaris:* now they crowd and jostle one another, and seem wild in their movements, and all are advancing in one line toward the summit of the leaf, on reaching which they disappear down the wide throat of the insatiable sarracenia. No return line here.



THE PITCHER-PLANT (SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS).

This I observed on the pine-barrens where the plants grew. I now took a large supply of leaves to my study, and placed them in an upright position in vases of water to keep them fresh, and opened the windows to admit the various insects that are swarming in the air at this season. Soon the room was well supplied with the common house fly. I now returned the screens to the windows, and sat down to watch results. A number of flies were soon attracted to the plants, and almost as soon as they tasted the secretion they acted strangely. It was astonishing to see how quickly it affected them. They became stupid, and did not notice my hand in close proximity, and they paid no attention to gentle efforts to shake them from the leaf. If I touched one, it would fly a short distance, but invariably it returned to the leaf, and very soon was buzzing inside of the tube, trying to walk up the dry, smooth surface, and ever falling back, until it was exhausted and still. It was no use to liberate them. I repeatedly took a leaf and turned the opening downward, and gently knocked it until I liberated half a dozen or more, but they were soon on the leaves again, evidently trying to straighten themselves. They would pass their legs over their wings, but they were unsteady on their feet, and seemed to be intoxicated. Every fly that I liberated eventually returned to the open mouth and walked in, as if fascinated by some spell.

In about two hours the room was cleared of flies—all lured into the fatal traps. I re-opened the windows to admit more, and among the flies came two or three yellow-jackets—wasp-like insects. These yellow-jackets are very fond of any thing sweet, and very soon one found the tempting bait. It alighted upon a leaf, and commenced feeding about two-thirds of the way from the base. It seemed to relish the food highly, and ate eagerly and quietly for a few moments; but soon its wings began to flutter, and it proceeded hurriedly and wildly along the line of sweet until it reached the opening. Here it paused a moment to feed along the cord that surrounds the mouth of the tube, but its wings were still raised and fluttering. In a little more than a minute from the time it alighted, it was a safe prisoner within, buzzing and fluttering and stirring up the imprisoned flies. On holding the leaf up to the light, I could see its frantic efforts to escape—trying to climb the smooth surface, but, like the flies, ever falling back, until it was powerless to move.

These experiments I repeated day after day. As the leaves became exhausted, I brought in fresh ones.

I have been asked by an eminent scientist if I can *prove* that the flies are intoxicated. I do not see how I can prove it. I am not a chemist, and can not analyze the secretion. I can only give the result of my observations and experiments. I might get a large quantity of the leaves and make a decoction of the secretion and drink it; but I find the flies never recover from their intoxication, and my fate might be the same if I took a sufficient quantity. At all events, the secretion excited the salivary glands to a wonderful extent, which continued for hours after I had tasted it. The sweet taste

was succeeded by a disagreeable acrid feeling, the same as that produced by the Indian turnip (*Arisæma triphyllum*), only in a milder form.

I called the attention of a lady friend—Mrs. Read, a good observer—to this strange behavior of the flies; and she is of the same opinion as myself, that the flies are made stupidly intoxicated before entering the tube. We also placed vases of leaves in the dining-room and kitchen, where the rapid disappearance of the flies highly amused the servants.

Upon opening the leaves, a day or two after they were brought into the house, I often found fifty or more flies in a single leaf. Of course a leaf could not digest such a mass of insects before they became putrid.

I carefully studied the inside structure of the leaf. More than half of the tube from the base up is lined with a firm, strong texture, and this lining is of a livelier green color than the remaining inner surface of the tube. On passing a finger over the surface from the base upward, we can detect a slight roughness as far as the brighter green color extends, and then it abruptly terminates; above this is a space of about two inches or more, according to the length of the leaf, which has a peculiar smooth feeling, and over this space no intoxicated insect can walk. There is no gradual blending of the two colors from the base up, but the line is distinct and marked, and easily seen with the naked eye. The smooth lighter-colored space is succeeded by the white spots before mentioned, and these white spots gradually blend with the fine scarlet veinings on the inner surface of the hood. The peculiar smoothness does not extend over the bright colors, and here a fly can easily walk.

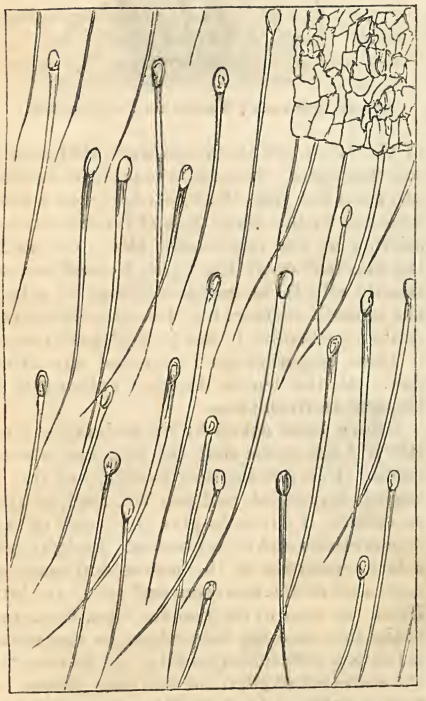


FIG. 1.—HAIRS ON ABSORBING GLANDS FOUND IN THE LOWER HALF OF TUBE.



FIG. 2.—HAIRS ON THE SPACE ADJOINING THE OPENING IN THE MOUTH OF THE TUBE.

Under the microscope, the two colors on the inner surface of the leaf present a marked difference; the lower part of the tube seems to be a true stomach. Long hairs (Fig. 1) all pointing downward are scattered thickly over the surface. If a leaf has caught no prey, the hairs are clear and very transparent; but very soon after an insect is caught, the hairs begin to absorb, and granular matter may now be seen extending along their entire length. When a small number of insects are caught, they seem to be digested quickly, and no disagreeable odor is detected; but, on the other hand, when a large number are caught, which is usually the case, a disgusting odor emanates from the tube. Yet this filthy mass does not injure the inner surface of the tube; it is evidently absorbed, and, no doubt, goes to nourish the plant. So this sarracenia, like the disgusting buzzards in the animal kingdom, feeds on carrion, and as it can not go in search of food, a tempting bait is set to lure insects into the fatal trap.

On the lighter-colored smooth surface, immediately above the long hairs, the microscope reveals very short hairs, as seen in Fig. 2. In pinguicula and other plants which I have observed, when two sets of hairs are found, they gradually blend into each other; but here a distinct line is drawn that can easily be seen with the naked eye, and close to this line the hairs are as distinct and marked in their character as on any part of the surface. On the inner surface of the hood and around the mouth of the tube is another set of curiously shaped hairs

(Fig. 3), which creates a roughness, and over which the flies can easily walk.

The structure of the cord which secretes the sweet fluid presents a marked difference, under the microscope, from the rest of the plant. The epidermis is very thin here, and the secretory glands are large and numerous.

The plant secretes the sweet fluid only a

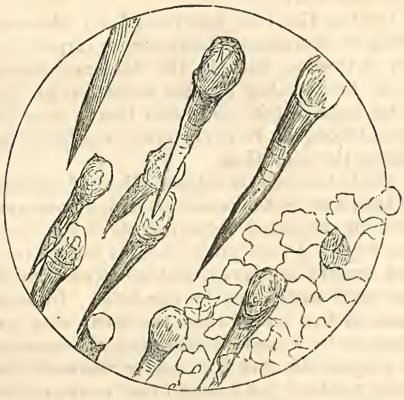


FIG. 3.—HAIRS ON THE INNER SURFACE OF HOOD.

few days, while the leaves are young and vigorous, and it is while this secretion is abundant that so many insects are caught. Yet even after I can not detect the secretion, either in feeling or taste, the flies still find enough to attract them, but it is in such small quantity that they sometimes fly away after feeding a while, which they never do when they get a good dose. I have taken flies that were stupidly intoxicated, and placed them under a glass where I could observe them, and I find they have a tendency to stand on their heads until they die. The first flies that are caught in a tube usually remain quiet, from the fact that they are wedged down so tight that they can not move. This tendency to stand on their heads puts them in such a position that it is impossible to extricate themselves; but as the tube extends upward it becomes broader, and now the remaining flies that are caught are no longer wedged in, and these try to climb the smooth surface, but, as far as I have observed, not one has ever succeeded.

It is not only house flies on which the secretion acts, but all insects which I have noticed are affected by it. A large cockroach was feeding on the secretion of a fresh leaf which had caught little or no prey. After feeding a short time it went down into the tube so tight that I could not dislodge it, even when turning the leaf upside down and knocking it quite hard. It was late in the evening when I observed it enter; the next morning I cut the tube open, the cockroach was still alive, but it was covered with a secretion produced from the inner surface of the tube, and its legs fell off as I extricated it. From all appearance, the terrible sarracenia was eating its victim alive. And yet, perhaps, I should not say "terrible," for the plant seems to supply its victims with a Lethe-like draught before devouring them.

From the position in which the insects are placed after being made prisoners, it is impossible to see how much secretion they cause. In the case of pinguicula this is easily seen. On cutting the tube of sarracenia open, we find a secretion very different from the sweet secretion in the cord, and this secretion produced from the inner surface of the tube seems to act on the flies in the same way as that produced by pinguicula.

As further evidence of the intoxicating power of the sweet secretion of sarracenia, I must add the fact of a wasp building its nest within the fresh young leaves, usually before the leaf has caught a single insect. The nest is made of dry fibrous material—probably stripped from some dead herbaceous plant—and dry grass. This material is crowded as low down in the tube as the wasp can go, and it extends upward to the depth of an inch or more. On this bed is laid the food for the young wasp. The food consists of five or six young grasshoppers, which the parent wasp has stung and paralyzed in such a manner that they are kept alive for the young wasp to devour. The grasshoppers are covered with the same material as that found in the bottom of the nest, to the depth of about an inch, the ma-

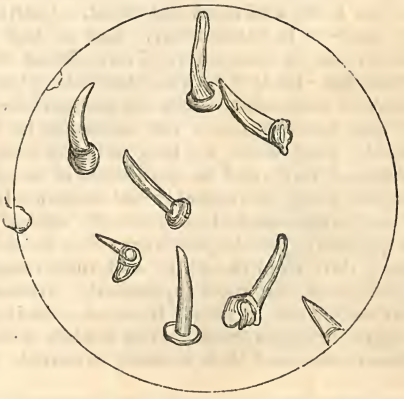


FIG. 4.—HAIRS ON THE WING AND OUTER SURFACE OF TUBE.

terial being wadded in close and tight. I have also found the nests of a leaf-cutter bee in the tube of sarracenia. These nests I sent to Professor C. V. Riley for identification.

I give here Professor Riley's account of the nests, and I also take this opportunity to acknowledge his kindness in aid-

ing me in various ways in my researches, and especially in his excellent and very accurate drawings of the chironomus and mosquito larvæ, in the February number (1876) of *Harper's Magazine*, in the article on utricularia.

"The nest made of leaves belongs to a leaf-cutter bee, genus *Megachile*. The species can not, of course, be determined except by breeding. These insects normally build their nests in burrows which they make in the stems of soft pithy plants, like elder, and the appropriation of the sarracenia tube is very interesting. It is very likely that this bee aids pollination of the flower, and partly stores her cells with it (the pollen). In the example you send, the plant had already captured some insects before the bee commenced building. I hope to breed the imago, as I think one cell contains the larva. The leaves employed seem to be oak. The other nest is that of some wasp, and evidently of some species belonging to the *Sphegidæ*. These insects all sting their prey and paralyze it, and make their nests in various ways, but generally by burrowing in gravelly soil or appropriating the tunnels of other species, such as the carpenter-bee (*Xylocopa*). Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, records that *Sphex lanierii*, Guerin, 'constructs its nest of a cottony substance, filling a tunnel formed by a large curved leaf.' I have been trying to determine what the fibrous matter is composing the nest you send: it seems to be made of the slivers of some soft-stemmed plant."

Now in what way can we account for the safe exit of the wasp and bee except on the hypothesis that they did not feed on the secretion while building their nests? I have repeatedly seen wasps and other hymenopterous insects eat the secretion, and then go into the tube and never return.

But the most conclusive proof of the intoxicating power of the sweet secretion of sarracenia is the marked effect it produces upon the cockroach. The Florida cockroach is one of the most agile of insects. It is almost impossible to catch one. He is ever on the alert, and most impudent. I strike at him—he is yards away. But at last I have come off conqueror. I have found his weakness—his love for the intoxicating beverage of sarracenia. After he has partaken of this secretion, in a few moments he is usually very docile, his long antennæ sway back and forth, and he pays little or no attention to my movements; but occasionally a very large one will act perfectly wild after partaking of the beverage; it will suddenly dart from the plant and rush round and round the room, apparently without any end or aim in view. It seems to be in a regular drunken frolic. After a while it becomes quiet, and then is easily captured. I have just taken such a one and measured it. From the tip of its antenna to the end of its wings, which extend slightly beyond the body, it measured four inches in length. Its body is about two inches long. I shut it in a box overnight. In the morning it could move its legs and antennæ very slightly, but it did not recover after being taken from the box.

During the two months of my observations on this plant I have seen a large number of insects, both in the field and house, made intoxicated by this secretion on the outer edge of the wing, and I have seen insects belonging to every order caught after eating the secretion.

That the plant can digest a limited amount of food before it becomes putrid, I have verified by repeated experiments with fresh raw beef. I took young leaves before they had caught any prey, and inserted bits of raw beef low down in the tube. In some cases in two hours' time the meat was surrounded by a copious secretion, the same as in pinguicula, and it looked white and was quite tender; but I found the leaves varied considerably in the power of digestion: in some cases, at the end of two hours, the meat had not changed color, and was not acted upon by a secretion, but remained quite dry. From some of the leaves I cut a small slice from near the base of the tube, and inserted the meat, so as to watch the effect produced by the secretion. In the larger number of leaves the secretion acted upon the meat precisely as it did in pinguicula. Usually in about twenty-four hours the meat was very white and tender, and had no disagreeable odor.

But no doubt the plant receives its greatest benefit from the large amount of insects caught, and which become disgustingly putrid. When pinguicula and drosera get more than they can digest, the leaves succumb—die in the effort to digest it. Not so with the sarracenia: it seems to thrive on this filthy mass of putrid insects, and in time absorbs all save the dry remains of the wings of beetles and other hard parts of the bodies of insects.

I am indebted to Dr. D. G. Beatty, of Baltimore, for the very accurate illustrations of the different kinds of hairs found on sarracenia.

GERMAN LOVE SONG.

Thou art the rest, the languor sweet!
Thou my desire! thou my retreat!
I consecrate my heart to thee,
Thy home through all eternity!

Come in to me, and shut the door
So fast that none shall enter more;
Fill all my soul with dear delight;
Oh, tarry with me day and night!

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE greatest among Englishwomen, except George Eliot, has just departed from among us. Her genius was not only various and remarkable in every line in which it was developed, but singularly masculine in its characteristics. She was a poet and a novelist; but she was much more distinguished in the more unusual developments of a female mind, namely, as political economist, theologian, and journalist. Of course she was precocious. Indeed, when one thinks of what she has done, and when she began to do it, it seems incredible that even three-quarters of a century should have sufficed for so much work. To the last generation she must have seemed one of the most familiar and well-established of English writers; to the present generation it is a marvel to see her death announced to-day, for to us she was a British classic, and hardly accounted among the moderns.

In 1823 she published, at the age of twenty-one, her first book—*Devotional Exercises for the Use of Young Persons.* Seven years later she gained all three of the prizes offered by the British and Foreign Unitarian Society for the best tracts addressed respect-

ively to Roman Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans—a feat probably unexampled in "prize" literature.

Between the two dates of the publications I have mentioned, she wrote a number of charming stories, chiefly addressed to children, another series upon matters relating to the interests of the working classes, and her admirable *Traditions of Palestine as it existed in the Time of our Lord.* But it was when she was thirty years of age that she attained her first marked success, in her *Illustrations of Political Economy*—the first attempt that had then been made to link the attraction of fiction with the great truths of social life. To the disgrace of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, this work was refused by its council, and had to be undertaken by private enterprise. The fact was, the sub-committee gave no attention to it, since they heard it was written by a young woman, though six months afterward the president of the society, Lord Brougham, allowed that "a deaf girl from Norwich was doing more useful work in the country than any man." Of the details of this curious "adventure"—for such it seemed to the plucky little publisher who undertook it—you will soon hear the true story in Miss Martineau's *Autobiography*, which will now be published, after lying for nearly twenty years in print at a bookseller's at Windermere. I have myself had the privilege, enjoyed by not more than half a dozen people, of reading it; and a most interesting and striking production it is. Whether it has been added to and kept up to date during the long years that Miss Martineau lived in her beautiful cottage, "The Knoll," at Ambleside, I have at present no information, but I sincerely hope that such is the case; for, though secluded and much distressed by bodily infirmity, she probably received more visits from eminent individuals, both English and American, during the last twenty years of her life, than any other person. During this period, strange to say, she followed with the greatest diligence her vocation of journalist, and I believe that almost all of the leading articles upon the American civil war that appeared in the *Daily News* emanated from her pen. I need not say which side she took in that great struggle.

During her visit, long before that date (in 1834), to the United States, she had been the guest of many important persons in the South, but even then and there had never hesitated to express her abhorrence of slavery, or to expose the fallacies by which her hosts endeavored to recommend to her their "peculiar institution." In 1839 she fell ill, and so famous had she grown by this time that even her illness became a sort of national property, and was fought over, as a common battle-field, by the disciples of mesmerism and its opponents. She always ascribed her cure to mesmerism, and she was not one to give up a theory or a belief because it was unpopular. Some very hard things were said against her, and some very jocose things—especially about that alleged experiment of mesmerizing her cow; but she overlived all that, though one would hardly have imagined that even the gentle nature which conceived *Life in the Sick-Room** could have endured so much obloquy with equanimity.

Upon the whole, I think *Life in the Sick-Room* is the most delightful of her works, and will live almost as long as sickness is in the world. One proof of its intrinsic merit is that though published without the aid of her then famous name, it achieved a great success at once; nor is it too much to say it would have been the foundation-stone of her fame as a religious writer, had she confined her attention to similar topics. It was now just twelve years since Miss Lucy Aikin had written to Dr. Channing concerning her, "You must know that a great new light has arisen among English-women," and the light had grown very broad and bright. At that former period, though the wonderful talents of "the deaf girl from Norwich" were beginning to be acknowledged by a few high natures, and this young woman and Mr. Malthus were great allies,† she was in some danger of being patronized. Like Dr. Johnson, she found several Chesterfields to hold out a helping hand to her after she had reached land by her own exertions, and I am afraid that among them was Lord Brougham. He wrote of her: "She has a vast store of knowledge on many deep and difficult subjects, a wonderful store for a person scarcely thirty years old, and her observation of common things must have been extraordinarily correct as well as rapid." But the object of these eulogies did not reciprocate them, and I am afraid, in many respects, thought his lordship rather a "common thing" himself. Her opinion of this once great man, however, is given in the autobiography, and if I remember right, as the auctioneers say, "without reserve."

When her *Life in the Sick-Room* was published, she was far out of the reach of personal patronage, and at the zenith not only of her literary fame, but of her social pop-

* Many, many years after the publication of this beautiful book, I asked her to lend it me; and she smilingly did so, with a "That is all over now, you know," expressive of her change of religious belief. But, as a matter of fact, the gentleness and patience and the belief in good which characterized that volume remained with her to the last, and were never "over" in their best sense.

† It was a period when Malthus was so little known among the gentle sex that I remember one lady, deceived by the classical termination of his name, asking whether he was not an ancient Roman.

ularity. Every one admired her, and society respected and even revered her. It was well known that when her health broke down, the then Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, had offered her, without solicitation, a considerable literary pension, and that she had refused it upon the highest grounds: she "could not conscientiously share in the proceeds of a system of taxation which she had reprobated in her published works." She took care, at the same time, to guard against passing any condemnation on the literary pensioners of the day, and, in a word, exhibited as much good taste as self-denial. Nor did she ever regret the sacrifice; indeed, it would have been difficult for her as a pensioner of the state to have written her *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace* with the impartiality that distinguishes it. In 1848 appeared her *Eastern Life, Past and Present*, which, although in some respects one of the most attractive of her works, at once cut off from her the sympathies of the so-called "religious public." Although naturally of a deeply devotional spirit, her faith had been from the first the same with that of her family, Unitarian; but in those of her works which had had the largest circulation, this was not obtrusively set forth.

In 1851 she published *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*—a work that cut the last strand loose that bound her to theology of any kind. She used to say of it that it proved who were her true friends, and made "all her relations in life sounder than ever." But it was, without doubt, the cause to her of great distress of mind. In the first place, it dissevered her from her brother James, the great Unitarian preacher, to whom she had at one time been bound by the strongest ties of affection, and for the time, at least, made a bitter enmity between them. He attacked the work with great violence in (I think) the *National Review*, and, what annoyed her most, directed his heaviest fire against Mr. Atkinson, her *collaborateur*, while he treated herself with pity, as having been nose-led by that undistinguished scientist. She was at that time, if I remember right, the proprietress, or at least the mortgagee, of the *Westminster Review*, which, under her influence, advocated the doctrines of Auguste Comte; and a very pretty quarrel between the two quarterlies in question took place in consequence. Comte, whose *Positive Philosophy* she had translated, was up to that time but little known in England, and more people talked about him than had mastered his opinions.

For my own part, I intensely regret her avowal of her later convictions, if it were only on account of the false view that it has generally given of her character. People began to speak of her as "hard," "unchristian," "cold," "a man in petticoats," etc., whereas no more gentle, kindly, and, if I may say so, "motherly" nature ever existed than that of Harriet Martineau. She delighted in children,* and in the friendship of good wives and mothers; one of her chief virtues, indeed, was a simple domesticity, that gave her a wonderful charm with those who prefer true gentlewomen to literary lionesses. To my mind Harriet Martineau never seemed to greater advantage than with her knitting-needles in her hands, or, like "Sarah Battle of blessed memory," playing at "the wholesome and athletic game of cribbage," which the writer of these lines had the honor to teach her. How many a time in the summer nights have I sat with her under the porch of her beautiful cottage, looking at the moon-lit mountains and the silver Rothay, which she loved so well, although she never heard its music. "It is all so beautiful," said she, on one occasion, as we looked upon this charming scene, "that I am afraid to withdraw my eyes from it, *for fear it should all melt.*" Her love of the beauties of nature was intense: as keen as her sympathy with human wrongs and struggles. It was when she had first built her lovely little home at Ambleside that the incident occurred which I think I revealed to the American public years ago, upon no such sad occasion as the present—how, being in want of turf for her lawn, and unable to procure it, two cart-loads of that rare commodity were thrown over her wall in the night, with a few ill-spelled words to the effect that this was the gift of a poor poacher who had read her *Forest and Game-law Tales*. This instance of gratitude† (albeit the man had probably stolen the turf to show it) was very dear to her, and moved her both to tears and laughter; for her sense of humor—though she always affected not to possess any, and to regret its absence—was keen enough. Perhaps she enjoyed nothing so much that arose out of her literary fame as the letter the school-boy wrote to her when she lay dangerously ill, and *The Crofton Boys* remained in consequence unfinished:

"My dear Miss Martineau,—I am very sorry to hear you are so bad. I hope you will get well; but I do hope, if not, that some of your family will finish *The Crofton Boys*."

This notion of a hereditary taint of authorship always tickled her very heart-strings.

I remember once reading with her some

* As an instance of her kindness to juveniles I may mention that in spite of her ill health and the many calls upon her time, she would remember the birthday of a child of the present writer, to whom she was attached, and send her a well-chosen present (sometimes one of her own juvenile books) on the exact date.

† Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, was staying at Dr. Arnold's, at Fox How, at the time, and characteristically refused to credit this story. He said, "She wrote that letter herself, bless you." And I suppose threw the two cart-loads of turf over her own wall also.

good-humored raillery of the Protectionists in the *Times*—in days when the *Times* had gleams of fun in it—in which it pictured England as dependent for its supplies of corn upon "the Romans and the Colossians and the Thessalonians." We laughed together very heartily, and she exclaimed, "Now I wish I could write like that; but I have no sense of humor."

She was accustomed to furnish the obituary notices of eminent persons in the *Daily News*, and, very characteristically, she wrote her own, and sent it to lie in the editor's desk until the time should come for its appearance. It lies before me now, with its last touching words: "She declined throughout that and subsequent years, and died ——," the blank being left for the date only. In this strange autobiographical sketch, in which the frankness of self-criticism goes beyond legitimate bounds, she says, writing of herself in the third person: "Her original power was nothing more than was due to earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. With small imagination and suggestive powers, and *therefore nothing approaching to genius*, she could see clearly what she did see, and give a clear expression to what she had to say.....But she could neither discover nor invent." This self-depreciation is curiously and undesignedly contradicted in her account of what her writings effected. Even in so simple a matter as her *Guides to Service*, suggested by the Poor-law Commissioners, with the object of training the children of the poor, this "earnestness" went so far on the road to genius as to make her identified with the "maid-of-all-work" whose mode of life she pictured. It was popularly believed that she must have been once in that situation herself, to have described it so "to the life," and she regarded the mistake (now and then expressed to her face), as she well might, with considerable complacency. In the same hypercritical vein she underrates her capabilities for writing fiction, whereas both *Deerbrook* and *The Hour and the Man* are at least marked by force and originality of a high order. I have remarked on this self-depreciation because it ran through her character, nor do I remember in it any evidence to the contrary, except as respected her deafness. She would venture to say for herself (and with great justice) that she never allowed her misfortune to interfere with the happiness of others, as deafness too often does. One eminent literary friend of hers, and a great talker, once expressed to me his amusement at Miss Martineau having given him the address of the shop in London where she bought "all her ear-trumpets." He could not understand why she had need of their renewal. "All her ear-trumpets! Why, one would think she listened to what other people said. She could never wear *one* out with that, if she lived to be a thousand." But here he did her wrong; for though a great and good talker, Miss Martineau was always ready to listen when there was any thing worth hearing. Nay, more: she was content *not* to listen. Often have I seen her with her trumpet laid by her side, and a genial smile upon her pleasant face, while conversation was going on around her in which she did not happen to be included. She was always careful not only not to worry others with her importunity, as deaf people so often do, but to prevent others from seeing her own sense of loss.

She had a second misfortune, too: her sense of taste was absent. I believe she had no sense of smell whatever; but she told me that once, and only once, she had tasted, in all its intensity of flavor, as she imagined, a slice of a leg of mutton. It never came again, but that one experience was delicious. "I was going out to a great dinner that evening at the Marshalls', at Coniston, and I was ashamed to say how I looked forward to the dainties that would be set before me." But she never did taste them. Curiously enough, her famous neighbor, Wordsworth, was similarly afflicted as respected the sense of smell. Once only he too enjoyed it. "I once smelled a bean field," he said, "and thought it heaven."

The poet of Rydal Mount was prudent and "canny" enough to have come from even farther north than he did, and he had also "a guid conceit of himself," which he showed on one occasion to Miss Martineau naïvely enough. When she first came into the Lake Country, and before she showed any strong signs of heterodoxy, he took much personal interest in her, and favored her with his paternal advice. "Now, my dear Miss Martineau, there is one trouble here all the summer: the tourists. Of course you will not suffer from it so much as I do; but that is a question of degree. If people have letters of introduction, give them tea; but as for meat and such like, let them go to their inns, or you will be eaten out of house and home." All these stories she told with inimitable humor, and yet it was her whim, as I have said, to consider that she had no sense of fun. I believe this arose from her not being able, as she confessed to me, to appreciate certain books that are supposed to be very humorous, and especially *Tom Jones*. Even making allowance for a natural feminine dislike to its coarseness, the book was distasteful to her in every way. She could see nothing laudable in it, and, with characteristic humility, she set down her want of appreciation to her own mental short-comings.

I was a very young man when I had first the pleasure of Miss Martineau's acquaintance, which was made in an unusually agreeable way. I had just written a volume of

poems which my friends thought more highly of than the world in general, and among others Mary Russell Mitford, of Swallowfield. I was going up to the lakes to spend my college vacation, and the authoress of *Our Village* was so good as to give me a line of introduction to her sister authoress. "You will find her very nice," she said, "and she is a very clever woman, though her works will *not outlive* her." On the other hand, Miss Martineau remarked to me of Miss Mitford's works, that "one likes them much better than one's judgment approves of them." At that time, in my juvenile cynicism, I snickered at these literary ladies who thus estimated each other's value at so moderate a figure; but, after all, Miss Mitford said of her rival, with whose theories and views of life in general she could certainly have entertained no sort of sympathy, no worse, as we have seen, than that rival said of herself, while Miss Martineau's criticism on Miss Mitford was not only eminently correct, but, when one comes to think of it, exceedingly eulogistic. These two ladies had, indeed, notwithstanding all differences of style and taste, a hearty respect for one another, and I got the benefit of it. I was received at "The Knoll" with a hospitality that was much in the teeth of Mr. Wordsworth's advice, and commenced a friendship that endured until her death, and which will be something more and deeper than a mere pride or boast to me as long as I live.

Miss Martineau was very good-natured in the reception of "good things" said at her expense. Hartley Coleridge, the ne'er-do-weel, who lived at the Nab Cottage, at Rydal, used to have her "thrown at him" a good deal, as the phrase goes; his own idleness and indolence used to be contrasted with the vigor and vehemence of his neighbor, and he was asked why he did not follow so good an example. "Follow her?" said he. "She's a monomaniac *about every thing.*"

That verdict amused her very much, and it was to some degree a true one. Whatever Harriet Martineau took up, she did literally "with all her soul and with all her strength;" and until it was turned out of hand, complete and perfect as far as work could make it, she was a good deal wrapped up in it. And she took many things in hand. These things resolved themselves mainly into two grand objects — the improvement of the position of the poor, and the elevation of public thought: her private conduct and character were in accordance with these high aspirations. She has probably left as many personal friends—real friends—behind her as any woman who ever lived, for she was the guide and comforter of very many. Though her physical ear was closed, her spiritual ear was ever open to the appeal of a fellow-creature. The young and the unknown found in her an adviser and a helper on the same path which she had herself trodden so successfully. She did not say, as the small-great are so prone to do, "*I* climbed the hill, but you are not strong enough: be content with the valley." If she saw promise, she did not cut it in the bud, but fostered it.

Though "twenty thousand colleges should thunder anathemas" at the memory of Harriet Martineau, it will keep sweet and pure in all hearts that knew her, and those hearts are among the best that beat in her fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAD he been essentially a practical man, it is not likely that Garth would have got much solid encouragement out of this interview with his father. Ostensibly, indeed, there might rather have seemed to be reason for greater dejection than before. Instead of making light of his difficulties, or suggesting a feasible way out of them, Mr. Urmson had deliberately counted them up and set them in order, denying its full weight to none, and sparing not to admit the multiplied menace of all combined.

Nevertheless, and despite his increasing bodily discomfort, Garth, ere he fell asleep, was in better spirits than for several days previous. That the evil of his plight had not been extenuated was implicitly complimentary to his ability for getting the upper hand of it. If his father had thought him craven, he would scarcely have been at the pains of frightening him; and, on the other hand, what more poignant way is there of suggesting heroism than to warn of heroic obstacles? A hero delights to battle against odds; and if Garth knew himself for less than a hero, he was yet near enough akin thereto to feel the inspiration of standing in a hero's shoes.

To be understood, moreover, is to be twice one's self, and his father understood him but too well. To find that another mind than our own has analyzed our position and en-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

tered into our doubts, is armor against danger and assurance of sanity. Hard is it for man to be alone in trouble. He blenches, partly from ignorance, and in part because in his loneliness he is not afraid to blench. And though God be forever present with every man, yet were mankind created for mutual sympathy, and through that sympathy is it that God indirectly seeks to impress His love upon us. Garth was far from being an infidel; but he had fallen into the shadow, and perhaps at this stage was better helped by a friendly human hand than he could have been by dint of abstract religious faith. There might come a season, however, to him as well as to others, of want whereto no merely human aid could minister, and well would it be for him in that time if he had recognized the Divine inspiration of all human charity.

Cuthbert Urmson heard the door of his son's room close, and then he sat down again in the old chair, leaving the study door ajar. The aspect of cheerful composure which he had maintained during the interview now began to fade out of his face, and in a few minutes he looked many years older. He leaned his head heavily on his hand, and his shoulders bent forward. The lower lids of his eyes were contracted, his lips set together, and occasionally he fetched a long sigh, like a man enduring wearisome physical pain.

By-and-by he turned himself toward the table, and began, mechanically and with exaggerated accuracy, to put in order the papers and other things which lay upon it. The scattered parings of the quill pen he brushed slowly together in a heap with his fingers, and dropped them in the waste-paper basket. Then he closed a drawer which was standing open; but the action reminded him that he had taken the birch rod out of it, and he looked across to the other side of the table for it. It was not there. It had fallen to the floor, then? Cuthbert rose and walked round the table. But no; it had disappeared entirely. Garth must have taken it with him as he went out. It was a good omen. The young man, in his usual silent and undemonstrative fashion, had put himself upon his honor; and that was so far significant as to show, at all events, that he did not consider himself to be hopelessly beneath a flogging. "And the best of sinners," thought Cuthbert, with the faint suggestion of a humorous smile playing about the fine corners of his mouth, "could hardly come into a healthier state of mind than that!"

Clasping his hands behind him, he stood on the hearth with his back to the fire, swaying his body with a slow motion from side to side, and forward and backward, after a fashion peculiar to him during solitary meditation. The deep stillness of the night and of the sleeping house seconded the grave abstraction of his thought. In glancing back over his life he saw himself, perhaps, as a man who had hoped well, if not too wisely, and had thus kept a modest light of happiness and serenity burning secure throughout a great deal of unpropitious weather. A fretful, selfish, impatient man would hardly have reached even Cuthbert's moderate age without stumbling or altogether falling by the way. But Cuthbert's roots grasped beneath the surface loam of existence, and drew their essential nourishment from subterranean springs. He had taken a wife whom few persons of his intellectual rank would have looked upon as a fit helpmate in the wearisome endeavors of earthly life; but he, being wise as well as intellectual, had seen her in a more searching light than that of the understanding, and found in her all he needed. In fact, he had reverenced and looked up to her from first to last in a way which must have seemed akin to infatuation to those whose judgments of human worth are made solely from the stand-point of the brain. Cuthbert, however, constantly felt her superiority to himself, and this perception charmed while it humbled him. He used to say to himself, or to Professor Grindle, who was a sort of masculine other self to him, that Martha was so much better than himself in all vital respects as to be above the reach of envy, which could not have been the case had she condescended to meet him on his own ground. He would admit her inferiority on one point only—the power, namely, of being as much delighted with him as he was with her; but for this failure there was the all-sufficient excuse that he was incomparably the less delightful person of the two. Professor Grindle had never attempted to impugn his friend's position in this matter; but the latter never knew that one reason at least of this forbearance lay in the fact that the learned, brusque, kindly man of classes had himself been in love with Martha at the time when Cuthbert stepped between from foreign parts and married her.

Martha's unexpected death had been precisely the deadliest thrust that her husband's philosophy could have met with. In a sense he had not survived it. A great part of him had died with her. She had left him at the time when he was most dependent upon her comforting companionship. While she lived he had been able to look upon the gradual worsening of his worldly affairs with a composure that almost amounted to amusement; for he enjoyed the privilege of knowing that the ill luck which so beset him was not of his own making, and meanwhile he possessed the inexhaustible consolation and refreshment of a beloved and young wife, whose value each fresh slight of fortune rendered but the more flagrant. As year by year Golight-

ley's speculative æstheticism ate up the family fortune, until at length there remained nothing except the annual produce of the farm and the earnings of Cuthbert's pen, he smiled his whimsical smile, and held himself wealthy in the ownership of a comfortable dressing-gown and slippers, and of a wife who could mend holes, darn and knit socks, and superintend the cooking of a wholesome dinner. Professor Grindle, to whose prudent care Cuthbert had intrusted the management of the fifty thousand dollars of Eve's legacy, had more than once counseled him, during some severer pinch than usual, to mortgage Urmhurst for at least some part of its value, since it was not to be supposed that Eve or any descendants of hers had any existence, even at the time Captain Brian's will was made, except in that willful old gentleman's imagination. But at this Cuthbert would shake his head gravely, and reply that Nikomis had always appeared to him a mysterious personage, and that until her mystery was entirely cleared up he would try to get along on the produce of the Urmhurst farm and on the interest of the fifty thousand dollars—both of which sources of income the terms of the will had left him at liberty to use. Indeed, it was solely through drafts on the latter revenue that Garth had been enabled to keep at college. Professor Grindle would grumble out something uncomplimentary to the sagacity of the old captain, and sarcastically ask Cuthbert what became of that part of the three thousand or so dollars of interest which was not included in Garth's expenses; whether Cuthbert bought cigars and Champagne with it, and if so, why he never offered any to his guests. Mr. Urmson generally affirmed that he spent it for lottery tickets, or in Paris dresses for Mrs. Urmson. "Then I shall tell the Danvers," the professor would retort, "that you've no head for business, and that they'd better make over the agency of that famous patent affair to me." At this and analogous threats Cuthbert would only arch his eyebrow, and the professor would be forced to console himself with the reflection that the old captain had, after all, done better than he had intended, since if the Eve legacy had not been set apart, Golightley would long ago have squandered the whole of it. But neither the professor nor any body else could prevail upon Mr. Urmson to regard this matter in any other than a humorous light—so long as Mrs. Urmson was alive.

In Garth, again, a less securely grounded faith than Mr. Urmson's might have seen much to be disturbed about. The boy's most ostensible traits had been ruggedness, reserve, and self-will that could easily become obstinacy. The finer, gentler, nobler qualities that lay behind would soon have been irrevocably choked off by any but the most skillful and ingenious treatment. Some persons—among them, as we know, the Reverend Graeme—had been of opinion that Mr. Urmson had grossly neglected his paternal duty in not imposing his own will and judgment upon his son, instead of leaving the lad (as he appeared to do) entirely to his own devices. But though Cuthbert never would defend himself from this reproach of negligence, neither would he pretend reformation. "I sha'n't exactly introduce Garth to the devil," he said once to Professor Grindle, whose ideas on education more or less agreed with his own, "for that would be taking an unwarrantable liberty; but if Garth insists deliberately upon forming the acquaintance, it would be taking a liberty still more unwarrantable to lock the door on him. He must do—I won't say as he likes, but as he chooses. I don't pretend to be wiser than my Creator, and He saw fit to give me free-will. Children are new wine; they must be let ferment freely, or they will never become clear, strong, and full-flavored."

"They may talk about desperate gambling," remarked Grindle, rubbing his smooth bald crown and wrinkling his forehead; "but what gambler ever played such stakes as you, or with so steady a hand? To be sure, the prize is worth the risk, and, as you say, may be unobtainable in any other way. But—I hope the boy'll take to something soon."

Perhaps Garth's entanglement with Madge had caused his father more doubt and anxiety than any other thing. Mr. Urmson mistrusted every thing about Madge except her beauty and her intelligence. He was a man who, though rationally opposed to antipathies, was by nature prone to them; but reasoning failed to get the better of nature in this instance. The fact that Mrs. Urmson shared his unfavorable judgment no doubt tended to confirm it, though Cuthbert always made a point of disputing with her on the subject, and arraigning her for uncharitableness. Martha, who was charity itself (tempered with a wholesome dash of feminine prejudice), generally yielded a nominal assent to his arguments, as a wife should do; but, unluckily for Cuthbert's peace of mind, he never had contrived to convince himself. He had to content himself with hoping that his insight was at fault; or if not so, then that Madge, being bad, might vouchsafe the redeeming iniquity of breaking faith with her lover at the last moment. When Garth went to Europe it had seemed as if Providence were about to promote the latter alternative, and Cuthbert, then groping in the fresh shadow of his wife's death, had blessed his son's departure as a ray of light in the prevailing gloom. But when Garth came back, though it was soon manifest to his father that his devotion to Madge

was no longer so blind and ardent as before, she, on the other hand, seemed perversely determined on being more inviolably constant than ever. In fact, it was impossible to doubt her sincerity. A woman who would remain faithful to a man during so many years without being married to him, would hardly fail to be a model of wifely faith when united to him. "I don't know," sighed Cuthbert to himself; "perhaps I was wrong, and she will make Garth the best wife he could have. If my Cotton Martha were here, she could mend my dull wits. The boy seems to care for no one else, unless that portrait sketch he showed me is a sign of something."

The first months of Garth's return had passed uneventfully away, and matters seemed inclined to adjust themselves with stupid, inert impunity; there was to be no tension, no crisis, no catastrophe good or bad. There was a tameness in the prospect that might have dissatisfied Cuthbert some six years previous, but now he acquiesced in it with a corresponding tameness and inertia. If the grim, sinister history of two centuries were destined to die away in an uneventful country idyl, with no glimpse of struggle and temptation, no flashing out of poetic justice and retribution, why should not a quiet elderly gentleman, whose main object in life ought to be to get out of it as quietly and decently as possible, rejoice and thank his stars thereat? Let Garth, an able but not as yet transcendent artist, marry his pretty and clever and worldly-wise wife, and gradually work his way to a respectable, if not foremost, place among his fellows. Let Golightley wisely invest and temperately spend his newly acquired fortune, paying his debts or not as he thought fit, for Urmhurst could get along with the nothing it had very comfortably. Let the mystery which had brooded beside Captain Brian's death-bed, and overshadowed the relation of his descendants to each other, remain unsolved forever. Let Nikomis pass away unshriven, and Eve's posterity prove a dream, and Urmhurst stand firm upon its blood-cemented foundations. In due course let the legacy revert to Garth, and enable him to take his wife on a pleasure trip to Europe, and by that time, surely, Cuthbert might hope that for himself the long, secret, incurable physical anguish of life would be over, and gentle Cotton Martha visibly at his side once more. Let these things be. He had hoped much, and hope, even if it be delusive, has a kind of unearthly wisdom in it, and brings a kind of happiness of which any realization must fall short. Surely now, at his journey's end, he might be content without earthly realizations. Moreover, crippled as he was with age and disease and poverty, what front could he oppose to events of moment, even if they came? It was better as it was.

Nevertheless, as the old man stood to-night on the ash-strewn hearth, with his hands clasped behind him, and mused upon the developments of the last few weeks, he could not but admit that whether he had strength to meet it or not, the crisis was at hand, and wore a threatening aspect. Strangely, too, it seemed as if he alone held the various threads of destiny whereof the fateful web was woven; and with him, consequently, lay the chief burden of disentanglement. He knew what Golightley had done, he understood Madge's position, he saw Garth's danger, he divined Selwyn's mission. He perceived likewise, what they could not, their respective relations one to another, and knew, withal, that they knew not of his knowledge nor suspected it. Yet there were certain points which still remained obscure to him, and others perhaps there were which came not near enough his range of vision even to be speculated about. However, the general winding up could not be far distant, when all things should be made clear. Cuthbert felt that he had a vital part to play in what was to come, and one whose success depended mainly upon nerve and tact. Such a part was rather fitted for a man in the prime of his years and powers than for him, whose flesh was weak, and whose spirit, however willing, might well partake of the frailty of his bodily condition. Nevertheless, as he stood there solitary and unsupported, and thought of what lay before him, the blood entered his face and showed faintly through his cheeks. He drew his feet together, and stood a little taller and more erect. He had never been burdened with self-esteem, and now for the first time did he fairly realize that he, too, was destined to be of importance in the old Urmson romance. Yes, they could not do without him; and with the conviction came the gallant flush of courage and resolution which assured him that, in the teeth of odds, he would not be found wanting.

A muffled footfall on the staircase informed him that old Nikomis, who always wore moccasins, in spite of the civilizing influences of her latter years, was coming up to bed. The hour-glass had just run out; he turned it, and then went forward to the door, where the Indian met him.

"Garth looked feverish," said he; "will he be laid up?"

"Ugh! do him good! He too much well; never been sick; fever one month—two month—do him good. You better go to bed," she added, raising her candle and scrutinizing Cuthbert's face; "you more account than Garth."

"We must take care of him, though," answered he, with a smile. "By-the-way, Nikomis, is it certain that Mr. Kineo is coming here?"

"So his letter say," replied she, with an affectation of indifference.

"And Madge knows of it, I suppose—yes, for she must have read you the letter. So he has made money? Does he mean to settle here?"

"Nikomis know nothing," said the old woman, looking glum. "He stay—he go—me know nothing. Caw! me poor old squaw."

"But he is coming back to see you, Nikomis, not for any other reason. If he were poor, you might have suspected his motives. I'm glad he has prospered. He must live at Urmhurst while he is here—that is, if he doesn't object. We'll put him in Eve's room, and put Mr. Golightley in Garth's old place. Will that be agreeable to you?"

Cuthbert spoke with a smile, yet in a tone that seemed to invite Nikomis to declare her mind to him. Outwardly considered, the proposal he had made was rather a singular one; for Sam Kineo, so far as Urmsworth had had knowledge of him, was not exactly the kind of person likely to be sought after in drawing-rooms. It was fair to suppose, however, that his experience in the world had rubbed smooth his original savagery, especially since he had succeeded in life from a money point of view. But Cuthbert, though doubtless hoping that such might be the case, would not have been apt to base his invitation thereon. During the years which had elapsed since Sam's first departure from Urmsworth, Mr. Urmson had grown to be more and more of opinion that the young man's interests were intimately connected with those of the Urmson family. He had not attempted to conceal this opinion from Nikomis, albeit conveying his intimations in such a manner that if she were unprepared to meet them half-way, they would appear unintelligible. Nikomis, on her side, had been as discreet as only an Indian, perhaps, can be. Not that Indians have more intellect than white people; it is tolerably certain that they have not nearly so much, but their instinctive prejudice in favor of keeping their own counsel often serves them in as good stead. Nikomis admitted little and denied less; she appeared to know a great deal, yet could not be proved to know any thing. Animals do things and perhaps think about doing them, but they are not often overheard talking about their doings. Indians, and Nikomis as an Indian, probably more nearly resemble animals in this respect than do their white brethren. They have their powwows, it is true; but they are incitements to action rather than intellectual deliberations.

On the present occasion the swarthy old woman did not immediately reply, but gleamed at Mr. Urmson out of her narrow black eye-slits as pungently as if she were expecting a reply from him. "Sam do very well," she said, gruffly, at length; "he rich—he buy house if he want. What Sam do here—um?"

"Nobody knows so well as you what he wants or where he should go; I must leave it entirely to you, Madam Nikomis. If you bring him here, he shall be welcome. Well, I ought to be getting sleepy. Good-night." After she had creaked on up the garret stairs, Cuthbert stepped across to Garth's room and looked in upon him. He was tossing and muttering in his sleep, his face hot, his lips dry, his hair in a black tangle. His father turned the pillow for him, and smoothed out the twisted sheets and blanket. In doing so he caught sight of a piece of fine bluish gauze, of silken lustre, which appeared to be tied about the fevered man's throat. He attempted to take it off, but finding it impossible without risk of awakening the sleeper, he presently withdrew to his own chamber.

HEBE.

A VERY old silver cup of peculiar device, engraved with texts of Scripture in quaint old French: in one long line down the handle, "I will take the cup of salvation;" on the face of the cup, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;" and on the bottom, where hardly any one ever looked—a curse. It was sadly battered, and still retained the impression of Skedaddle's hoof. Skedaddle was Rake Jake's one-eyed mule. The cup lay on her blind side, hidden in the tall prairie grass, and Hebe's curly head was within the long black ribbon loop attached to the handle when Skedaddle stepped upon it. Rake Jake had pried it open with his "Texas toothpick," and tried to hammer it into shape with the handle of his navy revolver, but it had remained a very tipsy-looking cup ever since.

Hebe's history previous to this event had been briefly this: The youngest child in a Swiss family of Mormon converts that filled one of the carts in a long emigrant train jolting and swaying slowly across the scorching plains. The mother had died of cholera on the way. Almost her last act had been to tie her own christening cup around the child's neck, and from that moment her mission of cup-bearing began. In the same train was a wealthy English lady, who had been deluded into accompanying the party as the betrothed wife of the great Brigham. She was very fastidious; the coarse fare and tin plates sickened her, and at length she openly rebelled. Going to her plate chest, she took from it a small silver salver, from which she ate her bacon in triumph. But the eyes of the missionary who had charge of the expedition glittered avariciously, and the next day when the English lady's maid went to lay her mistress's plate, it was gone. The high-spirited old lady produced another

and another, each disappearing as the first had done, till, when they reached Utah, all her chest of plate was gone. Here she bade the children a kind good-by, and went up the steps of the "Lion House" to become the wife of the arch hypocrite.

One day her maid came to Hebe's home, her rosy cheeks all white, saying that the missionary had asked for her as his fifth wife. Brigham had said that she need not marry while her mistress lived, but that after her death he should give her to the first who asked. It would be but a brief delay, for the poor lady was rapidly failing. She was out of her mind at times, and would not touch her food or drink because it was not served upon silver. So Hebe carried her cup in the hope that she could be induced to take her medicine from it, and before she died her reason returned. She would puzzle out the quaint inscriptions, and often her thin lips moved as in prayer, while from between her closed eyelids tears trickled down. One morning Margaret found her mistress holding the cup in an almost vise-like grasp, but with a triumphant smile on her dead face, which told that she had also taken "the cup of salvation."

At her grave the missionary gave Margaret such a look that she shuddered, and taking Hebe's hand, hurried home with her with the frightened look of a poor hunted thing. Hebe's father, who had not married again, but had lived with his children as much apart from the other Mormons as was possible, now pulled his hat resolutely over his face and left the house. He returned presently, and taking the English girl's hand in his, said, earnestly, "Would you like to live here with my children, Margaret?" She did not understand him until he handed her an open paper—Brigham's sanction of their marriage. She gave a startled look up into the honest face of the Swiss, and reading there not pity alone, but a true, manly love, she placed her hands trustingly and gratefully in his.

The next year was a happy one. They cultivated a little vineyard on the mountain slope east of the city, and Margaret's face shone brighter than her milk pans. Then the missionary, ever a harbinger of evil, called, with two other elders of the Church, to inform her husband that it was Brigham's wish that he should take another wife. Margaret bowed her face over her baby and rocked backward and forward in anguish. After the departure of the missionary the little family, no longer deluded by any pretense of mock-religion, divided into two parties for flight. The children, with an ox team, were to take the South Pass, while the parents went on foot by the North. At Fort Laramie these routes converge, and here they hoped to meet. The band of little folks got along very nicely. They had flour, and a gun, with which the eldest boy sometimes brought down a prairie-chicken, and two cows, which they drove with them. On the fifth day of their pilgrimage a band of men resembling Indians appeared in sight. Minna dashed Hebe's cup into the sack of flour, and Rupert, to disclaim all warlike intentions, threw his gun into the bottom of the wagon.

They were a more cruel class than Indians, the "Band of the Danites," or the "Destroying Angels," whom the Mormons place upon the track of fugitives, their motto being, "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels." Through his disguise of paint and feathers the children recognized the evil face of the missionary. Disappointed at not finding the parents, they held a consultation, deciding to leave the oxen, as they were miserable beasts; and, saying that they "did not want the children at Utah: the country between here and Fort Laramie is full of Indians; they will be taken care of," they left them to their fate.

Minna took Hebe's cup from its hiding-place, where it had lain like Joseph's in Benjamin's sack, and the children trudged bravely on. How slowly the oxen moved! Rupert would fasten them to their wagon in the morning, and they would jog along before any of them were well awake. One morning Hebe rolled out of the swaying cart, and lay in the prairie grass, still asleep, while they went on without missing her. Several hours later, when they found her gone, Rupert and Victor came back, and searched and called a long time, but could not find her. The ground was tramped as though a herd of buffalo had passed, but there was no Hebe. Off toward the south was a cloud of dust, and, looking fixedly, they thought they could make out horsemen, but whether advancing or retreating they could not tell. Remembering what had been said about Indians, they sorrowfully gave up the search and hurried back to the cart.

Meanwhile Hebe lay and slept, until a scouting party of troops in search of Indians passed that way. It was commanded by a Colonel Armstrong, and led by the well-known scout and guide, Rake Jake, a wild, lawless fellow, partly of Indian blood. The two were riding in advance of the soldiers, when Rake Jake's mule stumbled on some smooth round object and threw him to the ground. The shock awakened Hebe, who sat up, and rubbing her eyes, gazed tranquilly at the astonished men. The colonel raised her in his arms and asked her name. Then, as she did not reply, and he noticed the cup, he exclaimed, "Hebe, cup-bearer of the gods, and here is her goblet. Did you drop down from the clouds, wee goddess?"

The child could give no satisfactory ac-

count of herself, and the colonel placed her in his ambulance, where Charlie, his black boy, lay curled up with the greyhounds. "I will give you half of all I have, little Hebe, if you will share with me the contents of your cup. What have you in it—nectar?"

Hebe looked solemnly into her empty cup. "Nuffin, nuffin, 'cept sunshine."

"Give me the sunshine, then, divine baby," replied the colonel. "God knows my life is dark enough."

"Haven't you got any thing in your cup for me too, my pretty?" asked the scout. Hebe deliberately turned it upside down and handed it to him.

"There's some writing on the bottom," said he. "I know a little Mexican and about six Indian dialects, but I'm blessed if I can make that out."

"It is French," replied the colonel, and translating it he read, "Upon the wicked He shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup."

With a horrible oath, Rake Jake struck Skedaddle a sharp blow with his whip, and muttering, "Not any in mine," rode away from the ambulance. Did the words come back to him several years later, when, flying from Lynch-law, he, with two other horse thieves and desperadoes, took refuge in his "dug-out," and their infuriated pursuers set fire to the tall prairie grass around it, until, suffocated with the smoke, with the burning door and roof falling in upon them, they rushed out to be shot down and meet a horrible death in writhing flame?

The colonel was as good as his word to little Hebe. She was the pet of the camp and the child of the regiment; he loved and cared for her as though she had been his own child. Hebe fulfilled her part of the bargain too, for she filled his heart with sunshine, and the noble face which had been growing dark and reckless became tender and bright again under the touch of her baby fingers. She sat by his side at the mess table, and the coarse joke and profane word were restrained by her unconscious presence. Colonel Armstrong had no Bible, and there was never a blessing asked at the mess; but the silver cup stood beside his plate. However he might neglect his accoutrements, Charlie had orders to keep it always bright, and he never sat down to a meal without having his attention called to the principal text. Some way this carried his thoughts back to the old church in New England where his father had preached, and to the two graves in the old church-yard. The men said, "Something has come over the colonel;" they hardly knew what it was, but they recognized that he was a changed man.

Several years passed thus, and the colonel saw his little foster-daughter growing taller and taller. "She will be beyond my teaching soon," he said, "and she ought to be under other influence now." Sometimes he spoke of sending her to his sister in New England, but he could not bring himself to part with her. At length there was a terrible fight with the Indians, and Colonel Armstrong was brought back to camp badly wounded. He had no hope of his own recovery, and calling Rake Jake, who it happened had just finished an engagement as guide with them, and was going back to his home, he furnished him plentifully with money, and made him promise to take Hebe to Ellsworth, then the terminus of the railroad, and see that she was "forwarded" to his sister. Then he kissed the child a last good-by, and placing his finger on the inscription on the cup, repeated, "Though your sins be as scarlet."

But Rake Jake did not take her to Ellsworth. The last time he had been there he had found his name tied to the rusty rope which dangled from the old cotton-wood-tree on the river-side where fifteen horse thieves and murderers had already been hung, had taken it as a kind hint, and Skedaddle had taken him out of town in a style that justified her right to her name. This was of too recent occurrence for Rake Jake to deem it advisable for him to visit the town at this time, and he said to himself that the colonel's money would do him as much good as it would the railroad company. As he neared his "dug-out" on the "Smoky," the old man who took care of his limited supply of stock and kept the place for him came out to meet him.

"Anastasia is in there," said he, jerking his head toward the cave. "She has got 'em awful. I couldn't keep her out nohow. She said you wouldn't grudge a dog a place to die in, and she wouldn't be long about it. She hain't done so yet, but just lies and hollers like all possessed."

They entered the cellar-like room. On a rude bed lay a beautiful young Spanish woman raving with delirium tremens. For days she lay so; but she did not die, very slowly coming back to life and misery. She looked at Hebe in blank wonder, letting the child caress her, and regarding her all the time with hard, glittering eyes. Her lips were parched, and Hebe, going to the door, filled her cup with snow and brought it to her bedside. She made no effort to take it, but looked from the snow to Hebe, and murmured, "White as snow: I was a girl once, white as snow." The old man took the cup away from Hebe, and pouring some dark liquor over it, held it to Anastasia's lips. "There! there!" she exclaimed; "just like 'Stasia: white as snow; now all spoiled; red as blood, red as blood." While she drank, her eyes caught the inscription, and answer-

ing the inquiring expression in them, Hebe read, "'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.'" It came upon her as a great revelation, God's free offer of pardon to every penitent sinner, and she burst into tears. All day she lay there, with the cup pressed to her heart, drinking in the precious meaning of the words. Then, when night came, and the old man was fast asleep, and Rake Jake dead drunk, she rose, wakened Hebe, and wrapping her well, glided out into the night. She found Skedaddle tethered near the river, and untying the lariat, without stopping to saddle the animal, they mounted and set out for Ellsworth. On reaching the town, they dismounted; Anastasia turned her fleet-footed, shaggy friend about, and shrilled in her long ears, "Go to your master," and forthwith Skedaddle ambled briskly away. Hebe could not remember the name of the town to which Colonel Armstrong wished her to go, and Anastasia was only too glad to take her under her protection. A few hours later they took the stage for Texas, and thence to New Orleans. Arrived here, Anastasia placed Hebe in the care of the Sisters of Mercy, and herself took the veil as one of their number.

Hebe's cup-bearing was not over. Through the hospital's crowded wards, her light footfall followed that of Sister Refugia (for Anastasia had found a refuge, and in gratitude had taken this new name), and the silver cup again and again carried reviving draughts to parched lip and thirsty soul.

Pursuing her education at the convent, she came naturally to look forward to a time when she should consecrate herself irrevocably to a life of charity and prayer. She had grown to love the shaded repose of the convent garden, the seclusion of her own cell, the restful coolness of the long corridors, and, above all, the sacred calm of the great cathedral. Each Sister was an old acquaintance. Their lives were busy and full of doing good. Her father, Margaret, and her brothers and sisters she had long ago forgotten. Only Colonel Armstrong she still remembered, though she thought of him as dead. Not so much as the faintest hope that he could be living had ever come to her. He would not have sent her away if he had not *known* that he was dying. Indeed, the thought that he was dead made him seem all the nearer to her. She prayed for him every night, prayed to him sometimes, for he seemed dearer and kinder than any of the saints about whom the Sisters told her; and in the dreamy, innocent way peculiar to young girls brought up in such absolute seclusion, she loved her ideal with all her heart and soul.

And meantime Colonel Armstrong was not dead. It was a grim battle, but he came off conqueror. He was inconsolable at the loss of Hebe. He visited Rake Jake's dug-out only to find it marked by ashes and to learn of his tragical end. Nowhere could he find any trace of his little foster-daughter. He went back to his sister, but even her loving care could not make up for him the absence of that sweet child-face. Finding himself restored in health, he obtained a new position in the army, and threw himself with all his energies into our great struggle, which was then at its height. Even this did not drown memories of Hebe. His regiment now in New Orleans, the war over. It was the dreadful yellow-fever year, and he was stricken down, and carried to the Sisters' hospital. Hebe had passed and repassed his bed, but he had not recognized her in her novice dress until, when standing near him, he saw the cup, which now hung suspended by her rosary from her belt. He caught it eagerly, and read from the inscription on the handle, "I will take the cup—"

"Yes, yes," he cried, "and the cup-bearer too. Hebe, my little Hebe, do you not know me?"

It was not too late. Colonel Armstrong recovered, and the Sisters, though very reluctant, gave up their charge to him, the colonel rewarding them handsomely for their care, and Refugia battling earnestly in his behalf, though it was like tearing out her heart to part with Hebe. They were married in the cathedral; but when, a day after, Hebe sought her kind protectress to bid her a final good-by, the superior told her that she had left the convent on a mission of mercy.

Not long after there appeared a notice in the papers of an unknown nun who had nobly gone to the plague-stricken city of Shreveport, waited upon the sick and dying until the fever left the place, and at the very last falling herself a victim to its ravages. It was Refugia.

A MADRIGAL.

Love is a day, sweetheart, shining and bright:
It hath its rose-dawn ere the morning light;
Its glow and glory of the sudden sun;
Its noontide heat, as the swift hours wear on;
Its fall of dew, and silver-lighted night:
Love is a day, sweetheart, shining and bright.

Love is a year, beloved, bitter and brief:
It hath its spring of bud, and bloom, and leaf;
Its summer, burning from the fervid south,
Till all the fields lie parched and faint with drouth;
Its autumn, when the leaves sweep down the gale,
And skies are gray, and heart and spirit fail;
Its winter, white with snow, more white with grief:
Love is a year, beloved, bitter and brief.

Love is a life, sweetheart, and ends in death:
Is it worth while to mourn its fleeting breath—
Light-footed youth, or sad, forecasting prime;
Joy of young hope, or grief of later time?
What pain or pleasure stays its parting breath?
Love is a life, sweetheart, that ends in death.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL this time Ina Klosking was rehearsing at the theatre, quite unconscious of the impending visit. A royal personage had commanded *Il Barbiere*, the part of Rosina to be restored to the original key. It was written for a contralto, but transposed by the influence of Grisi.

Having no performance that night, they began to rehearse rather later than usual, and did not leave off till a quarter to four o'clock. Ina, who suffered a good deal at rehearsals from the inaccuracy and apathy of the people, went home fagged, and with her throat parched—so does a bad rehearsal affect all good and earnest artists.

She ordered a cutlet, with potato chips, and lay down on the sofa. While she was reposing, came Joseph Ashmead to cheer her with good photographs of her, taken the day before. She smiled gratefully at his zeal. He also reminded her that he had orders to take her to the Kursaal. He said the tables would be well filled from five o'clock till quite late, there being no other entertainment on foot that evening.

Ina thanked him, and said she would not miss going on any account; but she was rather fatigued and faint.

"Oh, I'll wait for you as long as you like," said Ashmead, kindly.

"No, my good comrade," said Ina. "I will ask you to go to the manager and get me a little money, and then to the Kursaal and secure me a place at the table in the largest room. There I will join you. If *he* is not there—and I am not so mad as to think he will be there—I shall risk a few pieces myself, to be nearer him in mind."

This amazed Ashmead; it was so unlike her. "You are joking," said he. "Why, if you lose five napoleons at play, it will be your death; you will grizzle so."

"Yes; but I shall not lose. I am too unlucky in love to lose at cards. I mean to play this afternoon, and never again in all my life. Sir, I am resolved."

"Oh, if you are resolved, there is no more to be said. I won't run my head against a brick wall."

Ina, being half a foreigner, thought this rather brusque. She looked at him askant, and said, quietly, "Others besides me can be stubborn, and get their own way while speaking the language of submission. Not I invented volition."

With this flea in his ear, the faithful Joseph went off, chuckling, and obtained an advance from the manager, and then proceeded to the principal gaming table, and, after waiting some time, secured a chair, which he kept for his chief.

An hour went by; an hour and a half. He was obliged, for very shame, to bet. This he did, five francs at a time, and his risk was so small and his luck so even that by degrees he was drawn into conversation with his neighbor, a young swell, who was watching the run of the colors, and betting in silver, and pricking a card, preparatory to going in for a great *coup*. Meantime he favored Mr. Ashmead with his theory of chances; and Ashmead listened very politely to every word, because he was rather proud of the other's notice; he was so handsome, well dressed, and well spoken.

Meantime Ina Klosking snatched a few minutes' sleep, as most artists can in the afternoon, and was awakened by the servant bringing in her frugal repast—a cutlet and a pint of Bordeaux.

On her plate he brought her a large card, on which was printed "Miss Zoe Vizard." This led to inquiries, and he told her a lady of superlative beauty had called and left that card. Ina asked for a description.

"Ah, madame," said Karl, "do not expect details from me. I was too dazzled and struck by lightning to make an inventory of her charms."

"At least you can tell me was she dark or fair."

"Madame, she was dark as night, but glorious as the sun. Her earthly abode is the 'Russie,' at Frankfort: blest hotel!"

"Did she tell you so?"

"Indirectly. She wrote on the card with the smallest pencil I have hitherto witnessed: the letters are faint, the pencil being inferior to the case, which was golden. Nevertheless, as one is naturally curious to learn whence a bright vision has emerged, I permitted myself to decipher."

"Your curiosity was natural," said Ina, dryly. "I will detain you with no more questions."

She put the card carefully away, and ate her modest repast. Then she made her afternoon toilet, and walked slowly and pensively to the Kursaal.

Nothing there was new to her, except to be going to the table without the man on whom it was her misfortune to have wasted her heart of gold.

I think, therefore, it would be better for me to enter the place in company with our novices—and, indeed, we must, or we shall derange the true order of time and sequence of incidents; for, please observe, all the English ladies of our story met at the Kursaal while Ina was reposing on her sofa.

The first comers were Zoe and Harrington. They entered the noble hall, inscribed their names, and by that simple ceremony were members of a club compared with

which the greatest clubs in London are petty things: a club with spacious dining-rooms, ball-rooms, concert-rooms, gambling-rooms, theatre, and delicious gardens. The building that combined so many rich treats was colossal in size, and glorious with rich colors and gold laid on with Oriental profusion, and sometimes with Oriental taste.

Harrington took his sister through the drawing-rooms first; and she admired the unusual loftiness of the rooms, the blaze of white and gold and of céladon green and gold, and the great Russian lustres and the mighty mirrors. But when they got to the dining-room she was enchanted. That lofty and magnificent *salon*, with its daring mixture of red and black and green and blue, all melted into harmony by the rivers of gold that ran boldly among them, went to her very heart. A Greek is half an Oriental, and Zoe had what may be called the courage of color. "Glorious!" she cried, and clasped her hands. "And see! what a background to the emerald grass outside and the ruby flowers! They seem to come into the room through those monster windows."

"Splendid!" said Harrington, to whom all this was literally Greek. "I'm so excited, I'll order dinner."

"Dinner!" said Zoe, disdainfully, and sat down and eyed the Moresque walls around her and the beauties of nature outside, and brought them together in one picture.

Harrington was a long time in conclave with M. Chevet. Then Zoe became impatient.

"Oh, do leave off ordering dinner," said she, "and take me out to that other paradise."

The Chevet shrugged his shoulders with pity. Vizard shrugged his too, to soothe him, and, after a few more hurried words, took the lover of color into the garden. It was delicious, with green slopes and rich foliage and flowers, and enlivened by bright silk dresses, sparkling fitfully among the green leaves, or flaming out boldly in the sun; and, as luck would have it, before Zoe had taken ten steps upon the greensward, the band of fifty musicians struck up, and played as fifty men rarely play together out of Germany.

Zoe was enchanted. She walked on air, and beamed as bright as any flower in the place.

After her first ejaculation at the sudden music, she did not speak for a good while, her content was so great. At last she said, "And do they leave this paradise to gamble in a room?"

"Leave it? They shun it. The gamblers despise the flowers."

"How perverse people are! Excitement! Who wants any more than this?"

"Zoe," said Vizard, "innocent excitement can never compete with vicious."

"What, is it really wicked to play?"

"I don't know about wicked: you girls always run to the biggest word. But if avarice is a vice, gambling can not be virtuous; for the root of gambling is mere avarice, weak avarice. Come, my young friend, *as we're quite alone*, I'll drop Thersites, and talk sense to you for once. Child, there are two roads to wealth: one is by the way of industry, skill, vigilance, and self-denial; and these are virtues, though sometimes they go with tricks of trade, hardness of heart, and taking advantage of misfortune, to buy cheap and sell dear. The other road to wealth is by bold speculation, with risk of proportionate loss; in short, by gambling with cards, or without them. Now look into the mind of the gambler: he wants to make money, contrary to nature, and unjustly. He wants to be rewarded without merit, to make a fortune in a moment, and without industry, vigilance, true skill, or self-denial: 'a penny saved is a penny gained,' does not enter his creed. Strip the thing of its disguise, it is avarice, sordid avarice; and I call it weak avarice, because the gambler relies on chance alone, yet accepts uneven chances, and hopes that Fortune will be as much in love with him as he is with himself. What silly egotism! You admire the Kursaal, and you are right; then do just ask yourself why is there nothing to pay for so many expensive enjoyments, and very little to pay for concerts and balls; low prices at the opera, which never pays its own expenses; even Chevet's dinners are reasonable, if you avoid his sham Johannisberg. All these cheap delights, the gold, the colors, the garden, the music, the lights, are paid for by the losses of feeble-minded Avarice. But there—I said all this to Ned Severne, and I might as well have preached sense to the wind."

"Harrington, I will not play. I am much happier walking, with my good brother—"

"Faute de mieux."

Zoe blushed, but would not hear—"And it is so good of you to make a friend of me, and talk sense. Oh!—see—a lady with two blues! Come and look at her."

Before they had taken five steps, Zoe stopped short and said, "It is Fanny Dover, I declare! She has not seen us yet. She is short-sighted. Come here." And the impetuous maid dragged him off behind a tuft of foliage.

When she had got him there, she said, hotly, that it was too bad.

"Oh, is it?" said he, very calmly. "What?"

"Why, don't you see what she has done? You, so sensible, to be so slow about women's ways; and you are always pretending to know them. Why, she has gone and bought that costume with the money you gave her to play with."

"Sensible girl!"

"Dishonest girl, *I* call her."

"There you go to your big words. No, no. A little money was given her for a bad purpose. She has used it for a frivolous one. That is 'a step in the right direction' —jargon of the day."

"But to receive money for one purpose and apply it to another is—what do you call it—chose?—'détournement des fonds' —what is the English word? I've been abroad till I've forgotten English. Oh, I know—embezzlement."

"Well, that is a big word for a small transaction; you have not dug in the mine of the vernacular for nothing."

"Harrington, if you don't mind, I do: so please come. I'll talk to her."

"Stop a moment," said Vizard, very gravely. "You will not say one word to her."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because it would be unworthy of us, and cruel to her—barbarously cruel. What, call her to account before that old woman and me?"

"Why not? She is flaunting her blues before you two, and plenty more."

"Feminine logic, Zoe. The point is this —she is poor. You must know that. This comes of poverty and love of dress, not of dishonesty and love of dress; and just ask yourself, is there a creature that ought to be pitied more and handled more delicately than a *poor lady*? Why, you would make her writhe with shame and distress. Well, I do think there is not a single wild animal so cruel to another wild animal as a woman is to a woman. You are cruel to one another by instinct. But I appeal to your reason—if you have any."

Zoe's eyes filled. "You are right," said she, humbly. "Thank you for thinking for me. I will not say a word to her before *you*."

"That is a good girl. But, come now, why say a word at all?"

"Oh, it is no use your demanding impossibilities, dear; I could no more help speaking to her than I could fly; and don't go fancying she will care a pin what I say, if I don't say it before *a gentleman*."

Having given him this piece of information, she left her ambush, and proceeded to meet the all-unconscious blue girl; but even as they went, Vizard returned to his normal condition, and doled out, rather indolently, that they were out on pleasure, and might possibly miss the object of the excursion if they were to encourage a habit of getting into rages about nothing.

Zoe was better than her word. She met Fanny with open admiration: to be sure, she knew that apathy, or even tranquillity, on first meeting the blues, would be instantly set down to envy.

"And where did you get it, dear?"

"At quite a small shop."

"French?"

"Oh no; I think she was an Austrian. This is not a French mixture: loud, discordant colors, that is the French taste."

"Here is heresy," said Vizard. "Why, I thought the French beat the world in dress."

"Yes, dear," said Zoe, "in form and pattern: but Fanny is right; they make mistakes in color. They are terribly afraid of scarlet; but they are afraid of nothing else: and many of their mixtures are as discordant to the eye as Wagner's music to the ear. Now, after all, scarlet is the king of colors; and there is no harm in King Scarlet, if you treat him with respect, and put a modest subject next to him."

"Gypsy locks, for instance," suggested Fanny, slyly.

Miss Maitland owned herself puzzled. "In my day," said she, "no one ever thought of putting blue upon blue; but really, somehow, it looks well."

"May I tell you why, aunt?—because the dress-maker had a real eye, and has chosen the right tints of blue. It is all nonsense about one color not going with another. Nature defies that; and how?—by choosing the very tints of each color that will go together. The sweetest room I ever saw was painted by a great artist; and, do you know, he had colored the ceiling blue and the walls green; and I assure you the effect was heavenly: but then he had chosen the exact tints of green and blue that would go together. The draperies were between crimson and maroon. But there's another thing in Fanny's dress; it is velvet. Now blue velvet is blue to the mind, but it is not blue to the eye. You try and paint blue velvet; you will be surprised how much white you must lay on. The high lights of all velvets are white. This white helps to blend the two tints of blue."

"This is very instructive," said Vizard: "I was not aware I had a sister youthful but profound. Let us go in and dine."

Fanny demurred. She said she believed Miss Maitland wished to take one turn round the grounds first.

Miss Maitland stared, but assented in a mechanical way; and they commenced their promenade.

Zoe hung back and beckoned her brother. "Miss Maitland!" said she, with such an air. "*She* wants to show her blues to all the world and his wife."

"Very natural," said Vizard. "So would you if you were in a scarlet gown with a crimson cloak."

Zoe laughed heartily at this, and forgave Fanny her new dress: but she had a worse bone than that to pick with her.

It was a short but agreeable promenade to Zoe; for, now they were alone, her brother, instead of sneering, complimented her.

"Never you mind my impertinence," said

he; "the truth is, I am proud of you. You are an observer."

"Me? Oh—in color."

"Never mind: an observer is an observer; and genuine observation is not so common. Men see and hear with their prejudices, and not their senses. Now we are going to those gaming tables. At first, of course, you will play; but as soon as ever you are cleaned out, observe! Let nothing escape that woman's eye of yours: and so we'll get something for our money."

"Harrington," said the girl, proudly, "I will be all eye and ear."

Soon after this they went in to dinner. Zoe cast her eyes round for Severne, and was manifestly disappointed at his not meeting them even there.

As for Fanny, she had attracted wonderful attention in the garden, and was elated. Her conscience did not prick her in the least for such a trifle as détournement des fonds; and public admiration did not improve her. She was sprightly and talkative as usual; but now she was also a trifle brazen, and pert all round.

And so the dinner passed, and they proceeded to the gaming tables.

Miss Maitland and Zoe led. Fanny and Harrington followed: for Miss Dover, elated by the blues—though, by-the-bye, one hears of them as depressing—and encouraged by admiration and Chevet's violet-perfumed St. Peray, took Harrington's arm, really as if it belonged to her.

They went into the library first, and, after a careless inspection, came to the great attraction of the place. They entered one of the gambling rooms.

The first impression was disappointing. There were two very long tables, rounded off at the ends, one for *trente et quarante*, and one for *roulette*. At each table were seated a number of persons, and others standing behind them. Among the persons seated was the dealer or, in *roulette*, the spinner. This official sat in the centre, flanked on each side by croupiers with rakes; but at each end of the table there was also a croupier with his rake.

The rest were players or lookers-on: most of whom, by well-known gradations of curiosity and weakness, to describe which minutely would be to write a little comedy that others have already written, were drawn into playing at last. So fidgets the moth about the candle before he makes up what no doubt the poor little soul calls his mind.

Our little party stopped first at *trente et quarante*, and Zoe commenced her observations. Instead of the wild excitement she had heard of, there was a subdued air, a forced quiet, especially among the seated players. A stern etiquette presided, and the gamblers shrouded themselves in well-bred stoicism—losing without open distress or ire, winning without open exultation. The old hands especially began play with a padlock on the tongue and a mask upon the face. There are masks, however, that do not hide the eye; and Miss Vizard caught some flashes that escaped the masks even then at the commencement of the play. Still external stoicism prevailed, on the whole, and had a fixed example in the "tailleur" and the croupiers: playing many hours every day in the year but Good-Friday, and always with other people's money, these men had parted with passion, and almost with sensation; they had become skillful automata, chanting a stave, and raking up or scattering hay-cocks of gold, which to them were counters.

It was with the monotonous voice of an automaton they intoned,

"Faites le jeu, messieu, messieu."

Then, after a pause of ten seconds,

"Le jeu est fait, messieu."

Then, after two seconds,

"Rien ne va plus."

Then mumble—mumble—mumble.

Then, "La! Rouge perd et couleur," or whatever might be the result.

Then the croupiers first raked in the players' losses with vast expedition; next, the croupiers in charge of the funds chucked the precise amount of the winnings on to each stake with unerring dexterity and the indifference of machines, and the chant recommenced, "Faites le jeu, messieu."

Pause, ten seconds.

"Le jeu est fait, messieu."

Pause, two seconds.

"Rien ne va plus."

The *tailleur* dealt, and the croupier intoned, "La! Rouge gagne et couleur perd;" the mechanical raking and dextrous chucking followed.

This, with a low buzzing, and the deadened jingle of gold upon green cloth, and the light grating of the croupiers' rakes, was the first impression upon Zoe's senses; but the mere game did not monopolize her attention many seconds. There were other things better worth noting—the great varieties of human type that a single passion had brought together in a small German town. Her ear was regaled with such a polyglot murmur as she had read of in Genesis, but had never witnessed before.

Here were the sharp Tuscan and the mellow Roman, the sibilation of England, the brogue of Ireland, the Shibboleth of the Minories, the twang of certain American States, the guttural expectoration of Germany, the nasal emphasis of France, and even the modulated Hindostanee and the sonorous Spanish, all mingling.

The types of face were as various as the tongues.

Here were the green-eyed Tartar, the black-eyed Italian, and the gray-eyed Sax-

on; faces all cheek-bones and faces no cheek-bones; the red Arabian, the fair Dane, and the dark Hindoo.

Her woman's eye seized another phenomenon—the hands. Not nations only, but varieties of the animal kingdom were represented. Here were the white hands of fair women, and the red paws of obese shopkeepers, and the yellow, bird-like claws of old withered gamesters, all stretched out, side by side, in strange contrast, to place the stakes or scratch in the winnings; and often the winners put their palms or paws on their heap of gold, just as a dog does on a bone when other dogs are nigh.

But what Zoe's eye rested on longest was the costume and deportment of the ladies. A few were in good taste; others aimed at a greater variety of beautiful colors than the fair have up to this date succeeded in combining, without inflicting more pain on the beholders than a Beneficent Creator—so far as we can judge by His own system of color—intended the cultivated eye to suffer. Example—as the old writers used to say—one lady fired the air in primrose satin with red velvet trimming. This mild mixture re-appeared on her head in a primrose hat with a red feather. A gold chain, so big that it would have done for a felon instead of a fool, encircled her neck, and was weighted with innumerable lockets, which in size and inventive taste resembled a poached egg, and betrayed their insular origin. A train three yards long completed this gorgeous figure. She had commenced life a shrimp girl, and pushed a dredge before her instead of pulling a silken besom after her. Another stately queen (with an "a") heated the atmosphere with a burnous of that color the French call *flamme d'enfer*, and cooled it with a green bonnet. A third appeared to have been struck with the beauty of a painter's palette, and the skill with which its colors mix before the brush spoils them. Green body, violet skirts, rose-colored trimmings, purple sleeves, light green boots, lavender gloves. A shawl all gauze and gold, flounced like a petticoat; a bonnet so small, and red feather so enormous and all-predominant, that a peacock seemed to be sitting on a hedge-sparrow's nest.

Zoe suspected these polychromatic ladies at a glance, and observed their manners in a mistrustful spirit, carefully. She was little surprised, though a good deal shocked, to find that some of them seemed familiar and almost jocular with the croupiers; and that although they did not talk loud, being kept in order by the general etiquette, they rustled and fidgeted and played in a devil-may-care sort of manner: this was in great measure accounted for by the circumstance that they were losing other people's money: at all events, they often turned their heads over their shoulders, and applied for fresh funds to their male companions.

Zoe blushed at all this, and said to Vizard, "I should like to see the other rooms." She whispered to Miss Maitland, "Surely they are not very select in this one."

"Lead on," said Vizard; "that is the way."

Fanny had not parted with his arm all this time. As they followed the others, he said, "But she will find it is all the same thing."

Fanny laughed in his face. "Don't you *see?* C'est la chasse au Severne qui commence."

"En voilà un Sévère," replied he.

She was mute. She had not learned that sort of French in her finishing school. I forgive it.

The next room was the same thing over again.

Zoe stood a moment and drank every thing in, then turned to Vizard, blushed, and said, "May we play a little now?"

"Why, of course."

"Fanny!"

"No; you begin, dear. We will stand by and wish you success."

"You are a coward," said Zoe, loftily; and went to the table with more changes of color than veteran lancers betray in charging infantry. It was the *roulette* table she chose. That seems a law of her sex. The true solution is not so profound as some that have been offered. It is this: *trente et quarante* is not only unintelligible, but uninteresting. At *roulette* there is a pictorial object and dramatic incident; the board, the turning of the *moulinet*, and the swift revolutions of an ivory ball, its lowered speed, its irregular bounds, and its final settlement in one of the many holes, numbered and colored. Here the female understanding sees something it can grasp, and, above all, the female eye catches something pictorial and amusing outside the loss or gain; and so she goes, by her nature, to *roulette*, which is a greater swindle than the other.

Zoe staked five pounds on No. 21, for an excellent reason: she was in her twenty-first year. The ball was so illogical as to go into No. 3, and she lost. She stood by her number, and lost again. She lost thirteen times in succession.

The fourteenth time the ball rolled into 21, and the croupier handed her thirty-five times her stake, and a lot more for color.

Her eye flashed, and her cheek flushed, and I suppose she was tempted to bet more heavily, for she said, "No. That will never happen to me again, I know;" and she rose, the richer by several napoleons, and said, "Now let us go to another."

"Humph!" said Vizard. "What an extraordinary girl! She will give the devil more trouble than most of you. Here's precocious prudence."

Fanny laughed in his face. "C'est la chasse qui recommence," said she.

I ought to explain that when she was in England she did not interlard her discourse with French scraps. She was not so ill-bred. But abroad she had got into a way of it, through being often compelled to speak French.

Vizard appreciated the sagacity of the remark, but he did not like the lady any the better for it. He meditated in silence. He remembered that, when they were in the garden, Zoe had hung behind, and interpreted Fanny ill-naturedly; and here was Fanny at the same game, literally backbiting, or back-rubbing at all events. Said he to himself, "And these two are friends! female friends." And he nursed his misogyny in silence.

They came into a very noble room, the largest of all, with enormous mirrors down to the ground, and a ceiling blazing with gold, and the air glittering with lustres. Two very large tables, and a distinguished company at each, especially at the *trente et quarante*.

Before our little party had taken six steps into the room, Zoe stood like a pointer; and Fanny backed. Should these terms seem disrespectful, let Fanny bear the blame. It is her application of the word "chasse" that drew down the simile.

Yes, there sat Ned Severne, talking familiarly to Joseph Ashmead, and preparing to "put the pot on," as he called it.

Now Zoe was so far gone that the very sight of Severne was a balsam to her. She had a little bone to pick with him; and when he was out of sight, the bone seemed pretty large. But when she saw his adorable face, unconscious, as it seemed, of wrong, the bone faded and the face shone.

Her own face cleared at the sight of him: she turned back to Fanny and Vizard, arch and smiling, and put her finger to her mouth, as much as to say, "Let us have some fun. We have caught our truant: let us watch him, unseen, a little, before we burst on him."

Vizard enjoyed this, and encouraged her with a nod.

The consequence was that Zoe dropped Miss Maitland's arm—who took that opportunity to turn up her nose—and began to creep up like a young cat after a bird; taking a step, and then pausing; then another step, and a long pause; and still with her eye fixed on Severne. He did not see her nor her companions, partly because they were not in front of him, but approaching at a sharp angle, and also because he was just then beginning to bet heavily on his system. By this means two progressive events went on contemporaneously: the arch but cat-like advance of Zoe, with pauses, and the betting of Severne, in which he gave himself the benefit of his system.

Noir having been the last to win, he went against the alternation, and put £50 on *noir*. Red won. Then, true to his system, he doubled on the winning color—£100 on red. Black won. He doubled on black, and red won; and there was £350 of his £500 gone in five minutes.

On this proof that the likeliest thing to happen—viz., alternation of color—does *sometimes* happen, Severne lost heart.

He turned to Ashmead, with all the superstition of a gambler. "For God's sake, bet for me!" said he. He clutched his own hair convulsively, in a struggle with his mania, and prevailed so far as to thrust £50 into his own pocket to live on, and gave Ashmead five tens.

"Well, but," said Ashmead, "you must tell me what to do."

"No, no. Bet your own way, for *me*."

He had hardly uttered these words, when he seemed to glare across the table at the great mirror, and suddenly putting his handkerchief to his mouth, he made a bolt sideways, plunged amidst the by-standers, and emerged only to dash into a room at the side.

As he disappeared, a lady came slowly and pensively forward from the outer door; lifted her eyes, as she neared the table, saw a vacant chair, and glided into it, revealing, to Zoe Vizard and her party, a noble face, not so splendid and animated as on the stage, for its expression was slumbering; still it was the face of Ina Klosking.

No transformation trick was ever done more neatly and smoothly than this, in which, nevertheless, the performers acted without concert.

Severne fled out, and the Klosking came slowly in; yet no one had time to take the seat, she glided into it so soon after Severne had vacated it.

Zoe Vizard and her friends stared after the flying Severne; then stared at the newcomer; and then turned round and stared at each other, in mutual amazement and inquiry.

What was the meaning of this double incident, that resembled a conjurer's trick?

Having looked at her companions, and seen only her own surprise reflected, Zoe Vizard fixed her eyes, like burning-glasses, upon Ina Klosking.

Then that lady thickened the mystery. She was very familiar with the man Severne had been so familiar with.

That man contributed his share to the multiplying mystery. He had a muddy complexion, hair the color of dirt, a long nose, a hatchet face, mean little eyes, and was evidently not a gentleman: he wore a brown velveteen shooting-coat, with a magenta tie that gave Zoe a pain in the eye. She had already felt sorry to see her Severne

was acquainted with such a man; he seemed to her the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity: and now, behold, the artist, the woman she had so admired, was equally familiar with the same objectionable person.

To appreciate the hopeless puzzle of Zoe Vizard, the reader must be on his guard against his own knowledge. *He* knows that Severne and Ashmead were two Bohemians, who had struck up acquaintance, all in a minute, that very evening. But Zoe had not this knowledge; and she could not possibly divine it. The whole thing was presented to her senses thus—a vulgar man, with a brown velveteen shooting-coat and a red-hot tie, was a mutual friend of the gentlemanly Severne and the dignified Klosking. Severne left the mutual friend; Mademoiselle Klosking joined the mutual friend; and there she sat, where Severne had sat a moment ago, by the side of their mutual friend.

All manner of thoughts and surmises thronged upon Zoe Vizard; but each way of accounting for the mystery contradicted some plain fact or other: so she was driven at last to a woman's remedy. She would wait and watch. Severne would probably come back, and somehow furnish the key; meantime, her eye was not likely to leave the Klosking, nor her ear to miss a syllable the Klosking might utter.

She whispered to Vizard, in a very peculiar tone, "I will play at this table," and stepped up to it with the word.

The duration of such beauty as Zoe's is proverbially limited; but the limit to its power, while it does last, has not yet been discovered. It is a fact that, as soon as she came close to the table, two male gamblers looked up, saw her, wondered at her, and actually jumped up and offered their seats: she made a courteous inclination of the head, and installed Miss Maitland in one seat, without reserve. She put a little gold on the table, and asked Miss Maitland, in a whisper, to play for her. She herself had neither eye nor ear, except for Ina Klosking. That lady was having a discussion, *sotto voce*, with Ashmead; and if she had been one of your mumblers, whose name is legion, even Zoe's swift ear could have caught little or nothing. But when a voice has volume, and the great habit of articulation has been brought to perfection, the words travel surprisingly.

Zoe heard the lady say to Ashmead, scarcely above her breath, "Well, but if he requested you to bet for him, how can he blame you?"

Zoe could not catch Ashmead's reply, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head: so she understood him to object.

Then, after a little more discussion, Ina Klosking said, "What money have you of mine?"

Ashmead produced some notes.

"Very well," said the Klosking. "Now I shall take my twenty-five pounds, and twenty-five pounds of his, and play. When he returns we shall, at all events, have twenty-five pounds safe for him. I take the responsibility."

"Oh," thought Zoe, "then he *is* coming back. Ah, I shall see what all this means." She felt sick at heart.

Zoe Vizard was on the other side, but not opposite Mademoiselle Klosking; she was considerably to the right hand, and as the new-comer was much occupied, just at first, with Ashmead, who sat on her left, Zoe had time to dissect her, which she did without mercy. Well, her costume was beautifully made, and fitted on a symmetrical figure, but as to color, it was neutral—a warm French gray—and neither courted admiration nor risked censure: it was unpretending. Her lace collar was valuable, but not striking. Her hair was beautiful, both in gloss and color, and beautifully but neatly arranged. Her gloves and wristbands were perfect.

As every woman aims at appearance, openly or secretly, and every other woman knows she does, Zoe did not look at this meek dress with male simplicity, unsuspicious of design, but asked herself what was the leading motive; and the question was no sooner asked than answered. "She has dressed for her golden hair and her white throat. Her hair, her deep gray eyes, and her skin are just like a flower: she has dressed herself as the modest stalk. She is an artist."

At the same table was a Russian princess, an English countess, and a Bavarian duchess, all well dressed, upon the whole; but their dresses showed off their dresses: the Klosking's showed off herself. And there was a native dignity, and, above all, a wonderful seemliness, about the Klosking that inspired respect. Dress and deportment were all of a piece, decent and deep.

While Zoe was picking her to pieces, Ina, having settled matters with Ashmead, looked up, and, of course, took in every other woman who was in sight at a single sweep. She recognized Zoe directly with a flush of pleasure; a sweet, bright expression broke over her face, and she bowed to her with a respectful cordiality that was captivating. Zoe yielded to the charm of manner, and bowed and smiled in return, though till that moment she had been knitting her black brows at her in wonder and vague suspicion.

Ina trifled with the game at first. Ashmead was still talking to her of the young swell and his system. He explained it to her, and how it had failed. "Not but what," said he, "there is a great deal in it most evenings. But to-day there are no runs; it is all turn and turn about. If it would *rain*, now, you would see a change."

"Well," said Ina, "I will bet a few pounds on red, then on black, till these runs begin."

During the above conversation, of which Zoe caught little, because Ashmead was the chief speaker, she cast her eyes all round the table, and saw a curious assemblage of figures.

There was a solemn Turk melting his piasters with admirable gravity; there was the Russian princess; and there was a lady, dressed in loud, incongruous colors, such as once drew from a horrified modiste the cry, "Ah! Dieu! quelle immoralité!" and that's a fact. There was a Popish priest, looking sheepish as he staked his silver, and an Anglican rector, betting fivers, and as *nonchalant*, in the blest absence of his flock and the Baptist minister, as if he was playing at whist with the old Bishop of Norwich, who played a nightly rubber in my father's day —and a very bad one. There was a French count, nearly six feet high, to whom the word "old" would have been unjust; he was antique, and had turned into bones and leather; but the hair on that dilapidated trunk was its own; and Zoe preferred him much to the lusty old English beau beside him, with ivory teeth and ebon locks that cost a pretty penny.

There was a fat, livid Neapolitan betting heavily; there was a creole lady, with a fine oval face rather sallow, and eyes and hair as black as Zoe's own. Indeed, the creole excelled her, by the addition of a little black fringe upon her upper lip, that, prejudice apart, became her very well. Her front hair was confined by two gold threads a little way apart, on which were fixed a singular ornament—the vivid eyes of a peacock's tail set close together all round. It was glorious, regal. The hussy should have been the Queen of Sheba receiving Solomon, and showing her peacock's eyes against his crown-jewels. Like the lilies of the field, these products of nature are bad to beat, as we say on Yorkshire turf.

Indeed, that frontlet was so beautiful and well placed, it drew forth glances of marked disdain from every lady within sight of it, Zoe excepted. She was placable. This was a lesson in color, and she managed to forgive the teacher in consideration of the lesson.

Amidst the gaudier birds there was a dove —a young lady, well dressed, with Quaker-like simplicity, in gray silk dress, with no trimmings, a white silk bonnet, and veil. Her face was full of virtues. Meeting her elsewhere, you would say, "That is a good wife, a good daughter, and the making of a good mother." Her expression at the table was thoughtful and a little anxious; but every now and then she turned her head to look for her husband, and gave him so sweet a smile of conjugal sympathy and affection as made Zoe almost pray they might win. The husband was an officer, a veteran, with grizzled hair and mustache, a colonel who had commanded a brigade in action, but could only love and spoil his wife. He ought to have been her father, her friend, her commander, and marched her out of that "Curse-all" to the top of Cader-Idris, if need was. Instead of that, he stood behind her chair like her lackey all day; for this dove was as desperate a gambler as any in Europe. It was not that she bet very heavily, but that she bet every day and all day. She began in the afternoon, and played till midnight, if there was a table going. She knew no day of religion, no day of rest. She won and she lost: her own fortune and her husband's stood the money drain; but how about the golden hours? She was losing her youth and wasting her soul. Yet the administration gave her a warning; they did not allow the irretrievable hours to be stolen from her with a noiseless hand. At All Souls College, Oxford, in the first quadrangle, grave, thoughtful men raised to the top story, two hundred years ago, a grand sun-dial, the largest, perhaps, and noblest in the kingdom. They set it on the face of the Quad, and wrote over the long pointers, in large letters of gold, these words, "Pereunt et imputantur," which refer to the hours indicated below, and mean, literally, "They perish, and go down to our account," but really imply a little more, viz., that "they are wasted, and go to our debit." These are true words and big words, bigger than any Royal Commissioner has uttered up to date, and reach the mind through the senses, and have warned the scholars of many a generation not to throw away the seed-time of their youth, which never can come twice to any man. Well, the administration of the Kursaal conveyed to that lost English dove and others a note of warning, which struck the senses as does the immortal warning emblazoned on the fair brow of that beautiful college; only in the Kursaal the warning struck the ear, not the eye. They provided French clocks with a singularly clear metallic striking tick; their blows upon the life of Time rang sharp above the chant, the mumble, and the jingle. These clocks seemed to cry aloud, and say of the hours, whose waste they recorded, "Pere-unt-et-impu-tantur, pere-unt-et-impu-tantur."

Reckless of this protest, the waves of play rolled on, and, ere long, sucked all our characters, but Vizard, into the vortex. Zoe hazarded a sovereign on red and won; then two on black and won; then four on red and won. She was launched, and Fanny too. They got excited, and bet higher; the croupiers pelted them with golden coins, and they began to pant and flush, and their eyes to gleam. The old gamblers' eyes seem to have lost this power—they have grown fishy; but the eyes of these female novices were a sight. Fanny's, being light gray,

gleamed like a panther's whose prey is within leap. Zoe's dark orbs could not resemble any wild beast's; but they glowed with unholy fire; and, indeed, all down the table was now seen that which no painter can convey—for his beautiful but contracted art confines him to a moment of time—and writers have strangely neglected to notice, viz., the *progress of the countenance* under play. Many of the masks melted, as if they had been of wax, and the natural expressions forced their way; some got flushed with triumph, others wild and haggard with their losses. One ghastly glaring loser sat quite quiet, when his all was gone; but clinched his hands so that the nails ran into the flesh and blood trickled: discovering which, a friend dragged him off like something dead. Nobody minded.

The fat old beau got worried by his teeth, and pulled them out in a pet, and pocketed them.

Miss Maitland, who had begun with her gray hair in neat little curls, deranged one so with convulsive hand that it came all down her cheek and looked most rakish and unbecoming. Even Zoe and Fanny had turned from lambs to leopardesses. Patches of red on each cheek, and eyes like red-hot coals.

The colors had begun to run, and at first the players lost largely to the bank, with one exception.

Ina Klosking discerned the change, and backed the winning color, then doubled on it twice. She did this so luckily three or four times that, though her single stake was at first only forty pounds, gold seemed to grow around her, and even notes to rise and make a cushion. She too was excited, though not openly; her gloves were off, and her own lovely hand, the whitest in the room, placed the stakes. You might see a red spot on her cheek-bone, and strange glint in her deep eye; but she could not do any thing that was not seemly.

She played calmly, boldly, on the system that had cleared out Ned Severne, and she won heavily, because she was in luck. It was her hour and her vein.

By this time Zoe and Fanny were cleaned out, and looked in amazement at the Klosking, and wondered how she did it.

Miss Maitland, at her last sovereign, began to lean on the victorious Klosking, and bet as she did: her pile increased. The dove caught sight of her game, and backed her luck. The creole backed her heavily.

Presently there was an extraordinary run on black. Numbers were caught. The Klosking won three times and lost three times: but the bets she won were double bets, and those she lost were single.

Then came a *refait*, and the bank swept off half her stake; but even here she was lucky. She had only forty pounds on.

By-and-by came the event of the night. Black had, for some time, appeared to rule the roost, and thrust red off the table, and the Klosking lost £200.

The Klosking put £200 on red; it won. She doubled. Red won. She doubled. There was a dead silence. The creole lady put the maximum on red, £300. Red won. Ina Klosking looked a little pale; but, driven by some unaccountable impulse, she doubled. So did the creole. Red won. The automata chucked £1600 to the Klosking, and £600 to the other lady. Ina betted forty pounds on black. Red won again. She put £200 on black: black won. She doubled: black won again. She doubled. Black won. Doubled again. Black won.

The creole and others stood with her in that last run, and the money was chucked. But the settlement was followed by a short whisper, and a croupier, in a voice as mechanical as ever, chanted that the sum set apart for that table was exhausted for that day.

The Klosking and her backers had broken the bank.

CHAPTER IX.

There was a buzzing and a thronging round the victorious player.

Ina rose, and with a delicate movement of her milk-white hand, turned the mountain of gold and column of notes toward Ashmead. "Make haste, please," she whispered; then put on her gloves deliberately, while Ashmead shoved the gold and the notes anyhow into the inner pockets of his shooting-jacket, and buttoned it well up.

"Allons," said she, calmly, and took his arm; but, as she moved away, she saw Zoe Vizard passing on the other side of the table. Their eyes met: she dropped Ashmead's arm, and made her a sweeping courtesy full of polite consideration, and a sort of courteous respect for the person saluted, coupled with a certain dignity; and then she looked wistfully at her a moment. I believe she would have spoken to her if she had been alone; but Miss Maitland and Fanny Dover had, both of them, a trick of putting on *noli me tangere* faces amongst strangers. It did not mean much; it is an unfortunate English habit: but it repels foreigners; they neither do it nor understand it.

Those two faces, not downright forbidding, but uninviting, turned the scale; and the Klosking, who was not a forward woman, did not yield to her inclination and speak to Zoe. She took Ashmead's arm again, and moved away.

Then Zoe turned back and beckoned Vizard. He joined her. "There she is," said Zoe: "shall I speak to her?"

Would you believe it? He thought a moment, and then said, gloomily, "Well—no. Half cured now. Seen the lover in time." So that opportunity was frittered away.

Before the English party left the Kursaal, Zoe asked, timidly, if they ought not to make some inquiry about Mr. Severne. He had been taken ill again.

"Ay, taken ill, and gone to be cured at another table," said Vizard, ironically. "I'll make the tour, and collar him."

He went off in a hurry. Miss Maitland faced a glass, and proceeded to arrange her curl.

Fanny, though she had offered no opposition to Vizard's going, now seized Zoe's arm with unusual energy, and almost dragged her aside. "The idea of sending Harrington on that fool's errand!" said she, peevishly. "Why, Zoe, where are your eyes?"

Zoe showed her by opening them wide. "What *do* you mean?"

"What—do—I—mean? No matter. Mr. Severne is not in this building, and you know it."

"How can I know? All is so mysterious," faltered Zoe. "How do *you* know?"

"Because—there—least said is soonest mended."

"Fanny, you are older than me, and ever so much cleverer. Tell me, or you are not my friend."

"Wait till you get home, then. Here he is."

Vizard told them he had been through all the rooms: the only chance now was the dining-room. "No," said Fanny; "we wish to get home: we are rather tired."

They went to the rail; and, at first, Vizard was rather talkative, making his comments on the players; but the ladies were taciturn, and brought him to a stand. "Ah," thought he, "nothing interests them now; Adonis is not here." So he retired within himself.

When they reached the "Russie," he ordered a *petit souper* in an hour, and invited the ladies. Meantime they retired, Miss Maitland to her room, and Fanny, with Zoe, to hers. But this time Miss Dover had lost her alacrity, and would, I verily believe, have shunned a *tête-à-tête* if she could; but there was a slight paleness in Zoe's cheek, and a compression of the lips, which told her plainly that young lady meant to have it out with her. They both knew so well what was coming that Zoe merely waved her to a chair, and leaned herself against the bed, and said, "Now, Fanny." So Fanny was brought to bay.

"Dear me," said she, piteously, "I don't know what to do, between you and Aunt Maitland. If I say all I think, I suppose you will hate me; and if I don't, I shall be told I'm wicked, and don't warn an orphan girl. She flew at me like a bull-dog before your brother; she said I was twenty-five; and I only own to twenty-three. And, after all, what could I say? for I do feel I ought to give you the benefit of my experience, and make myself as disagreeable as *she* does. And I *have* given you a hint, and a pretty broad one; but you want such *plain speaking*."

"I do," said Zoe. "So please speak plainly—if you can."

"Ah, you *say* that."

"And I mean it. Never mind consequences; tell me the truth."

"Like a man, eh? and get hated."

"Men are well worth imitating in some things. Tell me the truth, pleasant or not, and I shall always respect you."

"Bother respect. I am like the rest of us—I want to be loved a little bit. But there—I'm in for it. I have said too much or too little. I know that. Well, Zoe, the long and the short is—you have a rival."

Zoe turned rather pale; but was not so much shaken as Fanny expected.

She received the blow in silence. But, after a while, she said, with some firmness, "Mademoiselle Klosking?"

"Oh, you are not quite blind, then."

"And pray which does he prefer?" asked Zoe, a little proudly.

"It is plain he likes you the best. But why does he fear her so? This is where you seem all in the dark. He flew out of the opera, lest she should see him."

"Oh! Absurd!"

"He cut you and Vizard rather than call upon her with you."

"And so he did."

"He flew from the gambling table the moment she entered the room."

"Behind him. She came in behind him."

"There was a large mirror in front of him."

"Oh, Fanny! oh!" and Zoe clasped her hands piteously. But she recovered herself, and said, "After all, appearances are deceitful."

"Not so deceitful as men," said Fanny, sharply.

But Zoe clung to her straw. "Might not two things happen together? He is subject to bleeding at the nose. It is strange it should occur twice so; but it is possible."

"Zoe," said Fanny, gravely, "he is not subject to bleeding at the nose."

"Oh! *then*—but how can you know that? what right have you to say that?"

"I'll show you," said Fanny, and left the room.

She soon came back, holding something behind her back. Even at the last moment she was half unwilling. However, she looked down, and said, in a very peculiar tone, "Here is the handkerchief he put before his face at the opera—there!" and she threw it into Zoe's lap.

Zoe's nature revolted against evidence so obtained. She did not even take up the handkerchief. "What!" she cried: "you took it out of his pocket?"

"No."

"Then you have been in his room and got it."

"*Nothing of the kind!* I sent Rosa."

"My maid!"

"Mine, for that job. I gave her half a crown to borrow it for a pattern."

Zoe seized the handkerchief, and ran her eye over it in a moment. There was no trace of blood on it, and there were his initials, "E. S.," in the corner. Her woman's eye fastened instantly on these. "Silk?" said she, and held it up to the light. "No. Hair—golden hair! It is *hers!*" And she flung the handkerchief from her as if it was a viper, and even when on the ground eyed it with dilating orbs and a hostile horror.

"La!" said Fanny: "fancy that! You are not blind now. You have seen more than me. I made sure it was yellow silk."

But this frivolous speech never even entered Zoe's ear. She was too deeply shocked. She went feebly and sat down in a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

Fanny eyed her with pity. "There," said she, almost crying; "I never tell the truth but I bitterly repent it."

Zoe took no notice of this droll apothegm. Her hands began to work. "What shall I do?" she said. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, don't go on like that, Zoe!" cried Fanny. "After all, it is you he prefers. He ran away from her."

"Ah, yes. But why?—why? What has he done?"

"Jilted her, I suppose. Aunt Maitland thinks he is after money: and, you know, you have got money."

"Have I nothing else?" said the proud beauty, and lifted her bowed head for a moment.

"You have every thing. But you should look things in the face. Is that singer an unattractive woman?"

"Oh no. But she is not poor. Her kind of talent is paid enormously."

"That is true," said Fanny. "But perhaps she wastes it. She is a gambler, like himself."

"Let him go to her," said Zoe, wildly. "I will share no man's heart."

"He will never go to her, unless—well, unless we tell him that she has broken the bank with his money."

"If you think so badly of him, tell him, then, and let him go. Oh, I am wretched! I am wretched!" She lifted her hands in despair, and began to cry and sob bitterly.

Fanny was melted at her distress, and knelt to her, and cried with her.

Not being a girl of steady principles she went round with the wind. "Dear Zoe," said she, "it is deeper than I thought. La! if you love him, why torment yourself?"

"No," said Zoe; "it is deceit and mystery that torment me. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Fanny interpreted this vague exclamation of sorrow as asking advice, and said, "I dare not advise you; I can only tell you what I should do in your place. I should make up my mind at once whether I loved the man or only liked him. If I only liked him, I would turn him up at once."

"Turn him up? what is that?"

"Turn him off, then. If I loved him, I would not let any other woman have the least little bit of a chance to get him. For instance, I would not let him know this old sweetheart of his has won three thousand pounds at least, for I noted her winnings. Diamond cut diamond, my dear. He is concealing from you something or other about him and this Klosking: hide you this one little thing about the Klosking from him—till you get my gentleman safe to England."

"And this is love! I call it warfare."

"And love is warfare, three times out of four. Anyway, it is for you to decide, Zoe. I do wish you had never seen the man. He is not what he seems. He is a poor adventurer and a bundle of deceit."

"You are very hard on him. You don't know all."

"No, nor a quarter; and you know less. There, dear, dry your eyes and fight against it. After all, you know, you are mistress of the situation. I'll settle it for you, which way you like."

"You will? Oh, Fanny! you are very good."

"Say indulgent, please. I'm not good, and never will be, if *I can possibly help.* I despise good people; they are as weak as water. But I do like you, Zoe Vizard, better than any other woman in the world. That is not saying very much; my taste is for men. I think them gods and devils compared with us; and I do admire gods and devils. No matter, dear. Kiss me, and say, 'Fanny, act for me,' and I'll do it."

Zoe kissed her, and then, by a truly virginal impulse, hid her burning face in her hands and said nothing at all.

Fanny gave her plenty of time, and then said, kindly, "Well, dear?"

Then Zoe murmured, scarce audibly, "Act—*as if*—I loved him."

And still she kept her face covered with her hands.

Fanny was any thing but surprised at this conclusion of the struggle. She said, with a certain alacrity, "Very well, I will: so now bathe your eyes and come in to supper."

"No, no; please go and make an excuse for me."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. I won't

be told by-and-by I have done wrong. I will do your business, but it shall be in your hearing. Then you can interfere, if you choose. Only you had better not put your word in till you see what I am driving at."

With a little more encouragement, Zoe was prevailed on to sponge her tearful eyes, and compose herself, and join Harrington at supper.

Miss Maitland soon retired, pleading fatigue and packing; and she had not been gone long when Fanny gave her friend a glance, and began upon Harrington.

"You are very fond of Mr. Severne, are you not?" said she.

"I am," said Vizard, stoutly, preparing for battle. "You are not, perhaps."

Fanny laughed at this prompt pugnacity. "Oh yes, I am," said she; "devoted. But he has a weakness, you must own. He is rather fond of gambling."

"He is, I am sorry to say. It is his one fault. Most of us have two or three."

"Don't you think it would be a pity if he was to refuse to go with us to-morrow—was to prefer to stay here and gamble?"

"No fear of that: he has given me his word of honor."

"Still, I think, it would be hardly safe to tempt him. If you go and tell him that friend of his won such a lot of money, he will want to stop; and, if he does not stop, he will go away miserable. You know they began betting with his money, though they went on with their own."

"Oh, did they? What was his own money?"

"How much was it, Zoe?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Well," said Vizard, "you must admit it is hard he should lose his own money. And yet I own I am most anxious to get him away from this place. Indeed, I have a project: I want him to rusticate a few months at our place, while I set my lawyer to look into his affairs and see if his estate can not be cleared. I'll be bound the farms are underlet. What does the admirable Crichton know about such trifles?"

Fanny looked at Zoe, whose color was rising high at all this. "Well," said she, "when you gentlemen fall in love *with each other*, you certainly are faithful creatures."

"Because we can count on fidelity in return," said Vizard. He thought a little, and said, "Well, as to the other thing, you leave it to me. Let us understand one another. Nothing we saw at the gambling table is to be mentioned by us?"

"No."

"Crichton is to be taken to England for his good."

"Yes."

"And I am to be grateful to you for your co-operation in this."

"You can, if you like."

"And you will secure an agreeable companion for the rest of the tour, eh? my diplomatic cousin and my silent sister?"

"Yes; but it is too bad of you to see through a poor girl and her little game like that. I own he is a charming companion."

Fanny's cunning eyes twinkled, and Zoe blushed crimson to see her noble brother manipulated by this artful minx, and then flattered for his perspicacity.

From that moment a revulsion took place in her mind, and pride fought furiously with love—for a time.

This was soon made apparent to Fanny Dover. When they retired, Zoe looked very gloomy, so Fanny asked, rather sharply, "Well, what is the matter now? didn't I do it cleverly?"

"Yes, yes, too cleverly. Oh, Fanny, I begin to revolt against myself."

"This is nice," said Fanny. "Go on, dear. It is just what I ought to have expected. You were there. You had only to interfere. You didn't. And now you are discontented."

"Not with you. Spare me. You are not to blame: and I am very unhappy. I am losing my self-respect. Oh, if this goes on, I shall hate him."

"Yes, dear—for five minutes; and then love him double. Come, don't deceive yourself, and don't torment yourself. All your trouble, we shall leave it behind us to-morrow, and every hour will take us farther from it."

With this practical view of matters, she kissed Zoe, and hurried to bed.

But Zoe scarcely closed her eyes all night.

Severne did not reach the hotel till past eleven o'clock, and went straight to his own room.

CHAPTER X.

ASHMEAD accompanied Mademoiselle Klosking to her apartment. It was lighted, and the cloth laid for supper under the chandelier, a snow-white Hamburg damask. Ashmead took the winnings out of his pocket, and proudly piled the gold and crumpled notes in one prodigious mass upon the linen, that shone like satin, and made the gold look doubly inviting. Then he drew back and gloated on it. The Klosking, too, stood and eyed the pile of wealth with amazement and a certain reverence. "Let me count it," said Ashmead. He did so, and it came to four thousand nine hundred and eighty-one pounds, English money. "And to think," said he, "if you had taken my advice, you would not have a penny of this!"

"I'll take your advice now," said she. "I will never gamble again."

"Well, take my advice, and lock up the

swag before a creature sees it. Homburg is full of thieves."

She complied, and took away the money in a napkin.

Ashmead called after her to know might he order supper.

"If you will be so kind."

Ashmead rejoiced at this unguarded permission, and ordered a supper that made Karl stare.

The Klosking returned in about half an hour, clad in a crisp *peignoir*.

Ashmead confronted her. "I have ordered a bottle of Champagne," said he. Her answer surprised him. "You have done well. We must now begin to prove the truth of the old proverb, 'Ce qui vient par la flûte s'en va au tambour.'"

At supper Mr. Ashmead was the chief drinker, and, by a natural consequence, the chief speaker: he held out brilliant prospects; he favored the Klosking with a discourse on advertising. No talent availed without it; large posters, pictures, window cards, etc.; but as her talent was superlative, he must now endeavor to keep up with it by invention in his line, the puff circumstantial, the puff poetic, the puff anecdotal, the puff controversial, all tending to blow the fame of the Klosking in every eye and ring it in every ear. "You take my advice," said he, "and devote this money, every penny of it, to Publicity. Don't you touch a single shiner for any thing that does not return a hundred per cent. Publicity does, when the article is prime."

"You forget," said she, "this money does not all belong to me. Another can claim half: the gentleman with whom we are in partnership."

Ashmead looked literally blue. "Nonsense!" said he, roughly. "He can only claim his fifty pounds."

"Nay, my friend. I took two equal sums —one was his, one mine."

"That has nothing to do with it. He told me to bet for him. I didn't: and I shall take him back his £50, and say so. I know where to find him."

"Where?"

"That is my business. Don't you go mad now, and break my heart."

"Well, my friend, we will talk of it tomorrow morning. It certainly is not very clear; and perhaps after I have prayed and slept I may see more plainly what is right."

Ashmead observed she was pale, and asked her, with concern, if she was ill.

"No, not ill," said she, "but worn out. My friend, I knew not at the time how great was my excitement; but now I am conscious that this afternoon I have lived a week. My very knees give way under me."

Upon this admission Ashmead hurried her to bed.

She slept soundly for some hours; but, having once awakened, she fell into a half sleepless state, and was full of dreams and fancies. These preyed on her so that she rose and dispatched a servant to Ashmead with a line in pencil begging him to take an early breakfast with her at nine o'clock.

As soon as ever he came she began upon the topic of last night. She had thought it over, and said, frankly, she was not without hopes the gentleman, if he was really a gentleman, might be contented with something less than half. But she really did not see how she could refuse him some share of her winnings, should he demand it. "Think of it," said she. "The poor man loses—£400 I think you said. Then he says, 'Bet you for me,' and goes away, trusting to your honor. His luck changes in my hands. Is he to lose all when he loses, and win nothing when he wins, merely because I am so fortunate as to win much? However, we shall hear what *he* says. You gave him your address."

"I said I was at the 'Golden Star,'" growled Ashmead, in a tone that plainly showed he was vexed with himself for being so communicative.

"Then he will pay us a visit as soon as he hears: so I need give myself no further trouble."

"Why should you? Wait till he comes," said crafty Ashmead.

Ina Klosking colored. She felt her friend was tempting her, and felt she was not quite beyond the power of temptation.

"What was he like?" said she, to turn the conversation.

"The handsomest young fellow I ever saw."

"Young, of course?"

"Yes, quite a boy. At least, he looked a boy. To be sure, his talk was not like a boy's: very precocious, I should say."

"What a pity! to begin gambling so young!"

"Oh, he is all right; if he loses every farthing of his own, he will marry money. Any woman would have him. You never saw such a curled darling."

"Dark or fair?"

"Fair. Pink and white, like a girl: a hand like a lady's."

"Indeed! Fine eyes?"

"Splendid!"

"What color?"

"I don't know. Lord bless you, a man does not examine another man's eyes, like you ladies. However, now I think of it, there was one curious thing I should know him by any where."

"And what was that?"

"Well, you see, his hair was brown; but just above the forehead he had got one lock that was like your own, gold itself."

While he said this, the Klosking's face underwent the most rapid and striking

changes, and at last she sat looking at him wildly.

It was some time before he noticed her, and then he was quite alarmed at her strange expression. "What is the matter?" said he. "Are you ill?"

"No, no, no. Only a little—astonished. Such a thing as that is very rare."

"That it is. I never saw a case before."

"Not one in all your life?" asked she, eagerly.

"Well, no; not that I remember."

"Excuse me a minute," said Ina Klosking, and went hurriedly from the room.

Ashmead thought her manner very strange; but concluded she was a little unhinged by yesterday's excitement. Moreover, there faced him an omelet of enormous size, and savory. He thought this worthy to divide a man's attention even with a great creature's tantrums. He devoted himself to it, and it occupied him so agreeably that he did not observe the conduct of Mademoiselle Klosking on her return. She placed three photographs softly on the table, not very far from him, and then resumed her seat; but her eye never left him, and she gave monosyllabic and almost impatient replies to every thing he mumbled with his mouth full of omelet.

When he had done his omelet, he noticed the photographs. They were all colored. He took one up. It was an elderly woman, sweet, venerable, and fair-haired. He looked at Ina and at the photograph, and said, "This is your mother."

"It is."

"It is angelic—as might be expected."

He took up another.

"This is your brother, I suppose. Stop. Halloo!—what is this? Are my eyes making a fool of me?"

He held out the photograph at arms-length, and stared from it to her. "Why, madam," said he, in an awe-struck voice, "this is the gentleman—the player—I'd swear to him."

Ina started from her seat while he spoke. "Ah!" she cried, "I thought so—my Edward!" and sat down, trembling violently.

Ashmead ran to her and sprinkled water in her face, for she seemed ready to faint: but she murmured, "No, no!" and soon the color rushed into her face, and she clasped her hands together, and cried, "I have found him!" and soon the storm of varying emotions ended in tears that gave her relief.

It was a long time before she spoke; but when she did, her spirit and her natural strength of character took the upper hand. "Where is he?" said she, firmly.

"He told me he was at the 'Russie.'"

"We will go there at once. When is the next train?"

Ashmead looked at his watch. "In ten minutes. We can hardly do it."

"Yes, we can. Order a carriage this instant. I will be ready in one minute."

They caught the train, and started.

As they glided along, Ashmead begged her not to act too hurriedly, and expose herself to insult.

"Who will dare insult me?"

"Nobody, I hope. Still, I can not bear you to go into a strange hotel hunting this man. It is monstrous; but I'm afraid you will not be welcome. Something has just occurred to me: the reason he ran off so sudden was he saw you coming. There was a mirror opposite. Ah, we need not have feared he would come back for his winnings. Idiot—villain!"

"You stab me to the heart," said Ina. "He ran away at sight of me? Ah, Jesu, pity me! What have I done to him?"

Honest Ashmead had much ado not to blubber at this patient cry of anguish, though the woman herself shed no tear just then. But his judgment was undimmed by passion, and he gave her the benefit. "Take my advice," said he, "and work it this way. Come in a close carriage to the side street that is nearest the 'Russie.' I'll go into the hotel, and ask for him by his name—what is his name?"

"Mr. Edward Severne."

"And say that I was afraid to stake his money; but a friend of mine, that is a bold player, undertook it, and had a great run of luck. 'There is money owing you,' says I, 'and my friend has brought it.' Then he is sure to come. You will have your veil down; I'll open the carriage door and tell him to jump in, and when you have got him you must make him hear reason. I'll give you a good chance—I'll shut the carriage door."

PETRALTO'S LOVE.

I AM addicted to making strange friendships, to liking people whom I have no conventional authority to like—people out of "my set," and not always of my own nationality. I do not say that I have always been fortunate in these ventures; but I have had sufficient splendid exceptions to excuse the social aberration, and make me think that all of us might oftener trust our own instincts, oftener accept the friends that circumstance and opportunity offer us, with advantage. At any rate, the *peradventure* in chance associations has always been very attractive to me.

In some irregular way I became acquainted with Petralto Garcia. I believe I owed the introduction to my beautiful hound, Lutha; but, at any rate, our first conversation was quite as sensible as if we had gone through the legitimate initiation. I know it was in the mountains, and that within an hour our tastes and sympathies had touched each other at twenty different points.

Lutha walked beside us, showing in his mien something of the proud satisfaction which follows a conviction of having done a good thing. He looked first at me and then at Petralto, elevating and depressing his ears at our argument, as if he understood all about it. Perhaps he did: human beings don't know every thing.

People have so much time in the country that it is little wonder our acquaintance ripened into friendship during the holidays, and that one of my first visits when I had got settled for the winter was to Petralto's rooms. Their locality might have cooled some people, but not me. It does not take much of an education in New York life to find out that the pleasantest, loftiest, handsomest rooms are to be found in the streets not very far "up town;" comfortably contiguous to the best hotels, stores, theatres, picture-galleries, and all the other necessaries of a pleasant existence.

He was just leaving the door for a ride in the Park, and we went together. I had refused the Park twice within an hour, and had told myself that nothing should induce me to follow that tread-mill procession again, yet when he said, in his quiet way, "You had better take half an hour's ride, Jack," I felt like going, and I went.

Now just when we got to the Fifth Avenue entrance, a singular thing happened. Petralto's pale olive face flushed a bright crimson, his eyes flashed and drooped; he whipped the horse into a furious gallop, as if he would escape something; then became preternaturally calm, drew suddenly up, and stood waiting for a handsome equipage which was approaching. Its occupants were bending forward to speak to him. I had no eyes for the gentleman, the girl at his side was so radiantly beautiful.

I heard Petralto promise to call on them, and we passed on; but there was a look on his face which bespoke both sympathy and silence. He soon complained of the cold, said the Park pace irritated him, but still passed and repassed the couple who had caused him such evident suffering, as if he was determined to inure himself to the pain of meeting them. During this interval I had time to notice the caressing, lover-like attitude of the beauty's companion, and I said, as they entered a stately house together, "Are they married?"

"Yes."

"He seems devotedly in love with her."

"He loved her two years before he saw her."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. I have a mind to tell you the story."

"Do. Come home with me, and we will have a quiet dinner together."

"No. I need to be alone an hour or two. Call on me about nine o'clock."

Petralto's rooms were a little astonishment to me. They were luxurious in the extreme, with just that excess of ornament which suggests under-civilization; and yet I found him smoking in a studio destitute of every thing but a sleepy-looking sofa, two or three capacious lounging chairs, and the ordinary furniture of an artist's atelier. There was a bright fire in the grate, a flood of light from the numerous gas jets, and an atmosphere heavy with the seductive, fragrant vapor of Havana.

I lit my own cigar, made myself comfortable, and waited until it was Petralto's pleasure to begin. After a while he said, "Jack, turn that easel so that you can see the picture on it."

I did so.

"Now look at it well, and tell me what you see; first, the locality—describe it."

"A dim old wood, with sunlight sifting through thick foliage, and long streamers of weird gray moss. The ground is covered with soft short grass of an intense green, and there are wonderful flowers of wonderful colors."

"Right. It is an opening in the forest of the Upper Guadalupe. Now what else do you see?"

"A small pony, saddled and bridled, feeding quietly, and a young girl standing on tiptoes, pulling down a vine loaded with golden-colored flowers."

"Describe the girl to me."

I turned and looked at my querist. He was smoking, with shut eyes, and waiting calmly for my answer. "Well, she has—Petralto, what makes you ask me? You might paint, but it is impossible to describe, *light;* and the girl is nothing else. If I had met her in such a wood, I should have thought she was an angel, and been afraid of her."

"No angel, Jack, but a most exquisite, perfect flower of maidenhood. When I first saw her, she stood just so, with her open palms full of yellow jasmine. I laid my heart into them too, my whole heart, my whole life, and every joy and hope it contained."

"What were you doing in Texas?"

"What are you doing in New York? I was born in Texas. My family, an old Spanish one, have been settled there since they helped to build San Antonio in 1730. I grew up pretty much as Texan youths do—half my time in the saddle, familiar with the worst side of life and the best side of nature. I should have been a thorough Ishmaelite if I had not been an artist; but the artistic instinct conquered the nomadic, and in my twentieth year I went to Rome to study.

"I can pass the next five years. I do not pretend to regret them, though perhaps you would say I simply wasted time and oppor-

tunity. I *enjoyed them*, and it seems to me I was the person most concerned in the matter. I had a fresh, full capacity then for enjoyment of every kind. I loved nature and I loved art. I warmed both hands at the glowing fire of life. Time may do his worst. I have been happy, and I can throw those five careless, jovial years in his face to my last hour.

"But one must awake out of every pleasant dream, and one day I got a letter urging my immediate return home. My father had got himself involved in a lawsuit, and was failing rapidly in health. My younger brother was away with a ranger company, and the affairs of the ranch needed authoritative overlooking. I was never so fond of art as to be indifferent to our family prosperity, and I lost no time in hurrying West.

"Still, when I arrived at home, there was no one to welcome me: the noble, gracious Garcia slept with his ancestors in the old Alamo Church, somewhere on the llano my brother was ranging still with his wild company, and the house, in spite of the family servants and Mexican peons, was sufficiently lonely. Yet I was astonished to find how easily I went back to my old life, and spent whole days in the saddle investigating the affairs of the Garcia ranch.

"I had been riding one day for ten hours, and was so fatigued that I determined to spend the night with one of my herdsmen. He had a little shelter under some fine pecan-trees on the Guadalupe, and after a cup of coffee and a meal of dried beef, I sauntered with my cigar down the river-bank. Then the cool, dusky shadows of the wood tempted me. I entered it. It was an enchanted wood, for there stood Jessy Lorimer, just as I have painted her.

"I did not move nor speak. I watched her, spell-bound. I had not even the power, when she had mounted her pony and was coming toward me, to assume another attitude. She saw that I had been watching her, and a look, half reproachful and half angry, came for a moment into her face. But she inclined her head to me as she passed, and then went off at a rapid gallop before I could collect my senses.

"Some people, Jack, walk into love with their eyes open, calculating every step. I tumbled in over head, lost my feet, lost my senses, narrowed in one moment the whole world down to one bewitching woman. I did not know her, of course; but I soon should. I was well aware she could not live very far away, and that my herd must be able to give me some information. I was so deeply in love that this poor ignorant fellow, knowing something about this girl, seemed to me a person to be respected, and even envied.

"I gave him immediately a plentiful supply of cigars, and sitting down beside him, opened the conversation with horses, but drifted speedily into the subject of new settlers.

"'Were there any since I had left?'

"'Two or three no 'count travelers and one likely family.'

"'Much of a family?'

"'You may bet on that, Sir.'

"'Any pleasant young men?'

"'Reckon so. Mighty likely young gal.'

"So, bit by bit, I found out that Mr. Lorimer, my beauty's father, was a Scotchman, who had bought the ranch which had formerly belonged to the old Spanish family of the Yturris. Then I remembered pretty Inez and Dolores Yturri, with their black eyes, olive skins, and soft, lazy *embonpoint;* and thought of golden-haired Jessy Lorimer in their dusk, latticed rooms.

"Jack, turn the picture to me. Beautiful Jessy! How I loved her in those happy days that followed! How I humored her grave, stern father and courted her brothers for her sake! I was a slave to the whole family, so that I might gain an hour with or a smile from Jessy. Do I regret it now? Not one moment. Such delicious hours as we had together were worth any price. I would throw all my future to old Time, Jack, only to live them over again."

"That is a great deal to say, Petralto."

"Perhaps; and yet I will not recall it. In those few months every thing that was good in me prospered and grew. Jessy brought out nothing but the best part of my character. I was always at my best with her. No thought of selfish pleasure mingled in my love for her. If it delighted me to touch her hand, to feel her soft, flowing hair against my cheek, to meet her earnest, subduing gaze, it also made me careful by no word or look to soil the dainty purity of my white lily.

"I feared to tell her that I loved her. But I did do it, I scarcely know how. The softest whisper seemed too loud against her glowing cheek. She trembled from head to foot. I was faint and silent with rapture when she first put her little hand in mine, and suffered me to draw her to my heart. Ah! I am sick with joy yet when I think of it. I—I first, I alone, woke that sweet young heart to life. She is lost, lost to me, but no one else can ever be to her what I have been." And here Petralto, giving full way to his impassioned Southern nature, covered his face with his hands and wept hot, regretful tears.

Tears come like blood from men of cold, strong temperaments, but they were the natural relief of Petralto's. I let him weep. In a few minutes he leaped up, and began pacing the room rapidly as he went on:

"Mr. Lorimer received my proposal with a dour, stiff refusal that left me no hope of any relenting. 'He had reasons, more than

one,' he said; 'he was not saying any thing against either my Spanish blood or my religion; but it was no fault in a Scotsman to mate his daughter with people of her own kith.'

"There was no quarrel, and no uncourtesy; but I saw I could bend an iron bar with my pleadings just as soon as his determination. Jessy received orders not to meet me or speak to me alone; and the possibility of disobeying her father's command never suggested itself to her. Even I struggled long with my misery before I dared to ask her to practice her first deceit.

"She would not meet me alone, but she persuaded her mother to come once with her to our usual tryst in the wood. Mrs. Lorimer spoke kindly but hopelessly, and covered her own face to weep while Jessy and I took of each other a passionate farewell. I promised her then never to marry any one else; and she!—I thought her heart would break as I laid her, almost fainting, in her mother's arms.

"Yet I did not know how much Jessy really was to me until I suddenly found out that her father had sent her back to Scotland, under the pretense of finishing her education. I had been so honorably considerate of Jessy's Puritan principles that I felt this hasty, secret movement exceedingly unkind and unjust. Guadalupe became hateful to me, the duties of the ranch distracting; and my brother Felix returning about this time, we made a division of the estate. He remained at the Garcia mansion, I rented out my possessions, and went, first, to New Orleans, and afterward to New York.

"In New York I opened a studio, and one day a young gentleman called and asked me to draw a picture from some crude, imperfect sketch which a friend had made. During the progress of the picture he frequently called in. For some reason or other—probably because we were each other's antipodes in tastes and temperaments—he became my enthusiastic admirer, and interested himself greatly to secure me a lucrative patronage.

"Yet some subtle instinct, which I can not pretend to divine or explain, constantly warned me to beware of this man. But I was ashamed and angry at myself for linking even imaginary evil with so frank and generous a nature. I defied destiny, turned a deaf ear to the whisperings of my good genius, and continued the one-sided friendship—for I never even pretended to myself that I had any genuine liking for the man.

"One day, when we had become very familiar, he ran up to see me about something, I forget what, and not finding me in the outer apartments, penetrated to my private room. There, upon that easel, Will Lennox first saw the woman you saw with him to-night—the picture which you are now looking at—and he fell as desperately in love with it, in his way, as I had done in the Guadalupe woods with the reality. I can not tell you how much it cost me to restrain my anger. He, however, never noticed I was angry. He had but one object now—to gain from me the name and residence of the original.

"It was no use to tell him it was a fancy picture, that he was sighing for an imagination. He never believed it for a moment. I would not sell it, I would not copy it, I would not say where I had painted it; I kept it in my most sacred privacy. He was sure that the girl existed, and that I knew where she lived. He was very rich, without an occupation or an object, and Jessy's pure, lovely face haunted him day and night, and supplied him with a purpose.

"He came to me one day, and offering me a large sum of money, asked me finally to reveal at least the locality in which I had painted the picture. His free, frank, unembarrassed manner compels me to believe that he had no idea of the intolerable insult he was perpetrating. He had been always accustomed to consider more or less money an equivalent for all things under the sun. But you, Jack, will easily understand that the offer was followed by some very angry words, and that his threat to hunt the world over to find my beauty was not without fear to me.

"I heard soon after that Will Lennox had gone to the South. I had neither hidden nor talked about my former life, and I was ignorant of how much he knew or did not know of it. He could trace me easily to New Orleans; how much further, would depend upon his tact and perseverance. Whether he reached Guadalupe or not, I am uncertain, but my heart fell with a strange presentiment of sorrow when I saw his name, in a few weeks afterward, among the European departures.

"The next thing I heard of Will Lennox was his marriage to some famous Scotch beauty. Jack, do you not perceive the rest? The Scotch beauty was Jessy Lorimer. I feared it at the first. I *knew it* this afternoon."

"Will you call there?"

"I have no power to resist it. Did you not notice how eagerly she pressed the invitation?"

"Do not accept it, Petralto."

He shook his head, and remained silent. The next afternoon I was astonished on going up to his rooms to find Will Lennox sitting there. He was talking in that loud, happy, demonstrative way so natural to men accustomed to have the whole world minister unto them.

He did not see how nervous and angry Petralto was under his easy, boastful con-

versation. He did not notice the ashy face, the blazing eyes, the set lips, the trembling hands, of the passionate Spanish nature, until Petralto blazed out in a torrent of unreasonable words and taunts, and ordered Lennox out of his presence.

Even then the stupid, good-natured, purse-proud man could not see his danger. He began to apologize to me for Petralto's rudeness, and excuse "any thing in a fellow whom he had cut out so badly."

"Liar!" Petralto retorted. "She loved me first; you never can have her whole heart. Begone! If I had you on the Guadalupe, where Jessy and I lived and loved, I would—"

The sentence was not finished. Lennox struck Petralto to the ground, and before I raised him, I persuaded the angry bridegroom to retire. I staid with Petralto that night, although I was not altogether pleased with him. He was sulky and silent at first; but after a quiet rest and a few consoling Havanas he was willing to talk the affair over.

"Lennox tortured me," he said, passionately. "How could he be so unfeeling, so mad, as to suppose I should care to learn what chain of circumstances led him to find out my love and then steal her? Every thing he said tortured me but one fact—*Jessy was alone and thoroughly miserable.* Poor little pet! She thought I had forgotten her, and so she married him—not for love; I won't believe it."

"But," I said, "Petralto, you have no right to hug such a delusion; and seeing that you had made no attempt to follow Jessy and marry her, she had every right to suppose you really had forgotten her. Besides, I think it very likely that she should love a young, rich, good-looking fellow like Will Lennox."

"In not pursuing her I was following Jessy's own request and obeying my own plighted promise. It was understood between us that I should wait patiently until Jessy was twenty-one. Even Scotch customs would then have regarded her as her own mistress, and acknowledged her right to marry as she desired; and if I did not write, she has not wanted constant tokens of my remembrance. I have trusted her," he said, mournfully, "without a sign from her."

That winter the beauty of Mrs. Lennox and the devotion of her husband were on every tongue. But married is not mated, and the best part of Jessy Lorimer's beauty had never touched Will Lennox. Her pure, simple, poetic temperament he had never understood, and he felt in a dim, uncertain way that the noblest part of his wife escaped him.

He could not enter into her feelings, and her spiritual superiority unconsciously irritated him. Jessy had set her love's first music to the broad artistic heart of Petralto; she could not, without wronging herself, decline to a lower range of feelings and a narrower heart. This reserve of herself was not a conscious one. She was not one of those self-involved women always studying their own emotions; she was simply true to the light within her. But her way was not Will Lennox's way; her finer fancies and lighter thoughts were mysteries to his grosser nature.

So the thing happened which always has and always will happen in such cases: when the magic and the enchantment of Jessy's great personal beauty had lost their first novelty and power, she gradually became to her husband

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

I did not much blame Will Lennox. It is very hard to love what we do not comprehend. A wife who could have sympathized in his pursuits, talked over the chances of his "Favorite," or gone to sea with him in his yacht, would always have found Will an indulgent and attentive husband. But fast horses did not interest Jessy, and going to sea made her sick; so gradually these two fell much further apart than they ought to have done.

Now if Petralto had been wicked and Jessy weak, he might have revenged himself on the man and woman who had wrought him so much suffering. But he had set his love far too high to sully her white name; and Jessy, in that serenity which comes of lofty and assured principles, had no idea of the possibility of her injuring her husband by a wrong thought. Yet instinctively they both sought to keep apart; and if by chance they met, the grave courtesy of the one and the sweet dignity of the other left nothing for evil hopes or thoughts to feed upon.

One morning, two years after Jessy's marriage, I received a note from Petralto, asking me to call upon him immediately. To my amazement, his rooms were dismantled, his effects packed up, and he was on the point of leaving New York.

"Whither bound?" I asked. "To Rome?"

"No; to the Guadalupe. I want to try what nature can do for me. Art, society, even friendship, fail at times to comfort me for my lost love. I will go back to nature, the great, sweet mother and lover *of men.*"

So Petralto went out of New York; and the world that had known him forgot him—forgot even to wonder about, much less to regret him.

I was no more faithful than others. I fell in with a wonderful German philosopher, and got into the "entities" and "nonentities," forgot Petralto in Hegel, and felt rather ashamed of the days when I lounged and trifled in the artist's pleasant rooms. I was

"enamored of divine philosophy," took no more interest in polite gossip, and did not waste my time reading newspapers. In fact, with Kant and Fichte before me, I did not feel that I had the time lawfully to spare.

Therefore any one may imagine my astonishment when, about three years after Petralto's departure from New York, he one morning suddenly entered my study, handsome as Apollo and happy as a bridegroom. I find that I have used the word "bridegroom" very happily, for I found out in a few minutes that Petralto's radiant condition was, in fact, the condition of a bridegroom.

Of course, under the circumstances, I could not avoid feeling congratulatory; and my affection for the handsome, loving fellow came back so strongly that I resolved to break my late habits of seclusion, and go to the Brevoort House and see his bride.

I acknowledge that in this decision there was some curiosity. I wondered what rare woman had taken the beautiful Jessy Lorimer's place; and I rather enjoyed the prospect of twitting him with his protestations of eternal fidelity to his first love.

I did not do it. I had no opportunity. Madame Petralto Garcia was, in fact, Jessy Lorimer Lennox. Of course I understood at once that Will must be dead; but I did not learn the particulars until the next day, when Petralto dropped in for a quiet smoke and chat. Not unwillingly I shut my book and lit my cigar.

"'All's well that ends well,' my dear fellow," I said, when we had both smoked silently a few moments; "but I never heard of Will Lennox's death. I hope he did not come to the Guadalupe and get shot."

Petralto shook his head and replied: "I was always sorry for that threat. Will never meant to injure me. No. He was drowned at sea two years ago. His yacht was caught in a storm, he ventured too near the shore, and all on board perished."

"I did not hear of it at the time."

"Nor I either. I will tell you how I heard. About a year ago I went, as was my frequent custom, to the little open glade in the forest where I had first seen Jessy. As I lay dreaming on the warm soft grass I saw a beautiful woman, clothed in black, walk slowly toward the very same jasmine vine, and standing as of old on tiptoes, pull down a loaded branch. Can you guess how my heart beat, how I leaped to my feet, and cried out, before I knew what I was doing, 'Jessy! darling Jessy!' She stood quite still, looking toward me. Oh, how beautiful she was! And when at length we clasped hands, and I gazed into her eyes, I knew without a word that my love had come to me."

"She had waited a whole year."

"True; I liked her the better for that. After Will's death she went to Scotland—put both herself and me out of temptation. She owed this much to the memory of a man who had loved her as well as he was capable of doing. But I know how happy were the steps that brought her back to the Guadalupe, and that warm spring afternoon under the jasmine vine paid for all. I am the happiest man in all the wide world!"

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DANIEL DERONDA.

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BOOK VIII.—FRUIT AND SEED.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"Much adoe there was, God wot;
He wold love and she wold not."
—Nicholas Breton.

EXTENSION, we know, is a very imperfect measure of things; and the length of the sun's journeying can no more tell us how far life has advanced than the acreage of a field can tell us what growths may be active within it. A man may go south, and, stumbling over a bone, may meditate upon it till he has found a new starting-point for anatomy; or eastward, and discover a new key to language telling a new story of races; or he may head an expedition that opens new continental pathways, get himself maimed in body, and go through a whole heroic poem of resolve and endurance; and at the end of a few months he may come back to find his neighbors grumbling at the same parish grievance as before, or to see the same elderly gentleman treading the pavement in discourse with himself, shaking his head after the same percussive butcher's boy, and pausing at the same shop window to look at the same prints. If the swiftest thinking has about the pace of a greyhound, the slowest must be supposed to move, like the limpet, by an apparent sticking, which after a good while is discerned to be a slight progression. Such differences are manifest in the variable intensity which we call human experience, from the revolutionary rush of change which makes a new inner and outer life, to that quiet recurrence of the familiar which has no other epochs than those of hunger and the heavens.

Something of this contrast was seen in the year's experience which had turned the brilliant,

self-confident Gwendolen Harleth of the Archery Meeting into the crushed penitent impelled to confess her unworthiness where it would have been her happiness to be held worthy; while it had left her family in Pennicote without deeper change than that of some outward habits, and some adjustment of prospects and intentions to reduced income, fewer visits, and fainter compliments. The Rectory was as pleasant a home as before: the red and pink peonies on the lawn, the rows of hollyhocks by the hedges, had bloomed as well this year as last; the Rector maintained his cheerful confidence in the good-will of patrons, and his resolution to deserve it by diligence in the fulfillment of his duties, whether patrons were likely to hear of it or not: doing nothing solely with an eye to promotion, except, perhaps, the writing of two ecclesiastical articles, which, having no signature, were attributed to some one else, except by the patrons, who had a special copy sent them, and these certainly knew the author, but did not read the articles. The Rector, however, chewed no poisonous cud of suspicion on this point: he made marginal notes on his own copies to render them a more interesting loan, and was gratified that the Archdeacon and other authorities had nothing to say against the general tenor of his argument. Peaceful authorship!—living in the air of the fields and downs, and not in the thrice-breathed breath of criticism—bringing no Dantesque leanness; rather, assisting nutrition by complacency, and perhaps giving a more suffusive sense of achievement than the production of a whole *Divina Commedia*. Then there was the father's recovered delight in his favorite son, which was a happiness outweighing the loss of eighteen hundred a year. Of whatever nature might be the hidden change wrought in Rex by the disappointment of his first love, it was apparently quite secondary to that evidence of more serious ambition which dated from the family misfortune; indeed, Mr. Gascoigne was inclined to regard the little affair which had caused him so much anxiety the year before as an evaporation of superfluous moisture, a kind of finish to the baking process which the human dough demands. Rex had lately come down for a summer visit to the Rectory, bringing Anna home, and while he showed nearly the old liveliness with his brothers and sisters, he continued in his holiday the habits of the eager student, rising early in the morning and shutting himself up early in the evenings to carry on a fixed course of study.

"You don't repent the choice of the law as a profession, Rex?" said his father.

"There is no profession I would choose before it," said Rex. "I should like to end my life as a first-rate judge, and help to draw up a code. I reverse the famous dictum—I should say, 'Give me something to do with making the laws, and let who will make the songs.'"

"You will have to stow in an immense amount of rubbish, I suppose—that's the worst of it," said the Rector.

"I don't see that law rubbish is worse than any other sort. It is not so bad as the rubbishy literature that people choke their minds with. It doesn't make one so dull. Our wittiest men have often been lawyers. Any orderly way of looking at things as cases and evidence seems to me better than a perpetual wash of odds and ends bearing on nothing in particular. And then, from a higher point of view, the foundations and the growth of law make the most interesting aspects of philosophy and history. Of course there will be a good deal that is troublesome, drudging, perhaps exasperating. But the great prizes in life can't be won easily—I see that."

"Well, my boy, the best augury of a man's success in his profession is that he thinks it the finest in the world. But I fancy it is so with most work when a man goes into it with a will. Brewitt, the blacksmith, said to me the other day that his 'prentice had no mind to his trade; 'and yet, Sir,' said Brewitt, 'what would a young fellow have if he doesn't like the blacksmithing?'"

The Rector cherished a fatherly delight, which he allowed to escape him only in moderation. Warham, who had gone to India, he had easily borne parting with, but Rex was that romance of later life which a man sometimes finds in a son whom he recognizes as superior to himself, picturing a future eminence for him according to a variety of famous examples. It was only to his wife that he said, with decision, "Rex will be a distinguished man, Nancy, I am sure of it—as sure as Paley's father was about his son."

"Was Paley an old bachelor?" said Mrs. Gascoigne.

"That is hardly to the point, my dear," said the Rector, who did not remember that irrelevant detail. And Mrs. Gascoigne felt that she had spoken rather weakly.

This quiet trotting of time at the Rectory was shared by the group who had exchanged the faded dignity of Offendene for the low white house not a mile off, well inclosed with evergreens, and known to the villagers as "Jodson's." Mrs. Davilow's delicate face showed only a slight deepening of its mild melancholy, her hair only a few more silver lines, in consequence of the last year's trials; the four girls had bloomed out a little from being less in the shade; and the good Jocosa preserved her serviceable neutrality toward the pleasures and glories of the world as things made for those who were not "in a situation."

The low narrow drawing-room, enlarged by two quaint projecting windows, with lattices wide open on a July afternoon to the scent of monthly roses, the faint murmurs of the garden, and the occasional rare sound of hoofs and wheels seeming to clarify the succeeding silence, made rather a crowded lively scene, Rex and Anna being added to the usual group of six. Anna, always a favorite with her younger cousins, had much to tell of her new experience, and the acquaintances she had made in London; and when on her first visit she came alone, many questions were asked her about Gwendolen's house in Grosvenor Square, what Gwendolen herself had said, and what any one else had said about Gwendolen. Had Anna been to see Gwendolen after she had known about the yacht? No: an answer which left speculation free concerning every thing connected with that interesting unknown vessel beyond the fact that Gwendolen had written just before she set out to say that Mr. Grandcourt and she were going yachting in the Mediterranean, and again from Marseilles to say that she was sure to like the yachting, the cabins were very elegant, and she would probably not send another letter till she had written quite a long diary filled with *dittos*. Also, this move-

ment of Mr. and Mrs. Grandcourt had been mentioned in "the newspaper;" so that altogether this new phase of Gwendolen's exalted life made a striking part of the sisters' romance, the book-devouring Isabel throwing in a Corsair or two to make an adventure that might end well.

But when Rex was present, the girls, according to instructions, never started this fascinating topic; and to-day there had only been animated descriptions of the Meyricks and their extraordinary Jewish friends, which caused some astonished questioning from minds to which the idea of live Jews, out of a book, suggested a difference deep enough to be almost zoological, as of a strange race in Pliny's Natural History that might sleep under the shade of its own ears. Bertha could not imagine what Jews believed now, and had a dim idea that they rejected the Old Testament, since it proved the New; Miss Merry thought that Mirah and her brother could "never have been properly argued with;" and the amiable Alice did not mind what the Jews believed, she was sure she "couldn't bear them." Mrs. Davilow corrected her by saying that the great Jewish families who were in society were quite what they ought to be both in London and Paris, but admitted that the commoner unconverted Jews were objectionable; and Isabel asked whether Mirah talked just as they did, or whether you might be with her and not find out that she was a Jewess.

Rex, who had no partisanship with the Israelites, having made a troublesome acquaintance with the minutiæ of their ancient history in the form of "cram," was amusing himself by playfully exaggerating the notion of each speaker, while Anna begged them all to understand that he was only joking, when the laughter was interrupted by the bringing in of a letter for Mrs. Davilow. A messenger had run with it in great haste from the Rectory. It inclosed a telegram, and as Mrs. Davilow read and re-read it in silence and agitation, all eyes were turned on her with anxiety, but no one dared to speak. Looking up at last and seeing the young faces "painted with fear," she remembered that they might be imagining something worse than the truth, something like her own first dread which made her unable to understand what was written, and she said, with a sob which was half relief,

"My dears, Mr. Grandcourt—" She paused an instant, and then began again—"Mr. Grandcourt is drowned."

Rex started up as if a missile had been suddenly thrown into the room. He could not help himself, and Anna's first look was at him. But then, gathering some self-command while Mrs. Davilow was reading what the Rector had written on the inclosing paper, he said,

"Can I do any thing, aunt? Can I carry any word to my father from you?"

"Yes, dear. Tell him I will be ready—he is very good. He says he will go with me to Genoa—he will be here at half past six. Jocosa and Alice, help me to get ready. She is safe—Gwendolen is safe—but she must be ill. I am sure she must be very ill. Rex dear—Rex and Anna—go and tell your father I will be quite ready. I would not for the world lose another night. And bless him for being ready so soon. I can travel night and day till we get there."

Rex and Anna hurried away through the sunshine which was suddenly solemn to them, without uttering a word to each other; she chiefly possessed by solicitude about any re-opening of his wound, he struggling with a tumultuary crowd of thoughts that were an offense against his better will. The oppression being undiminished when they were at the Rectory gate, he said,

"Nannie, I will leave you to say every thing to my father. If he wants me immediately, let me know. I shall stay in the shrubbery for ten minutes—only ten minutes."

Who has been quite free from egoistic escapes of the imagination picturing desirable consequences on his own future in the presence of another's misfortune, sorrow, or death? The expected promotion or legacy is the common type of a temptation which makes speech and even prayer a severe avoidance of the most insistent thoughts, and sometimes raises an inward shame, a self-distaste, that is worse than any other form of unpleasant companionship. In Rex's nature the shame was immediate, and overspread like an ugly light all the hurrying images of what might come, which thrust themselves in with the idea that Gwendolen was again free—overspread them, perhaps, the more persistently because every phantasm of a hope was quickly nullified by a more substantial obstacle. Before the vision of "Gwendolen free" rose the impassable vision of "Gwendolen rich, exalted, courted;" and if in the former time, when both their lives were fresh, she had turned from his love with repugnance, what ground was there for supposing that her heart would be more open to him in the future?

These thoughts, which he wanted to master and suspend, were like a tumultuary ringing of opposing chimes that he could not escape from by running. During the last year he had brought himself into a state of calm resolve, and now it seemed that three words had been enough to undo all that difficult work, and cast him back into the wretched fluctuations of a longing which he recognized as simply perturbing and hopeless. And at this moment the activity of such longing had an untimeliness that made it repulsive to his better self. Excuse poor Rex: it was not much more than eighteen months since he had been laid low by an archer who sometimes touches his arrow with a subtle, lingering poison. The disappointment of a youthful passion has effects as incalculable as those of small-pox, which may make one person plain and a genius, another less plain and more foolish, another plain without detriment to his folly, and leave perhaps the majority without obvious change. Every thing depends—not on the mere fact of disappointment, but—on the nature affected and the force that stirs it. In Rex's well-endowed nature, brief as the hope had been, the passionate stirring had gone deep, and the effect of disappointment was revolutionary, though fraught with a beneficent new order which retained most of the old virtues: in certain respects he believed that it had finally determined the bias and color of his life. Now, however, it seemed that his inward peace was hardly more stable than that of republican Florence, and his heart no better than the alarm-bell that made work slack and tumult busy.

Rex's love had been of that sudden, penetrating, clinging sort which the ancients knew and sung, and in singing made a fashion of talk for many moderns whose experience has been by no

means of a fiery, dæmonic character. To have the consciousness suddenly steeped with another's personality, to have the strongest inclinations possessed by an image which retains its dominance in spite of change and apart from worthiness—nay, to feel a passion which clings the faster for the tragic pangs inflicted by a cruel, recognized unworthiness—is a phase of love which in the feeble and common-minded has a repulsive likeness to a blind animalism insensible to the higher sway of moral affinity or heaven-lit admiration. But when this attaching force is present in a nature not of brutish unmodifiableness, but of a human dignity that can risk itself safely, it may even result in a devotedness not unfit to be called divine in a higher sense than the ancient. Phlegmatic rationality stares and shakes its head at these unaccountable prepossessions, but they exist as undeniably as the winds and waves, determining here a wreck and there a triumphant voyage.

This sort of passion had nested in the sweet-natured, strong Rex, and he had made up his mind to its companionship, as if it had been an object supremely dear, stricken dumb and helpless, and turning all the future of tenderness into a shadow of the past. But he had also made up his mind that his life was not to be pauperized because he had had to renounce one sort of joy; rather, he had begun life again with a new counting up of the treasures that remained to him, and he had even felt a release of power such as may come from ceasing to be afraid of your own neck.

And now, here he was pacing the shrubbery, angry with himself that the sense of irrevocableness in his lot, which ought in reason to have been as strong as ever, had been shaken by a change of circumstances that could make no change in relation to him. He told himself the truth quite roughly:

"She would never love me; and that is not the question—I could never approach her as a lover in her present position. I am exactly of no consequence at all, and am not likely to be of much consequence till my head is turning gray. But what has that to do with it? She would not have me on any terms, and I would not ask her. It is a meanness to be thinking about it now—no better than lurking about the battle-field to strip the dead; but there never was more gratuitous sinning. I have nothing to gain there—absolutely nothing. Then why can't I face the facts, and behave as they demand, instead of leaving my father to suppose that there are matters he can't speak to me about, though I might be useful in them?"

That last thought made one wave with the impulse that sent Rex walking firmly into the house and through the open door of the study, where he saw his father packing a traveling-desk.

"Can I be of any use, Sir?" said Rex, with rallied courage, as his father looked up at him.

"Yes, my boy: when I am gone, just see to my letters, and answer where necessary, and send me word of every thing. Dymock will manage the parish very well, and you will stay with your mother, or, at least, go up and down again, till I come back, whenever that may be."

"You will hardly be very long, Sir, I suppose," said Rex, beginning to strap a railway rug. "You will perhaps bring my cousin back to England?" He forced himself to speak of Gwendolen for the first time, and the Rector noticed the epoch with satisfaction.

"That depends," he answered, taking the subject as a matter of course between them. "Perhaps her mother may stay there with her, and I may come back very soon. This telegram leaves us in an ignorance which is rather anxious. But no doubt the arrangements of the will lately made are satisfactory, and there may possibly be an heir yet to be born. In any case, I feel confident that Gwendolen will be liberally—I should expect, splendidly—provided for."

"It must have been a great shock for her," said Rex, getting more resolute after the first twinge had been borne. "I suppose he was a devoted husband."

"No doubt of it," said the Rector, in his most decided manner. "Few men of his position would have come forward as he did under the circumstances."

Rex had never seen Grandcourt, had never heard any thing about him from any one of the family, and knew nothing of Gwendolen's flight from her suitor to Leubronn. He only knew that Grandcourt, being very much in love with her, had made her an offer in the first weeks of her sudden poverty, and had behaved very handsomely in providing for her mother and sisters. That was all very natural, and what Rex himself would have liked to do. Grandcourt had been a lucky fellow, and had had some happiness before he got drowned. Yet Rex wondered much whether Gwendolen had been in love with the successful suitor, or had only forborne to tell him that she hated being made love to.

CHAPTER LIX.

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."
—SHAKSPEARE.

SIR HUGO MALLINGER was not so prompt in starting for Genoa as Mr. Gascoigne had been, and Deronda on all accounts would not take his departure till he had seen the Baronet. There was not only Grandcourt's death, but also the late crisis in his own life, to make reasons why his oldest friend would desire to have the unrestrained communication of speech with him, for in writing he had not felt able to give any details concerning the mother who had come and gone like an apparition. It was not till the fifth evening that Deronda, according to telegram, waited for Sir Hugo at the station, where he was to arrive between eight and nine; and while he was looking forward to the sight of the kind, familiar face, which was part of his earliest memories, something like a smile, in spite of his late tragic experience, might have been detected in his eyes and the curve of his lips at the idea of Sir Hugo's pleasure in being now master of his estates, able to leave them to his daughters, or at least—according to a view of inheritance which had just been strongly impressed on Deronda's imagination—to take make-shift feminine offspring as intermediate to a satisfactory heir in a grandson. We should be churlish creatures if we could have no joy in our fellow-mortals' joy unless it were in agreement with our theory of righteous distribution and our highest ideal of human good: what sour corners our mouths would get—our eyes, what frozen

glances! and all the while our own possessions and desires would not exactly adjust themselves to our ideal. We must have some comradeship with imperfection; and it is, happily, possible to feel gratitude even where we discern a mistake that may have been injurious, the vehicle of the mistake being an affectionate intention prosecuted through a lifetime of kindly offices. Deronda's feeling and judgment were strongly against the action of Sir Hugo in making himself the agent of a falsity—yes, a falsity: he could give no milder name to the concealment under which he had been reared. But the Baronet had probably had no clear knowledge concerning the mother's breach of trust, and with his light, easy way of taking life, had held it a reasonable preference in her that her son should be made an English gentleman, seeing that she had the eccentricity of not caring to part from her child, and be to him as if she were not. Daniel's affectionate gratitude toward Sir Hugo made him wish to find grounds of excuse rather than blame; for it is as possible to be rigid in principle and tender in blame as it is to suffer from the sight of things hung awry and yet to be patient with the hanger who sees amiss. If Sir Hugo in his bachelorhood had been beguiled into regarding children chiefly as a product intended to make life more agreeable to the full-grown, whose convenience alone was to be consulted in the disposal of them—why, he had shared an assumption which, if not formally avowed, was massively acted on at that date of the world's history; and Deronda, with all his keen memory of the painful inward struggle he had gone through in his boyhood, was able also to remember the many signs that his experience had been entirely shut out from Sir Hugo's conception. Ignorant kindness may have the effect of cruelty; but to be angry with it as if it were direct cruelty would be an ignorant *un*kindness, the most remote from Deronda's large imaginative lenience toward others. And perhaps now, after the searching scenes of the last ten days, in which the curtain had been lifted for him from the secrets of lives unlike his own, he was more than ever disposed to check that rashness of indignation or resentment which has an unpleasant likeness to the love of punishing. When he saw Sir Hugo's familiar figure descending from the railway carriage, the life-long affection, which had been well accustomed to make excuses, flowed in and submerged all newer knowledge that might have seemed fresh ground for blame.

"Well, Dan," said Sir Hugo, with a serious fervor, grasping Deronda's hand. He uttered no other words of greeting; there was too strong a rush of mutual consciousness. The next thing was to give orders to the courier, and then to propose walking slowly in the mild evening, there being no hurry to get to the hotel.

"I have taken my journey easily, and am in excellent condition," he said, as he and Deronda came out under the starlight, which was still faint with the lingering sheen of day. "I didn't hurry in setting off, because I wanted to inquire into things a little, and so I got sight of your letter to Lady Mallinger before I started. But now, how is the widow?"

"Getting calmer," said Deronda. "She seems to be escaping the bodily illness that one might have feared for her after her plunge and terrible excitement. Her uncle and mother came two days ago, and she is being well taken care of."

"Any prospect of an heir being born?"

"From what Mr. Gascoigne said to me, I conclude not. He spoke as if it were a question whether the widow would have the estates for her life."

"It will not be much of a wrench to her affections, I fancy, this loss of the husband?" said Sir Hugo, looking round at Deronda.

"The suddenness of the death has been a great blow to her," said Deronda, quietly evading the question.

"I wonder whether Grandcourt gave her any notion what were the provisions of his will?" said Sir Hugo.

"Do you know what they are, Sir?" parried Deronda.

"Yes, I do," said the Baronet, quickly. "Gad! if there is no prospect of a legitimate heir, he has left every thing to a boy he had by a Mrs. Glasher; you know nothing about the affair, I suppose, but she was a sort of wife to him for a good many years, and there are three older children—girls. The boy is to take his father's name; he is Henleigh already, and he is to be Henleigh Mallinger Grandcourt. The Mallinger will be of no use to him, I am happy to say; but the young dog will have more than enough, with his fourteen years' minority—no need to have had holes filled up with my fifty thousand for Diplow that he had no right to; and meanwhile my beauty, the young widow, is to put up with a poor two thousand a year and the house at Gadsmere—a nice kind of banishment for her if she chose to shut herself up there, which I don't think she will. The boy's mother has been living there of late years. I'm perfectly disgusted with Grandcourt. I don't know that I'm obliged to think the better of him because he's drowned, though, so far as my affairs are concerned, nothing in this life became him like the leaving it."

"In my opinion he did wrong when he married this wife—not in leaving his estates to the son," said Deronda, rather dryly.

"I say nothing against his leaving the land to the lad," said Sir Hugo; "but since he had married this girl, he ought to have given her a handsome provision, such as she could live on in a style fitted to the rank he had raised her to. She ought to have had four or five thousand a year and the London house for her life; that's what I should have done for her. I suppose, as she was penniless, her friends couldn't stand out for a settlement, else it's ill trusting to the will a man may make after he's married. Even a wise man generally lets some folly ooze out of him in his will—my father did, I know; and if a fellow has any spite or tyranny in him, he's likely to bottle off a good deal for keeping in that sort of document. It's quite clear Grandcourt meant that his death should put an extinguisher on his wife, if she bore him no heir."

"And, in the other case, I suppose every thing would have been reversed—illegitimacy would have had the extinguisher?" said Deronda, with some scorn.

"Precisely—Gadsmere and the two thousand. It's queer. One nuisance is that Grandcourt has made me an executor; but seeing he was the son of my only brother, I can't refuse to act. And I shall mind it less if I can be of any use to the

widow. Lush thinks she was not in ignorance about the family under the rose, and the purport of the will. He hints that there was no very good understanding between the couple. But I fancy you are the man who knew most about what Mrs. Grandcourt felt or did not feel—eh, Dan?" Sir Hugo did not put this question with his usual jocoseness, but rather with a lowered tone of interested inquiry; and Deronda felt that any evasion would be misinterpreted. He answered, gravely:

"She was certainly not happy. They were unsuited to each other. But as to the disposal of the property—from all I have seen of her, I should predict that she will be quite contented with it."

"Then she is not much like the rest of her sex; that's all I can say," said Sir Hugo, with a slight shrug. "However, she ought to be something extraordinary, for there must be an entanglement between your horoscope and hers—eh? When that tremendous telegram came, the first thing Lady Mallinger said was, 'How very strange that it should be Daniel who sends it!' But I have had something of the same sort in my own life. I was once at a foreign hotel where a lady had been left by her husband without money. When I heard of it, and came forward to help her, who should she be but an early flame of mine, who had been fool enough to marry an Austrian baron with a long mustache and short affection? But it was an affair of my own that called me there—nothing to do with knight-errantry, any more than your coming to Genoa had to do with the Grandcourts."

There was silence for a little while. Sir Hugo had begun to talk of the Grandcourts as the less difficult subject between himself and Deronda; but they were both wishing to overcome a reluctance to perfect frankness on the events which touched their relation to each other. Deronda felt that his letter, after the first interview with his mother, had been rather a thickening than a breaking of the ice, and that he ought to wait for the first opening to come from Sir Hugo. Just when they were about to lose sight of the port, the Baronet turned, and pausing as if to get a last view, said, in a tone of more serious feeling,

"And about the main business of your coming to Genoa, Dan? You have not been deeply pained by any thing you have learned, I hope? There is nothing that you feel need change your position in any way? You know, whatever happens to you must always be of importance to me."

"I desire to meet your goodness by perfect confidence, Sir," said Deronda. "But I can't answer those questions truly by a simple yes or no. Much that I have heard about the past has pained me. And it has been a pain to meet and part with my mother, in her suffering state, as I have been compelled to do. But it is no pain—it is rather a clearing up of doubts for which I am thankful—to know my parentage. As to the effect on my position, there will be no change in my gratitude to you, Sir, for the fatherly care and affection you have always shown me. But to know that I was born a Jew may have a momentous influence on my life, which I am hardly able to tell you of at present."

Deronda spoke the last sentence with a resolve that overcame some diffidence. He felt that the difference between Sir Hugo's nature and his own would have, by-and-by, to disclose itself more markedly than had ever yet been needful. The Baronet gave him a quick glance, and turned to walk on. After a few moments' silence, in which he had reviewed all the material in his memory which would enable him to interpret Deronda's words, he said,

"I have long expected something remarkable from you, Dan; but, for God's sake, don't go into any eccentricities! I can tolerate any man's difference of opinion, but let him tell it me without getting himself up as a lunatic. At this stage of the world, if a man wants to be taken seriously, he must keep clear of melodrama. Don't misunderstand me. I am not suspecting you of setting up any lunacy on your own account. I only think you might easily be led arm in arm with a lunatic, especially if he wanted defending. You have a passion for people who are pelted, Dan. I'm sorry for them too; but so far as company goes, it's a bad ground of selection. However, I don't ask you to anticipate your inclination in any thing you have to tell me. When you make up your mind to a course that requires money, I have some sixteen thousand pounds that have been accumulating for you over and above what you have been having the interest of as income. And now I am come, I suppose you want to get back to England as soon as you can?"

"I must go first to Mainz to get away a chest of my grandfather's, and perhaps to see a friend of his," said Deronda. "Although the chest has been lying there these twenty years, I have an unreasonable sort of nervous eagerness to get it away under my care, as if it were more likely now than before that something might happen to it. And perhaps I am the more uneasy because I lingered after my mother left, instead of setting out immediately. Yet I can't regret that I was here—else Mrs. Grandcourt would have had none but servants to act for her."

"Yes, yes," said Sir Hugo, with a flippancy which was an escape of some vexation hidden under his more serious speech; "I hope you are not going to set a dead Jew above a living Christian."

Deronda colored, and repressed a retort. They were just turning into the *Italia*.

CHAPTER LX.

"But I shall say no more of this at this time; for this is to be felt and not to be talked of; and they who never touched it with their fingers may secretly perhaps laugh at it in their hearts and be never the wiser."
—JEREMY TAYLOR.

The Roman Emperor in the legend put to death ten learned Israelites to avenge the sale of Joseph by his brethren. And there have always been enough of his kidney, whose piety lies in punishing, who can see the justice of grudges but not of gratitude. For you shall never convince the stronger feeling that it hath not the stronger reason, or incline him who hath no love to believe that there is good ground for loving: as we may learn from the order of word-making, wherein *love* precedeth *lovable*.

WHEN Deronda presented his letter at the banking house in the *Schuster Strasse* at Mainz, and asked for Joseph Kalonymos, he was presently shown into an inner room where, seated at a table arranging open letters, was the white-bearded man whom he had seen the year before in the synagogue at Frankfort. He wore his hat—it seemed to be the same old felt hat as before—

and near him was a packed portmanteau with a wrap and overcoat upon it. On seeing Deronda enter he rose, but did not advance or put out his hand. Looking at him with small penetrating eyes which glittered like black gems in the midst of his yellowish face and white hair, he said, in German,

"Good! It is now you who seek me, young man."

"Yes; I seek you with gratitude, as a friend of my grandfather's," said Deronda; "and I am under an obligation to you for giving yourself much trouble on my account." He spoke without difficulty in that liberal language which takes many strange accents to its maternal bosom.

Kalonymos now put out his hand and said, cordially, "So—you are no longer angry at being something more than an Englishman?"

"On the contrary. I thank you heartily for helping to save me from remaining in ignorance of my parentage, and for taking care of the chest that my grandfather left in trust for me."

"Sit down, sit down," said Kalonymos, in a quick under-tone, seating himself again, and pointing to a chair near him. Then deliberately laying aside his hat and showing a head thickly covered with white hair, he stroked and clutched his beard while he looked examiningly at the young face before him. The moment wrought strongly on Deronda's imaginative susceptibility: in the presence of one linked still in zealous friendship with the grandfather whose hope had yearned toward him when he was unborn, and who though dead was yet to speak with him in those written memorials which, says Milton, "contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are," he seemed to himself to be touching the electric chain of his own ancestry; and he bore the scrutinizing look of Kalonymos with a delighted awe, something like what one feels in the solemn commemoration of acts done long ago but still telling markedly on the life of to-day. Impossible for men of duller fibre—men whose affection is not ready to diffuse itself through the wide travel of imagination, to comprehend, perhaps even to credit, this sensibility of Deronda's; but it subsisted, like their own dullness, notwithstanding their lack of belief in it, and it gave his face an expression which seemed very satisfactory to the observer.

He said in Hebrew, quoting from one of the fine hymns in the Hebrew liturgy, "As Thy goodness has been great to the former generations, even so may it be to the latter." Then after pausing a little he began, "Young man, I rejoice that I was not yet set off again on my travels, and that you are come in time for me to see the image of my friend as he was in his youth—no longer perverted from the fellowship of your people—no longer shrinking in proud wrath from the touch of him who seemed to be claiming you as a Jew. You come with thankfulness yourself to claim the kindred and heritage that wicked contrivance would have robbed you of. You come with a willing soul to declare, 'I am the grandson of Daniel Charisi.' Is it not so?"

"Assuredly it is," said Deronda. "But let me say that I should at no time have been inclined to treat a Jew with incivility simply because he was a Jew. You can understand that I shrank from saying to a stranger, 'I know nothing of my mother.'"

"A sin! a sin!" said Kalonymos, putting up his hand and closing his eyes in disgust. "A robbery of our people—as when our youths and maidens were reared for the Roman Edom. But it is frustrated. I have frustrated it. When Daniel Charisi—may his Rock and his Redeemer guard him!—when Daniel Charisi was a stripling and I was a lad little above his shoulder, we made a solemn vow always to be friends. He said, 'Let us bind ourselves with duty, as if we were sons of the same mother.' That was his bent from first to last—as he said, to fortify his soul with bonds. It was a saying of his, 'Let us bind love with duty; for duty is the love of law; and law is the nature of the Eternal.' So we bound ourselves. And though we were much apart in our later life, the bond has never been broken. When he was dead, they sought to rob him; but they could not rob him of me. I rescued that remainder of him which he had prized and preserved for his offspring. And I have restored to him the offspring they had robbed him of. I will bring you the chest forthwith."

Kalonymos left the room for a few minutes, and returned with a clerk who carried the chest, set it down on the floor, drew off a leather cover, and went out again. It was not very large, but was made heavy by ornamental bracers and handles of gilt iron. The wood was beautifully incised with Arabic lettering.

"So!" said Kalonymos, returning to his seat. "And here is the curious key," he added, taking it from a small leathern bag. "Bestow it carefully. I trust you are methodic and wary." He gave Deronda the monitory and slightly suspicious look with which age is apt to commit any object to the keeping of youth.

"I shall be more careful of this than of any other property," said Deronda, smiling, and putting the key in his breast pocket. "I never before possessed any thing that was a sign to me of so much cherished hope and effort. And I shall never forget that the effort was partly yours. Have you time to tell me more of my grandfather? Or shall I be trespassing in staying longer?"

"Stay yet a while. In an hour and eighteen minutes I start for Trieste," said Kalonymos, looking at his watch, "and presently my sons will expect my attention. Will you let me make you known to them, so that they may have the pleasure of showing hospitality to my friend's grandson? They dwell here in ease and luxury, though I choose to be a wanderer."

"I shall be glad if you will commend me to their acquaintance for some future opportunity," said Deronda. "There are pressing claims calling me to England—friends who may be much in need of my presence. I have been kept away from them too long by unexpected circumstances. But to know more of you and your family would be motive enough to bring me again to Mainz."

"Good! Me you will hardly find, for I am beyond my threescore years and ten, and I am a wanderer, carrying my shroud with me. But my sons and their children dwell here in wealth and unity. The days are changed for us in Mainz since our people were slaughtered wholesale if they wouldn't be baptized wholesale: they are changed for us since Karl the Great fetched my ancestors from Italy to bring some tincture of knowledge to our rough German brethren. I and my contemporaries have had to fight for it, too.

Our youth fell on evil days; but this we have won: we increase our wealth in safety, and the learning of all Germany is fed and fattened by Jewish brains—though they keep not always their Jewish hearts. Have you been left altogether ignorant of your people's life, young man?"

"No," said Deronda; "I have lately, before I had any true suspicion of my parentage, been led to study every thing belonging to their history with more interest than any other subject. It turns out that I have been making myself ready to understand my grandfather a little." He was anxious lest the time should be consumed before this circuitous course of talk could lead them back to the topic he most cared about. Age does not easily distinguish between what it needs to express and what youth needs to know—distance seeming to level the objects of memory; and keenly active as Joseph Kalonymos showed himself, an inkstand in the wrong place would have hindered his imagination from getting to Beyrout: he had been used to unite restless travel with punctilious observation. But Deronda's last sentence answered its purpose.

"So—you would perhaps have been such a man as he if your education had not hindered; for you are like him in features—yet not altogether, young man. He had an iron will in his face: it braced up every body about him. When he was quite young he had already got one deep upright line in his brow. I see none of that in you. Daniel Charisi used to say, 'Better a wrong will than a wavering; better a steadfast enemy than an uncertain friend; better a false belief than no belief at all.' What he despised most was indifference. He had longer reasons than I can give you."

"Yet his knowledge was not narrow?" said Deronda, with a tacit reference to the usual excuse for indecision—that it comes from knowing too much.

"Narrow? no," said Kalonymos, shaking his head, with a compassionate smile. "From his childhood upward he drank in learning as easily as the plant sucks up water. But he early took to medicine and theories about life and health. He traveled to many countries, and spent much of his substance in seeing and knowing. What he used to insist on was that the strength and wealth of mankind depended on the balance of separateness and communication, and he was bitterly against our people losing themselves among the Gentiles; 'It's no better,' said he, 'than the many sorts of grain going back from their variety into sameness.' He mingled all sorts of learning; and in that he was like our Arabic writers in the golden time. We studied together, but he went beyond me. Though we were bosom-friends, and he poured himself out to me, we were as different as the inside and the outside of the bowl. I stood up for no notions of my own: I took Charisi's sayings as I took the shape of the trees: they were there, not to be disputed about. It came to the same thing in both of us: we were both faithful Jews, thankful not to be Gentiles. And since I was a ripe man I have been what I am now, for all but age—loving to wander, loving transactions, loving to behold all things, and caring nothing about hardship. Charisi thought continually of our people's future: he went with all his soul into that part of our religion: I, not. So we have freedom, I am content. Our people wandered before they were driven. Young man, when I am in the East, I lie much on deck and watch the greater stars. The sight of them satisfies me. I know them as they rise, and hunger not to know more. Charisi was satisfied with no sight, but pieced it out with what had been before and what would come after. Yet we loved each other, and, as he said, we bound our love with duty; we solemnly pledged ourselves to help and defend each other to the last. I have fulfilled my pledge." Here Kalonymos rose, and Deronda, rising also, said,

"And in being faithful to him you have caused justice to be done to me. It would have been a robbery of me too that I should never have known of the inheritance he had prepared for me. I thank you with my whole soul."

"Be worthy of him, young man. What is your vocation?" This question was put with a quick abruptness which embarrassed Deronda, who did not feel it quite honest to allege his law-reading as a vocation. He answered,

"I can not say that I have any."

"Get one, get one. The Jew must be diligent. You will call yourself a Jew and profess the faith of your fathers?" said Kalonymos, putting his hand on Deronda's shoulder and looking sharply in his face.

"I shall call myself a Jew," said Deronda, deliberately, becoming slightly paler under the piercing eyes of his questioner. "But I will not say that I shall profess to believe exactly as my fathers have believed. Our fathers themselves changed the horizon of their belief and learned of other races. But I think I can maintain my grandfather's notion of separateness with communication. I hold that my first duty is to my own people, and if there is any thing to be done toward restoring or perfecting their common life, I shall make that my vocation."

It happened to Deronda at that moment, as it has often happened to others, that the need for speech made an epoch in resolve. His respect for the questioner would not let him decline to answer, and by the necessity to answer he found out the truth for himself.

"Ah, you argue and you look forward—you are Daniel Charisi's grandson," said Kalonymos, adding a benediction in Hebrew.

With that they parted; and almost as soon as Deronda was in London, the aged man was again on shipboard, greeting the friendly stars without any eager curiosity.

CHAPTER LXI.

"Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love."
—GUIDO GUINICELLI (*Rossetti's Translation*).

THERE was another house besides the white house at Pennicote, another breast besides Rex Gascoigne's, in which the news of Grandcourt's death caused both strong agitation and the effort to repress it.

It was Hans Meyrick's habit to send or bring in the *Times* for his mother's reading. She was a great reader of news, from the widest-reaching politics to the list of marriages; the latter, she said, giving her the pleasant sense of finishing

the fashionable novels without having read them, and seeing the heroes and heroines happy without knowing what poor creatures they were. On a Wednesday, there were reasons why Hans always chose to bring the paper, and to do so about the time that Mirah had nearly ended giving Mab her weekly lesson, avowing that he came then because he wanted to hear Mirah sing. But on the particular Wednesday now in question, after entering the house as quietly as usual with his latch-key, he appeared in the parlor, shaking the *Times* aloft with a crackling noise, in remorseless interruption of Mab's attempt to render "Lascia ch'io pianga" with a remote imitation of her teacher. Piano and song ceased immediately: Mirah, who had been playing the accompaniment, involuntarily started up and turned round, the crackling sound, after the occasional trick of sounds, having seemed to her something thunderous; and Mab said,

"O-o-oh, Hans! why do you bring a more horrible noise than my singing?"

"What on earth is the wonderful news?" said Mrs. Meyrick, who was the only other person in the room. "Any thing about Italy—any thing about the Austrians giving up Venice?"

"Nothing about Italy, but something from Italy," said Hans, with a peculiarity in his tone and manner which set his mother interpreting. Imagine how some of us feel and behave when an event, not disagreeable, seems to be confirming and carrying out our private constructions. We say, "What do you think?" in a pregnant tone to some innocent person who has not embarked his wisdom in the same boat with ours, and finds our information flat.

"Nothing bad?" said Mrs. Meyrick, anxiously, thinking immediately of Deronda; and Mirah's heart had been already clutched by the same thought.

"Not bad for any body we care much about," said Hans, quickly; "rather uncommonly lucky, I think. I never knew any body die conveniently before. Considering what a dear gazelle I am, I am constantly wondering to find myself alive."

"Oh me, Hans!" said Mab, impatiently, "if you must talk of yourself, let it be behind your own back. What *is* it that has happened?"

"Duke Alphonso is drowned, and the Duchess is alive, that's all," said Hans, putting the paper before Mrs. Meyrick, with his finger against a paragraph. "But more than all is—Deronda was at Genoa in the same hotel with them, and he saw her brought in by the fishermen, who had got her out of the water time enough to save her from any harm. It seems they saw her jump in after her husband—which was a less judicious action than I should have expected of the Duchess. However, Deronda is a lucky fellow in being there to take care of her."

Mirah had sunk on the music-stool again, with her eyelids down and her hands tightly clasped; and Mrs. Meyrick, giving up the paper to Mab, said,

"Poor thing! she must have been fond of her husband, to jump in after him."

"It was an inadvertence—a little absence of mind," said Hans, creasing his face roguishly, and throwing himself into a chair not far from Mirah. "Who can be fond of a jealous barytone, with freezing glances, always singing asides?—that was the husband's *rôle*, depend upon it. Nothing can be neater than his getting drowned. The Duchess is at liberty now to marry a man with a fine head of hair, and glances that will melt instead of freezing her. And I shall be invited to the wedding."

Here Mirah started from her sitting posture, and fixing her eyes on Hans with an angry gleam in them, she said, in the deeply shaken voice of indignation,

"Mr. Hans, you ought not to speak in that way. Mr. Deronda would not like you to speak so. Why will you say he is lucky—why will you use words of that sort about life and death—when what is life to one is death to another? How do you know it would be lucky if he loved Mrs. Grandcourt? It might be a great evil to him. She would take him away from my brother—I know she would. Mr. Deronda would not call that lucky—to pierce my brother's heart."

All three were struck with the sudden transformation. Mirah's face, with a look of anger that might have suited Ithuriel, pale even to the lips that were usually so rich of tint, was not far from poor Hans, who sat transfixed, blushing under it as if he had been the girl, while he said, nervously,

"I am a fool and a brute, and I withdraw every word. I'll go and hang myself like Judas—if it's allowable to mention him." Even in Hans's sorrowful moments, his improvised words had inevitably some drollery.

But Mirah's anger was not appeased: how could it be? She had burst into indignant speech as creatures in intense pain bite and make their teeth meet even through their own flesh, by way of making their agony bearable. She said no more, but, seating herself at the piano, pressed the sheet of music before her, as if she thought of beginning to play again.

It was Mab who spoke, while Mrs. Meyrick's face seemed to reflect some of Hans's discomfort.

"Mirah is quite right to scold you, Hans. You are always taking Mr. Deronda's name in vain. And it is horrible, joking in that way about his marrying Mrs. Grandcourt. Men's minds must be very black, I think," ended Mab, with much scorn.

"Quite true, my dear," said Hans, in a low tone, rising and turning on his heel to walk toward the back window.

"We had better go on, Mab; you have not given your full time to the lesson," said Mirah, in a higher tone than usual. "Will you sing this again, or shall I sing it to you?"

"Oh, please sing it to me," said Mab, rejoiced to take no more notice of what had happened.

And Mirah immediately sang "Lascia ch'io pianga," giving forth its melodious sobs and cries with new fullness and energy. Hans paused in his walk and leaned against the mantel-piece, keeping his eyes carefully away from his mother's. When Mirah had sung her last note and touched the last chord, she rose and said, "I must go home now. Ezra expects me."

She gave her hand silently to Mrs. Meyrick, and hung back a little, not daring to look at her, instead of kissing her as usual. But the little mother drew Mirah's face down to hers, and said, soothingly, "God bless you, my dear!" Mirah felt that she had committed an offense against Mrs. Meyrick by angrily rebuking Hans, and mixed with the rest of her suffering was the sense that she had shown something like a proud ingratitude, an unbecoming assertion of superiority. And her friend had divined this compunction.

Meanwhile Hans had seized his wide-awake, and was ready to open the door.

"Now, Hans," said Mab, with what was really a sister's tenderness cunningly disguised, "you are not going to walk home with Mirah. I am sure she would rather not. You are so dreadfully disagreeable to-day."

"I shall go to take care of her, if she does not forbid me," said Hans, opening the door.

Mirah said nothing, and when he had opened the outer door for her and closed it behind him, he walked by her side unforbidden. She had not the courage to begin speaking to him again —conscious that she had perhaps been unbecomingly severe in her words to him, yet finding only severer words behind them in her heart. Besides, she was pressed upon by a crowd of thoughts thrusting themselves forward as interpreters of that consciousness which still remained unuttered to herself.

Hans, on his side, had a mind equally busy. Mirah's anger had waked in him a new perception, and with it the unpleasant sense that he was a dolt not to have had it before. Suppose Mirah's heart were entirely preoccupied with Deronda in another character than that of her own and her brother's benefactor: the supposition was attended in Hans's mind with anxieties which, to do him justice, were not altogether selfish. He had a strong persuasion, which only direct evidence to the contrary could have dissipated, that there was a serious attachment between Deronda and Mrs. Grandcourt; he had pieced together many fragments of observation and gradually gathered knowledge, completed by what his sisters had heard from Anna Gascoigne, which convinced him not only that Mrs. Grandcourt had a passion for Deronda, but also, notwithstanding his friend's austere self-repression, that Deronda's susceptibility about her was the sign of concealed love. Some men, having such a conviction, would have avoided allusions that could have roused that susceptibility; but Hans's talk naturally fluttered toward mischief, and he was given to a form of experiment on live animals which consisted in irritating his friends playfully. His experiments had ended in satisfying him that what he thought likely was true.

On the other hand, any susceptibility Deronda had manifested about a lover's attentions being shown to Mirah, Hans took to be sufficiently accounted for by the alleged reason, namely, her dependent position; for he credited his friend with all possible unselfish anxiety for those whom he could rescue or protect. And Deronda's insistence that Mirah would never marry one who was not a Jew necessarily seemed to exclude himself, since Hans shared the ordinary opinion, which he knew nothing to disturb, that Deronda was the son of Sir Hugo Mallinger.

Thus he felt himself in clearness about the state of Deronda's affections; but now, the events which really struck him as concurring toward the desirable union with Mrs. Grandcourt had called forth a flash of revelation from Mirah—a betrayal of her passionate feeling on this subject which made him melancholy on her account as well as his own—yet on the whole less melancholy than if he had imagined Deronda's hopes fixed on her. It is not sublime, but it is common, for a man to see the beloved object unhappy because his rival loves another, with more fortitude and a milder jealousy than if he saw her entirely happy in his rival. At least it was so with the mercurial Hans, who fluctuated between the contradictory states, of feeling wounded because Mirah was wounded, and of being almost obliged to Deronda for loving somebody else. It was impossible for him to give Mirah any direct sign of the way in which he had understood her anger, yet he longed that his speechless companionship should be eloquent in a tender, penitent sympathy which is an admissible form of wooing a bruised heart.

Thus the two went side by side in a companionship that yet seemed an agitated communication, like that of two chords whose quick vibrations lie outside our hearing. But when they reached the door of Mirah's home, and Hans said "Good-by," putting out his hand with an appealing look of penitence, she met the look with melancholy gentleness, and said, "Will you not come in and see my brother?"

Hans could not but interpret this invitation as a sign of pardon. He had not enough understanding of what Mirah's nature had been wrought into by her early experience to divine how the very strength of her late excitement had made it pass the more quickly into a resolute acceptance of pain. When he had said, "If you will let me," and they went in together, half his grief was gone, and he was spinning a little romance of how his devotion might make him indispensable to Mirah in proportion as Deronda gave his devotion elsewhere. This was quite fair, since his friend was provided for according to his own heart; and on the question of Judaism Hans felt thoroughly fortified: who ever heard in tale or history that a woman's love went in the track of her race and religion? Moslem and Jewish damsels were always attracted toward Christians, and now if Mirah's heart had gone forth too precipitately toward Deronda, here was another case in point. Hans was wont to make merry with his own arguments, to call himself a Giaour, and antithesis the sole clew to events; but he believed a little in what he laughed at. And thus his bird-like hope, constructed on the lightest principles, soared again in spite of heavy circumstance.

They found Mordecai looking singularly happy, holding a closed letter in his hand, his eyes glowing with a quiet triumph which in his emaciated face gave the idea of a conquest over assailing death. After the greeting between him and Hans, Mirah put her arm round her brother's neck and looked down at the letter in his hand, without the courage to ask about it, though she felt sure that it was the cause of his happiness.

"A letter from Daniel Deronda," said Mordecai, answering her look. "Brief—only saying that he hopes soon to return. Unexpected claims have detained him. The promise of seeing him again is like the bow in the cloud to me," continued Mordecai, looking at Hans; "and to you also it must be a gladness. For who has two friends like him?"

While Hans was answering, Mirah slipped away to her own room; but not to indulge in any outburst of the passion within her. If the angels once supposed to watch the toilet of women had entered the little chamber with her and let her shut the door behind them, they would only have seen her take off her hat, sit down, and press her

hands against her temples as if she had suddenly reflected that her head ached; then rise to dash cold water on her eyes and brow and hair till her backward curls were full of crystal beads, while she had dried her brow and looked out like a freshly opened flower from among the dewy tresses of the woodland; then give deep sighs of relief, and putting on her little slippers, sit still after that action for a couple of minutes, which seemed to her so long, so full of things to come, that she rose with an air of recollection, and went down to make tea.

Something of the old life had returned. She had been used to remember that she must learn her part, must go to rehearsal, must act and sing in the evening, must hide her feelings from her father; and the more painful her life grew, the more she had been used to hide. The force of her nature had long found its chief action in resolute endurance, and to-day the violence of feeling which had caused the first jet of anger had quickly transformed itself into a steady facing of trouble, the well-known companion of her young years. But while she moved about and spoke as usual, a close observer might have discerned a difference between this apparent calm, which was the effect of restraining energy, and the sweet genuine calm of the months when she first felt a return of her infantine happiness.

Those who have been indulged by fortune and have always thought of calamity as what happens to others, feel a blind incredulous rage at the reversal of their lot, and half believe that their wild cries will alter the course of the storm. Mirah felt no such surprise when familiar Sorrow came back from brief absence, and sat down with her according to the old use and wont. And this habit of expecting trouble rather than joy hindered her from having any persistent belief in opposition to the probabilities which were not merely suggested by Hans, but were supported by her own private knowledge and long-growing presentiment. An attachment between Deronda and Mrs. Grandcourt, to end in their future marriage, had the aspect of a certainty for her feeling. There had been no fault in him: facts had ordered themselves so that there was a tie between him and this woman who belonged to another world than her own and Ezra's—nay, who seemed another sort of being than Deronda, something foreign that would be a disturbance in his life instead of blending with it. Well, well—but if it could have been deferred so as to make no difference while Ezra was there! She did not know all the momentousness of the relation between Deronda and her brother, but she had seen and instinctively felt enough to forebode its being incongruous with any close tie to Mrs. Grandcourt; at least this was the clothing that Mirah first gave to her mortal repugnance. But in the still, quick action of her consciousness, thoughts went on like changing states of sensation unbroken by her habitual acts; and this inward language soon said distinctly that the mortal repugnance would remain even if Ezra were secured from loss.

"What I have read about and sung about and seen acted, is happening to me—this that I am feeling is the love that makes jealousy:" so impartially Mirah summed up the charge against herself. But what difference could this pain of hers make to any one else? It must remain as exclusively her own, and hidden, as her early yearning and devotion toward her lost mother. But, unlike that devotion, it was something that she felt to be a misfortune of her nature—a discovery that what should have been pure gratitude and reverence had sunk into selfish pain; that the feeling she had hitherto delighted to pour out in words was degraded into something she was ashamed to betray—an absurd longing that she who had received all and given nothing should be of importance where she was of no importance—an angry feeling toward another woman who possessed the good she wanted. But what notion, what vain reliance could it be that had lain darkly within her, and was now burning itself into sight as disappointment and jealousy? It was as if her soul had been steeped in poisonous passion by forgotten dreams of deep sleep, and now flamed out in this unaccountable misery. For with her waking reason she had never entertained what seemed the wildly unfitting thought that Deronda could love her. The uneasiness she had felt before had been comparatively vague and easily explained as part of a general regret that he was only a visitant in her and her brother's world, from which the world where his home lay was as different as a portico with lights and lackeys was different from the door of a tent, where the only splendor came from the mysterious inaccessible stars. But her feeling was no longer vague: the cause of her pain—the image of Mrs. Grandcourt by Deronda's side drawing him farther and farther into the distance—was as definite as pincers on her flesh. In the Psyche-mould of Mirah's frame there rested a fervid quality of emotion sometimes rashly supposed to require the bulk of a Cleopatra; her impressions had the thoroughness and tenacity that give to the first selection of passionate feeling the character of a life-long faithfulness. And now a selection had declared itself which gave love a cruel heart of jealousy: she had been used to a strong repugnance toward certain objects that surrounded her, and to walk inwardly aloof from them while they touched her sense. And now her repugnance concentrated itself on Mrs. Grandcourt, of whom she involuntarily conceived more evil than she knew. "I could bear every thing that used to be—but this is worse—this is worse; I used not to have horrible feelings!" said the poor child, in a loud whisper to her pillow. Strange, that she should have to pray against any feeling which concerned Deronda!

But this conclusion had been reached through an evening spent in attending to Mordecai, whose exaltation of spirit in the prospect of seeing his friend again disposed him to utter many thoughts aloud to Mirah, though such communication was often interrupted by intervals apparently filled with an inward utterance that animated his eyes and gave an occasional silent action to his lips. One thought especially occupied him.

"Seest thou, Mirah," he said once, after a long silence, "the *Shemah*, wherein we briefly confess the divine Unity, is the chief devotional exercise of the Hebrew; and this made our religion the fundamental religion for the whole world; for the divine Unity embraced as its consequence the ultimate unity of mankind. See, then—the nation which has been scoffed at for its separateness has given a binding theory to the human race. Now, in complete unity a part possesses

the whole as the whole possesses every part: and in this way human life is tending toward the image of the Supreme Unity: for as our life becomes more spiritual by capacity of thought, and joy therein, possession tends to become more universal, being independent of gross material contact; so that in a brief day the soul of a man may know in fuller volume the good which has been and is, nay, is to come, than all he could possess in a whole life where he had to follow the creeping paths of the senses. In this moment, my sister, I hold the joy of another's future within me: a future which these eyes will not see, and which my spirit may not then recognize as mine. I recognize it now, and love it so that I can lay down this poor life upon its altar, and say, 'Burn, burn indiscernibly into that which shall be, which is my love and not me.' Dost thou understand, Mirah?"

"A little," said Mirah, faintly; "but my mind is too poor to have felt it."

"And yet," said Mordecai, rather insistently, "women are specially framed for the love which feels possession in renouncing, and is thus a fit image of what I mean. Somewhere in the later *Midrash*, I think, is the story of a Jewish maiden who, loved a Gentile king so well that this was what she did: She entered into prison and changed clothes with the woman who was beloved by the king, that she might deliver that woman from death by dying in her stead, and leave the king to be happy in his love which was not for her. This is the surpassing love, that loses self in the object of love."

"No, Ezra, no," said Mirah, with low-toned intensity, "that was not it. She wanted the king when she was dead to know what she had done, and feel that she was better than the other. It was her strong self, wanting to conquer, that made her die."

Mordecai was silent a little, and then argued,

"That might be, Mirah. But if she acted so, believing the king would never know?"

"You can make the story so in your mind, Ezra, because you are great, and like to fancy the greatest that could be. But I think it was not really like that. The Jewish girl must have had jealousy in her heart, and she wanted somehow to have the first place in the king's mind. That is what she would die for."

"My sister, thou hast read too many plays, where the writers delight in showing the human passions as indwelling demons, unmixed with the relenting and devout elements of the soul. Thou judgest by the plays, and not by thy own heart, which is like our mother's."

Mirah made no answer.

CHAPTER LXII.

"Das Glück ist eine leichte Dirne,
Und weilt nicht gern am selben Ort;
Sie streicht das Haar dir von der Stirne,
Und küsst dich rasch und flattert fort.

"Frau Unglück hat im Gegentheile
Dich liebefest an's Herz gedrückt;
Sie sagt, sie habe keine Eile,
Setzt sich zu dir ans Bett und strickt."

—HEINE.

SOMETHING which Mirah had lately been watching for as the fulfillment of a threat, seemed now the continued visit of that familiar sorrow which had lately come back, bringing abundant luggage.

Turning out of Knightsbridge, after singing at a charitable morning concert in a wealthy house, where she had been recommended by Klesmer, and where there had been the usual groups outside to see the departing company, she began to feel herself dogged by footsteps that kept an even pace with her own. Her concert dress being simple black, over which she had thrown a dust-cloak, could not make her an object of unpleasant attention, and render walking an imprudence; but this reflection did not occur to Mirah: another kind of alarm lay uppermost in her mind. She immediately thought of her father, and could no more look round than if she had felt herself tracked by a ghost. To turn and face him would be voluntarily to meet the rush of emotions which beforehand seemed intolerable. If it were her father, he must mean to claim recognition, and he would oblige her to face him. She must wait for that compulsion. She walked on, not quickening her pace—of what use was that?—but picturing what was about to happen as if she had the full certainty that the man behind her was her father; and along with her picturing went a regret that she had given her word to Mrs. Meyrick not to use any concealment about him. The regret at last urged her, at least, to try and hinder any sudden betrayal that would cause her brother an unnecessary shock. Under the pressure of this motive, she resolved to turn before she reached her own door, and firmly will the encounter instead of merely submitting to it. She had already reached the entrance of the small square where her home lay, and had made up her mind to turn, when she felt her embodied presentiment getting closer to her, then slipping to her side, grasping her wrist, and saying, with a persuasive curl of accent, "Mirah!"

She paused at once without any start; it was the voice she expected, and she was meeting the expected eyes. Her face was as grave as if she had been looking at her executioner, while his was adjusted to the intention of soothing and propitiating her. Once a handsome face, with bright color, it was now sallow and deep-lined, and had that peculiar impress of impudent suavity which comes from courting favor while accepting disrespect. He was lightly made and active, with something of youth about him which made the signs of age seem a disguise; and in reality he was hardly fifty-seven. His dress was shabby, as when she had seen him before. The presence of this unreverend father now, more than ever, affected Mirah with the mingled anguish of shame and grief, repulsion and pity—more than ever, now that her own world was changed into one where there was no comradeship to fence him from scorn and contempt.

Slowly, with a sad, tremulous voice, she said, "It is you, father."

"Why did you run away from me, child?" he began, with rapid speech which was meant to have a tone of tender remonstrance, accompanied with various quick gestures like an abbreviated finger-language. "What were you afraid of? You knew I never made you do any thing against your will. It was for your sake I broke up your engagement in the Vorstadt, because I saw it didn't suit you, and you repaid me by leaving me to the bad times that came in consequence. I

had made an easier engagement for you at the Vorstadt Theatre in Dresden: I didn't tell you, because I wanted to take you by surprise. And you left me planted there—obliged to make myself scarce because I had broken contract. That was hard lines for me, after I had given up every thing for the sake of getting you an education which was to be a fortune to you. What father devoted himself to his daughter more than I did to you? You know how I bore that disappointment in your voice, and made the best of it; and when I had nobody besides you, and was getting broken, as a man must who has had to fight his way with his brains—you chose that time to leave me. Who else was it you owed every thing to, if not to me? and where was your feeling in return? For what my daughter cared, I might have died in a ditch."

Lapidoth stopped short here, not from lack of invention, but because he had reached a pathetic climax, and gave a sudden sob, like a woman's, taking out hastily an old yellow silk handkerchief. He really felt that his daughter had treated him ill—a sort of sensibility which is naturally strong in unscrupulous persons, who put down what is owing to them, without any *per contra.* Mirah, in spite of that sob, had energy enough not to let him suppose that he deceived her. She answered more firmly, though it was the first time she had ever used accusing words to him:

"You know why I left you, father; and I had reason to distrust you, because I felt sure that you had deceived my mother. If I could have trusted you, I would have staid with you and worked for you."

"I never meant to deceive your mother, Mirah," said Lapidoth, putting back his handkerchief, but beginning with a voice that seemed to struggle against further sobbing. "I meant to take you back to her, but chances hindered me just at the time, and then there came information of her death. It was better for you that I should stay where I was, and your brother could take care of himself. Nobody had any claim on me but you. I had word of your mother's death from a particular friend, who had undertaken to manage things for me, and I sent him over money to pay expenses. There's one chance, to be sure"—Lapidoth had quickly conceived that he must guard against something unlikely, yet possible—"he may have written me lies for the sake of getting the money out of me."

Mirah made no answer; she could not bear to utter the only true one—"I don't believe one word of what you say"—and she simply showed a wish that they should walk on, feeling that their standing still might draw down unpleasant notice. Even as they walked along, their companionship might well have made a passer-by turn back to look at them. The figure of Mirah, with her beauty set off by the quiet, careful dress of an English lady, made a strange pendant to this shabby, foreign-looking, eager, and gesticulating man, who withal had an ineffaceable jauntiness of air, perhaps due to the bushy curls of his grizzled hair, the smallness of his hands and feet, and his light walk.

"You seem to have done well for yourself, Mirah? *You* are in no want, I see," said the father, looking at her with emphatic examination.

"Good friends who found me in distress have helped me to get work," said Mirah, hardly knowing what she actually said, from being occupied with what she would presently have to say. "I give lessons. I have sung in private houses. I have just been singing at a private concert." She paused, and then added, with significance, "I have very good friends, who know all about me."

"And you would be ashamed they should see your father in this plight? No wonder. I came to England with no prospect but the chance of finding you. It was a mad quest; but a father's heart is superstitious—feels a loadstone drawing it somewhere or other. I might have done very well, staying abroad: when I hadn't you to take care of, I could have rolled or settled as easily as a ball; but it's hard being lonely in the world, when your spirit's beginning to break. And I thought my little Mirah would repent leaving her father, when she came to look back. I've had a sharp pinch to work my way; I don't know what I shall come down to next. Talents like mine are no use in this country. When a man's getting out at elbows nobody will believe in him. I couldn't get any decent employ with my appearance. I've been obliged to go pretty low for a shilling already."

Mirah's anxiety was quick enough to imagine her father's sinking into a further degradation, which she was bound to hinder if she could. But before she could answer his string of inventive sentences, delivered with as much glibness as if they had been learned by rote, he added, promptly,

"Where do you live, Mirah?"

"Here, in this square. We are not far from the house."

"In lodgings?"

"Yes."

"Any one to take care of you?"

"Yes," said Mirah again, looking full at the keen face which was turned toward hers—"my brother."

The father's eyelids fluttered as if the lightning had come across them, and there was a slight movement of the shoulders. But he said, after a just perceptible pause, "Ezra? How did you know—how did you find him?"

"That would take long to tell. Here we are at the door. My brother would not wish me to close it on you."

Mirah was already on the door-step, but had her face turned toward her father, who stood below her on the pavement. Her heart had begun to beat faster with the prospect of what was coming in the presence of Ezra; and already in this attitude of giving leave to the father whom she had been used to obey, in this sight of him standing below her, with a perceptible shrinking from the admission which he had been indirectly asking for, she had a pang of the peculiar, sympathetic humiliation and shame—the stabbed heart of reverence—which belongs to a nature intensely filial.

"Stay a minute, *Liebchen,*" said Lapidoth, speaking in a lowered tone; "what sort of man has Ezra turned out?"

"A good man—a wonderful man," said Mirah, with slow emphasis, trying to master the agitation which made her voice more tremulous as she went on. She felt urged to prepare her father for the complete penetration of himself which awaited him. "But he was very poor when my friends found him for me—a poor workman.

Once—twelve years ago—he was strong and happy, going to the East, which he loved to think of; and my mother called him back because—because she had lost me. And he went to her, and took care of her through great trouble, and worked for her till she died—died in grief. And Ezra, too, had lost his health and strength. The cold had seized him coming back to my mother, because she was forsaken. For years he has been getting weaker—always poor, always working—but full of knowledge, and great-minded. All who come near him honor him. To stand before him is like standing before a prophet of God"—Mirah ended with difficulty, her heart throbbing—"falsehoods are no use."

She had cast down her eyes that she might not see her father while she spoke the last words—unable to bear the ignoble look of frustration that gathered in his face. But he was none the less quick in invention and decision.

"Mirah, *Liebchen*," he said, in the old caressing way, "shouldn't you like me to make myself a little more respectable before my son sees me? If I had a little sum of money, I could fit myself out and come home to you as your father ought, and then I could offer myself for some decent place. With a good shirt and coat on my back, people would be glad enough to have me. I could offer myself for a courier, if I didn't look like a broken-down mountebank. I should like to be with my children, and forget and forgive. But you have never seen your father look like this before. If you had ten pounds at hand—or I could appoint you to bring it me somewhere—I could fit myself out by the day after to-morrow."

Mirah felt herself under a temptation which she must try to overcome. She answered, obliging herself to look at him again,

"I don't like to deny you what you ask, father; but I have given a promise not to do things for you in secret. It *is* hard to see you looking needy; but we will bear that for a little while; and then you can have new clothes, and we can pay for them." Her practical sense made her see now what was Mrs. Meyrick's wisdom in exacting a promise from her.

Lapidoth's good humor gave way a little. He said, with a sneer, "You are a hard and fast young lady; you've been learning useful virtues—keeping promises not to help your father with a pound or two when you are getting money to dress yourself in silk—your father who made an idol of you, and gave up the best part of his life to providing for you."

"It seems cruel—I know it seems cruel," said Mirah, feeling this a worse moment than when she meant to drown herself. Her lips were suddenly pale. "But, father, it is more cruel to break the promises people trust in. That broke my mother's heart—it has broken Ezra's life. You and I must eat now this bitterness from what has been. Bear it. Bear to come in and be cared for as you are."

"To-morrow, then," said Lapidoth, almost turning on his heel away from this pale, trembling daughter, who seemed now to have got the inconvenient world to back her; but he quickly turned on it again, with his hands feeling about restlessly in his pockets, and said, with some return to his appealing tone, "I'm a little cut up with all this, Mirah. I shall get up my spirits by to-morrow. If you've a little money in your pocket, I suppose it isn't against your promise to give me a trifle—to buy a cigar with."

Mirah could not ask herself another question—could not do any thing else than put her cold, trembling hand in her pocket for her *porte-monnaie*, and hold it out. Lapidoth grasped it at once, pressed her fingers the while, said, "Good-by, my little girl—to-morrow, then!" and left her. He had not taken many steps before he looked carefully into all the folds of the purse, found two half sovereigns and odd silver, and, pasted against the folding cover, a bit of paper on which Ezra had inscribed, in a beautiful Hebrew character, the name of his mother, the days of her birth, marriage, and death, and the prayer, "May Mirah be delivered from evil!" It was Mirah's liking to have this little inscription on many articles that she used. The father read it, and had a quick vision of his marriage day, and the bright, unblamed young fellow he was in that time; teaching many things, but expecting by-and-by to get money more easily by writing; and very fond of his beautiful bride Sara—crying when she expected him to cry, and reflecting every phase of her feeling with mimetic susceptibility. Lapidoth had traveled a long way from that young self, and thought of all that this inscription signified with an unemotional memory, which was like the ocular perception of a touch to one who has lost the sense of touch, or like morsels on an untasting palate, having shape and grain, but no flavor. Among the things we may gamble away in a lazy selfish life is the capacity for ruth, compunction, or any unselfish regret—which we may come to long for as one in slow death longs to feel laceration, rather than be conscious of a widening margin where consciousness once was. Mirah's purse was a handsome one—a gift to her, which she had been unable to reflect about giving away—and Lapidoth presently found himself outside of his reverie, considering what the purse would fetch in addition to the sum it contained, and what prospect there was of his being able to get more from his daughter without submitting to adopt a penitential form of life under the eyes of that formidable son. On such a subject his susceptibilities were still lively.

Meanwhile Mirah had entered the house with her power of reticence overcome by the cruelty of her pain. She found her brother quietly reading and sifting old manuscripts of his own, which he meant to consign to Deronda. In the reaction from the long effort to master herself, she fell down before him and clasped his knees, sobbing, and crying, "Ezra, Ezra!"

He did not speak. His alarm for her was spending itself on conceiving the cause of her distress, the more striking from the novelty in her of this violent manifestation. But Mirah's own longing was to be able to speak and tell him the cause. Presently she raised her hand, and, still sobbing, said, brokenly,

"Ezra, my father! our father! He followed me. I wanted him to come in. I said you would let him come in. And he said, No, he would not—not now, but to-morrow. And he begged for money from me. And I gave him my purse, and he went away."

Mirah's words seemed to herself to express all the misery she felt in them. Her brother found them less grievous than his preconceptions, and said, gently, "Wait for calm, Mirah, and then tell

me all," putting off her hat, and laying his hands tenderly on her head. She felt the soothing influence, and in a few minutes told him as exactly as she could all that had happened.

"He will not come to-morrow," said Mordecai. Neither of them said to the other what they both thought, namely, that he might watch for Mirah's outgoings, and beg from her again.

"Seest thou," he presently added, "our lot is the lot of Israel. The grief and the glory are mingled as the smoke and the flame. It is because we children have inherited the good that we feel the evil. These things are wedded for us, as our father was wedded to our mother."

The surroundings were of Brompton, but the voice might have come from a Rabbi transmitting the sentences of an elder time to be registered in *Babli*—by which affectionate-sounding diminutive is meant the vast volume of the Babylonian Talmud. "The Omnipresent," said a Rabbi, "is occupied in making marriages." The levity of the saying lies in the ear of him who hears it; for by marriages the speaker meant all the wondrous combinations of the universe whose issue makes our good and evil.

CHAPTER LXIII.

"Moses, trotz seiner Befeindung der Kunst, dennoch selber ein grosser Künstler war und den wahren Künstlergeist besass. Nur war dieser Künstlergeist bei ihm, wie bei seinen ägyptischen Landsleuten, nur auf das Colossale und Unverwüstliche gerichtet. Aber nicht wie die Aegypter formirte er seine Kunstwerke aus Backstein und Granit, sondern er baute Menschenpyramiden, er meisselte Menschen-Obelisken, er nahm einen armen Hirtenstamm und schuf daraus ein Volk, das ebenfalls den Jahrhunderten trotzen sollte....er schuf Israel."—Heine: *Geständnisse.*

Imagine the difference in Deronda's state of mind when he left England and when he returned to it. He had set out for Genoa in total uncertainty how far the actual bent of his wishes and affections would be encouraged—how far the claims revealed to him might draw him into new paths, far away from the tracks his thoughts had lately been pursuing with a consent of desire which uncertainty made dangerous. He came back with something like a discovered charter warranting the inherited right that his ambition had begun to yearn for: he came back with what was better than freedom—with a duteous bond which his experience had been preparing him to accept gladly, even if it had been attended with no promise of satisfying a secret passionate longing never yet allowed to grow into a hope. But now he dared avow to himself the hidden selection of his love. Since the hour when he left the house at Chelsea in full-hearted silence under the effect of Mirah's farewell look and words—their exquisite appealingness stirring in him that deeply laid care for womanhood which had begun when his own lip was like a girl's—her hold on his feeling had helped him to be blameless in word and deed under the difficult circumstances we know of. There seemed no likelihood that he could ever woo this creature who had become dear to him amidst associations that forbade wooing; yet she had taken her place in his soul as a beloved type, reducing the power of other fascination, and making a difference in it that became deficiency. The influence had been continually strengthened. It had lain in the course of poor Gwendolen's lot that her dependence on Deronda tended to rouse in him the enthusiasm of self-martyring pity rather than of personal love, and his less constrained tenderness flowed with the fuller stream toward an indwelling image in all things unlike Gwendolen. Still more, his relation to Mordecai had brought with it a new nearness to Mirah which was not the less agitating because there was no apparent change in his position toward her; and she had inevitably been bound up in all the thoughts that made him shrink from an issue disappointing to her brother. This process had not gone on unconsciously in Deronda: he was conscious of it as we are of some covetousness that it would be better to nullify by encouraging other thoughts than to give it the insistency of confession even to ourselves: but the jealous fire had leaped out at Hans's pretensions, and when his mother accused him of being in love with a Jewess, any evasion suddenly seemed an infidelity. His mother had compelled him to a decisive acknowledgment of his love, as Joseph Kalonymos had compelled him to a definite expression of his resolve. This new state of decision wrought on Deronda with a force which surprised even himself. There was a release of all the energy which had long been spent in self-checking and suppression because of doubtful conditions; and he was ready to laugh at his own impetuosity when, as he neared England on his way from Mainz, he felt the remaining distance more and more of an obstruction. It was as if he had found an added soul in finding his ancestry—his judgment no longer wandering in the mazes of impartial sympathy, but choosing, with that noble partiality which is man's best strength, the closer fellowship that makes sympathy practical—exchanging that bird's-eye reasonableness which soars to avoid preference and loses all sense of quality, for the generous reasonableness of drawing shoulder to shoulder with men of like inheritance. He wanted now to be again with Mordecai, to pour forth instead of restraining his feeling, to admit agreement and maintain dissent, and all the while to find Mirah's presence without the embarrassment of obviously seeking it, to see her in the light of a new possibility, to interpret her looks and words from a new starting-point. He was not greatly alarmed about the effect of Hans's attentions, but he had a presentiment that her feeling toward himself had from the first lain in a channel from which it was not likely to be diverted into love. To astonish a woman by turning into her lover when she has been thinking of you merely as a Lord Chancellor is what a man naturally shrinks from: he is anxious to create an easier transition.

What wonder that Deronda saw no other course than to go straight from the London railway station to the lodgings in that small square in Brompton? Every argument was in favor of his losing no time. He had promised to run down the next day to see Lady Mallinger at the Abbey, and it was already sunset. He wished to deposit the precious chest with Mordecai, who would study its contents, both in his absence and in company with him; and that he should pay this visit without pause would gratify Mordecai's heart. Hence, and for other reasons, it gratified Deronda's heart. The strongest tendencies of his nature were rushing in one current—the fervent

affectionateness which made him delight in meeting the wish of beings near to him, and the imaginative need of some far-reaching relation to make the horizon of his immediate, daily acts. It has to be admitted that in this classical, romantic, world-historic position of his, bringing as it were from its hiding-place his hereditary armor, he wore—but so, one must suppose, did the most ancient heroes, whether Semitic or Japhetic—the summer costume of his contemporaries. He did not reflect that the drab tints were becoming to him, for he rarely went to the expense of such thinking; but his own depth of coloring, which made the becomingness, got an added radiance in the eyes, a fleeting and returning glow in the skin, as he entered the house, wondering what exactly he should find. He made his entrance as noiseless as possible.

It was the evening of that same afternoon on which Mirah had had the interview with her father. Mordecai, penetrated by her grief, and also by the sad memories which the incident had awakened, had not resumed his task of sifting papers: some of them had fallen scattered on the floor in the first moments of anxiety, and neither he nor Mirah had thought of laying them in order again. They had sat perfectly still together, not knowing how long, while the clock ticked on the mantel-piece, and the light was fading. Mirah, unable to think of the food that she ought to have been taking, had not moved since she had thrown off her dust-cloak and sat down beside Mordecai with her hand in his, while he had laid his head backward, with closed eyes and difficult breathing, looking, Mirah thought, as he would look when the soul within him could no longer live in its straitened home. The thought that his death might be near was continually visiting her when she saw his face in this way, without its vivid animation; and now, to the rest of her grief was added the regret that she had been unable to control the violent outburst which had shaken him. She sat watching him—her oval cheeks pallid, her eyes with the sorrowful brilliancy left by young tears, her curls in as much disorder as a just-wakened child's—watching that emaciated face, where it might have been imagined that a veil had been drawn never to be lifted, as if it were her dead joy which had left her strong enough to live on in sorrow. And life at that moment stretched before Mirah with more than a repetition of former sadness. The shadow of the father was there, and more than that, a double bereavement—of one living as well as one dead.

But now the door was opened, and while none entered, a well-known voice said, "Daniel Deronda—may he come in?"

"Come! come!" said Mordecai, immediately rising with an irradiated face and opened eyes—apparently as little surprised as if he had seen Deronda in the morning, and expected this evening visit; while Mirah started up, blushing with confused, half-alarmed expectation.

Yet when Deronda entered, the sight of him was like the clearness after rain: no clouds to come could hinder the cherishing beam of that moment. As he held out his right hand to Mirah, who was close to her brother's left, he laid his other hand on Mordecai's right shoulder, and stood so a moment, holding them both at once, uttering no word, but reading their faces, till he said, anxiously, to Mirah, "Has anything happened?—any trouble?"

"Talk not of trouble now," said Mordecai, saving her from the need to answer. "There is joy in your face—let the joy be ours."

Mirah thought, "It is for something he can not tell us." But they all sat down, Deronda drawing a chair close in front of Mordecai.

"That is true," he said, emphatically. "I have a joy which will remain to us even in the worst trouble. I did not tell you the reason of my journey abroad, Mordecai, because—never mind—I went to learn my parentage. And you were right. I am a Jew."

The two men clasped hands with a movement that seemed part of the flash from Mordecai's eyes, and passed through Mirah like an electric shock. But Deronda went on without pause, speaking from Mordecai's mind as much as from his own:

"We have the same people. Our souls have the same vocation. We shall not be separated by life or by death."

Mordecai's answer was uttered in Hebrew, and in no more than a loud whisper. It was in the liturgical words which express the religious bond: "Our God, and the God of our fathers."

The weight of feeling pressed too strongly on that ready-winged speech which usually moved in quick adaptation to every stirring of his fervor.

Mirah fell on her knees by her brother's side, and looked at his now illuminated face, which had just before been so deathly. The action was an inevitable outlet of the violent reversal from despondency to a gladness which came over her as solemnly as if she had been beholding a religious rite. For the moment she thought of the effect on her own life only through the effect on her brother.

"And it is not only that I am a Jew," Deronda went on, enjoying one of those rare moments when our yearnings and our acts can be completely one, and the real we behold is our ideal good, "but I come of a strain that has ardently maintained the fellowship of our race—a line of Spanish Jews that has borne many students and men of practical power. And I possess what will give us a sort of communion with them. My grandfather, Daniel Charisi, preserved manuscripts, family records stretching far back, in the hope that they would pass into the hands of his grandson. And now his hope is fulfilled, in spite of attempts to thwart it by hiding my parentage from me. I possess the chest containing them, with his own papers, and it is down below in this house. I mean to leave it with you, Mordecai, that you may help me to study the manuscripts. Some of them I can read easily enough—those in Spanish and Italian. Others are in Hebrew, and, I think, Arabic; but there seem to be Latin translations. I was only able to look at them cursorily while I staid at Mainz. We will study them together."

Deronda ended with that bright smile which, beaming out from the habitual gravity of his face, seemed a revelation (the reverse of the continual smile that discredits all expression). But when this happy glance passed from Mordecai to rest on Mirah, it acted like a little too much sunshine, and made her change her attitude. She had knelt under an impulse with which any personal embarrassment was incongruous, and especially any thoughts about how Mrs. Grandcourt might stand to this new aspect of things—thoughts which made her color under Deronda's

glance, and rise to take her seat again in her usual posture of crossed hands and feet, with the effort to look as quiet as possible. Deronda, equally sensitive, imagined that the feeling of which he was conscious had entered too much into his eyes, and had been repugnant to her. He was ready enough to believe that any unexpected manifestation might spoil her feeling toward him—and then his precious relation to brother and sister would be marred. If Mirah could have no love for him, any advances of love on his part would make her wretched in that continual contact with him which would remain inevitable.

While such feelings were pulsating quickly in Deronda and Mirah, Mordecai, seeing nothing in his friend's presence and words but a blessed fulfillment, was already speaking with his old sense of enlargement in utterance:

"Daniel, from the first, I have said to you, we know not all the pathways. Has there not been a meeting among them, as of the operations in one soul, where an idea being born and breathing draws the elements toward it, and is fed and grows? For all things are bound together in that Omnipresence which is the place and habitation of the world, and events are as a glass wherethrough our eyes see some of the pathways. And if it seems that the erring and unloving wills of men have helped to prepare you, as Moses was prepared, to serve your people the better, that depends on another order than the law which must guide our footsteps. For the evil will of man makes not a people's good except by stirring the righteous will of man; and beneath all the clouds with which our thought encompasses the Eternal, this is clear—that a people can be blessed only by having counselors and a multitude whose will moves in obedience to the laws of justice and love. For see, now, it was your loving will that made a chief pathway, and resisted the effect of evil; for, by performing the duties of brotherhood to my sister, and seeking out her brother in the flesh, your soul has been prepared to receive with gladness this message of the Eternal: 'Behold the multitude of your brethren.'"

"It is quite true that you and Mirah have been my teachers," said Deronda. "If this revelation had been made to me before I knew you both, I think my mind would have rebelled against it. Perhaps I should have felt then—'If I could have chosen, I would not have been a Jew.' What I feel now is—that my whole being is a consent to the fact. But it has been the gradual accord between your mind and mine which has brought about that full consent."

At the moment Deronda was speaking, that first evening in the book-shop was vividly in his remembrance, with all the struggling aloofness he had then felt from Mordecai's prophetic confidence. It was his nature to delight in satisfying to the utmost the eagerly expectant soul, which seemed to be looking out from the face before him, like the long-enduring watcher who at last sees the mounting signal-flame; and he went on with fuller fervor:

"It is through your inspiration that I have discerned what may be my life's task. It is you who have given shape to what, I believe, was an inherited yearning—the effect of brooding, passionate thoughts in many ancestors—thoughts that seem to have been intensely present in my grandfather. Suppose the stolen offspring of some mountain tribe brought up in a city of the plain, or one with an inherited genius for painting, and born blind—the ancestral life would lie within them as a dim longing for unknown objects and sensations, and the spell-bound habit of their inherited frames would be like a cunningly wrought musical instrument, never played on, but quivering throughout in uneasy mysterious moanings of its intricate structure that, under the right touch, gives music. Something like that, I think, has been my experience. Since I began to read and know, I have always longed for some ideal task, in which I might feel myself the heart and brain of a multitude—some social captainship, which would come to me as a duty, and not be striven for as a personal prize. You have raised the image of such a task for me—to bind our race together in spite of heresy. You have said to me, 'Our religion united us before it divided us—it made us a people before it made Rabbinites and Karaites.' I mean to try what can be done with that union—I mean to work in your spirit. Failure will not be ignoble, but it would be ignoble for me not to try."

"Even as my brother that fed at the breasts of my mother," said Mordecai, falling back in his chair with a look of exultant repose, as after some finished labor.

To estimate the effect of this ardent outpouring from Deronda we must remember his former reserve, his careful avoidance of premature assent or delusive encouragement, which gave to this decided pledge of himself a sacramental solemnity, both for his own mind and Mordecai's. On Mirah the effect was equally strong, though with a difference: she felt a surprise which had no place in her brother's mind at Deronda's suddenly revealed sense of nearness to them: there seemed to be a breaking of day around her which might show her other facts unlike her forebodings in the darkness. But after a moment's silence Mordecai spoke again:

"It has begun already—the marriage of our souls. It waits but the passing away of this body, and then they who are betrothed shall unite in a stricter bond, and what is mine shall be thine. Call nothing mine that I have written, Daniel; for though our Masters delivered rightly that every thing should be quoted in the name of him that said it—and their rule is good—yet it does not exclude the willing marriage which melts soul into soul, and makes thought fuller as the clear waters are made fuller, where the fullness is inseparable and the clearness is inseparable. For I have judged what I have written, and I desire the body that I gave my thought to pass away as this fleshly body will pass; but let the thought be born again from our fuller soul which shall be called yours."

"You must not ask me to promise that," said Deronda, smiling. "I must be convinced first of special reasons for it in the writings themselves. And I am too backward a pupil yet. That blent transmission must go on without any choice of ours; but what we can't hinder must not make our rule for what we ought to choose. I think our duty is faithful tradition where we can attain it. And so you would insist for any one but yourself. Don't ask me to deny my spiritual parentage, when I am finding the clew of my life in the recognition of my natural parentage."

"I will ask for no promise till you see the rea-

son," said Mordecai. "You have said the truth: I would obey the Masters' rule for another. But for years my hope, nay, my confidence, has been, not that the imperfect image of my thought, which is as the ill-shapen work of the youthful carver who has seen a heavenly pattern, and trembles in imitating the vision — not that this should live, but that my vision and passion should enter into yours—yea, into yours; for he whom I longed for afar, was he not you whom I discerned as mine when you came near? Nevertheless, you shall judge. For my soul is satisfied." Mordecai paused, and then began in a changed tone, reverting to previous suggestions from Deronda's disclosure, "What moved your parents—?" but he immediately checked himself, and added, "Nay, I ask not that you should tell me aught concerning others, unless it is your pleasure."

"Some time—gradually—you will know all," said Deronda. "But now tell me more about yourselves, and how the time has passed since I went away. I am sure there has been some trouble. Mirah has been in distress about something."

He looked at Mirah, but she immediately turned to her brother, appealing to him to give the difficult answer. She hoped he would not think it necessary to tell Deronda the facts about her father on such an evening as this. Just when Deronda had brought himself so near, and identified himself with her brother, it was cutting to her that he should hear of this disgrace clinging about them, which seemed to have become partly his. To relieve herself she rose to take up her hat and cloak, thinking she would go to her own room: perhaps they would speak more easily when she had left them. But meanwhile Mordecai said:

"To-day there has been a grief. A duty which seemed to have gone far into the distance has come back and turned its face upon us, and raised no gladness — has raised a dread that we must submit to. But for the moment we are delivered from any visible yoke. Let us defer speaking of it, as if this evening which is deepening about us were the beginning of the festival in which we must offer the first-fruits of our joy, and mingle no mourning with them."

Deronda divined the hinted grief, and left it in silence, rising as he saw Mirah rise, and saying to her, "Are you going? I must leave almost immediately—when I and Mrs. Adam have mounted the precious chest, and I have delivered the key to Mordecai—no, Ezra—may I call him Ezra now? I have learned to think of him as Ezra since I have heard you call him so."

"Please call him Ezra," said Mirah, faintly, feeling a new timidity under Deronda's glance and near presence. Was there really something different about him, or was the difference only in her feeling? The strangely various emotions of the last few hours had exhausted her; she was faint with fatigue and want of food. Deronda, observing her pallor and tremulousness, longed to show more feeling, but dared not. She put out her hand, with an effort to smile, and then he opened the door for her. That was all.

A man of refined pride shrinks from making a lover's approaches to a woman whose wealth or rank might make them appear presumptuous or low-motived; but Deronda was finding a more delicate difficulty in a position which, superficially taken, was the reverse of that—though to an ardent reverential love the loved woman has always a kind of wealth and rank which makes a man keenly susceptible about the aspect of his addresses. Deronda's difficulty was what any generous man might have felt in some degree; but it affected him peculiarly through his imaginative sympathy with a mind in which gratitude was strong. Mirah, he knew, felt herself bound to him by deep obligations, which to her sensibilities might give every wish of his the aspect of a claim; and an inability to fulfill it would cause her a pain continually revived by their inevitable communion in care for Ezra. Here were fears not of pride only, but of extreme tenderness. Altogether, to have the character of a benefactor seemed to Deronda's anxiety an insurmountable obstacle to confessing himself a lover, unless in some inconceivable way it could be revealed to him that Mirah's heart had accepted him beforehand. And the agitation on his own account, too, was not small.

Even a man who has practiced himself in love-making till his own glibness has rendered him skeptical, may at last be overtaken by the lover's awe — may tremble, stammer, and show other signs of recovered sensibility no more in the range of his acquired talents than pins and needles after numbness: how much more may that energetic timidity possess a man whose inward history has cherished his susceptibilities instead of dulling them, and has kept all the language of passion fresh and rooted as the lovely leafage about the hill-side spring!

As for Mirah, her dear head lay on its pillow that night with its former suspicions thrown out of shape but still present, like an ugly story which has been discredited but not therefore dissipated. All that she was certain of about Deronda seemed to prove that he had no such fetters upon him as she had been allowing herself to believe in. His whole manner as well as his words implied that there were no hidden bonds remaining to have any effect in determining his future. But notwithstanding this plainly reasonable inference, uneasiness still clung about Mirah's heart. Deronda was not to blame, but he had an importance for Mrs. Grandcourt which must give her some hold on him. And the thought of any close confidence between them stirred the little biting snake that had long lain curled and harmless in Mirah's gentle bosom.

But did she this evening feel as completely as before that her jealousy was no less remote from any possibility for herself personally than if her human soul had been lodged in the body of a fawn that Deronda had saved from the archers? Hardly. Something indefinable had happened and made a difference. The soft warm rain of blossoms which had fallen just where she was—did it really come because she was there? What spirit was there among the boughs?

CHAPTER LXIV.

"Questa montagna è tale,
Che sempre al cominciar di sotto è grave,
E quanto uom più va su e men fa male."
—DANTE: *Il Purgatorio.*

IT was not many days after her mother's arrival that Gwendolen would consent to remain at Genoa. Her desire to get away from that gem of the sea helped to rally her strength and cour-

age. For what place, though it were the flowery vale of Enna, may not the inward sense turn into a circle of punishment where the flowers are no better than a crop of flame-tongues burning the soles of our feet?

"I shall never like to see the Mediterranean again," said Gwendolen to her mother, who thought that she quite understood her child's feeling—even in her tacit prohibition of any express reference to her late husband.

Mrs. Davilow, indeed, though compelled formally to regard this time as one of severe calamity, was virtually enjoying her life more than she had ever done since her daughter's marriage. It seemed that her darling was brought back to her not merely with all the old affection, but with a conscious cherishing of her mother's nearness, such as we give to a possession that we have been on the brink of losing.

"Are you there, mamma?" cried Gwendolen, in the middle of the night (a bed had been made for her mother in the same room with hers), very much as she would have done in her early girlhood, if she had felt frightened in lying awake.

"Yes, dear. Can I do any thing for you?"

"No, thank you; only I like so to know you are there. Do you mind my waking you?" (This question would hardly have been Gwendolen's in her early girlhood.)

"I was not asleep, darling."

"It seemed not real that you were with me. I wanted to make it real. I can bear things if you are with me. But you must not lie awake being anxious about me. You must be happy now. You must let me make you happy now at last—else what shall I do?"

"God bless you, dear; I have the best happiness I can have, when you make much of me."

But the next night, hearing that she was sighing and restless, Mrs. Davilow said, "Let me give you your sleeping draught, Gwendolen."

"No, mamma, thank you; I don't want to sleep."

"It would be so good for you to sleep more, my darling."

"Don't say what would be good for me, mamma," Gwendolen answered, impetuously. "You don't know what would be good for me. You and my uncle must not contradict me and tell me any thing is good for me when I feel it is not good."

Mrs. Davilow was silent, not wondering that the poor child was irritable. Presently Gwendolen said,

"I was always naughty to you, mamma."

"No, dear, no."

"Yes, I was," said Gwendolen, insistently. "It is because I was always wicked that I am miserable now."

She burst into sobs and cries. The determination to be silent about all the facts of her married life and its close reacted in these escapes of enigmatic excitement.

But dim lights of interpretation were breaking on the mother's mind through the information that came from Sir Hugo to Mr. Gascoigne, and, with some omissions, from Mr. Gascoigne to herself. The good-natured Baronet, while he was attending to all decent measures in relation to his nephew's death, and the possible washing ashore of the body, thought it the kindest thing he could do to use his present friendly intercourse with the Rector as an opportunity for communicating to him, in the mildest way, the purport of Grandcourt's will, so as to save him the additional shock that would be in store for him if he carried his illusions all the way home. Perhaps Sir Hugo would have been communicable enough without that kind motive, but he really felt the motive. He broke the unpleasant news to the Rector by degrees: at first he only implied his fear that the widow was not so splendidly provided for as Mr. Gascoigne, nay, as the Baronet himself, had expected; and only at last, after some previous vague reference to large claims on Grandcourt, he disclosed the prior relations which, in the unfortunate absence of a legitimate heir, had determined all the splendor in another direction.

The Rector was deeply hurt, and remembered, more vividly than he had ever done before, how offensively proud and repelling the manners of the deceased had been toward him—remembered also that he himself, in that interesting period just before the arrival of the new occupant at Diplow, had received hints of former entangling dissipations, and an undue addiction to pleasure, though he had not foreseen that the pleasure which had probably, so to speak, been swept into private rubbish heaps, would ever present itself as an array of live caterpillars, disastrous to the green meat of respectable people. But he did not make these retrospective thoughts audible to Sir Hugo, or lower himself by expressing any indignation on merely personal grounds, but behaved like a man of the world who had become a conscientious clergyman. His first remark was:

"When a young man makes his will in health, he usually counts on living a long while. Probably Mr. Grandcourt did not believe that this will would ever have its present effect." After a moment, he added, "The effect is painful in more ways than one. Female morality is likely to suffer from this marked advantage and prominence being given to illegitimate offspring."

"Well, in point of fact," said Sir Hugo, in his comfortable way, "since the boy is there, this was really the best alternative for the disposal of the estates. Grandcourt had nobody nearer than his cousin. And it's a chilling thought that you go out of this life only for the benefit of a cousin. A man gets a little pleasure in making his will, if it's for the good of his own curly heads; but it's a nuisance when you're giving and bequeathing to a used-up fellow like yourself, and one you don't care two straws for. It's the next worst thing to having only a life interest in your estates. No; I forgive Grandcourt for that part of his will. But, between ourselves, what I don't forgive him for is the shabby way he has provided for your niece—*our* niece, I will say—no better a position than if she had been a doctor's widow. Nothing grates on me more than that posthumous grudgingness toward a wife. A man ought to have some pride and fondness for his widow. *I* should, I know. I take it as a test of a man, that he feels the easier about his death when he can think of his wife and daughters being comfortable after it. I like that story of the fellows in the Crimean war, who were ready to go to the bottom of the sea, if their widows were provided for."

"It has certainly taken me by surprise," said Mr. Gascoigne, "all the more because, as the one

who stood in the place of father to my niece, I had shown my reliance on Mr. Grandcourt's apparent liberality in money matters by making no claims for her beforehand. That seemed to me due to him under the circumstances. Probably you think me blamable."

"Not blamable exactly. I respect a man for trusting another. But take my advice. If you marry another niece, though it may be to the Archbishop of Canterbury, bind him down. Your niece can't be married for the first time twice over. And if he's a good fellow, he'll wish to be bound. But as to Mrs. Grandcourt, I can only say that I feel my relation to her all the nearer, because I think that she has not been well treated. And *I* hope you will urge her to rely on me as a friend."

Thus spake the chivalrous Sir Hugo, in his disgust at the young and beautiful widow of a Mallinger Grandcourt being left with only two thousand a year and a house in a coal-mining district. To the Rector that income naturally appeared less shabby and less accompanied with mortifying privations; but in this conversation he had devoured a much keener sense than the Baronet's of the humiliation cast over his niece, and also over her nearest friends, by the conspicuous publishing of her husband's relation to Mrs. Glasher. And like all men who are good husbands and fathers, he felt the humiliation through the minds of the women who would be chiefly affected by it; so that the annoyance of first hearing the facts was far slighter than what he felt in communicating them to Mrs. Davilow, and in anticipating Gwendolen's feeling whenever her mother saw fit to tell her of them. For the good Rector had an innocent conviction that his niece was unaware of Mrs. Glasher's existence, arguing with masculine soundness from what maidens and wives were likely to know, do, and suffer, and having had a most imperfect observation of the particular maiden and wife in question. Not so Gwendolen's mother, who now thought that she saw an explanation of much that had been enigmatic in her child's conduct and words before and after her engagement, concluding that in some inconceivable way Gwendolen had been informed of this left-handed marriage and the existence of the children. She trusted to opportunities that would arise in moments of affectionate confidence before and during their journey to England, when she might gradually learn how far the actual state of things was clear to Gwendolen, and prepare her for any thing that might be a disappointment. But she was spared from devices on the subject.

"I hope you don't expect that I am going to be rich and grand, mamma," said Gwendolen, not long after the Rector's communication; "perhaps I shall have nothing at all."

She was dressed, and had been sitting long in quiet meditation. Mrs. Davilow was startled, but said, after a moment's reflection,

"Oh yes, dear, you will have something. Sir Hugo knows all about the will."

"That will not decide," said Gwendolen, abruptly.

"Surely, dear: Sir Hugo says you are to have two thousand a year and the house at Gadsmere."

"What I have will depend on what I accept," said Gwendolen. "You and my uncle must not attempt to cross me and persuade me about this. I will do every thing I can do to make you happy, but in any thing about my husband I must not be interfered with. Is eight hundred a year enough for you, mamma?"

"More than enough, dear. You must not think of giving me so much." Mrs. Davilow paused a little, and then said, "Do you know who is to have the estates and the rest of the money?"

"Yes," said Gwendolen, waving her hand in dismissal of the subject. "I know every thing. It is all perfectly right, and I wish never to have it mentioned."

The mother was silent, looked away, and rose to fetch a fan-screen, with a slight flush on her delicate cheeks. Wondering, imagining, she did not like to meet her daughter's eyes, and sat down again under a sad constraint. What wretchedness her child had perhaps gone through, which yet must remain as it always had been, locked away from their mutual speech! But Gwendolen was watching her mother with that new divination which experience had given her; and in tender relenting at her own peremptoriness, she said, "Come and sit nearer to me, mamma, and don't be unhappy."

Mrs. Davilow did as she was told, but bit her lips in the vain attempt to hinder smarting tears. Gwendolen leaned toward her caressingly, and said, "I mean to be very wise; I do really. And good—oh, so good to you, dear, old, sweet mamma, you won't know me. Only you must not cry."

The resolve that Gwendolen had in her mind was that she would ask Deronda whether she ought to accept any of her husband's money—whether she might accept what would enable her to provide for her mother. The poor thing felt strong enough to do any thing that would give her a higher place in Deronda's mind.

An invitation that Sir Hugo pressed on her with kind urgency was that she and Mrs. Davilow should go straight with him to Park Lane, and make his house their abode as long as mourning and other details needed attending to in London. Town, he insisted, was just then the most retired of places; and he proposed to exert himself at once in getting all articles belonging to Gwendolen away from the house in Grosvenor Square. No proposal could have suited her better than this of staying a little while in Park Lane. It would be easy for her there to have an interview with Deronda, if she only knew how to get a letter into his hands, asking him to come to her. During the journey Sir Hugo, having understood that she was acquainted with the purport of her husband's will, ventured to talk before her and to her about her future arrangements, referring here and there to mildly agreeable prospects as matters of course, and otherwise shedding a decorous cheerfulness over her widowed position. It seemed to him really the more graceful course for a widow to recover her spirits on finding that her husband had not dealt as handsomely by her as he might have done; it was the testator's fault if he compromised all her grief at his departure by giving a testamentary reason for it, so that she might be supposed to look sad not because he had left her, but because he had left her poor. The Baronet, having his kindliness doubly fanned by the favorable wind on his own fortunes and by compassion for Gwendolen, had become quite fatherly in his behavior to her, called her "my dear," and in mentioning Gadsmere to Mr. Gas-

coigne, with its various advantages and disadvantages, spoke of what "we" might do to make the best of that property. Gwendolen sat by in pale silence while Sir Hugo, with his face turned toward Mrs. Davilow or Mr. Gascoigne, conjectured that Mrs. Grandcourt might perhaps prefer letting Gadsmere to residing there during any part of the year, in which case he thought that it might be leased on capital terms to one of the fellows engaged with the coal: Sir Hugo had seen enough of the place to know that it was as comfortable and picturesque a box as any man need desire, providing his desires were circumscribed within a coal area.

"*I* shouldn't mind about the soot myself," said the Baronet, with that dispassionateness which belongs to the potential mood. "Nothing is more healthy. And if one's business lay there, Gadsmere would be a paradise. It makes quite a feature in Scrogg's history of the county, with the little tower and the fine piece of water—the prettiest print in the book."

"A more important place than Offendene, I suppose?" said Mr. Gascoigne.

"Much," said the Baronet, decisively. "I was there with my poor brother—it is more than a quarter of a century ago, but I remember it very well. The rooms may not be larger, but the grounds are on a different scale."

"Our poor dear Offendene is empty, after all," said Mrs. Davilow. "When it came to the point, Mr. Haynes declared off, and there has been no one to take it since. I might as well have accepted Lord Brackenshaw's kind offer that I should remain in it another year rent free; for I should have kept the place aired and warmed."

"I hope you have got something snug instead," said Sir Hugo.

"A little too snug," said Mr. Gascoigne, smiling at his sister-in-law. "You are rather thick upon the ground."

Gwendolen had turned with a changed glance when her mother spoke of Offendene being empty. This conversation passed during one of the long unaccountable pauses often experienced in foreign trains at some country station. There was a dreamy, sunny stillness over the hedgeless fields stretching to the boundary of poplars; and to Gwendolen the talk within the carriage seemed only to make the dream-land larger with an indistinct region of coal-pits, and a purgatorial Gadsmere which she would never visit; till, at her mother's words, this mingled, dozing view seemed to dissolve and give way to a more wakeful vision of Offendene and Pennicote under their cooler lights. She saw the gray shoulders of the downs, the cattle-specked fields, the shadowy plantations with rutted lanes where the barked timber lay for a way-side seat, the neatly clipped hedges on the road from the parsonage to Offendene, the avenue where she was gradually discerned from the windows, the hall door opening, and her mother or one of the troublesome sisters coming out to meet her. All that brief experience of a quiet home which had once seemed a dullness to be fled from now came back to her as a restful escape, a station where she found the breath of morning and the unreproaching voice of birds, after following a lure through a long Satanic masquerade, which she had entered on with an intoxicated belief in its disguises, and had seen the end of in shrieking fear lest she herself had become one of the evil spirits who were dropping their human mummery and hissing around her with serpent tongues.

In this way Gwendolen's mind paused over Offendene and made it the scene of many thoughts; but she gave no further outward sign of interest in this conversation, any more than in Sir Hugo's opinion on the telegraphic cable or her uncle's views of the Church-rate Abolition Bill. What subjects will not our talk embrace in leisurely day journeying from Genoa to London? Even strangers, after glancing from China to Peru, and opening their mental stores with a liberality threatening a mutual impression of poverty on any future meeting, are liable to become excessively confidential. But the Baronet and the Rector were under a still stronger pressure toward cheerful communication: they were like acquaintances compelled to a long drive in a mourning-coach, who having first remarked that the occasion is a melancholy one, naturally proceed to enliven it by the most miscellaneous discourse. "I don't mind telling *you*," said Sir Hugo to the Rector, in mentioning some private detail; while the Rector, without saying so, did not mind telling the Baronet about his sons, and the difficulty of placing them in the world. By dint of discussing all persons and things within driving-reach of Diplow, Sir Hugo got himself wrought to a pitch of interest in that former home, and of conviction that it was his pleasant duty to regain and strengthen his personal influence in the neighborhood, that made him declare his intention of taking his family to the place for a month or two before the autumn was over; and Mr. Gascoigne cordially rejoiced in that prospect. Altogether, the journey was continued and ended with mutual liking between the male fellow-travelers.

Meanwhile Gwendolen sat by like one who had visited the spirit-world, and was full to the lips of an unutterable experience that threw a strange unreality over all the talk she was hearing of her own and the world's business; and Mrs. Davilow was chiefly occupied in imagining what her daughter was feeling, and in wondering what was signified by her hinted doubt whether she would accept her husband's bequest. Gwendolen, in fact, had before her the unscaled wall of an immediate purpose shutting off every other resolution. How to scale the wall? She wanted again to see and consult Deronda, that she might secure herself against any act he would disapprove. Would her remorse have maintained its power within her, or would she have felt absolved by secrecy, if it had not been for that outer conscience which was made for her by Deronda? It is hard to say how much we could forgive ourselves if we were secure from judgment by another whose opinion is the breathing medium of all our joy—who brings to us with close pressure and immediate sequence that judgment of the Invisible and Universal which self-flattery and the world's tolerance would easily melt and disperse. In this way our brother may be in the stead of God to us; and his opinion, which has pierced even to the joints and marrow, may be our virtue in the making. That mission of Deronda to Gwendolen had begun with what she had felt to be his judgment of her at the gaming table. He might easily have spoiled it: much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence and turning others' belief in us into a widely

concluding unbelief which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me. Deronda had not spoiled his mission.

But Gwendolen had forgotten to ask him for his address in case she wanted to write, and her only way of reaching him was through Sir Hugo. She was not in the least blind to the construction that all witnesses might put on her giving signs of dependence on Deronda, and her seeking him more than he sought her: Grandcourt's rebukes had sufficiently enlightened her pride. But the force, the tenacity, of her nature had thrown itself into that dependence, and she would no more let go her hold on Deronda's help, or deny herself the interview her soul needed, because of witnesses, than if she had been in prison in danger of being condemned to death. When she was in Park Lane, and knew that the Baronet would be going down to the Abbey immediately (just to see his family for a couple of days, and then return to transact needful business for Gwendolen), she said to him, without any air of hesitation, while her mother was present,

"Sir Hugo, I wish to see Mr. Deronda again as soon as possible. I don't know his address. Will you tell it me, or let him know that I want to see him?"

A quick thought passed across Sir Hugo's face, but made no difference to the ease with which he said, "Upon my word, I don't know whether he's at his chambers or the Abbey at this moment. But I'll make sure of him. I'll send a note now to his chambers telling him to come, and if he's at the Abbey, I can give him your message and send him up at once. I am sure he will want to obey your wish," the Baronet ended, with grave kindness, as if nothing could seem to him more in the appropriate course of things than that she should send such a message.

But he was convinced that Gwendolen had a passionate attachment to Deronda, the seeds of which had been laid long ago, and his former suspicion now recurred to him with more strength than ever, that her feeling was likely to lead her into imprudences — in which kind-hearted Sir Hugo was determined to screen and defend her so far as lay in his power. To him it was as pretty a story as need be that this fine creature and his favorite Dan should have turned out to be formed for each other, and that the unsuitable husband should have made his exit in such excellent time. Sir Hugo liked that a charming woman should be made as happy as possible. In truth, what most vexed his mind in this matter at present was a doubt whether the too lofty and inscrutable Dan had not got some scheme or other in his head which would prove to be dearer to him than the lovely Mrs. Grandcourt, and put that neatly prepared marriage with her out of the question. It was among the usual paradoxes of feeling that Sir Hugo, who had given his fatherly cautions to Deronda against too much tenderness in his relations with the bride, should now feel rather irritated against him by the suspicion that he had not fallen in love as he ought to have done. Of course all this thinking on Sir Hugo's part was eminently premature, only a fortnight or so after Grandcourt's death. But it is the trick of thinking to be either premature or behindhand.

However, he sent the note to Deronda's chambers, and it found him there.

CHAPTER LXV.

"Oh, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!"
—MILTON.

DERONDA did not obey Gwendolen's new summons without some agitation. Not his vanity, but his keen sympathy, made him susceptible to the danger that another's heart might feel larger demands on him than he would be able to fulfill; and it was no longer a matter of argument with him, but of penetrating consciousness, that Gwendolen's soul clung to his with a passionate need. We do not argue the existence of the anger or the scorn that thrills through us in a voice; we simply feel it, and it admits of no disproof. Deronda felt this woman's destiny hanging on his over a precipice of despair. Any one who knows him can not wonder at his inward confession, that if all this had happened little more than a year ago, he would hardly have asked himself whether he loved her: the impetuous determining impulse which would have moved him would have been to save her from sorrow, to shelter her life for evermore from the dangers of loneliness, and carry out to the last the rescue he had begun in that monitory redemption of the necklace. But now love and duty had thrown other bonds around him, and that impulse could no longer determine his life; still, it was present in him as a compassionate yearning, a painful quivering, at the very imagination of having again and again to meet the appeal of her eyes and words. The very strength of the bond, the certainty of the resolve, that kept him asunder from her, made him gaze at her lot apart with the more aching pity.

He awaited her coming in the back drawing-room — part of that white and crimson space where they had sat together at the musical party, where Gwendolen had said for the first time that her lot depended on his not forsaking her, and her appeal had seemed to melt into the melodic cry—"*Per pietà non dirmi addio.*" But the melody had come from Mirah's dear voice.

Deronda walked about this room, which he had for years known by heart, with a strange sense of metamorphosis in his own life. The familiar objects around him, from Lady Mallinger's gently smiling portrait to the also human and urbane faces of the lions on the pilasters of the chimney-piece, seemed almost to belong to a previous state of existence, which he was revisiting in memory only, not in reality; so deep and transforming had been the impressions he had lately experienced, so new were the conditions under which he found himself in the house he had been accustomed to think of as a home—standing with his hat in his hand awaiting the entrance of a young creature whose life had also been undergoing a transformation — a tragic transformation toward a wavering result, in which he felt with apprehensiveness that his own action was still bound up.

But Gwendolen was come in, looking changed, not only by her mourning dress, but by a more satisfied quietude of expression than he had seen in her face at Genoa. Her satisfaction was that Deronda was there; but there was no smile between them as they met and clasped hands: each was full of remembrances—full of anxious prevision. She said, "It was good of you to come. Let us sit down," immediately seating herself in the nearest chair. He placed himself opposite to her.

"I asked you to come because I want you to tell me what I ought to do," she began at once. "Don't be afraid of telling me what you think is right because it seems hard. I have made up my mind to do it. I was afraid once of being poor; I could not bear to think of being under other people; and that was why I did something—why I married. I have borne worse things now. I think I could bear to be poor, if you think I ought. Do you know about my husband's will?"

"Yes, Sir Hugo told me," said Deronda, already guessing the question she had to ask.

"Ought I to take any thing he has left me? I will tell you what I have been thinking," said Gwendolen, with a more nervous eagerness. "Perhaps you may not quite know that I really did think a good deal about my mother when I married. I *was* selfish, but I did love her, and feel about her poverty; and what comforted me most at first, when I was miserable, was her being better off because I had married. The thing that would be hardest to me now would be to see her in poverty again; and I have been thinking that if I took enough to provide for her, and no more —nothing for myself—it would not be wrong; for I was very precious to my mother—and he took me from her—and he meant—and if she had known—"

Gwendolen broke off. She had been preparing herself for this interview by thinking of hardly any thing else than this question of right toward her mother; but the question had carried with it thoughts and reasons which it was impossible for her to utter, and these perilous remembrances swarmed between her words, making her speech more and more agitated and tremulous. She looked down helplessly at her hands, now unladen of all rings except her wedding-ring.

"Do not hurt yourself by speaking of that," said Deronda, tenderly. "There is no need; the case is very simple. I think I can hardly judge wrongly about it. You consult me because I am the only person to whom you have confided the most painful part of your experience; and I can understand your scruples." He did not go on immediately, waiting for her to recover herself. The silence seemed to Gwendolen full of the tenderness that she heard in his voice, and she had courage to lift up her eyes and look at him as he said, "You are conscious of something which you feel to be a crime toward one who is dead. You think that you have forfeited all claim as a wife. You shrink from taking what was his. You want to keep yourself pure from profiting by his death. Your feeling even urges you to some self-punishment—some scourging of the self that disobeyed your better will—the will that struggled against temptation. I have known something of that myself. Do I understand you?"

"Yes—at least, I want to be good—not like what I have been," said Gwendolen. "I will try to bear what you think I ought to bear. I have tried to tell you the worst about myself. What ought I to do?"

"If no one but yourself were concerned in this question of income," said Deronda, "I should hardly dare to urge you against any remorseful prompting; but I take as a guide now your feeling about Mrs. Davilow, which seems to me quite just. I can not think that your husband's dues even to yourself are nullified by any act you have committed. He voluntarily entered into your life, and affected its course in what is always the most momentous way. But setting that aside, it was due from him in his position that he should provide for your mother, and he of course understood that if this will took effect she would share the provision he had made for you."

"She has had eight hundred a year. What I thought of was to take that, and leave the rest," said Gwendolen. She had been so long inwardly arguing for this as a permission that her mind could not at once take another attitude.

"I think it is not your duty to fix a limit in that way," said Deronda. "You would be making a painful enigma for Mrs. Davilow; an income from which you shut yourself out must be imbittered to her. And your own course would become too difficult. We agreed at Genoa that the burden on your conscience is what no one ought to be admitted to the knowledge of. The future beneficence of your life will be best furthered by your saving all others from the pain of that knowledge. In my opinion, you ought simply to abide by the provisions of your husband's will, and let your remorse tell only on the use that you will make of your monetary independence."

In uttering the last sentence, Deronda automatically took up his hat, which he had laid on the floor beside him. Gwendolen, sensitive to his slightest movement, felt her heart giving a great leap, as if it too had a consciousness of its own, and would hinder him from going: in the same moment she rose from her chair, unable to reflect that the movement was an acceptance of his apparent intention to leave her; and Deronda, of course, also rose, advancing a little.

"I will do what you tell me," said Gwendolen, hurriedly; "but what else shall I do?" No other than these simple words were possible to her; and even these were too much for her in a state of emotion where her proud secrecy was disenthroned. As the child-like sentences fell from her lips, they reacted on her like a picture of her own helplessness, and she could not check the sob which sent the large tears to her eyes. Deronda, too, felt a crushing pain; but imminent consequences were visible to him, and urged him to the utmost exertion of conscience. When she had pressed her tears away, he said, in a gently questioning tone,

"You will probably be soon going with Mrs. Davilow into the country?"

"Yes, in a week or ten days." Gwendolen waited an instant, turning her eyes vaguely toward the window, as if looking at some imagined prospect. "I want to be kind to them all—they can be happier than I can. Is that the best I can do?"

"I think so. It is a duty that can not be doubtful," said Deronda. He paused a little between his sentences, feeling a weight of anxiety on all his words. "Other duties will spring from it. Looking at your life as a debt may seem the dreariest view of things at a distance; but it can not really be so. What makes life dreary is the want of motive; but once beginning to act with that penitential, loving purpose you have in your mind, there will be unexpected satisfactions—there will be newly opening needs—continually coming to carry you on from day to day. You will find your life growing like a plant."

Gwendolen turned her eyes on him with the look of one athirst toward the sound of unseen waters. Deronda felt the look as if she had been stretching her arms toward him from a forsaken shore. His voice took an affectionate imploringness when he said,

"This sorrow, which has cut down to the root, has come to you while you are so young—try to think of it, not as a spoiling of your life, but as a preparation for it. Let it be a preparation." Any one overhearing his tones would have thought he was entreating for his own happiness. "See! you have been saved from the worst evils that might have come from your marriage, which you feel was wrong. You have had a vision of injurious, selfish action—a vision of possible degradation; think that a severe angel, seeing you along the road of error, grasped you by the wrist, and showed you the horror of the life you must avoid. And it has come to you in your spring-time. Think of it as a preparation. You can, you will, be among the best of women, such as make others glad that they were born."

The words were like the touch of a miraculous hand to Gwendolen. Mingled emotions streamed through her frame with a strength that seemed the beginning of a new existence, having some new power or other which stirred in her vaguely. So pregnant is the divine hope of moral recovery with the energy that fulfills it. So potent in us is the infused action of another soul, before which we bow in complete love. But the new existence seemed inseparable from Deronda: the hope seemed to make his presence permanent. It was not her thought that he loved her and would cling to her—a thought would have tottered with improbability: it was her spiritual breath. For the first time since that terrible moment on the sea a flush rose and spread over her cheek, brow, and neck, deepened an instant or two, and then gradually disappeared. She did not speak.

Deronda advanced and put out his hand, saying, "I must not weary you."

She was startled by the sense that he was going, and put her hand in his, still without speaking.

"You look ill yet—unlike yourself," he added, while he held her hand.

"I can't sleep much," she answered, with some return of her dispirited manner. "Things repeat themselves in me so. They come back—they will all come back," she ended, shudderingly, a chill fear threatening her.

"By degrees they will be less insistent," said Deronda. He could not drop her hand or move away from her abruptly.

"Sir Hugo says he shall come to stay at Diplow," said Gwendolen, snatching at previously intended words which had slipped away from her. "You will come too?"

"Probably," said Deronda; and then, feeling that the word was cold, he added, correctively, "Yes, I shall come," and then released her hand, with the final friendly pressure of one who has virtually said good-by.

"And not again here, before I leave town?" said Gwendolen, with timid sadness, looking as pallid as ever.

What could Deronda say? "If I can be of any use—if you wish me—certainly I will."

"I must wish it," said Gwendolen, impetuously; "you know I must wish it. What strength have I? Who else is there?" Again a sob was rising.

Deronda felt a pang, which showed itself in his face. He looked miserable as he said, "I will certainly come."

Gwendolen perceived the change in his face; but the intense relief of expecting him to come again could not give way to any other feeling, and there was a recovery of the inspired hope and courage in her.

"Don't be unhappy about me," she said, in a tone of affectionate assurance. "I shall remember your words—every one of them. I shall remember what you believe about me; I shall try."

She looked at him firmly, and put out her hand again as if she had forgotten what had passed since those words of his which she promised to remember. But there was no approach to a smile on her lips. She had never smiled since her husband's death. When she stood still and in silence, she looked like a melancholy statue of the Gwendolen whose laughter had once been so ready when others were grave.

It is only by remembering the searching anguish which had changed the aspect of the world for her that we can understand her behavior to Deronda—the unreflecting openness, nay, the importunate pleading, with which she expressed her dependence on him. Considerations such as would have filled the minds of indifferent spectators could not occur to her, any more than if flames had been mounting around her, and she had flung herself into his opened arms and clung about his neck that he might carry her into safety. She identified him with the struggling regenerative process in her which had begun with his action. Is it any wonder that she saw her own necessity reflected in his feeling? She was in that state of unconscious reliance and expectation which is a common experience with us when we are preoccupied with our own trouble or our own purposes. We diffuse our feeling over others, and count on their acting from our motives. Her imagination had not been turned to a future union with Deronda by any other than the spiritual tie which had been continually strengthening; but also it had not been turned toward a future separation from him. Love-making and marriage—how could they now be the imagery in which poor Gwendolen's deepest attachment could spontaneously clothe itself? Mighty Love had laid his hand upon her; but what had he demanded of her? Acceptance of rebuke—the hard task of self-change—confession—endurance. If she cried toward him, what then? She cried as the child cries whose little feet have fallen backward—cried to be taken by the hand, lest she should lose herself.

The cry pierced Deronda. What position could have been more difficult for a man full of tenderness, yet with clear foresight? He was the only creature who knew the real nature of Gwendolen's trouble: to withdraw himself from any appeal of hers would be to consign her to a dangerous loneliness. He could not reconcile himself to the cruelty of apparently rejecting her dependence on him; and yet in the nearer or farther distance he saw a coming wrench, which all present strengthening of their bond would make the harder.

He was obliged to risk that. He went once and again to Park Lane before Gwendolen left; but their interviews were in the presence of Mrs. Davilow, and were therefore less agitating. Gwendolen, since she had determined to accept her in-

come, had conceived a project which she liked to speak of: it was, to place her mother and sisters with herself in Offendene again, and, as she said, piece back her life on to that time when they first went there, and when every thing was happiness about her, only she did not know it. The idea had been mentioned to Sir Hugo, who was going to exert himself about the letting of Gadsmere for a rent which would more than pay the rent of Offendene. All this was told to Deronda, who willingly dwelt on a subject that seemed to give some soothing occupation to Gwendolen. He said nothing, and she asked nothing, of what chiefly occupied himself. Her mind was fixed on his coming to Diplow before the autumn was over; and she no more thought of the Lapidoths—the little Jewess and her brother—as likely to make a difference in her destiny, than of the fermenting political and social leaven which was making a difference in the history of the world. In fact, poor Gwendolen's memory had been stunned, and all outside the lava-lit track of her troubled conscience, and her effort to get deliverance from it, lay for her in dim forgetfulness.

CHAPTER LXVI.

"One day still fierce 'mid many a day struck calm."
—Browning: *The Ring and the Book.*

Meanwhile Ezra and Mirah, whom Gwendolen did not include in her thinking about Deronda, were having their relation to him drawn closer and brought into fuller light.

The father Lapidoth had quit his daughter at the door-step, ruled by that possibility of staking something in play or betting which presented itself with the handling of any sum beyond the price of staying actual hunger, and left no care for alternative prospects or resolutions. Until he had lost every thing he never considered whether he would apply to Mirah again or whether he would brave his son's presence. In the first moment he had shrunk from encountering Ezra as he would have shrunk from any other situation of disagreeable constraint; and the possession of Mirah's purse was enough to banish the thought of future necessities. The gambling appetite is more absolutely dominant than bodily hunger, which can be neutralized by an emotional or intellectual excitation; but the passion for watching chances—the habitual suspensive poise of the mind in actual or imaginary play—nullifies the susceptibility to other excitation. In its final, imperious stage, it seems the unjoyous dissipation of demons, seeking diversion on the burning marl of perdition.

But every form of selfishness, however abstract and unhuman, requires the support of at least one meal a day; and though Lapidoth's appetite for food and drink was extremely moderate, he had slipped into a shabby, unfriended form of life in which the appetite could not be satisfied without some ready money. When, in a brief visit at a house which announced "Pyramids" on the window-blind, he had first doubled and trebled and finally lost Mirah's thirty shillings, he went out with her empty purse in his pocket, already balancing in his mind whether he should get another immediate stake by pawning the purse, or whether he should go back to her giving himself a good countenance by restoring the purse, and declaring that he had used the money in paying a score that was standing against him. Besides, among the sensibilities still left strong in Lapidoth was the sensibility to his own claims, and he appeared to himself to have a claim on any property his children might possess, which was stronger than the justice of his son's resentment. After all, to take up his lodging with his children was the best thing he could do; and the more he thought of meeting Ezra the less he winced from it, his imagination being more wrought on by the chances of his getting something into his pocket with safety and without exertion than by the threat of a private humiliation. Luck had been against him lately; he expected it to turn—and might not the turn begin with some opening of supplies which would present itself through his daughter's affairs and the good friends she had spoken of? Lapidoth counted on the fascination of his cleverness—an old habit of mind which early experience had sanctioned; and it is not only women who are unaware of their diminished charm, or imagine that they can feign not to be worn out.

The result of Lapidoth's rapid balancing was that he went toward the little square in Brompton with the hope that, by walking about and watching, he might catch sight of Mirah going out or returning, in which case his entrance into the house would be made easier. But it was already evening—the evening of the day next to that on which he had first seen her; and after a little waiting, weariness made him reflect that he might ring, and if she were not at home, he might ask the time at which she was expected. But on coming near the house he knew that she was at home: he heard her singing.

Mirah, seated at the piano, was pouring forth "*Herz, mein Herz*," while Ezra was listening with his eyes shut, when Mrs. Adam opened the door, and said, in some embarrassment,

"A gentleman below says he is your father, miss."

"I will go down to him," said Mirah, starting up immediately, and looking toward her brother.

"No, Mirah, not so," said Ezra, with decision. "Let him come up, Mrs. Adam."

Mirah stood with her hands pinching each other, and feeling sick with anxiety, while she continued looking at Ezra, who had also risen, and was evidently much shaken. But there was an expression in his face which she had never seen before; his brow was knit, his lips seemed hardened with the same severity that gleamed from his eyes.

When Mrs. Adam opened the door to let in the father, she could not help casting a look at the group, and after glancing from the younger man to the elder, said to herself, as she closed the door, "Father, sure enough." The likeness was that of outline, which is always most striking at the first moment; the expression had been wrought into the strongest contrast by such hidden or inconspicuous differences as can make the genius of a Cromwell within the outward type of a father who was no more than a respectable parishioner.

Lapidoth had put on a melancholy expression beforehand, but there was some real wincing in his frame as he said,

"Well, Ezra, my boy, you hardly know me after so many years."

"I know you—too well—father," said Ezra, with a slow biting solemnity which made the word father a reproach.

"Ah, you are not pleased with me. I don't wonder at it. Appearances have been against me. When a man gets into straits, he can't do just as he would by himself or any body else. *I've* suffered enough, I know," said Lapidoth, quickly. In speaking he always recovered some glibness and hardihood; and now turning toward Mirah, he held out her purse, saying, "Here's your little purse, my dear. I thought you'd be anxious about it because of that bit of writing. I've emptied it, you'll see, for I had a score to pay for food and lodging. I knew you would like me to clear myself, and here I stand—without a single farthing in my pocket—at the mercy of my children. You can turn me out if you like, without getting a policeman. Say the word, Mirah; say, 'Father, I've had enough of you; you made a pet of me, and spent your all on me, when I couldn't have done without you; but I can do better without you now'—say that, and I'm gone out like a spark. I sha'n't spoil your pleasure again." The tears were in his voice as usual before he had finished.

"You know I could never say it, father," answered Mirah, with not the less anguish because she felt the falsity of every thing in his speech except the implied wish to remain in the house.

"Mirah, my sister, leave us!" said Ezra, in a tone of authority.

She looked at her brother falteringly, beseechingly—in awe of his decision, yet unable to go without making a plea for this father who was like something that had grown in her flesh with pain, but that she could never have cut away without worse pain. She went close to her brother, and putting her hand in his, said, in a low voice, but not so low as to be unheard by Lapidoth, "Remember, Ezra—you said my mother would not have shut him out."

"Trust me, and go," said Ezra.

She left the room, but after going a few steps up the stairs, sat down with a palpitating heart. If, because of any thing her brother said to him, he went away—

Lapidoth had some sense of what was being prepared for him in his son's mind, but he was beginning to adjust himself to the situation and find a point of view that would give him a cool superiority to any attempt at humiliating him. This haggard son, speaking as from a sepulchre, had the incongruity which selfish levity learns to see in suffering and death, until the unrelenting pincers of disease clutch its own flesh. Whatever preaching he might deliver must be taken for a matter of course, as a man finding shelter from hail in an open cathedral might take a little religious howling that happened to be going on there.

Lapidoth was not born with this sort of callousness: he had achieved it.

"This home that we have here," Ezra began, "is maintained partly by the generosity of a beloved friend who supports me, and partly by the labors of my sister, who supports herself. While we have a home, we will not shut you out from it. We will not cast you out to the mercy of your vices. For you are our father, and though you have broken your bond, we acknowledge ours. But I will never trust you. You absconded with money, leaving your debts unpaid; you forsook my mother; you robbed her of her little child and broke her heart; you have become a gambler, and where shame and conscience were, there sits an insatiable desire; you were ready to sell my sister—you had sold her, but the price was denied you. The man who has done these things must never expect to be trusted any more. We will share our food with you—you shall have a bed and clothing. We will do this duty to you, because you are our father. But you will never be trusted. You are an evil man: you made the misery of our mother. That such a man is our father is a brand on our flesh which will not cease smarting. But the Eternal has laid it upon us; and though human justice were to flog you for crimes, and your body fell helpless before the public scorn, we would still say, 'This is our father; make way, that we may carry him out of your sight.'"

Lapidoth, in adjusting himself to what was coming, had not been able to foresee the exact intensity of the lightning or the exact course it would take—that it would not fall outside his frame, but through it. He could not foresee what was so new to him as this voice from the soul of his son. It touched that spring of hysterical excitability which Mirah used to witness in him when he sat at home and sobbed. As Ezra ended, Lapidoth threw himself into a chair and cried like a woman, burying his face against the table—and yet, strangely, while this hysterical crying was an inevitable reaction in him under the stress of his son's words, it was also a conscious resource in a difficulty; just as in early life, when he was a bright-faced, curly young man, he had been used to avail himself of this subtly poised physical susceptibility to turn the edge of resentment or disapprobation.

Ezra sat down again and said nothing—exhausted by the shock of his own irrepressible utterance, the outburst of feelings which for years he had borne in solitude and silence. His thin hands trembled on the arms of the chair; he would hardly have found voice to answer a question; he felt as if he had taken a step toward beckoning Death. Meanwhile Mirah's quick expectant ear detected a sound which her heart recognized: she could not stay out of the room any longer. But on opening the door, her immediate alarm was for Ezra, and it was to his side that she went, taking his trembling hand in hers, which he pressed and found support in; but he did not speak, or even look at her. The father with his face buried was conscious that Mirah had entered, and presently lifted up his head, pressed his handkerchief against his eyes, put out his hand toward her, and said, with plaintive hoarseness, "Good-by, Mirah; your father will not trouble you again. He deserves to die like a dog by the road-side, and he will. If your mother had lived, she would have forgiven me: thirty-four years ago I put the ring on her finger under the *Chuppa*, and we were made one. She would have forgiven me, and we should have spent our old age together. But I haven't deserved it. Good-by."

He rose from the chair as he said the last "good-by." Mirah had put her hand in his and held him. She was not tearful and grieving, but frightened and awe-struck, as she cried out,

"No, father, no!" Then turning to her broth-

er, "Ezra, you have not forbidden him?—Stay, father, and leave off wrong things.—Ezra, I can not bear it. How can I say to my father, 'Go and die!'"

"I have not said it," Ezra answered, with great effort. "I have said, stay and be sheltered."

"Then you will stay, father—and be taken care of—and come with me," said Mirah, drawing him toward the door.

This was really what Lapidoth wanted. And for the moment he felt a sort of comfort in recovering his daughter's dutiful tendance, that made a change of habits seem possible to him. She led him down to the parlor below, and said,

"This is my sitting-room when I am not with Ezra, and there is a bedroom behind which shall be yours. You will stay and be good, father. Think that you are come back to my mother, and that she has forgiven you—she speaks to you through me." Mirah's tones were imploring, but she could not give one of her former caresses.

Lapidoth quickly recovered his composure, began to speak to Mirah of the improvement in her voice, and other easy subjects, and when Mrs. Adam came to lay out his supper, entered into converse with her in order to show her that he was not a common person, though his clothes were just now against him.

But in his usual wakefulness at night he fell to wondering what money Mirah had by her, and went back over old Continental hours at *roulette*, reproducing the method of his play, and the chances that had frustrated it. He had had his reasons for coming to England, but for most things it was a cursed country.

These were the stronger visions of the night with Lapidoth, and not the worn frame of his ireful son uttering a terrible judgment. Ezra did pass across the gaming table, and his words were audible; but he passed like an insubstantial ghost, and his words had the heart eaten out of them by numbers and movements that seemed to make the very tissue of Lapidoth's consciousness.

CHAPTER LXVII.

The godhead in us wrings our nobler deeds
From our reluctant selves.

It was an unpleasant surprise to Deronda when he returned from the Abbey to find the undesirable father installed in the lodgings at Brompton. Mirah had felt it necessary to speak of Deronda to her father, and even to make him as fully aware as she could of the way in which the friendship with Ezra had begun, and of the sympathy which had cemented it. She passed more lightly over what Deronda had done for her, omitting altogether the rescue from drowning, and speaking of the shelter she had found in Mrs. Meyrick's family so as to leave her father to suppose that it was through these friends Deronda had become acquainted with her. She could not persuade herself to more completeness in her narrative: she could not let the breath of her father's soul pass over her relation to Deronda. And Lapidoth, for reasons, was not eager in his questioning about the circumstances of her flight and arrival in England. But he was much interested in the fact of his children having a beneficent friend apparently high in the world.

It was the brother who told Deronda of this new condition added to their life. "I am become calm in beholding him now," Ezra ended, "and I try to think it possible that my sister's tenderness, and the daily tasting a life of peace, may win him to remain aloof from temptation. I have enjoined her, and she has promised, to trust him with no money. I have convinced her that he will buy with it his own destruction."

Deronda first came on the third day from Lapidoth's arrival. The new clothes for which he had been measured were not yet ready, and wishing to make a favorable impression, he did not choose to present himself in the old ones. He watched for Deronda's departure, and getting a view of him from the window, was rather surprised at his youthfulness, which Mirah had not mentioned, and which he had somehow thought out of the question in a personage who had taken up a grave friendship and hoary studies with the sepulchral Ezra. Lapidoth began to imagine that Deronda's real or chief motive must be that he was in love with Mirah. And so much the better; for a tie to Mirah had more promise of indulgence for her father than the tie to Ezra; and Lapidoth was not without the hope of recommending himself to Deronda, and of softening any hard prepossessions. He was behaving with much amiability, and trying in all ways at his command to get himself into easy domestication with his children—entering into Mirah's music, showing himself docile about smoking, which Mrs. Adam could not tolerate in her parlor, and walking out in the square with his German pipe and the tobacco with which Mirah supplied him. He was too acute to venture any present remonstrance against the refusal of money, which Mirah told him that she must persist in as a solemn duty promised to her brother. He was comfortable enough to wait.

The next time Deronda came, Lapidoth, equipped in his new clothes and satisfied with his own appearance, was in the room with Ezra, who was teaching himself, as part of his severe duty, to tolerate his father's presence whenever it was imposed. Deronda was cold and distant, the first sight of this man, who had blighted the lives of his wife and children, creating in him a repulsion that was even a physical discomfort. But Lapidoth did not let himself be discouraged, asked leave to stay and hear the reading of papers from the old chest, and actually made himself useful in helping to decipher some difficult German manuscript. This led him to suggest that it might be desirable to make a transcription of the manuscript, and he offered his services for this purpose, and also to make copies of any papers in Roman characters. Though Ezra's young eyes, he observed, were getting weak, his own were still strong. Deronda accepted the offer, thinking that Lapidoth showed a sign of grace in the willingness to be employed usefully; and he saw a gratified expression in Ezra's face, who, however, presently said, "Let all the writing be done here; for I can not trust the papers out of my sight, lest there be an accident by burning or otherwise." Poor Ezra felt very much as if he had a convict on leave under his charge. Unless he saw his father working, it was not possible to believe that he would work in good faith. But by this arrangement he fastened on himself the burden of his father's presence, which was made

painful not only through his deepest, longest associations, but also through Lapidoth's restlessness of temperament, which showed itself the more as he became familiarized with his situation, and lost any awe he had felt of his son. The fact was, he was putting a strong constraint on himself in confining his attention for the sake of winning Deronda's favor; and, like a man in an uncomfortable garment, he gave himself relief at every opportunity, going out to smoke, or moving about and talking, or throwing himself back in his chair and remaining silent, but incessantly carrying on a dumb language of facial movement or gesticulation; and if Mirah were in the room, he would fall into his old habit of talk with her, gossiping about their former doings and companions, or repeating quirks, and stories, and plots of the plays he used to adapt, in the belief that he could at will command the vivacity of his earlier time. All this was a mortal infliction to Ezra; and when Mirah was at home she tried to relieve him by getting her father down into the parlor and keeping watch over him there. What duty is made of a single difficult resolve? The difficulty lies in the daily unflinching support of consequences that mar the blessed return of morning with the prospect of irritation to be suppressed or shame to be endured. And such consequences were being borne by these, as by many other, heroic children of an unworthy father—with the prospect, at least to Mirah, of their stretching onward through the solid part of life.

Meanwhile Lapidoth's presence had raised a new impalpable partition between Deronda and Mirah—each of them dreading the soiling inferences of his mind, each of them interpreting mistakenly the increased reserve and diffidence of the other. But it was not very long before some light came to Deronda.

As soon as he could, after returning from his brief visit to the Abbey, he had called at Hans Meyrick's rooms, feeling it, on more grounds than one, a due of friendship that Hans should be at once acquainted with the reasons of his late journey, and the changes of intention it had brought about. Hans was not there; he was said to be in the country for a few days; and Deronda, after leaving a note, waited a week, rather expecting a note in return. But receiving no word, and fearing some freak of feeling in the incalculably susceptible Hans, whose proposed sojourn at the Abbey he knew had been deferred, he at length made a second call, and was admitted into the painting-room, where he found his friend in a light coat, without a waistcoat, his long hair still wet from a bath, but with a face looking worn and wizened—any thing but country-like. He had taken up his palette and brushes, and stood before his easel when Deronda entered; but the equipment and attitude seemed to have been got up on short notice.

As they shook hands, Deronda said, "You don't look much as if you had been in the country, old fellow. Is it Cambridge you have been to?"

"No," said Hans, curtly, throwing down his palette with the air of one who has begun to feign by mistake; then, pushing forward a chair for Deronda, he threw himself into another, and leaned backward with his hands behind his head, while he went on, "I've been to I-don't-know-where—No-man's-land—and a mortally unpleasant country it is."

"You don't mean to say you have been drinking, Hans?" said Deronda, who had seated himself opposite, in anxious survey.

"Nothing so good. I've been smoking opium. I always meant to do it some time or other, to try how much bliss could be got by it; and having found myself just now rather out of other bliss, I thought it judicious to seize the opportunity. But I pledge you my word I shall never tap a cask of that bliss again. It disagrees with my constitution."

"What has been the matter? You were in good spirits enough when you wrote to me."

"Oh, nothing in particular. The world began to look seedy—a sort of cabbage garden with all the cabbages cut. A malady of genius, you may be sure," said Hans, creasing his face into a smile; "and, in fact, I was tired of being virtuous without reward, especially in this hot London weather."

"Nothing else? No real vexation?" said Deronda.

Hans shook his head.

"I came to tell you of my own affairs, but I can't do it with a good grace if you are to hide yours."

"Haven't an affair in the world," said Hans, in a flighty way, "except a quarrel with a bric-à-brac man. Besides, as it is the first time in our lives that you ever spoke to me about your own affairs, you are only beginning to pay a pretty long debt."

Deronda felt convinced that Hans was behaving artificially, but he trusted to a return of the old frankness by-and-by if he gave his own confidence.

"You laughed at the mystery of my journey to Italy, Hans," he began. "It was for an object that touched my happiness at the very roots. I had never known any thing about my parents, and I really went to Genoa to meet my mother. My father has been long dead—died when I was an infant. My mother was the daughter of an eminent Jew; my father was her cousin. Many things had caused me to think of this origin as almost a probability before I set out. I was so far prepared for the result that I was glad of it—glad to find myself a Jew."

"You must not expect me to look surprised, Deronda," said Hans, who had changed his attitude, laying one leg across the other and examining the heel of his slipper.

"You knew it?"

"My mother told me. She went to the house the morning after you had been there—brother and sister both told her. You may imagine we can't rejoice as they do. But whatever you are glad of, I shall come to be glad of in the end—*when* exactly the end may be I can't predict," said Hans, speaking in a low tone, which was as unusual with him as it was to be out of humor with his lot, and yet bent on making no fuss about it.

"I quite understand that you can't share my feeling," said Deronda; "but I could not let silence lie between us on what casts quite a new light over my future. I have taken up some of Mordecai's ideas, and I mean to try and carry them out, so far as one man's efforts can go. I dare say I shall by-and-by travel to the East, and be away for some years."

Hans said nothing, but rose, seized his palette, and began to work his brush on it, standing before his picture with his back to Deronda, who

also felt himself at a break in his path, embarrassed by Hans's embarrassment.

Presently Hans said, again speaking low, and without turning, "Excuse the question, but does Mrs. Grandcourt know of all this?"

"No; and I must beg of you, Hans," said Deronda, rather angrily, "to cease joking on that subject. Any notions you have are wide of the truth—are the very reverse of the truth."

"I am no more inclined to joke than I shall be at my own funeral," said Hans. "But I am not at all sure that you are aware what are my notions on that subject."

"Perhaps not," said Deronda. "But let me say, once for all, that in relation to Mrs. Grandcourt, I never have had, and never shall have, the position of a lover. If you have ever seriously put that interpretation on any thing you have observed, you are supremely mistaken."

There was silence a little while, and to each the silence was like an irritating air, exaggerating discomfort.

"Perhaps I have been mistaken in another interpretation also," said Hans, presently.

"What is that?"

"That you had no wish to hold the position of a lover toward another woman, who is neither wife nor widow."

"I can't pretend not to understand you, Meyrick. It is painful that our wishes should clash. But I hope you will tell me if you have any ground for supposing that you would succeed."

"That seems rather a superfluous inquiry on your part, Deronda," said Hans, with some irritation.

"Why superfluous?"

"Because you are perfectly convinced on the subject—and probably you have had the very best evidence to convince you."

"I will be more frank with you than you are with me," said Deronda, still heated by Hans's show of temper, and yet sorry for him. "I have never had the slightest evidence that I should succeed myself. In fact, I have very little hope."

Hans looked round hastily at his friend, but immediately turned to his picture again.

"And in our present situation," said Deronda, hurt by the idea that Hans suspected him of insincerity, and giving an offended emphasis to his words, "I don't see how I can deliberately make known my feeling to her. If she could not return it, I should have imbittered her best comfort, for neither she nor I can be parted from her brother, and we should have to meet continually. If I were to cause her that sort of pain by an unwilling betrayal of my feeling, I should be no better than a mischievous animal."

"I don't know that I have ever betrayed *my* feeling to her," said Hans, as if he were vindicating himself.

"You mean that we are on a level; then you have no reason to envy me."

"Oh, not the slightest," said Hans, with bitter irony. "You have measured my conceit, and know that it outtops all your advantages."

"I am a nuisance to you, Meyrick. I am sorry, but I can't help it," said Deronda, rising. "After what passed between us before, I wished to have this explanation; and I don't see that any pretensions of mine have made a real difference to you. They are not likely to make any pleasant difference to myself under present circumstances. Now the father is there—did you know that the father is there?"

"Yes. If he were not a Jew, I would permit myself to damn him—with faint praise, I mean," said Hans, but with no smile.

"She and I meet under greater constraint than ever. Things might go on in this way for two years without my getting any insight into her feeling toward me. That is the whole state of affairs, Hans. Neither you nor I have injured the other, that I can see. We must put up with this sort of rivalry in a hope that is likely enough to come to nothing. Our friendship can bear that strain, surely."

"No, it can't," said Hans, impetuously, throwing down his tools, thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, and turning round to face Deronda, who drew back a little and looked at him with amazement. Hans went on in the same tone:

"Our friendship—my friendship—can't bear the strain of behaving to you like an ungrateful dastard, and grudging you your happiness. For you *are* the happiest dog in the world. If Mirah loves any body better than her brother, *you are the man.*"

Hans turned on his heel and threw himself into his chair, looking up at Deronda with an expression the reverse of tender. Something like a shock passed through Deronda, and, after an instant, he said,

"It is a good-natured fiction of yours, Hans."

"I am not in a good-natured mood. I assure you I found the fact disagreeable when it was thrust on me—all the more, or perhaps all the less, because I believed then that your heart was pledged to the duchess. But now, confound you! you turn out to be in love in the right place—a Jew—and every thing eligible."

"Tell me what convinced you—there's a good fellow," said Deronda, distrusting a delight that he was unused to.

"Don't ask. Little mother was witness. The upshot is, that Mirah is jealous of the duchess, and the sooner you relieve her mind, the better. There! I've cleared off a score or two, and may be allowed to swear at you for getting what you deserve—which is just the very best luck I know of."

"God bless you, Hans!" said Deronda, putting out his hand, which the other took and wrung in silence.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

—Coleridge.

Deronda's eagerness to confess his love could hardly have had a stronger stimulus than Hans had given it in his assurance that Mirah needed relief from jealousy. He went on his next visit to Ezra with the determination to be resolute in using—nay, in requesting—an opportunity of private conversation with her. If she accepted his love, he felt courageous about all other consequences, and as her betrothed husband he would gain a protective authority which might be a desirable defense for her in future difficulties with her father. Deronda had not observed any signs of growing restlessness in Lapidoth, or of diminished desire to recommend himself; but he had

forebodings of some future struggle, some mortification, or some intolerable increase of domestic disquietude in which he might save Ezra and Mirah from being helpless victims.

His forebodings would have been strengthened if he had known what was going on in the father's mind. That amount of restlessness, that desultoriness of attention, which made a small torture to Ezra, was to Lapidoth an irksome submission to restraint, only made bearable by his thinking of it as a means of by-and-by securing a well-conditioned freedom. He began with the intention of awaiting some really good chance, such as an opening for getting a considerable sum from Deronda; but all the while he was looking about curiously, and trying to discover where Mirah deposited her money and her keys. The imperious gambling desire within him, which carried on its activity through every other occupation, and made a continuous web of imagination that held all else in its meshes, would hardly have been under the control of a protracted purpose, if he had been able to lay his hand on any sum worth capturing. But Mirah, with her practical clear-sightedness, guarded against any frustration of the promise she had given Ezra, by confiding all money, except what she was immediately in want of, to Mrs. Meyrick's care, and Lapidoth felt himself under an irritating completeness of supply in kind as in a lunatic asylum where every thing was made safe against him. To have opened a desk or drawer of Mirah's, and pocketed any bank-notes found there, would have been to his mind a sort of domestic appropriation which had no disgrace in it; the degrees of liberty a man allows himself with other people's property being often delicately drawn, even beyond the boundary where the law begins to lay its hold—which is the reason why spoons are a safer investment than mining shares. Lapidoth really felt himself injuriously treated by his daughter, and thought that he ought to have had what he wanted of her other earnings as he had of her apple-tart. But he remained submissive; indeed, the indiscretion that most tempted him was not any insistence with Mirah, but some kind of appeal to Deronda. Clever persons who have nothing else to sell can often put a good price on their absence, and Lapidoth's difficult search for devices forced upon him the idea that his family would find themselves happier without him, and that Deronda would be willing to advance a considerable sum for the sake of getting rid of him. But, in spite of well-practiced hardihood, Lapidoth was still in some awe of Ezra's imposing friend, and deferred his purpose indefinitely.

On this day, when Deronda had come full of a gladdened consciousness, which inevitably showed itself in his air and speech, Lapidoth was at a crisis of discontent and longing that made his mind busy with schemes of freedom, and Deronda's new amenity encouraged them. This preoccupation was at last so strong as to interfere with his usual show of interest in what went forward, and his persistence in sitting by even when there was reading which he could not follow. After sitting a little while, he went out to smoke and walk in the square, and the two friends were all the easier. Mirah was not at home, but she was sure to be in again before Deronda left, and his eyes glowed with a secret anticipation: he thought that when he saw her again he should see some sweetness of recognition for himself to which his eyes had been sealed before. There was an additional playful affectionateness in his manner toward Ezra.

"This little room is too close for you, Ezra," he said, breaking off his reading. "The week's heat we sometimes get here is worse than the heat in Genoa, where one sits in the shaded coolness of large rooms. You must have a better home now. I shall do as I like with you, being the stronger half." He smiled toward Ezra, who said,

"I am straitened for nothing except breath. But you, who might be in a spacious palace, with the wide green country around you, find this a narrow prison. Nevertheless, I can not say, 'Go.'"

"Oh, the country would be a banishment while you are here," said Deronda, rising and walking round the double room, which yet offered no long promenade, while he made a great fan of his handkerchief. "This is the happiest room in the world to me. Besides, I will imagine myself in the East, since I am getting ready to go there some day. Only I will not wear a cravat and a heavy ring there," he ended emphatically, pausing to take off those superfluities and deposit them on a small table behind Ezra, who had the table in front of him covered with books and papers.

"I have been wearing my memorable ring ever since I came home," he went on, as he reseated himself. "But I am such a Sybarite that I constantly put it off as a burden when I am doing any thing. I understand why the Romans had summer rings—*if* they had them. Now, then, I shall get on better."

They were soon absorbed in their work again. Deronda was reading a piece of rabbinical Hebrew under Ezra's correction and comment, and they took little notice when Lapidoth re-entered and seated himself somewhat in the background.

His rambling eyes quickly alighted on the ring that sparkled on the bit of dark mahogany. During his walk his mind had been occupied with the fiction of an advantageous opening for him abroad, only requiring a sum of ready money, which, on being communicated to Deronda in private, might immediately draw from him a question as to the amount of the required sum; and it was this part of his forecast that Lapidoth found the most debatable, there being a danger in asking too much, and a prospective regret in asking too little. His own desire gave him no limit, and he was quite without guidance as to the limit of Deronda's willingness. But now, in the midst of these airy conditions preparatory to a receipt which remained indefinite, this ring, which on Deronda's finger had become familiar to Lapidoth's envy, suddenly shone detached, and within easy grasp. Its value was certainly below the smallest of the imaginary sums that his purpose fluctuated between; but then it was before him as a solid fact, and his desire at once leaped into the thought (not yet an intention) that if he were quietly to pocket that ring and walk away, he would have the means of comfortable escape from present restraint, without trouble, and also without danger; for any property of Deronda's (available without his formal consent) was all one with his children's property, since their father would never be prosecuted for taking it. The details of this thinking followed each other so quickly that they seemed to rise before him as one picture. Lapidoth had never committed larceny;

but larceny is a form of appropriation for which people are punished by law; and to take this ring from a virtual relation, who would have been willing to make a much heavier gift, would not come under the head of larceny. Still, the heavier gift was to be preferred, if Lapidoth could only make haste enough in asking for it, and the imaginary action of taking the ring, which kept repeating itself like an inward tune, sank into a rejected idea. He satisfied his urgent longing by resolving to go below and watch for the moment of Deronda's departure, when he would ask leave to join him in his walk, and boldly carry out his meditated plan. He rose and stood looking out of the window, but all the while he saw what lay behind him—the brief passage he would have to make to the door close by the table where the ring was. However, he was resolved to go down; but—by no distinct change of resolution, rather by a dominance of desire, like the thirst of the drunkard—it so happened that in passing the table his fingers fell noiselessly on the ring, and he found himself in the passage with the ring in his hand. It followed that he put on his hat and quitted the house. The possibility of again throwing himself on his children receded into the indefinite distance, and before he was out of the square his sense of haste had concentrated itself on selling the ring and getting on shipboard.

Deronda and Ezra were just aware of his exit; that was all. But, by-and-by, Mirah came in and made a real interruption. She had not taken off her hat; and when Deronda rose and advanced to shake hands with her, she said, in a confusion at once unaccountable and troublesome to herself,

"I only came in to see that Ezra had his new draught. I must go directly to Mrs. Meyrick's to fetch something."

"Pray allow me to walk with you," said Deronda, urgently. "I must not tire Ezra any further; besides, my brains are melting. I want to go to Mrs. Meyrick's: may I go with you?"

"Oh yes," said Mirah, blushing still more, with the vague sense of something new in Deronda, and turning away to pour out Ezra's draught; Ezra meanwhile throwing back his head, with his eyes shut, unable to get his mind away from the ideas that had been filling it while the reading was going on. Deronda for a moment stood thinking of nothing but the walk, till Mirah turned round again and brought the draught, when he suddenly remembered that he had laid aside his cravat, and saying, "Pray excuse my dishabille; I did not mean you to see it," he went to the little table, took up his cravat, and exclaimed, with a violent impulse of surprise, "Good heavens! where is my ring gone?" beginning to search about on the floor.

Ezra looked round the corner of his chair. Mirah, quick as thought, went to the spot where Deronda was seeking, and said, "Did you lay it down?"

"Yes," said Deronda, still unvisited by any other explanation than that the ring had fallen and was lurking in shadow, indiscernible on the variegated carpet. He was moving the bits of furniture near, and searching in all possible and impossible places with hand and eyes.

But another explanation had visited Mirah and taken the color from her cheek. She went to Ezra's ear and whispered, "Was my father here?" He bent his head in reply, meeting her eyes with terrible understanding. She darted back to the spot where Deronda was still casting down his eyes in that hopeless exploration which we are apt to carry on over a space we have examined in vain.

"You have not found it?" she said, hurriedly.

He, meeting her frightened gaze, immediately caught alarm from it, and answered, "I perhaps put it in my pocket," professing to feel for it there.

She watched him, and said, "It is not there?—you put it on the table," with a penetrating voice that would not let him feign to have found it in his pocket; and immediately she rushed out of the room. Deronda followed her—she was gone into the sitting-room below to look for her father—she opened the door of the bedroom to see if he were there—she looked where his hat usually hung—she turned with her hands clasped tight and her lips pale, gazing despairingly out of the window. Then she looked up at Deronda, who had not dared to speak to her in her white agitation. She looked up at him, unable to utter a word—the look seemed a tacit acceptance of the humiliation she felt in his presence. But he, taking her clasped hands between both his, said, in a tone of reverent adoration,

"Mirah, let me think that he is my father as well as yours—that we can have no sorrow, no disgrace, no joy apart. I will rather take your grief to be mine than I would take the brightest joy of another woman. Say you will not reject me—say you will take me to share all things with you. Say you will promise to be my wife—say it now. I have been in doubt so long—I have had to hide my love so long. Say that now and always I may prove to you that I love you with complete love."

The change in Mirah had been gradual. She had not passed at once from anguish to the full, blessed consciousness that, in this moment of grief and shame, Deronda was giving her the highest tribute man can give to woman. With the first tones and the first words, she had only a sense of solemn comfort, referring this goodness of Deronda's to his feeling for Ezra. But by degrees the rapturous assurance of unhoped-for good took possession of her frame; her face glowed under Deronda's as he bent over her; yet she looked up still with intense gravity, as when she had first acknowledged with religious gratitude that he had thought her "worthy of the best;" and when he had finished, she could say nothing—she could only lift up her lips to his and just kiss them, as if that were the simplest "yes." They stood then, only looking at each other, he holding her hands between his—too happy to move, meeting so fully in their new consciousness that all signs would have seemed to throw them farther apart, till Mirah said, in a whisper, "Let us go and comfort Ezra."

CHAPTER LXIX.

"The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and reverenced with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning toward their common rest
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations."

—Wordsworth: *The Prelude.*

Sir Hugo carried out his plan of spending part of the autumn at Diplow, and by the beginning of October his presence was spreading some cheer-

fulness in the neighborhood, among all ranks and persons concerned, from the stately homes of Brackenshaw and Quetcham to the respectable shop parlors in Wancester. For Sir Hugo was a man who liked to show himself and be affable, a Liberal of good lineage, who confided entirely in Reform as not likely to make any serious difference in English habits of feeling, one of which undoubtedly is the liking to behold society well fenced and adorned with hereditary rank. Hence he made Diplow a most agreeable house, extending his invitations to old Wancester solicitors and young village curates, but also taking some care in the combination of his guests, and not feeding all the common poultry together, so that they should think their meal no particular compliment. Easy-going Lord Brackenshaw, for example, would not mind meeting Robinson the attorney; but Robinson would have been naturally piqued if he had been asked to meet a set of people who passed for his equals. On all these points Sir Hugo was well informed enough at once to gain popularity for himself and give pleasure to others—two results which eminently suited his disposition. The Rector of Pennicote now found a reception at Diplow very different from the haughty tolerance he had undergone during the reign of Grandcourt. It was not only that the Baronet liked Mr. Gascoigne, it was that he desired to keep up a marked relation of friendliness with him on account of Mrs. Grandcourt, for whom Sir Hugo's chivalry had become more and more engaged. Why? The chief reason was one that he could not fully communicate, even to Lady Mallinger—for he would not tell what he thought one woman's secret to another, even though the other was his wife—which shows that his chivalry included a rare reticence.

Deronda, after he had become engaged to Mirah, felt it right to make a full statement of his position and purposes to Sir Hugo, and he chose to make it by letter. He had more than a presentiment that his fatherly friend would feel some dissatisfaction, if not pain, at this turn of destiny. In reading unwelcome news, instead of hearing it, there is the advantage that one avoids a hasty expression of impatience which may afterward be repented of. Deronda dreaded that verbal collision which makes otherwise pardonable feeling lastingly offensive.

And Sir Hugo, though not altogether surprised, was thoroughly vexed. His immediate resource was to take the letter to Lady Mallinger, who would be sure to express an astonishment which her husband could argue against as unreasonable, and in this way divide the stress of his discontent. And, in fact, when she showed herself astonished and distressed that all Daniel's wonderful talents, and the comfort of having him in the house, should have ended in his going mad in this way about the Jews, the Baronet could say,

"Oh, nonsense, my dear! Depend upon it, Dan will not make a fool of himself. He has large notions about Judaism—political views which you can't understand. No fear but Dan will keep himself head uppermost."

But with regard to the prospective marriage, she afforded him no counter-irritant. The gentle lady observed, without rancor, that she had little dreamed of what was coming when she had Mirah to sing at her musical party and give lessons to Amabel. After some hesitation, indeed, she confessed it *had* passed through her mind that after a proper time Daniel might marry Mrs. Grandcourt—because it seemed so remarkable that he should be at Genoa just at that time—and although she herself was not fond of widows, she could not help thinking that such a marriage would have been better than his going altogether with the Jews. But Sir Hugo was so strongly of the same opinion that he could not correct it as a feminine mistake; and his ill humor at the disproof of his agreeable conclusions on behalf of Gwendolen was left without vent. He desired Lady Mallinger not to breathe a word about the affair till further notice, saying to himself, "If it is an unkind cut to the poor thing" (meaning Gwendolen), "the longer she is without knowing it, the better, in her present nervous state. And she will best learn it from Dan himself." Sir Hugo's conjectures had worked so industriously with his knowledge, that he fancied himself well informed concerning the whole situation.

Meanwhile his residence with his family at Diplow enabled him to continue his fatherly attentions to Gwendolen; and in these Lady Mallinger, notwithstanding her small liking for widows, was quite willing to second him.

The plan of removal to Offendene had been carried out; and Gwendolen, in settling there, maintained a calm beyond her mother's hopes. She was experiencing some of that peaceful melancholy which comes from the renunciation of demands for self, and from taking the ordinary good of existence, and especially kindness, even from a dog, as a gift above expectation. Does one who has been all but lost in a pit of darkness complain of the sweet air and the daylight? There is a way of looking at our life daily as an escape, and taking the quiet return of morn and evening—still more the star-like outglowing of some pure fellow-feeling, some generous impulse breaking our inward darkness—as a salvation that reconciles us to hardship. Those who have a self-knowledge prompting such self-accusation as Hamlet's can understand this habitual feeling of rescue. And it was felt by Gwendolen as she lived through and through again the terrible history of her temptations, from their first form of illusory self-pleasing, when she struggled away from the hold of conscience, to their latest form of an urgent hatred dragging her toward its satisfaction, while she prayed and cried for the help of that conscience which she had once forsaken. She was now dwelling on every word of Deronda's that pointed to her past deliverance from the worst evil in herself and the worst infliction of it on others, and on every word that carried a force to resist self-despair.

But she was also upborne by the prospect of soon seeing him again: she did not imagine him otherwise than always within her reach, her supreme need of him blinding her to the separateness of his life, the whole scene of which she filled with his relation to her—no unique preoccupation of Gwendolen's, for we are all apt to fall into this passionate egoism of imagination, not only toward our fellow-men, but toward God. And the future which she turned her face to with a willing step was one where she would be continually assimilating herself to some type that he would hold before her. Had he not first risen on her vision as a corrective presence which she

had recognized in the beginning with resentment, and at last with entire love and trust? She could not spontaneously think of an end to that reliance which had become to her imagination like the firmness of the earth, the only condition of her walking.

And Deronda was not long before he came to Diplow, which was at a more convenient distance from town than the Abbey. He had wished to carry out a plan for taking Ezra and Mirah to a mild spot on the coast, while he prepared another home that Mirah might enter as his bride, and where they might unitedly watch over her brother. But Ezra begged not to be removed, unless it were to go with them to the East. All outward solicitations were becoming more and more of a burden to him; but his mind dwelt on the possibility of this voyage with a visionary joy. Deronda, in his preparations for the marriage, which he hoped might not be deferred beyond a couple of months, wished to have fuller consultation as to his resources and affairs generally with Sir Hugo, and here was a reason for not delaying his visit to Diplow. But he thought quite as much of another reason—his promise to Gwendolen. The sense of blessedness in his own lot had yet an aching anxiety at its heart: this may be held paradoxical, for the beloved lover is always called happy, and happiness is considered as a well-fleshed indifference to sorrow outside it. But human experience is usually paradoxical, if that means incongruous with the phrases of current talk or even current philosophy. It was no treason to Mirah, but a part of that full nature which made his love for her the more worthy, that his joy in her could hold by its side the care for another. For what is love itself, for the one we love best?—an infolding of immeasurable cares which yet are better than any joys outside our love.

Deronda came twice to Diplow, and saw Gwendolen twice—and yet he went back to town without having told her any thing about the change in his lot and prospects. He blamed himself; but in all momentous communication likely to give pain we feel dependent on some preparatory turn of words or associations, some agreement of the other's mood with the probable effect of what we have to impart. In the first interview Gwendolen was so absorbed in what she had to say to him, so full of questions which he must answer, about the arrangement of her life, what she could do to make herself less ignorant, how she could be kindest to every body, and make amends for her selfishness and try to be rid of it, that Deronda utterly shrank from waiving her immediate wants in order to speak of himself, nay, from inflicting a wound on her in these moments when she was leaning on him for help in her path. In the second interview, when he went with new resolve to command the conversation into some preparatory track, he found her in a state of deep depression, overmastered by those distasteful, miserable memories which forced themselves on her as something more real and ample than any new material out of which she could mould her future. She cried hysterically, and said that he would always despise her. He could only seek words of soothing and encouragement; and when she gradually revived under them, with that pathetic look of renewed childlike interest which we see in eyes where the lashes are still beaded with tears, it was impossible to lay another burden on her.

But time went on, and he felt it a pressing duty to make the difficult disclosure. Gwendolen, it was true, never recognized his having any affairs; and it had never even occurred to her to ask him why he happened to be at Genoa. But this unconsciousness of hers would make a sudden revelation of affairs that were determining his course in life all the heavier blow to her; and if he left the revelation to be made by indifferent persons, she would feel that he had treated her with cruel inconsiderateness. He could not make the communication in writing: his tenderness could not bear to think of her reading his virtual farewell in solitude, and perhaps feeling his words full of a hard gladness for himself and indifference for her. He went down to Diplow again, feeling that every other peril was to be incurred rather than that of returning and leaving her still in ignorance.

On this third visit Deronda found Hans Meyrick installed with his easel at Diplow, beginning his picture of the three daughters sitting on a bank "in the Gainsborough style," and varying his work by rambling to Pennicote to sketch the village children and improve his acquaintance with the Gascoignes. Hans appeared to have recovered his vivacity, but Deronda detected some feigning in it, as we detect the artificiality of a lady's bloom from its being a little too high-toned and steadily persistent (a "Fluctuating Rouge" not having yet appeared among the advertisements). Also, with all his grateful friendship and admiration for Deronda, Hans could not help a certain irritation against him such as extremely incautious, open natures are apt to feel when the breaking of a friend's reserve discloses a state of things not merely unsuspected, but the reverse of what had been hoped and ingeniously conjectured. It is true that poor Hans had always cared chiefly to confide in Deronda, and had been quite incurious as to any confidence that might have been given in return; but what outpourer of his own affairs is not tempted to think any hint of his friend's affairs as an egotistic irrelevance? That was no reason why it was not rather a sore reflection to Hans that while he had been all along naïvely opening his heart about Mirah, Deronda had kept secret a feeling of rivalry which now revealed itself as the important determining fact. Moreover, it is always at their peril that our friends turn out to be something more than we were aware of. Hans must be excused for these promptings of bruised sensibility, since he had not allowed them to govern his substantial conduct: he had the consciousness of having done right by his fortunate friend; or, as he told himself, "his metal had given a better ring than he would have sworn to beforehand." For Hans had always said that in point of virtue he was a *dilettante:* which meant that he was very fond of it in other people, but if he meddled with it himself he cut a poor figure. Perhaps in reward of his good behavior, he gave his tongue the more freedom; and he was too fully possessed by the notion of Deronda's happiness to have a conception of what he was feeling about Gwendolen, so that he spoke of her without hesitation.

"When did you come down, Hans?" said Deronda, joining him in the grounds where he was making a study of the requisite bank and trees.

"Oh, ten days ago—before the time Sir Hugo fixed. I ran down with Rex Gascoigne and staid at the Rectory a day or two. I'm up in all the gossip of these parts—I know the state of the wheelwright's interior, and have assisted at an infant-school examination. Sister Anna with the good upper lip escorted me, else I should have been mobbed by three urchins and an idiot, because of my long hair and a general appearance which departs from the Pennicote type of the beautiful. Altogether, the village is idyllic. Its only fault is a dark curate with broad shoulders and broad trowsers who ought to have gone into the heavy drapery line. The Gascoignes are perfect—besides being related to the Vandyck duchess. I caught a glimpse of her in her black robes at a distance, though she doesn't show to visitors."

"She was not staying at the Rectory?" said Deronda.

"No; but I was taken to Offendene to see the old house, and, as a consequence, I saw the duchess's family. I suppose you have been there, and know all about them?"

"Yes, I have been there," said Deronda, quietly.

"A fine old place. An excellent setting for a widow with romantic fortunes. And she seems to have had several romances. I think I have found out that there was one between her and my friend Rex."

"Not long before her marriage, then?" said Deronda, really interested; "for they had only been a year at Offendene. How came you to know any thing of it?"

"Oh—not ignorant of what it is to be a miserable devil, I learn to gloat on the signs of misery in others. I found out that Rex never goes to Offendene, and has never seen the duchess since she came back; and Miss Gascoigne let fall something in our talk about charade acting—for I went through some of my nonsense to please the young ones—something which proved to me that Rex was once hovering about his fair cousin close enough to get singed. I don't know what was her part in the affair. Perhaps the duke came in and carried her off. That is always the way when an exceptionally worthy young man forms an attachment. I understand now why Gascoigne talks of making the law his mistress and remaining a bachelor. But these are green resolves. Since the duke did not get himself drowned for your sake, it may turn out to be for my friend Rex's sake. Who knows?"

"Is it absolutely necessary that Mrs. Grandcourt should marry again?" said Deronda, ready to add that Hans's success in constructing her fortunes hitherto had not been enough to warrant a new attempt.

"You monster!" retorted Hans, "do you want her to wear weeds for *you* all her life—burn herself in perpetual suttee while you are alive and merry?"

Deronda could say nothing, but he looked so much annoyed that Hans turned the current of his chat, and when he was alone, shrugged his shoulders a little over the thought that there really had been some stronger feeling between Deronda and the duchess than Mirah would like to know of. "Why didn't she fall in love with me?" thought Hans, laughing at himself. "She would have had no rivals. No woman ever wanted to discuss theology with me."

No wonder that Deronda winced under that sort of joking with a whip-lash. It touched sensibilities that were already quivering with the anticipation of witnessing some of that pain to which even Hans's light words seemed to give more reality—any sort of recognition by another giving emphasis to the subject of our anxiety. And now he had come down with the firm resolve that he would not again evade the trial. The next day he rode to Offendene. He had sent word that he intended to call and to ask if Gwendolen could receive him; and he found her awaiting him in the old drawing-room where some chief crises of her life had happened. She seemed less sad than he had seen her since her husband's death; there was no smile on her face, but a placid self-possession, in contrast with the mood in which he had last found her. She was all the more alive to the sadness perceptible in Deronda; and they were no sooner seated—he at a little distance opposite to her—than she said,

"You were afraid of coming to see me, because I was so full of grief and despair the last time. But I am not so to-day. I have been sorry ever since. I have been making it a reason why I should keep up my hope and be as cheerful as I can, because I would not give you any pain about me."

There was an unwonted sweetness in Gwendolen's tone and look as she uttered these words that seemed to Deronda to infuse the utmost cruelty into the task now laid upon him. But he felt obliged to make his answer a beginning of the task.

"I *am* in some trouble to-day," he said, looking at her rather mournfully; "but it is because I have things to tell you which you will almost think it a want of confidence on my part not to have spoken of before. They are things affecting my own life—my own future. I shall seem to have made an ill return to you for the trust you have placed in me—never to have given you an idea of events that make great changes for me. But when we have been together we have hardly had time to enter into subjects which at the moment were really less pressing to me than the trials you have been going through." There was a sort of timid tenderness in Deronda's deep tones, and he paused with a pleading look, as if it had been Gwendolen only who had conferred any thing in her scenes of beseeching and confession.

A thrill of surprise was visible in her. Such meaning as she found in his words had shaken her, but without causing fear. Her mind had flown at once to some change in his position with regard to Sir Hugo and Sir Hugo's property. She said, with a sense of comfort from Deronda's way of asking her pardon,

"You never thought of any thing but what you could do to help me; and I was so troublesome. How could you tell me things?"

"It will perhaps astonish you," said Deronda, "that I have only quite lately known who were my parents."

Gwendolen was not astonished: she felt the more assured that her expectations of what was coming were right. Deronda went on without check:

"The reason why you found me in Italy was

that I had gone there to learn that—in fact, to meet my mother. It was by her wish that I was brought up in ignorance of my parentage. She parted with me after my father's death, when I was a little creature. But she is now very ill, and she felt that the secrecy ought not to be any longer maintained. Her chief reason had been that she did not wish me to know I was a Jew."

"A *Jew!*" Gwendolen exclaimed, in a low tone of amazement, with an utterly frustrated look, as if some confusing potion were creeping through her system.

Deronda colored and did not speak, while Gwendolen, with her eyes fixed on the floor, was struggling to find her way in the dark by the aid of various reminiscences. She seemed at last to have arrived at some judgment; for she looked up at Deronda again, and said, as if remonstrating against the mother's conduct,

"What difference need that have made?"

"It has made a great difference to me that I have known it," said Deronda, emphatically; but he could not go on easily—the distance between her ideas and his acted like a difference of native language, making him uncertain what force his words would carry.

Gwendolen meditated again, and then said, feelingly, "I hope there is nothing to make you mind. *You* are just the same as if you were not a Jew."

She meant to assure him that nothing of that external sort could affect the way in which she regarded him, or the way in which he could influence her. Deronda was a little helped by this misunderstanding.

"The discovery was far from being painful to me," he said. "I had been gradually prepared for it, and I was glad of it. I had been prepared for it by becoming intimate with a very remarkable Jew, whose ideas have attracted me so much that I think of devoting the best part of my life to some effort at giving them effect."

Again Gwendolen seemed shaken—again there was a look of frustration, but this time it was mingled with alarm. She looked at Deronda with lips childishly parted. It was not that she had yet connected his words with Mirah and her brother, but that they had inspired her with a dreadful presentiment of mountainous travel for her mind before it could reach Deronda's. Great ideas in general which she had attributed to him seemed to make no great practical difference, and were not formidable in the same way as these mysteriously shadowed particular ideas. He could not quite divine what was going on within her; he could only seek the least abrupt path of disclosure.

"That is an object," he said, after a moment, "which will by-and-by force me to leave England for some time—for some years. I have purposes which will take me to the East."

Here was something clearer, but all the more immediately agitating. Gwendolen's lip began to tremble. "But you will come back?" she said, tasting her own tears as they fell, before she thought of drying them.

Deronda could not sit still. He rose, grasping his coat collar, and went to prop himself against the corner of the mantel-piece, at a different angle from her face. But when she had pressed her handkerchief against her cheeks, she turned and looked up at him, awaiting an answer.

"If I live," said Deronda—"*some time.*"

They were both silent. He could not persuade himself to say more unless she led up to it by a question; and she was apparently meditating something that she had to say.

"What are you going to do?" she asked at last, very timidly. "Can I understand the ideas, or am I too ignorant?"

"I am going to the East to become better acquainted with the condition of my race in various countries there," said Deronda, gently—anxious to be as explanatory as he could on what was the impersonal part of their separateness from each other. "The idea that I am possessed with is that of restoring a political existence to my people, making them a nation again, giving them a national centre, such as the English have, though they too are scattered over the face of the globe. That is a task which presents itself to me as a duty: I am resolved to begin it, however feebly. I am resolved to devote my life to it. At the least, I may awaken a movement in other minds, such as has been awakened in my own."

There was a long silence between them. The world seemed getting larger round poor Gwendolen, and she more solitary and helpless in the midst. The thought that he might come back after going to the East sank before the bewildering vision of these wide-stretching purposes in which she felt herself reduced to a mere speck. There comes a terrible moment to many souls when the great movements of the world, the larger destinies of mankind, which have lain aloof in newspapers and other neglected reading, enter like an earthquake into their own lives; when the slow urgency of growing generations turns into the tread of an invading army or the dire clash of civil war, and gray fathers know nothing to seek for but the corpses of their blooming sons, and girls forget all vanity to make lint and bandages which may serve for the shattered limbs of their betrothed husbands. Then it is as if the Invisible Power that has been the object of lip-worship and lip-resignation became visible, according to the imagery of the Hebrew poet, making the flames his chariot and riding on the wings of the wind, till the mountains smoke and the plains shudder under the rolling, fiery visitation. Often the good cause seems to lie prostrate under the thunder of unrelenting force, the martyrs live reviled, they die, and no angel is seen holding forth the crown and the palm branch. Then it is that the submission of the soul to the Highest is tested, and even in the eyes of frivolity life looks out from the scene of human struggle with the awful face of duty, and a religion shows itself which is something else than a private consolation.

That was the sort of crisis which was at this moment beginning in Gwendolen's small life: she was for the first time feeling the pressure of a vast mysterious movement, for the first time being dislodged from her supremacy in her own world, and getting a sense that her horizon was but a dipping onward of an existence with which her own was revolving. All the troubles of her wifehood and widowhood had still left her with the implicit impression which had accompanied her from childhood, that whatever surrounded her was somehow specially for her, and it was because of this that no personal jealousy had been roused in her in relation to Deronda: she

could not spontaneously think of him as rightfully belonging to others more than to her. But here had come a shock which went deeper than personal jealousy—something spiritual and vaguely tremendous that thrust her away, and yet quelled all anger into self-humiliation.

There had been a long silence. Deronda had stood still, even thankful for an interval before he needed to say more, and Gwendolen had sat like a statue, with her wrists lying over each other and her eyes fixed—the intensity of her mental action arresting all other excitation. At length something occurred to her that made her turn her face to Deronda and say, in a trembling voice,

"Is that all you can tell me?"

The question was like a dart to him. "The Jew whom I mentioned just now," he answered, not without a certain tremor in his tones too, "the remarkable man who has greatly influenced my mind, has not, perhaps, been totally unheard of by you. He is the brother of Miss Lapidoth, whom you have often heard sing."

A great wave of remembrance passed through Gwendolen and spread as a deep, painful flush over face and neck. It had come first as the scene of that morning when she had called on Mirah, and heard Deronda's voice reading, and been told, without then heeding it, that he was reading Hebrew with Mirah's brother.

"He is very ill—very near death now," Deronda went on, nervously, and then stopped short. He felt that he must wait. Would she divine the rest?

"Did she tell you that I went to her?" said Gwendolen, abruptly, looking up at him.

"No," said Deronda. "I don't understand you."

She turned away her eyes again, and sat thinking. Slowly the color died out of face and neck, and she was as pale as before—with that almost withered paleness which is seen after a painful flush. At last she said, without turning toward him, in a low, measured voice, as if she were only thinking aloud in preparation for future speech,

"But *can* you marry?"

"Yes," said Deronda, also in a low voice. "I am going to marry."

At first there was no change in Gwendolen's attitude: she only began to tremble visibly; then she looked before her with dilated eyes, as at something lying in front of her, till she stretched her arms out straight, and cried, with a smothered voice,

"I said I should be forsaken. I have been a cruel woman. And I am forsaken."

Deronda's anguish was intolerable. He could not help himself. He seized her outstretched hands and held them together, and kneeled at her feet. She was the victim of his happiness.

"I am cruel too; I am cruel," he repeated, with a sort of groan, looking up at her imploringly.

His presence and touch seemed to dispel a horrible vision, and she met his upward look of sorrow with something like the return of consciousness after fainting. Then she dwelt on it with that growing pathetic movement of the brow which accompanies the revival of some tender recollection. The look of sorrow brought back what seemed a very far-off moment—the first time she had ever seen it, in the library at the Abbey. Sobs rose, and great tears fell fast. Deronda would not let her hands go—held them still with one of his, and himself pressed her handkerchief against her eyes. She submitted like a half-soothed child, making an effort to speak, which was hindered by struggling sobs. At last she succeeded in saying, brokenly,

"I said—I said—it should be better—better with me—for having known you."

His eyes too were larger with tears. She wrested one of her hands from his, and returned his action, pressing his tears away.

"We shall not be quite parted," he said. "I will write to you always, when I can, and you will answer?"

He waited till she said, in a whisper, "I will try."

"I shall be more with you than I used to be," Deronda said, with gentle urgency, releasing her hands and rising from his kneeling posture. "If we had been much together before, we should have felt our differences more, and seemed to get farther apart. Now we can perhaps never see each other again. But our minds may get nearer."

Gwendolen said nothing, but rose too, automatically. Her withered look of grief, such as the sun often shines on when the blinds are drawn up after the burial of life's joy, made him hate his own words: they seemed to have the hardness of easy consolation in them. She felt that he was going, and that nothing could hinder it. The sense of it was like a dreadful whisper in her ear, which dulled all other consciousness; and she had not known that she was rising.

Deronda could not speak again. He thought that they must part in silence, but it was difficult to move toward the parting, till she looked at him with a sort of intention in her eyes, which helped him. He advanced to put out his hand silently, and when she had placed hers within it, she said what her mind had been laboring with:

"You have been very good to me. I have deserved nothing. I will try—try to live. I shall think of you. What good have I been? Only harm. Don't let me be harm to *you*. It shall be the better for me—"

She could not finish. It was not that she was sobbing, but that the intense effort with which she spoke made her too tremulous. The burden of that difficult rectitude toward him was a weight her frame tottered under.

She bent forward to kiss his cheek, and he kissed hers. Then they looked at each other for an instant, with clasped hands, and he turned away.

When he was quite gone, her mother came in and found her sitting motionless.

"Gwendolen dearest, you look very ill," she said, bending over her and touching her cold hands.

"Yes, mamma. But don't be afraid. I am going to live," said Gwendolen, bursting out hysterically.

Her mother persuaded her to go to bed, and watched by her. Through the day and half the night she fell continually into fits of shrieking, but cried in the midst of them to her mother, "Don't be afraid. I shall live. I mean to live."

After all, she slept; and when she waked in the morning light, she looked up fixedly at her mother, and said, tenderly, "Ah, poor mamma! You have been sitting up with me. Don't be unhappy. I shall live. I shall be better."

CHAPTER LXX.

In the checkered area of human experience the seasons are all mingled as in the golden age: fruit and blossom hang together; in the same moment the sickle is reaping and the seed is sprinkled; one tends the green cluster and another treads the wine-press. Nay, in each of our lives harvest and spring-time are continually one, until Death himself gathers us and sows us anew in his invisible fields.

Among the blessings of love there is hardly one more exquisite than the sense that in uniting the beloved life to ours we can watch over its happiness, bring comfort where hardship was, and over memories of privation and suffering open the sweetest fountains of joy. Deronda's love for Mirah was strongly imbued with that blessed protectiveness. Even with infantine feet she had begun to tread among thorns; and the first time he had beheld her face it had seemed to him the girlish image of despair.

But now she was glowing like a dark-tipped yet delicate ivory-tinted flower in the warm sunlight of content, thinking of any possible grief as part of that life with Deronda which she could call by no other name than good. And he watched the sober gladness which gave new beauty to her movements and her habitual attitudes of repose with a delight which made him say to himself that it was enough of personal joy for him to save her from pain. She knew nothing of Hans's struggle or of Gwendolen's pang; for after the assurance that Deronda's hidden love had been for her, she easily explained Gwendolen's eager solicitude about him as part of a grateful dependence on his goodness, such as she herself had known. And all Deronda's words about Mrs. Grandcourt confirmed that view of their relation, though he never touched on it except in the most distant manner. Mirah was ready to believe that he had been a rescuing angel to many besides herself. The only wonder was that she among them all was to have the bliss of being continually by his side.

So, when the bridal veil was around Mirah, it hid no doubtful tremors — only a thrill of awe at the acceptance of a great gift which required great uses. And the velvet canopy never covered a more goodly bride and bridegroom, to whom their people might more wisely wish offspring; more truthful lips never touched the sacramental marriage wine; the marriage blessing never gathered stronger promise of fulfillment than in the integrity of their mutual pledge. Naturally, they were married according to the Jewish rite. And since no religion seems yet to have demanded that when we make a feast we should invite only the highest rank of our acquaintances, few, it is to be hoped, will be offended to learn that among the guests at Deronda's little wedding feast was the entire Cohen family, with the one exception of the baby, who carried on her teething intelligently at home. How could Mordecai have borne that those friends of his adversity should have been shut out from rejoicing in common with him?

Mrs. Meyrick so fully understood this that she had quite reconciled herself to meeting the Jewish pawnbroker, and was there with her three daughters—all of them enjoying the consciousness that Mirah's marriage to Deronda crowned a romance which would always make a sweet memory to them. For which of them, mother or girls, had not had a generous part in it—giving their best in feeling and in act to her who needed? If Hans could have been there, it would have been better; but Mab had already observed that men must suffer for being so inconvenient: suppose she, Kate, and Amy had all fallen in love with Mr. Deronda?—but being women, they were not so ridiculous.

The Meyricks were rewarded for conquering their prejudices by hearing a speech from Mr. Cohen, which had the rare quality among speeches of not being quite after the usual pattern. Jacob ate beyond his years, and contributed several small whinnying laughs as a free accompaniment of his father's speech, not irreverently, but from a lively sense that his family was distinguishing itself; while Adelaide Rebekah, in a new Sabbath frock, maintained throughout a grave air of responsibility.

Mordecai's brilliant eyes, sunken in their large sockets, dwelt on the scene with the cherishing benignancy of a spirit already lifted into an aloofness which nullified only selfish requirements and left sympathy alive. But continually, after his gaze had been traveling round on the others, it returned to dwell on Deronda with a fresh gleam of trusting affection.

The wedding feast was humble, but Mirah was not without splendid wedding gifts. As soon as the betrothal had been known, there were friends who had entertained graceful devices. Sir Hugo and Lady Mallinger had taken trouble to provide a complete equipment for Eastern travel, as well as a precious locket containing an inscription: "*To the bride of our dear Daniel Deronda all blessings. — H. & L. M.*" The Klesmers sent a perfect watch, also with a pretty inscription.

But something more precious than gold and gems came to Deronda from the neighborhood of Diplow on the morning of his marriage. It was a letter containing these words:

"*Do not think of me sorrowfully on your wedding-day. I have remembered your words—that I may live to be one of the best of women, who make others glad that they were born. I do not yet see how that can be, but you know better than I. If it ever comes true, it will be because you helped me. I only thought of myself, and I made you grieve. It hurts me now to think of your grief. You must not grieve any more for me. It is better—it shall be better with me because I have known you.*

"Gwendolen Grandcourt."

The preparations for the departure of all three to the East began at once; for Deronda could not deny Ezra's wish that they should set out on the voyage forthwith, so that he might go with them, instead of detaining them to watch over him. He had no belief that Ezra's life would last through the voyage, for there were symptoms which seemed to show that the last stage of his malady had set in. But Ezra himself had said, "Never mind where I die, so that I am with you."

He did not set out with them. One morning early he said to Deronda, "Do not quit me today. I shall die before it is ended."

He chose to be dressed and sit up in his easy-chair as usual, Deronda and Mirah on each side of him, and for some hours he was unusually silent, not even making the effort to speak, but looking at them occasionally with eyes full of some restful meaning, as if to assure them that

while this remnant of breathing-time was difficult, he felt an ocean of peace beneath him.

It was not till late in the afternoon, when the light was falling, that he took a hand of each in his, and said, looking at Deronda, "Death is coming to me as the divine kiss which is both parting and reunion — which takes me from your bodily eyes and gives me full presence in your soul. Where thou goest, Daniel, I shall go. Is it not begun? Have I not breathed my soul into you? We shall live together."

He paused, and Deronda waited, thinking that there might be another word for him. But slowly and with effort, Ezra, pressing on their hands, raised himself, and uttered in Hebrew the confession of the divine Unity, which for long generations has been on the lips of the dying Israelite.

He sank back gently into his chair, and did not speak again. But it was some hours before he had ceased to breathe, with Mirah's and Deronda's arms around him.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is no doubt that *Daniel Deronda* is one of the most remarkable stories ever written. It is altogether the best of George Eliot's, and it has the same kind of superiority to all other English tales that Tennyson's idyl of "Guinevere" has to all modern English poetry. The story not only describes but transfigures familiar life and character. It portrays conduct practicable by all men, yet the mere description of which is an inspiration and exaltation. The "Guinevere" is supreme among recent poems because it describes the highest and finest Christian behavior as the most simple and natural. Yet it has something of the glamour of twilight and faery. *Daniel Deronda*, on the other hand, is a tale of to-day, told with consummate art, with profound insight and comprehension, and with a masterly self-restraint which is the more admirable because it risks in the general apprehension the reputation of dramatic power. The evidence and triumph of that power are, therefore, all the more satisfactory. A little excess, a little of the extravagance and caricature which Dickens has made so fascinating, would indeed have given a more pronounced superficial impression of that dramatic skill which George Eliot is alleged to lack. It is often said that her stories are delightful and amusing and intellectual, but that she has created very few characters that "stand out" and become familiar and universal types, like so many of Scott's and Dickens's. There is truth in this assertion, but it is also true that a large part of the peculiar prominence of many fictitious characters in common allusion and understanding is the result of a kind of pardonable trickery, a laughable extravagance, of which Micawber and Dick Swiveller are illustrations.

Yet in *Daniel Deronda* there are the naturalness and moderation of the Shakespearean characterization. There is no phrase or movement or word or look constantly associated with a character, and therefore distinguishing him as if he were labeled; but there are the inconsistencies and surprises and doubts which surround interesting and complex characters in actual experience. The play of light and shade in Gwendolen, for instance, is often perplexing, but, upon reflection, it is so delicately and profoundly natural that the figure soon ceases to be the usual flat apparition of the novel, and becomes, as the artists say, fully moulded and rounded. At first probably every reader thought that he knew Gwendolen, and was a little disappointed that the heroine was to be the rather familiar figure of which Disraeli gave the slight hint forty years ago in Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and which has re-appeared very often since—the beautiful and soulless woman, daring and half-devilish, who plays life as a game with superb disdain: a kind of Lamia, who, however brilliant and fascinating, is but a snake after all. Gradually, however, it appeared that the power and skill of George Eliot were not to be wasted upon so poor and trivial a character, and the complex quality of Gwendolen was revealed. The test of creative genius is the ability to compose and fill in completely the perfect picture. There is a quick and happy talent which dashes in a sketch, an outline, that is expressive and suggestive. But to develop the sketch, to use the study to advantage, requires the intelligence, the trained skill, the comprehensive insight, the sustained effort, which are given to few.

Daniel Deronda himself is unique in fiction. The usual attempt to portray a true hero is very apt to end in a figure like Ivanhoe or the Master of Ravenswood, Kenelm Chillingly or Guy Livingstone. Those who wish to avoid heroes give us Arthur Pendennis or Clive Newcome, modern men of the world, good-natured and good-principled. There are also the goody young men. But where, before Daniel Deronda, is the portrait in fiction of the fine-natured youth, pure, unworldly, manly, and conforming his daily life in the midst of the most conventional society to the principles that we call Christian because of the life in which they were most fully manifested? None of the great modern English masters of fiction have dealt or would naturally have dealt with such a character. It required an unusual combination of intellectual grasp, of profound and earnest conviction, of thorough training, high imagination, and literary instinct, with a seriousness and religious purity of purpose and a sensitive delicacy of sympathy only, perhaps, to be expected in a woman, to produce just the result; and this combination is found in George Eliot. Other great stories are to be read for refreshment, for excitement, for enjoyment. Indeed, a master of story-telling, Walter Scott, said that this was their sole end. But *Daniel Deronda* is to be read for the guidance of life, not in the nursery primer or the Sunday-school library sense, but as we read Shakespeare and Dante and Milton—the guidance which comes from lofty ideals, from noble purposes, from a high humanity.

Whoever has read Fouqué's charming story

of *Undine* has felt how deep and subtle is its significance—the development through human love of a human soul in a water fairy. It is a dream of the gurgling brook-side, a reverie of the forest, as it is told, but it haunts the imagination, and recurs and recurs as rich with some shadowy secret. That secret is one of the deepest facts of consciousness, and in this tale of George Eliot's it is revealed. Yet the love that redeems is not necessarily that of the knight for Undine, nor of Ferdinand Armine for Henrietta Temple.

"I have seen higher, holier things than these,"

sang Arthur Clough, in one of those poems that quiver with the intensity of the purest feeling; and in Daniel Deronda Arthur Clough's genius, heart, and art would have recognized a character of which he surely dreamed, and a possible life of which, perhaps, he despaired.

The Easy Chair has been criticised by the *Banner of Light*, "an exponent of the spiritual philosophy of the nineteenth century," for its remarks upon the performance and explanation by Mr. Bishop of what are called spiritual phenomena. The tone of the article is remarkably courteous for a controversial paper, and it is evidently written by a sincere believer in the spiritual origin of such phenomena. The subject has been again discredited since the Bishop performance by the Flint divorce case in New York. Flint assumed to be a medium, and drove a thriving trade as a postboy, or mail agent, or carrier to the "Bright Beyond" and to all celestial correspondents. The earnest but kindly critic to whom the Chair has alluded states his belief that it will live to regret its encouragement even of the Dundrearys "in their ignorance of a truth which satisfies the reason that death is but a step to a life of enlarged powers and opportunities." But the Easy Chair's amazement remains unabated that performances many of which are so evidently vulgar impostures, and others of which, if apparently inexplicable, are no more so than many professed juggleries, and all of which, so far as some careful reading upon the subject shows, are in their moral and intellectual aspects so essentially trivial, should evidently satisfy many honest and intelligent persons as conclusive proofs of the existence of a spiritual world.

Let us look for a moment at this Flint and his heavenly mail-bag—and the Easy Chair appeals to its critic to say whether the whole exposure of the man does not naturally suggest a tone of ridicule. Flint announced that he was controlled by one spirit, who was the scribe of other spirits, and that when communicating he was in a normal, not trance, state, but unconscious of compulsion. He established by this means a celestial intelligence office, inviting every body to send written questions to be answered by the spirits. He exhorted his correspondents that "the spirit letters should be securely sealed, addressed to the spirit, giving his or her name in full, and signed by the writer in full, but no address on the envelope. When left open, they can not be answered, my agency being only efficient when my mind is both passive and blank to both questions and answers." "I have my photograph for sale, exhibiting my spirit guide's hand and arm, taken while answering a sealed letter. Terms: for spirit letters, $2 and a three-cent stamp; photographs, imperial size, 50 cents." This advertisement led to an immense correspondence. Several thousands of letters were found, and his book in which, having opened and read the letters that he received, he copied them.

The letters were such as might be supposed. They were attempts to turn spirits to practical account. One man asks if he shall accept a nomination for Representative, and if his insurance policy will benefit his family. Another wishes advice in regard to business: shall he buy heavy or light cotton goods, and shall he buy woolens "straight up," or wait and buy again in a few days. One anxious inquirer demands if he had best sell the mules and Nims Phillips's wagon. Another, whether it is right to love Louisa M. Sillingham, and whether she will wait until he is free. One enterprising man requests a recipe for the manufacture of hair-dye, asking personal attention and information upon the speediest way to make it profitable. Another wishes to know with whom his niece is in love, whether his ticket in the Louisville lottery will win, and whether cotton will decline. One correspondent requests Daniel Webster to help his attorney in his suits, and another asks his father for "points" in the patent business, and whether Chicago is a good summer residence. There are natural inquiries about heaven and hell as places, some touching allusions to the dead, and expressions of the vague curiosity of ignorant minds.

With these letters were found the books of Flint used for carrying on this business. In one of them was a collection of phrases in the disagreeable, cheap, sentimental lingo which is peculiar to "the spirits," and which is an infallible evidence of the mental tone of its author:

"We will journey along together with hands joined, one on either side of the curtain that falls between your land and mine."

"May the blessed angels of light and love be ever near to guide, direct, and bless you in every aspiration for the pure and beautiful!"

"I have walked with you upon the western side of life, and will soon meet you upon this."

"Dear *loved* one, we will be your teacher and monitor to guide and direct, to dispel doubts, and to plant the broad banner of this great truth firmly in the citadel of your soul."

"All souls are allied to each other, and bound by the All-wise Being, who says, 'Come higher, ever higher; come nearer, ever nearer, to me.'"

However all this may seem to its generous critic, to the Easy Chair it seems the most vulgar and transparent knavery, the more repulsive that it deals with the most solemn and tender emotions. It is the poorest, most pitiful, and most transparent deception; and those who deliberately foster the idea that such things are not only respectable, but to be treated with reverence, seem to the Easy Chair to incur quite as serious a responsibility as those who expose and condemn them. To say that vulgar and ignorant letters do not disprove spiritual agencies, and that there is no reason to suppose that spirits may not be as silly as mortals, is a mere evasion. Much less evidence in the matter of paraphernalia would convict a counterfeiter of bank-notes than appears in the case of Flint. The reply that is made to the Easy Chair in the case of Bishop, that he is himself a medium, and that while professing to expose the way in which the feats are done, he yet does them by mediumistic power, and that he does not and can not explain the

most marvelous of the "phenomena," may be equally applied to Flint. It is the old papal doctrine that a man may be a very bad man, but a very good vicegerent of God. The argument breaks at the vital point.

Yet Flint, a plain knave, unless the validity of evidence and the force of experience are denied, is, so far as appears, like all the mediums, and his feats are the usual mediumistic performances. And by what argument is the legitimate consequence of his exposure sought to be averted? By this: that because a knave does certain things, or because a clever man shows how they may be done, it does not follow that the same things may not be done by spirits; and that the ability to produce some of the phenomena does not prove the power to do some others. But if certain phenomena are offered as equal evidence of "spiritual" agencies, and some of them are shown to be the possible result of physical skill, the proof that the others in the same category are, nevertheless, of "spiritual" origin lies with those who assert it. In the same copy of the *Banner of Light* which contains the strictures upon the Easy Chair appears Flint's advertisement, and there are others of the same kind. It certainly does not follow that because one man who professes to work by spiritual agency is an impostor that another who professes to do the same thing is a knave. But the probability of his knavery will depend upon circumstances. To insist that every individual instance of asserted "spiritual" agency must be disproved and exposed before it can be claimed that any reason has been shown for incredulity, is obviously folly.

The most lamentable aspect of the whole excitement is the degradation of spiritual things which it produces. The mediums, as a class, are cunning, ignorant, vulgar persons who do not command interest, or respect, or confidence by character, intelligence, conscience, or spirituality. Their "phenomena" are no more wonderful or dignified than many tricks of confessed legerdemain; and their "revelations" and "communications" from the "spirit land" are like the sentimental nonsense of the dime novels. Yet the writing of this kind that was found in Flint's books, to be sent to his correspondents, who inclosed two dollars, as messages from the dead, is quite as good as that which is contained in the *Banner of Light* that kindly remonstrates with the Chair for its willingness to doubt whether such twaddle is really from heaven. Here are "messages from the spirit world through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah N. Danskin, wife of Colonel Washington A. Danskin, of Baltimore:"

"Matthew Ward was my name. After a severe illness of long standing, I fled from the tenement of clay to climes unknown, and from whence, it has been said, 'no traveler returns.' I lived on what is called Church Street, in Norfolk, Virginia, and I was forty-six years old.

"I am standing now upon a pedestal, viewing the holy ground, and making out the place where I will find rest. 'There is rest for the weary, there is rest for you,' has been sung and told in ages gone by, and who will dare doubt it, with a sane mind? Not I, for I am a pilgrim; I'm a stranger in a foreign land.

"Am I doing that which is forbidden in speaking to the children of earth? Of what advantage will it prove to me, or of what benefit can it be to others? They know full well the grave has taken up the body, but what knowledge have they beyond the boundary of this little globe? How dare we search the mysteries of God, the unseen but not the unfelt?

"However, if in the act I've committed a wrong, I will pay the penalty, for curiosity, I acknowledge, brought me in the trail with others. Having seen through that, I gain experience; whether it be for good or evil, time will determine."

Mrs. Phœbe Williams, late of Orange, New Jersey, says:

"Having gone out into the beautiful world of realities, I have not been disappointed in the rules and regulations laid down under the law for the new-born spirit.

"Has the human mind conception enough to draw the line between the material body and the spiritual body? As one passes into seeming decay, the other is born anew, with all the faculties quick and active to perceive and to designate between beauty and deformity, and between good and evil.

"I am not gifted with prophecy; this comes from truthful inheritance, given to the spirit under the law of unfoldment. Son, sons-in-law, daughters, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren, accept the announcement that is heralded, not in 'thunder tones' nor 'upon musical instruments,' but spoken sensibly, whereby the enlightened and educated minds may draw their deductions, and learn some little in theory, if not practically, of that country into which each one must go.

"Heaven, in my conception, is a place of exqnisite beauty; the inner and the outer lines speak of a Master Mind that has done all things for the progression of the soul; but remember the pass-word is, 'Thou must advance thyself by thine own energy.'"

Mary Dunn says:

"I have found those over here who resemble those I left behind. They draw around me and give me consolation, telling me not to be sad for having left friends behind me. They will by chance, they say, read this, and understand that God, in his mercy, has been kind to my soul, for it was baptized in the holy water that makes all things pure and clean in the sight of God."

Thomas Mullen communicates:

"I am free now; I can sing just as I used to hear the birds sing, and oh! how I used to envy them, for they seemed so happy. But now I do not envy any thing, for God and the bright angels have made every thing pleasant and beautiful for me."

Fannie Ramsay says:

"While thus pondering, a voice, soft, low, and musical, spoke to me, and it made my heart bound. These questions were asked: 'Who art thou? Whence comest thou?' In a short time it spoke again, saying: 'I am to teach you of the home into which you have passed. It is not for an hour or a day—it is for eternity. Now let your earthly garments fall, and I will robe you spiritually, for you are not of the earth earthy any more, but of the spirit spiritually.'"

Through Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd the spirit of John E. Henry, evidently one of Bret Harte's California frontiersmen, sends this message—a feeble affectation of slang:

"I want to say to the old 'pals' down here, Stop! it's time for you to stop. You may say you don't care about the future; I tell you, you will care. It will all be plain to you when you get np here, and you will be sorry. It's time to stop, I say."

Through the same messenger William Thompson, a boy of eleven, says that he was killed with a mandrel; that he "didn't know there was so many folks here:"

"So I'll say I'm very happy, and I'm not careless now; but I'm in school, and trying to improve all I can. My name is William Thompson. [Where did you live?] In Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Don't you know where the Dunnel Manufacturing Works are? [No.] I thought every body knew. Excuse me. I've gained a good deal since I came up here."

This is the staple of all messages from the "spirit land," and the explanation by believers is that there are low intelligences and sentimental fools in the "spirit world" as in this, that they adapt themselves to those whom they address, and that, perhaps, it is only such that are able

to communicate with this sphere. The melancholy aspect of it is not that Flints drive a trade upon the superstitions of the weak and credulous, for with that phenomenon experience has always been familiar, and "the witches of New York" have long been in this neighborhood a sordid and disgusting fact; but that some sincere, cultivated, and earnest persons should find in such things as Flint wrote and such as we have quoted, or in what is called the "materialization" of spirits, "proof palpable" of immortality, and that they should be willing, therefore, with entire honesty, to encourage the kind of demoralization which such performances as those of Flint must necessarily produce, is the true mischief of "spiritualism."

It is very pleasant to observe that Jenkins has been lately much less prominent, and that several marriages in "high life" have taken place without communication to the public of the number of the bride's embroidered slippers or the kind of cipher upon the table-linen. The reason is probably not very obscure. It is that certain late events at the national capital, combined with the general prostration of business, have made extravagance of all kinds a little disreputable. Besides this, the extraordinary freedom of the press, which seemed to be more and more interpreted as absolute license to publish whatever any reporter or interviewer could discover of any person, has been somewhat resented, and has shaken confidence in the theory that things must be true because they are in print. "News" in the newspaper sense, indeed, has never been exactly defined. Mere information has been often treated as news. But the kind of roast joint that a distinguished person may have had upon his table on Tuesday last can not well be a proper subject of record by a newspaper, although it is, in a sense, information. There are things constantly done by day and night in New York, or in any great city, of which an account would be read with great avidity by immense numbers of people, and which would often convey what may be called important information in regard to noted persons, and which, therefore, might be of public importance as affecting public confidence in such men. But it would hardly be information which could be properly published in a newspaper. In the same way, a host of people would gladly and greedily read an account of the details of the *trousseau* of any distinguished bride—an account to which Jenkins devotes with ardor his mind and his pen; but it is not the kind of information which ought to be regarded as news.

An expert interviewer will descend upon a man who is unaccustomed to the ordeal of skillful cross-examination, and prove himself a very Robin Hood or Claude Duval. He will compel the victim to deliver all the gold and silver, the watch and jewels—that is to say, the information—which he has about him. The surprised and confused victim will try to parry and evade and conceal, but he is overcome by the smiling audacity, the cool and wary persistence, of his interlocutor. He has from the first the uneasy consciousness that if he is not urbane, his tormentor will represent him to the public as the most ridiculous of men. His instinct often is to take the interviewer by the tip of the ear and lead him to the door, but he is dismayed by reflecting upon the awful resources of revenge which the agent of the great bulwark of free institutions has in reserve. The agent has his hand upon the spring of a prodigious engine, which, so to speak, can at once drench and deluge his victim with the filth of ridicule, and excite against him the contemptuous laughter of a country. Indeed, in this view, the forbearance of the interviewer is almost creditable to human nature. Perhaps, indeed, nothing but a just apprehension of the cowhide or the pistol restrains his hand. In this case that is news which he chooses to consider news, even to the pattern of the library wall-paper or the number of door-mats. The interviewer is a virile Jenkins—Jenkins with possible claws.

It is the consciousness of this truth, and that even household secrets are at his mercy, which has produced a kind of insurrection against interviewing, and it is in turn the often reckless reports and inaccuracies of statement that have thrown doubt upon every newspaper allegation which is not sustained by documents. It is asserted that Senator A yesterday said this, or that Secretary B remarked that. This is announced with the same unconditional positiveness as that a Representative or Senator made a certain remark in debate. But who feels sure that the Senator or the Secretary has said it? It is but natural, therefore, that when the interviewer reports that he called upon the minister from Thibet to learn his views of the prospects of introducing the worship of the Grand Lama into Alaska, the reader should be in great doubt at every word. On the other hand, judgment is constantly passed upon public men for no better reason than reports of a kind which experience has constantly shown to be doubtful, exaggerated, absolute misunderstandings, or altogether unfounded. As the traditions of newspapers generally forbid corrections or confessions of misconception, lest their authority should be impaired, the result is a very general skepticism of all personal news that is not plainly authentic. And this is one of the sorrows to which Jenkins has succumbed. The disturbing thought has entered the mind even of the public that peruses the performances of Jenkins, that he might write his description of toilets and towels in his own quiet room, so that instead of pacing with him the actual halls and viewing the real chambers of the great, the outraged readers are merely following his unblushing imagination; and they can imagine for themselves. If the event which yesterday made a great excitement in fashionable circles was not actually witnessed by Jenkins, and if he did not personally inspect the wardrobe which he pretends to describe, then he is a hollow mockery. And there is now a consciousness which is irremediable that he may, might, could, would, or should not have done so, and that is the natural end of Jenkins.

As the interviewer has similar opportunities and discretion, and as the reader must always wonder about so many things as he reads, interviews are falling under the same doubt with Jenkins, and are becoming of the same historical value. Who will guarantee the accuracy of the anonymous account which the editor himself must receive upon his general confidence in the character of his agent? And thus happily many of the excesses and abuses of the press correct

themselves, and justify the wisdom of its perfect freedom. The doubt that loose statements throw upon the press affects confidence in all its statements and in the sagacity of its management, and this tends to destroy the influence and consideration which make its actual value. The perception of this tendency alarms the "able editor," and he knows the remedy. As for Jenkins, he will not wholly disappear. We shall still have the gratification of knowing the details of distinguished hosiery, but in a more sober and chastened form.

The experience of some visitors to the Centennial Exhibition has confirmed that of those who went to Vienna two years ago and found the rates of board and lodging so exorbitant that they were obliged to forego the study of the comparative invention and industry of nations. Indeed, one of the terrors of travel for any purpose is the enormous charges of the hotels. There are loud praises of the people's palaces, as American hotels are flatteringly called, but to be placed in a little room in the remote corner of a fourth or fifth floor of a huge building, to be treated with scant and severe courtesy by a gentlemanly clerk, and regarded with profound indifference by the attendants because you are lodged so high and so far, and to pay four dollars a day for it, with greedy extras of every kind pressing to add themselves to the bill—all this would not be accounted luxury in less favored and more effete countries.

It has become a proverb that the test of a man's ability is his capacity to keep a hotel. But by this phrase is meant only the management of a large and miscellaneous household, of enormous supplies, and of the details of housekeeping. This is indeed an appalling task, and it is not surprising that the faculty is hereditary. It is transmitted in blood, so that there are well-known hotel-keeping families in the country. But difficult as the work would seem to be, it is very seductive, like publishing a newspaper and managing a theatre. There is always a certain number of sanguine men who, to borrow a word from the inability to distinguish colors, are in these respects failure-blind. Nothing seems to them easier and more full of promise of fortune and influence than founding a newspaper, except it be managing a theatre or keeping a hotel. The disastrous misfortunes of the hosts who fail are invisible to these enthusiasts, and when they fail themselves, they can always see how very easily it might have been otherwise, and that the rocks upon which they were wrecked were precisely the difficulties that nobody could logically anticipate. It is to be hoped that the hapless proprietors of the dozens of hotels that have recently failed in the city of New York have been comforted by such rosy delusions. It is touching to think of the countless hosts who, in their own opinion, "ought to have succeeded," and whose failure is so "inexplicable" to themselves, although intelligible to every body else.

There is in hotel-keeping what may be called a moral element, which is not sufficiently considered by mine host. It is not enough that all the modern conveniences and luxuries be attainable upon high terms, but that the great and splendid inn be so managed that every guest shall feel that he is personally considered. The treatment of individuals in a large hotel constantly tends to resemble the treatment of prisoners in a large penitentiary. Falstaff's question, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" implies a certain kind of home feeling which belongs to the English inns, and which no luxury can replace even in the American palaces. The ability to keep a hotel implies the faculty of so commanding every resource and appliance that it shall produce this result, so that modest Benjamin Beetroot, of Bramble Four Corners, quartered under the roof of the stately hotel, and faithfully paying his four dollars a day, shall be as carefully considered as Dom Pedro, *au premier*. The suggestion seems almost a refinement of virtue, but it is well worthy the studious attention of the lords of hotels. Indeed, it would be wise for them to train their heirs in the history and experience of their craft in other times and countries, as well as to exercise them in the daily routine at home. Let the adolescent Boniface dip into the literature of the inn. He will find it copious and attractive, and he will remark in how kindly a tone it is mentioned, so that Shenstone's stanza is the expression of a general experience. The fondness, it is true, lingered about the small and generally the rural inn. But the principle is the same, and his ambition, if indeed the blood of all the Bonifaces truly tingles in his veins, will be aroused to do more, not to be satisfied with less, than has yet been achieved.

Let him then make the tour of the world, and study cities and men from his especial point of view. Switzerland and England will unfold to him the very poetry of his calling. The conditions, of course, will be wholly different. The house on the Grimsel where the tourist passes the night, or the cottage in the Tyrol where he bespeaks fresh trout for his supper, are not the Grand Union or the United States at Saratoga. But the acute son of the Bonifaces will perceive that they are all inns, and he will find the common chord and strike it, not only for his own advantage, but for the common welfare. This year he has undoubtedly expected great results from the Centennial enthusiasm driving so many home-keeping thousands to travel. Especially in Philadelphia he has anticipated an enormous gain. But unfortunately it is he who is his own enemy. The charges, even if not extraordinary, are so great that those home-keeping thousands pause. For it is undeniable that while there is a general prostration, while business does not revive, and prices are every where reduced, Boniface still expects his four dollars a day, although every guest knows that his supplies are less costly than they were.

But his explanation is not unreasonable. He hired his house when prices were inordinately high, and he hired it upon a lease of some years, because he did not wish to be turned out by a higher offer at the end of a twelvemonth, so that he feels that he can not afford to abate a penny of his four dollars. The mutual misery is that Mr. Beetroot can not afford to pay it. There was a mishap of the same kind in Vienna, but due to mere extortion. But that the American Boniface is an extortioner, who that has honored his drafts would allow? Does his European brother still send the two wax lights before every guest to his chamber—lights instantly extinguished, and charged at two francs in the bill? And does the

tradition still survive in the inner circles of the European Boniface brethren of the American barbarian who made the tour of Europe with a huge trunk in which he carried the wax candles that had been lighted, extinguished, charged at two francs, and which, having paid for, he did not care to leave behind to be relighted for the next comer, re-extinguished, and recharged upon that comer's bill? Ah, Posthumus, it was a quarter of a century ago, and the Easy Chair saw him arrive in Venice, triumphant, and remarking, as he contemplated his trunk full of candles, "My friend, so far as the European innkeepers are concerned, the school-master is abroad." Is not the American innkeeper also in need of some instruction?

Editor's Literary Record.

IT is surprising that it should have been left to the year 1876 to produce any thing like an adequate life of one who did so much to form English mental and moral philosophy as John Locke, and who also contributed not a little to those principles of civil and religious liberty which are the fruit of the revolution in the midst of which he lived, and in which, by his writings, he bore a not unimportant part. But it is nevertheless true that the *Life of John Locke*, by H. R. Fox Bourne (Harper and Brothers), is the first adequate biography of the great philosopher that has ever appeared. In the preface the author gives some account of the previous biographies. These have been founded chiefly on two letters written concerning Mr. Locke, one by his former pupil, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, the other by his friend and admirer, Lady Mashan, in whose house Mr. Locke spent the greater part of the last fourteen years of his life. From these Le Clere published a memoir in 1705, which has been the standard authority ever since with Mr. Locke's biographers. The greater part of the English biographies have thus been the translation of a translation—the original letters being written in the English, translated into the French by Le Clere, and retranslated into the English by the subsequent English biographers. But prior to this time almost no attempt has been made to secure any other materials. Mr. Bourne seems to have made the most ample preparations for his work. He has studied carefully the history of the times in which Locke was born and educated. He gives an admirable picture of the condition of education during the transition period in which Cromwell was at the head of the government, especially at Oxford, where Mr. Locke pursued his studies. He has made, also, a careful examination of original manuscripts, not only in the public libraries, but in the especially rich collection of hitherto unexplored documents in the possession of the present Earl of Shaftesbury. The first volume brings us down to the expulsion of Locke from Christchurch for his political sentiments, in 1684; the second volume will complete the work. The life is by no means tame in its incident, but is especially interesting both because it gives a picture of the times, and because it affords some insight into the sources of Locke's philosophy.

The first criticism which will at once suggest itself to the reader of the anonymous work on *Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles* (Harper and Brothers) is the fact that it is anonymous. That the writer is familiar with his subject, his pages give abundant evidence; that he is a ripe scholar, especially in the domain of ecclesiastical literature, is equally evident; but it is also apparent that he is strongly prepossessed against the Romish Church, and the concealment of his name will not only render him liable to severe criticism at the hands of that Church, but also will weaken the authority of his somewhat surprising statements with skeptical Protestants. He traces the history of the superstitious legends of Romish literature from the early days to the present time; apparently makes out the assertion that these are neither a decaying superstition which belongs to the past, nor an exhalation from the ignorant and debased in the Church, since they have increased rather than diminished in extent and puerility in these later years, and have received the sanction of the highest ecclesiastical authorities, even that of the Pope himself. Whether there is reason for all the apprehension which the writer expresses or not, whether the general progress of intelligence can be relied upon to counteract such superstitions and correct such absurd beliefs, or whether we need to take some direct measures to administer an antidote—in other words, whether the wise physician will look for specifics, or will trust to a generous diet and a good atmosphere for a remedy—it is certainly wise to know exactly what these superstitions are, and what measures are even now being taken to maintain the popular faith in them. The book is not only well worth thoughtful consideration by those who are especially interested in the study of Romanism, but even more does it demand the attention of those optimists who are inclined to believe that ignorance and superstition are of the past, and that the priesthood is no longer a formidable enemy to human progress.

Mr. William Elliot Griffis possesses a remarkable combination of qualities for the work which he has undertaken in his account of *The Mikado's Empire* (Harper and Brothers). He lived in Japan from 1870 to 1874. He was there not in a commercial capacity, in which his study of Japanese life and character must have been incidental, but as a teacher in the Imperial University of Tokio, where his position, talents, and energy enabled him to take a much larger share in shaping the educational reforms in Japan than his modesty allows him to claim for himself. He thus not only had peculiar facilities for the study of Japanese character, but he was professionally compelled to make it a study, in order to successfully conduct the movement into the new order of things which he had so considerable a share in organizing. His position as educator also required an acquaintance with the history of Japan, as well as with its then government, and with the purposes of the rulers, and the spirit of the people, whom to some extent even in Japan the rulers represent. His volume is divided into two books, the first treating the history of Japan

from 660 B.C. to the present era, the second giving the author's own experiences and observations in the empire. The first part gives what we have long needed in order to a better understanding of that empire—a connected and interior history of its civilization. It thus indicates the roots of the later movements which have seemed so marvelous as to be almost miraculous, but which, when analyzed carefully, are seen to be the late effects of causes long operative, though unseen. This is, perhaps, the most valuable part of the work; it will certainly prove to be so to the real student of Japan and the Japanese. But the Second Book will be of more general interest to those readers who are prompted more by a curiosity to see this peculiar people in their own home than to make of their national life a careful study. It is by no means a mere record of personal adventure; this is, indeed, its smallest part. Divided into chapters topically arranged, it treats of such themes as a pagan temple, city life, country life, children's games and sports, etc. The author's conclusion is well worth the consideration of all Americans who are interested in the progress of other nations, and is entitled to at least respectful hearing as the well-considered opinion of one who has had rare opportunities to judge: "Can a nation appropriate the fruits of Christian civilization without its root? I believe not. I can not but think that, unless the modern enlightened ideas of government, law, and society and the rights of the individual be adopted to a far greater extent than they have been, the people be thoroughly educated, and a mightier spiritual force replace Shinto and Buddhism, little will be gained but a glittering veneer of material civilization and the corroding foreign vices, under which, in the presence of the superior aggressive nations of the West, Dai Nippon must fall like the doomed races of America."

The reader of *Macaulay's Life and Letters* will perhaps remember with what reluctance he at length consented to the republication in book form of his essays and reviews, and will probably regard it as one of the many evidences of his common-sense that he recognized the difference between the qualities required in a successful periodical publication and in a book meant for the library. But his own experience proved that there are exceptions to all rules, and that there are some annuals that are hardy, and deserve to be converted by the publisher into perennials. Such a collection of essays is *Historical Studies*, by EUGENE LAWRENCE (Harper and Brothers). The readers of *Harper's Magazine* need no introduction to Mr. Lawrence, but they will be interested to know that his series of historical papers is presented in book form. He is a careful student. His essays give evidence of enthusiastic research, not only in the authorities cited on every page, but even more in the compactness of his style. Only one conscious of an embarrassment of riches could afford to be so prodigal of information and so economical of words. He is a master of an elegant English, which is warm without being passionate, brilliant without being meretricious, and studied without being unnatural. His occasional papers in this Magazine have been, it is now evident, linked together not only by a common purpose to serve the progress of religious liberty and to expose the errors of and dangers from the papal power, but also by a certain historical unity. His volume in its present form consists of ten chapters. He first traces the rise of the papal power in the gradual usurpations of the Bishops of Rome; he next places side by side the two representatives of the Protestant and the Romish revival, Luther and Loyola; he then traces the gradual growth of the present Romish theology in a history of œcumenical councils; then follows a picture both of the persecuting spirit of Rome and the enduring spirit of the true faith, in a history of the Vaudois and the Huguenots. The essays which follow, on the Church at Jerusalem, the Inquisition, the papal conquest of Ireland, and the Greek Church, are less closely connected, but are cognate. A very slight change in the structure of the volume would have sufficed to make it in form, what it almost is in fact, a history of the Romish Church from the apostolic days to the present, treated, however, in eras, not strictly in a chronological order nor in a continuous narrative.

The First Century of the Republic: a Review of American Progress (Harper and Brothers), is remarkable both in its conception and its execution. It is the product of seventeen American authors, each distinguished in his own department, who have written without conference or co-operation, and whose work has been fused into one homogeneous volume, not by curtailing their freedom before they wrote, nor by modifying their work after it was done, but by securing their concurrent services in carrying out a plan which was devised, and in all its essential particulars perfected, before a pen was touched to paper; in other words, the writers have been the workmen, who have combined to construct an edifice designed by an unknown architect. The result is a volume which, though planned by a single mind, no one man could have written. It gives what must remain always the best review of the social and civil progress of the past hundred years—a history not of political movements, but of that development in civilization which underlies all political movements, and is their real cause. Most, though not all, of the essays appeared in the pages of this Magazine; then they were single pictures, now they constitute a panorama.

The Ministry of the Word, by Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D. (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), will be welcomed by other than professional clergymen. The theme, the treatment, and the author will secure for it the attention of lay workers in the Christian Church. Among the missionaries from abroad, including such men as Drs. Hall, Inglis, Ormiston, and Marling, who have been teaching the American ministry that warmth is worth more than brilliance, and Scriptural exposition than theological dogmatism, Dr. Taylor is deservedly an honored leader. His own ministry has illustrated the oft-abused phrase, "The simplicity that is in Christ Jesus." As a Biblical expositor he is certainly without a superior, if not without an equal, in this country; and his semi-autobiographical account of his own ministerial experience, and the principles to which it has conducted him, well deserves a larger audience than that of the Yale students who first listened to the delivery of these fresh, vital, glowing lectures. Sunday-school teachers, lay preach-

ers, and professional clergymen will find this volume suggestive, inspiriting, and helpful.

Elements of Algebra, by ELIAS LOOMIS, revised edition (Harper and Brothers). This book has been entirely rewritten, and extensive changes have been made in it, but the general plan of the original work has been preserved. The present edition differs from the preceding not only in the addition of new sections, but in a more complete statement of general principles, and in the introduction of a larger number of examples in every section of the book. This work is sufficiently simple to be mastered by young persons who are familiar with the principles of common arithmetic, and a student who has no time to devote to a more complete treatise will acquire a very good knowledge of algebra from the study of this book alone.

Eighteen Presidents (published by the author, W. A. TAYLOR, Pittsburg) is a little book of 175 pages, giving in the most compact form the names of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Grant, with the dates of their principal acts, and the names of the members of their cabinets. It is intended only as a convenient manual for political reference, and for that purpose will be of considerable use; it is not, and is not intended to be, readable.—*German Political Leaders* (Putnam's Sons) is the fourth in the series of "Brief Biographies," which we have already so heartily recommended. It is prepared by HERBERT TUTTLE, a native of the United States, but a resident of Berlin. His German letters to the New York *Tribune* and the London *Daily News* are the best guarantee of his competence to deal intelligently with his theme. A careful reading of this little book—and it is not dull reading by any means—would give a much more intelligent comprehension of German (and therefore of European) affairs than many a more pretentious volume; for if affairs make men, men guide affairs, and the men who are the leaders of Germany are also the leaders of Europe.—There is not a little genuine humor in Mr. LIVINGSTON HOPKINS'S *Comic History of the United States* (G. W. Carleton and Co.), especially in the accompanying cartoons, which are the best part of the book. It has also the merit of brevity. The fun belongs to the order of extravaganza, in which respect it differs from Mr. Sherwood's larger and better-written history of several years ago. But a man who advertises you that he has come to make you laugh, operates at a disadvantage, and Mr. Hopkins's book is not so funny as it would be if it were not so purposely, not to say laboriously, jocose.

The late managing editor of the *Christian Union* represents not his own status only, but that of a large and increasing school of thought, by the title of his volume of essays—*A Living Faith* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.). Nor does he less represent the essential spirit of this school by the motto on his title-page—the last verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The general characteristics of this school, of which such widely differing men as Henry Ward Beecher, Professor Swing, and Rev. F. W. Robertson are representatives, is the common faith that doctrines are only instruments; that they are to be measured by their effect on human character; that the spirit is more than the intellectual creed; and that the evidences of spiritual truths are to be sought rather within than without, in the inward experiences than in the historical evidences of Christianity, in what it is to-day rather than in what it is said to have done yesterday. In thus epitomizing the general characteristics of this school, we have given the essential principles which this little volume of essays embodies, though we have not given even an epitome of all that they teach, still less that peculiar flavor which gives to their presentation of the truth a peculiar value, viz., their intellectual commonsense and their spiritual warmth. They are thoughtful, devout, fresh, free from religious cant, from professionalism, and from controversy, and will be found both intellectually and spiritually quickening.—Mr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S book on *Working People and their Employers* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) is not intended to be a disclosure of any newly discovered principles in political economy; it is not written for the student: it is a very direct and practicable application of comparatively simple principles to the facts and issues of this day and country. Much of it we have read before in newspaper editorials. But even this has the value of being line on line and precept on precept; and it is all freshly put, and by one in thorough sympathy with the plain people, and who knows how to give sound advice, more likely to be valued for practical wisdom than for rhetorical brilliance. Mr. Gladden defends his right to treat such themes in the pulpit. If more of our clergy would make a study of these and kindred subjects, and use their pulpits, as Mr. Gladden has used his, to teach and apply them with the fearlessness born of love, it would be better for them, their churches, and their hearers. The book is one that should be in our school and circulating libraries, and it is written in a style both clear and attractive, so that it would be sure of readers.

The immediate object of *Israel Mort, Overman* (Harper and Brothers), is to give an impulse to certain legal reforms respecting the conduct of the mines of Great Britain. But it would be a great mistake to suppose on that account that it is a book of local interest. Under this local and legal purpose is the deeper and wider one of serving humanity by inspiring the reader with a faith that sees in men something more than mere "hands" to work; that recognizes in position something more than a mere opportunity to make money; that perceives in the conflict with nature, which wrests her benefits from her only by constant watchfulness and industry and courage, the higher beneficence of God, who even in the dirt and grime of the mines gives an opportunity for the development of manhood, which is of greater worth than all the material wealth which they contribute. The pictures of mining life, from the opening chapter, which serves somewhat the same purpose that a true overture does to an opera, to the end, are exceedingly graphic, and bear internal evidence of being true as well as artistic. The contrasts in character are managed so as to bring out both the dramatic and the didactic effects with great power. Israel Mort's management of Mr. Griffiths seems needlessly provoking, and is not in accordance with the wisdom which in other respects governs him; but otherwise the characters are true to themselves, and the plot and the often dramatic situations are wrought out with a consistency not often seen

in novels so thoroughly dramatic in their character. In brief, we should characterize this story as exceptionally strong, stimulating, and healthy; strong without being heavy, stimulating without being sensational, and healthy without being prosy.—*Helen's Babies* (Loring) is a jolly little extravaganza, which the mothers will read with unalloyed enjoyment, and their bachelor brothers with a keen appreciation of Uncle Harry's purgatory, which ends, as purgatory always should, in bliss. It is the record of the experiences of a bachelor uncle left in charge of two healthy, genuine, but mischievous little folks, and of the various scrapes into which their unwonted liberty and his ignorance and inexperience brought both children and guardian. The writer has studied life, especially child life, to good purpose, and either has a quick observation or a fertile fancy, and certainly a keen sense of the humorous.—In turning over the pile of novels which every month accumulates on our table, we are always attracted when we come upon one by F. W. Robinson; for though not a great novelist, he is always a pleasing and entertaining story-teller. His latest story, *As Long as She Lived* (Harper and Brothers), is hardly up to his general average. The characters are strongly drawn, and this is especially true of the two principal ones, Brian and Mabel. The plot, too, though it turns upon love and fortune, is novel in construction, and involves some singular and well-wrought-out situations; but the author relies upon melodramatic incidents for effects which he is quite able to produce without them; and while single incidents are not incredible, their combination so far surpasses credibility as to weaken the interest with which the reader traces through them the thread of the narrative to its happy conclusion.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—The discovery has been reported of asteroid number 164, on the 12th of July, at Paris, by Paul Henry.

Tacchini continues the publication of his observations relative to magnesium in the sun's atmosphere, a second memoir having appeared in the *Comptes Rendus*.

Janssen communicates to the *Comptes Rendus* an account of photographs of the sun which are daily taken under his direction at the Observatory for Physical Astronomy at Montmartre. These are $0.22' = 8.6$ inches (nearly) in diameter, and are said to show in great detail the features of the spots, faculæ, etc.

Lockyer has likewise been photographing the sun daily at South Kensington, where he makes use of the long-focused lenses of Huyghens, now at the loan collection, obtaining at the principal focus images more than a foot in diameter.

Vol. XLI. of the Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society is now in the press, and will be issued in September next. Its 600 pages are devoted to an exhaustive discussion (by A. C. Ranyard, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society) of the recorded phenomena of solar eclipses. All published accounts are analyzed and classified, and it is intended to present a full history and discussion of all work on this subject.

The normal map of the solar spectrum, proposed by Lockyer to the Royal Society, is in full progress. The space from H to G is undertaken by Lockyer; from G to F, at Owens College; from F to D, at Berlin; and below D, by Captain Abney, whose photographs show the line A and below with distinctness.

Forbes is determining experimentally the velocity of light.

A commission has been appointed by Leverrier to examine and report upon the four-foot reflector of the Paris Observatory. The mounting is said to be fully satisfactory, but the mirror itself is considered to be susceptible of improvement.

The very sudden death of Oppenheim, a Parisian banker and benefactor of the Paris Observatory, is noted in the daily papers.

Newcomb communicates to the Royal Astronomical Society a paper on his discovery of a new inequality in the longitude of the moon. It was discovered in the course of an investigation undertaken in connection with the transit of Venus reductions, and it is confirmed both by the Greenwich and the Washington observations. The period of the inequality in longitude is 27.43 days. Leverrier's tables of Jupiter and Saturn are printed in Vol. XII. of the *Annales* of the Paris Observatory.

The appointment of J. C. Houzeau to succeed Quetelet as director of the observatory at Brussels is announced.

In the *Comptes Rendus* for June 5, Angot gives the preliminary results of experiments upon photographic diffraction.

Fischer, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, publishes the results of an examination of pendulum observations with the object of determining the figure of the earth. His value of the compression agrees well with Bessel's, and he comes to the conclusion that the results of pendulum observations properly conducted will agree with the concluded elements from geodetic measures. The disturbing influences of local attraction should be eliminated, wherever possible, by means of geologic surveys.

Dr. Doberck, of Markree, is now engaged in investigating the orbits of several binaries, among which are *Mu Boötæ*, *Sigma Coronæ*, *Tau Ophiuchi*, *Gamma Leonis*, 36 *Andromedæ*, *Zeta Aquarii*, *Iota* and *Omega Leonis*, 44 *Boötæ*, *Eta Cassiopeæ*, *Mu Draconis*, *Gamma Cor. Borealis*, 12 *Lyncis*, Σ 1757 and 1819.

Huggins, in the *Comptes Rendus* and *Philosophical Magazine*, has replied to the strictures of Secchi upon the method used by him in obtaining the velocity of motion of stars toward or from the earth by means of the spectroscope. It appears that the sources of error pointed out by Secchi were known, and that no work was done until these had been eliminated. The later Greenwich observations of this nature confirm Huggins's earlier researches, not only as to direction of motion, but as to amount, as is shown by a paper by Christie, of Greenwich, in the Monthly Notices, Royal Astronomical Society.

Mr. E. B. Knobel, F.R.A.S., has lately been making a reference catalogue of all books, papers, and notes relating to the following branches of stellar astronomy: Double Stars, Variable Stars, Red Stars, Nebulæ and Clusters, Proper Motions of Stars, Parallax and Distance of Stars, Star Spectra. The author has attempted to make this bibliographical work exhaustive of scientific literature. We understand the catalogue will shortly appear in the publications of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

In *Physics*, the month has witnessed some considerable advance. Cailletet, who has been working upon the problem of chemical action under high pressures, has contrived a simple form of pressure gauge, founded on the compressibility of glass. By experiment he proved that a cylindrical glass reservoir suffers, when compressed, a diminution of volume exactly proportional to the pressure exerted. The new manometer consists, therefore, of a large glass thermometer, with a cylindrical bulb containing either a colored liquid or mercury, and inclosed in a cavity in a steel reservoir, communicating by a brass tube with the apparatus in which the pressure is to be measured. To maintain the temperature constant, the whole apparatus is placed in melting ice during use. The indications are reliable.

Kimball has studied the changes produced in the physical properties of steel by tempering. He finds (1) that the modulus of elasticity decreases as the hardness of the steel increases; (2) that the increase of deflection in a given time is greater the harder the steel; (3) that the immediate set increases with the hardness of the steel; and (4) that a bar recovers from a temporary set with greater rapidity the harder it is.

Professor Foster has exhibited to the Physical Society of London the apparatus devised by Mach for sound reflection. It consists of a mathematically exact elliptic tray, highly polished, and provided with a tightly fitting glass cover. The tray is covered with precipitated silica well dried. Upon repeatedly discharging a Leyden-jar between two small knobs placed in one of the foci, the finely divided silica is seen to arrange itself in curves around the other focus.

Violle has experimentally investigated anew the question of the sun's temperature. He used a thermometer, carefully made, reading to one-fifth of one degree, and blackened, placed within a copper sphere, also blackened. A second sphere of copper, externally polished, surrounds the first, the space between them being so arranged as to have a constant current of water of any desired temperature conveyed through it. On opposite sides of these concentric spheres are tubulures by which the solar radiation enters, closed by a plate having several openings of different sizes. His results, when reduced, show that every square centimeter of the earth's surface at the places named receives the number of units of heat (gram-degrees C.) placed opposite:

Summit of Mont Blanc	2.392
Grands Mulets	2.262
Glacier des Bossons	2.022
At the level of Paris	1.745

Assuming the correctness of Dulong and Petit's law, calculation from these numbers gives 1500° C. as the temperature of the sun. But not desiring to assume this, Violle made direct experiments with his apparatus upon the heat radiated from Siemens-Martin steel when running into the moulds. From the data obtained, he gives 1300° C. as the temperature of the metal. This increases only a little the previous value; and after making all the allowances fairly demanded, the author maintains stoutly that the mean temperature of the sun does not sensibly differ from 2500° C.

Jannetaz has studied the propagation of heat in crystallized bodies in an ingenious manner. Instead of perforating the crystal plate, as has been done by previous experimenters, he used a small truncated cone of platinum, having on each side of its base a platinum wire leading to the battery. The crystal plate is previously covered with some easily fusible substance (the author prefers lard), the little cone is brought upon its centre, and the circular or elliptical form of the liquefied portion of the covering material becomes very soon apparent. By this means Jannetaz has obtained some very curious results.

Krüss has studied the question of the depth of the images in optical instruments, and has given the results of the application of his principles to the human eye.

In *Chemistry*, Muir has given his views of the present system of chemical notation and its complete significance, arguing that its symbols actually do mean far more than they are usually made to in ordinary usage, and hence that the newer dynamical views now arising may find it best to retain them.

Spirgatis has given some facts which appear to prove the existence of arsenic in antique bronzes. Four bronzes were analyzed, two of them earlier than the Christian era, the other two of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Of the earlier ones one contained 0.12 and the other 3.52 per cent. of arsenic; of the later the quantities were 0.96 and 0.32 per cent. respectively.

Grünzweig and Hoffmann have conclusively sustained their statement of the crystalline character of ultramarine, against Büchner, who had maintained that the crystals observed under the microscope were those of quartz. They now bring forward the testimony of additional experts, who have seen and examined the crystals, and of Vogelsang, who has determined them to belong to the cubic system.

Lecoq de Boisbaudran, the discoverer of the new element gallium, has given laboratory methods for the extraction of this metal from the blendes in which it occurs. A list of blendes is given, together with their relative values as sources of gallium. The best one is that called the black blende of Bensberg.

Terreil has communicated to the French Chemical Society the analysis of the magnetic platinum of Nischne-Tagilsk. The magnetic metals present are iron (8.18 per cent.) and nickel (0.75 per cent.). There is also given in the analysis 3.13 per cent. chrome iron.

Bedson has made a series of experiments on compounds formed by the union of ether with certain chlorides of the metals. He has succeeded in forming such compounds with vanadium oxychloride and with titanium tetrachloride. Titanium trichlorhydrin is also formed.

Dr. Van Hamel Roos has examined carefully the condition under which glycerine crystallizes, having had fifty-six pounds of crystals to work with. The crystals are monoclinic. The only

requisite in their production is the freedom of the glycerine from water. Crystals are the best test of purity, and also the best means of purification.

Microscopy.—Mr. Sorby's address, at the annual meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society, on the ultimate limits of the microscope, as shown by the formula of Helmholtz, has elicited a reply from Count Castracane, which is printed in the July number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal.* It is there stated that the resolution of the nineteenth band of Nobert's test plate exceeds the limit determined by the formula, and Mr. Sorby is called upon to explain the discrepancy. Mr. Sorby does not perceive any serious difficulty in explaining on Helmholtz's principles the resolution of the band in question, and he states that it is probable, with such an illumination as that adopted by Count Castracane, that the interference fringes would so far coincide with the true lines as not to prevent satisfactory definition; and he suggests, for the purpose of testing the theory of Helmholtz, the study of fine lines at very close but *unequal* intervals, with one or two *missed out* here and there. Theory indicates that such tests would be far more difficult to see correctly than lines ruled at regular and equal intervals. A translation of Helmholtz's paper on the limits of the optical capacity of the microscope is reprinted in this July number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* from the Proceedings of the Bristol Naturalists' Society, new series, Vol. I., Part 3. In this paper it is stated that diffraction of the rays is beyond doubt the principal cause of the limitation of sharpness of the microscopical image. In comparison with diffraction, chromatic and spherical aberration appear to exert but an inconsiderable influence, in spite of the very large angles of incidence and divergence of rays. Considering the extreme care expended on calculation and execution of lenses for telescopes and the photographic camera, it is justly a matter of surprise that with the lenses of the microscope, which are so much more difficult to construct according to the prescribed dimensions, and which have so large an aperture, spherical aberration makes itself so little felt. We may add that while undoubtedly theory has very largely contributed to the perfection of the lenses for telescopes and cameras, it has hitherto done little, and, indeed, from the very nature of the case, can do comparatively little, for the perfection of the microscopical objectives. Almost all the makers of such lenses—we might say all of any note—depend upon acquired skill in the use of certain tests, *e. g.*, the artificial star, as indicating the necessary changes, in laboring toward perfection; and very seldom, we venture to say, has such perfection been the result of a rigid adherence to curves, thicknesses, apertures, etc., previously indicated by theory. Indeed, Helmholtz himself relates the failure of an attempted improvement which he thought himself justified in inferring theoretically. The whole paper is worthy of careful study, and certainly every thing which theory can give us to aid in arriving at more satisfactory conclusions should be cordially welcomed.

Anthropology.—Mr. Hyde Clarke read before the London Anthropological Institute, June 27, a paper on Serpent and Siva Worship and Mythology in America, Africa, and Asia. An attempt was made to bring the Bri-Bris and other Central American tribes into ethnic relation with those of Western Africa. The Central American one god, Sibu, and his mythology were traced to the Old World. This word, as Sowo and Nebo, is found in company with *Kali* in West and Central Africa, over a wide area, representing god, speed, idol, navel, etc. It was then compared with Siva and Kali, and the cosmogony and serpent worship of India, and with Nebo in Babylonia, Seb in Egypt, Seba in Arabia and Phrygia.

Dr. Karl Berg, inspector of the Museum of Buenos Ayres, in 1874 conducted an expedition to that portion of Patagonia which borders on the Rio Negro. Many skulls and stone relics were collected. The Indians belong to the Tchuitche or Teg-huelche race, from *Theghul*, a bird, in Araucanian, and *che*, people. They are affable in disposition, and live upon the product of the chase. They are very skillful with their arms and horses.

The Anthropological Society of Paris has removed to its new rooms at the École Pratique of the Faculty of Medicine. The city of Paris contributes 20,000 francs, and the members the remaining sum, toward fitting up the meeting-room, laboratories, library, and museum. A fine collection of skulls and other anthropological material has already been made.

In the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute for 1875, several discussions will be found relating to the relations of the present Maori race of New Zealand to the moa hunters. By some it is supposed that the moa became extinct many centuries ago, and that the bones in the caves and the hearths indicate a prehistoric race in no way related to the Maoris. By others the moa are thought to have existed quite down to our day, and that the moa hunters and Maoris are one and the same race. Most of the writers in the last journal lean to the latter view.

The Rev. J. S. Whitmee, in discussing the question of the decrease of aboriginal populations, especially of Polynesia, thinks that the mistake has been universally made of overrating them in the first place. He also shows that under missionary influence the native populations of many islands are increasing.

The second number of the *Revue d'Anthropologie* is nearly all taken up with a discussion of cranio-cerebral topography and reviews of works upon the same subject. Beginning with the labors of Arnold and Gratiolet, it is proposed to no longer base phrenology upon the examination of the exterior skull, but upon the brain itself, and its relation to certain fixed points upon the skull. The methods of examining the brain are given in detail, and compared with regard to accuracy and facility. The author, after reviewing the graphic methods of his predecessors, prefers the insertion of pegs at certain points, practiced by himself and Bischoff. It is impossible to give even a sketch of the discussion here, but we refer with pleasure to the original memoir.

Zoology.—Beginners in the study of zoology will be interested in Professor Orton's *Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic*, just published by Harper and Brothers. The first half of the work is devoted to the physiology, and the second half to the classification, of animals; and though it does not claim to be the work of an expert, the first portion of the book is a fresh and attractive presentation of the relations of animals

to plants, to each other, and how they eat, breathe, move, and reproduce their kind.

Microscopists will find a useful summary of recent German works on rhizopods, compiled by Mr. W. Archer, in the July number of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*. It gives the results of the researches of Hertwig and Lesser, who regard the lowly organisms comprehended under the general name "Rhizopoda" as wanting in those definite characters which would connect them on one or other side either to the animal or vegetable kingdom, and hence must be relegated to the "Protista." In these forms nowhere can we say *absolutely* that this or that part (and *no other*) subserves to nutrition, to perception, to movement, to reproduction, but any portion of the body may perform these functions. That motion and contractility are properties of the entire body mass of protoplasm is rendered evident by the internal circulation of granules imbedded in the plasma, and externally by a change of place and of the form of the body. The authors adopt Haeckel's term "Monera" for still simpler organisms than these, and for the rhizopoda propose, somewhat unnecessarily, a new term, *Sarcodina* (sarcode organisms).

The first part of an article by Mr. Scudder on a cosmopolitan butterfly appears in the *American Naturalist* for July. It is the Painted Lady, or *Vanessa cardui*, which, with the exception of the arctic regions and South America, is distributed over the entire extent of every continent.

Dr. Hagen discusses in the same journal the probable danger to houses, bridges, libraries, etc., from white ants. It appears that considerable damage has already been done by them in Salem, Boston, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. He suggests as a preventive the removal of pieces of boards and old stumps about dwellings, which attract the ants.

The geometrid moths, numbering in the United States some 400 species already known, have been monographed by Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., in a quarto work of over 600 pages, with thirteen plates, forming Vol. X. of Hayden's reports of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. The descriptive portion is preceded by chapters on the anatomy of the head and thorax, on secondary sexual characters, etc., while the volume closes with an essay on the geographical distribution of the species in this country.

As a further contribution to the sexual, individual, and geographical variation in birds may be cited Mr. J. A. Allen's remarks on *Leucosticte tephrocotis*, in Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. The same Bulletin contains a series of facts regarding geographical variation among North American mammals, especially in respect to size, based on a study of the magnificent series of skulls belonging to the National Museum, sometimes containing eighty or a hundred specimens of a single species. The variation in size, for instance, with latitude, in the wolves and foxes, is surprisingly great, amounting in some species to twenty-five per cent. of the average size of the species, while in other species of the *Feræ* it is almost nothing. Mr. Allen finds, contrary to the general supposition, that the variation in size among representatives of the same species is not always a decrease with the decrease of the latitude of the locality, but is in some cases exactly the reverse, in some species there being a very considerable and indisputable *increase southward;* consequently the very generally received impression that in North America the species of mammalia diminish in size southward, or with the decrease in the latitude (and altitude) of the locality, requires modification. While such is generally the case, the reverse of this, too, often occurs, with occasional instances, also, of a total absence of variation in size with locality, to be considered as forming "the exceptions" necessary to "prove the rule." Such exceptions are seen in families and genera which are mainly developed in the tropics and there reach their maximum development, as opposed to those which have their greatest development in the temperate or colder portions of the northern hemisphere.

In a collection of fossil bones from the Ashley phosphate beds near Charleston, South Carolina, Dr. Leidy identifies a complete tusk of the walrus, indicating a still further point south for the extension of this animal than had been previously known—Virginia having been, we believe, the farthest point southward where it had previously been found. Associated with this tusk were the skull of a manatee, a tooth of the megatherium, and the bones of a number of new species of cetaceans—among them a huge tooth of a form allied to the sperm-whale, and probably the same as those from the crag beds of Antwerp, ascribed to *Dinoziphius*.

Professor O. C. Marsh publishes in the *American Naturalist* a *résumé* of his discoveries of extinct animals in the West, and brings out the following remarkable law, bearing so forcibly on the evolution hypothesis. He concludes (1) that all tertiary mammals had small brains; (2) that there was a gradual increase in the size of the brain during this period; (3) this increase was mainly confined to the cerebral hemispheres or higher portion of the brain; (4) in some groups the convolutions of the brain have gradually become more complicated; (5) in some the cerebellum and olfactory lobes have even diminished in size. There is some evidence that the same general law of brain growth holds good for birds and reptiles from the cretaceous to the present time.

Agriculture.—Some interesting experiments on the effects of composting in rendering soluble the phosphoric acid of mineral phosphates have been made by Holdefleiss at the experiment station at Halle, Germany. Nassau phosphorite was composted with peat, earth, urine, dung, salts of ammonia and of potash, separately and mixed in various ways. In the first series of trials it was noticed that nearly fifty per cent. of the phosphoric acid of the phosphate mixed with peat was rendered soluble in citrate of ammonia. In subsequent trials, however, with peat of a different sort, scarcely enough phosphoric acid was rendered soluble to pay for composting. The explanation of this variation was found in the fact that the peat of the first trials contained sulphur, which by oxidation produced sulphuric acid, which in its turn rendered the phosphoric acid of the phosphate soluble. With the other materials used in composting but comparatively little of the phosphoric acid was made soluble.

In the above experiments determinations were made of total nitrogen, nitric acid, and ammonia, with a view to discovering the effects of the va-

rious mixtures on nitrification. In general the nitrogen of the animal compounds evinced a very marked tendency to become oxidized to nitric acid, stronger than has been previously noticed, from one-half to two-thirds of the whole nitrogen being in some cases oxidized. The nitrification was directly proportional to the amount of carbonate of lime present. The nitrogen of the ammonia salts became oxidized with extreme slowness, but was still oxidized to some extent, in presence of carbonate of lime. Potash salts prevented nitrification completely. It is suggested that the failure of ammonia salts as manures in soils poor in lime may be owing to the slow oxidation of the ammonia to nitric acid, and that the poor effects sometimes observed with potash salts may in some cases be due to their hindering the nitrification of nitrogenous organic materials in the soil.

Of interest in this connection are some experiments on the same subject, lately reported by Boussingault, whose varied researches on the nitrogen of the atmosphere and soil in its relation to the nourishment of plants are already classic. The especial object of these last experiments was to test and compare the effects of sand and lime (as carbonate), each by itself with a soil (loam), upon the formation of nitric acid from the nitrogen of organic substances of animal origin used as manure. Neither sand nor lime seemed by itself to favor especially the formation of nitric acid, while a "sandy-clayey" soil, with only 0.02 per cent. of lime, promoted the oxidation of nitrogen very decidedly.

At first sight the results of Boussingault's experiments would seem to be quite at variance with those of Holdefleiss, and with the common belief that lime in soils favors nitrification; but it will be observed that Boussingault's results refer to lime when used alone, as carbonate of lime, while Holdefleiss worked with soils containing lime, that is, under circumstances which approach more nearly to those which actually exist in cultivated soils.

In the field of *Engineering*, we may report that, certain legal difficulties that have obstructed the progress of the work having been removed, active preparations are now in progress for the construction of the Hudson River Tunnel on the Jersey shore. The entrance to the tunnel is located on Jersey Avenue, near Fifteenth Street, and the excavation will be carried in a northeasterly direction, terminating in Washington Square, New York. The tunnel will be two miles in length. The road-bed will be twenty-three feet in width. The shaft at the foot of Fifteenth Street, Jersey City, has been sunk, at the time of writing, to the depth of twenty feet, and will be further excavated to the depth of sixty-two feet, when the excavation beneath the river will be commenced. Without entering further into details, it may be added that the cost of this enterprise is estimated at $15,000,000.

The reports of recent soundings at the South Pass, where the jetty works are being pushed forward assiduously under the direction of Captain Eads, show the average depth of the channel between the jetties to be considerably above twenty feet, the greatest depth being twenty-five and a half feet, and the least nineteen feet. The above figures give the average of twenty-eight soundings. The jetties appear to be steadily and rapidly deepening the water within their influence, and every thing points to the ultimate and complete success of the great undertaking.

Mr. Spaulding, an American engineer, announces a project for the restoration of the ancient water level of the Caspian Sea to its condition in prehistoric times, by the cutting of a canal some 170 miles in length, by which the waters of the Black Sea shall be drained into the basin of the Caspian.

Mr. Donald Mackenzie has left London at the head of an expedition to demonstrate the feasibility of his plan of flooding the Desert of Sahara, and thus opening the interior of Africa to European commerce.

Mr. Thomas S. Speakman has advanced a project for crossing the Delaware at some suitable point by means of a combined bridge and tunnel, the design being to avoid the obstruction of the navigation of the Philadelphia side of the river. He proposes to bridge the eastern side of the channel, and to leave the west side free to navigation by carrying the line of travel through a subaqueous tunnel.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge, to the projection of which we have several times referred, has at last been commenced. Its length will be about a mile; height above mean tide, 135 feet. It will be completed about January, 1879, and will cost $5,000,000. The builders are the American Bridge Company, Pittsburg.

Mr. Henry Meiggs proposes to the Peruvian government to build, in three years from date of contract, the unfinished section of the Lima and Oroya Railroad to the Oroya, and to extend it from that point to the great silver mines of Cerro de Paseo; also to build a tunnel which shall drain these mines below the level of the present drainage tunnel, which now limits the workings.

A Russian Congress is to meet at Warsaw next September, at which the question of adopting the Gregorian calendar in Russia will be considered.

The Swedish Diet lately voted the adoption of the French system of weights and measures, with the French nomenclature. Its obligatory use is to date from 1889.

Mr. Roy estimates the available coal in the Alleghany coal-field at 743,424,000,000 tons.

M. Fernand Hamoir's process for refining cast iron previous to puddling has lately attracted much attention. It consists in submitting the cast iron, at the instant of tapping it from the furnace, to a current of air. The process is said to be rapid, and so effectual that the pig-iron is so far refined as to permit of one charge more being worked per day in the puddling furnace.

The Sherman process of steel conversion is attracting much attention from French metallurgists.

M. Garnier has produced a new alloy of iron and nickel, which may prove to be of value in the arts.

Lewin has published a paper on the antiseptic properties of thymol, in which he pronounces this substance to be highly valuable.

The Rumford medal has just been awarded to Professor John W. Draper by the American Academy of Science and Arts for his researches in radiant energy.

Phylocyanin, a new coloring matter, is affirmed to be more sensitive to acids and alkalies than litmus. It is obtained from the violet.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of August.—The United States Senate passed the River and Harbor Bill, appropriating $5,000,000, August 3. Both Houses agreed upon the bill August 10. The President, on the 14th, sent a message to the House, objecting to certain items in the bill on the ground that money was appropriated for work not of national interest, and declaring that he should not allow expenditures for such work.

The bill repealing that clause of the Resumption Act fixing a date for resumption was passed by the House August 5—yeas, 106; nays, 86.

The arguments of counsel in the Belknap impeachment case were closed July 26. The Senate, on August 1, voted on the verdict. The result was a failure to convict for want of a two-thirds majority.

Senator Frelinghuysen moved, August 7, that the joint resolution of the House, proposing a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the appropriation of any school fund for the support of sectarian schools, etc., be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. He submitted a substitute for the House amendment. Mr. Christianey, of Michigan, also submitted a substitute for reference, and the whole matter was referred. On the 10th, the Judiciary Committee reported the following substitute:

"ARTICLE 16. No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and no religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under any State. No public property and no public revenue of, nor any loan of credit by or under the authority of, the United States or any State, Territory, District, or municipal corporation, shall be appropriated to, or made or used for the support of, any school, educational or other institution, under the control of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or wherein the particular creed or tenets shall be read or taught in any school or institution supported in whole or in part by such revenue or loan of credit, and no such appropriation or loan of credit shall be made to any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or to promote its interests or tenets.

"This article shall not be construed to prohibit the reading of the Bible in any school or institution, and it shall not have the effect to impair the rights of property already vested.

"SECTION 2. Congress shall have power by appropriate legislation to provide for the prevention and punishment of violations of this article."

The amendment was defeated by a strict party vote—28 to 16—failing of a two-thirds vote.

The Senate, August 14, passed the bill to carry into effect the Hawaiian treaty.

Both Houses passed a bill, August 15, increasing the regular cavalry force by 2500 men for operations against the Indians.

Congress adjourned *sine die* August 15. Among the important bills passed by the House, but which go over to the next session on the Senate's calendar, are, The Bounty Bill; the Steamboat Bill; the bill to reorganize the United States judiciary; to repeal the bankrupt law; for the further distribution of the Geneva award; to compel the Pacific Railroad Company to create sinking funds for the repayment of their indebtedness to the government; declaring railroad land grants subject to State taxation; and the joint resolution for the protection of the Texas frontier.

Political State Conventions for gubernatorial nominations have been held as follows: July 27, the Illinois Democratic, nominating Lewis Stewart; Louisiana Democratic, nominating T. Nicholls. August 3, Michigan Republican, nominating C. S. Croswell. August 9, Michigan Democratic, nominating W. L. Weber; Missouri Republican, nominating the Hon. G. A. Finkelnburg (declined); Tennessee Democratic, renominating Governor Porter. August 16, South Carolina Democratic, nominating General Wade Hampton; Georgia Republican, nominating Jonathan Norcross; Arkansas Republican, nominating General A. W. Bishop. August 17, Kansas Republican, nominating Colonel G. T. Anthony.

The State election in Alabama, August 7, resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket by a majority of over 40,000.

President Grant, August 1, issued a proclamation declaring Colorado to be a State of the Union.

During the year ending June 30, 1876, there arrived in the United States 22,572 Chinese, of whom only 259 were females. The number of immigrants during the previous year was 16,437.

The French Senate, July 21, rejected by a vote of 144 to 139 the government bill restoring to the State the sole right of conferring university degrees.

General Berthaut has been appointed French Minister of War, to succeed General De Cissey.

The Scottish National Memorial to the late Prince Consort was unveiled in Edinburgh August 17. The Queen performed the ceremony of inauguration.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 15th. The Queen in her speech declared that her relations with all foreign powers are of a friendly character.

The Servians appear to have been unsuccessful in their war against Turkey.—The Porte's manifesto, issued August 19, proposes to subjugate Servia first and reform her afterward.

DISASTERS.

July 20.—Commodore Garner's yacht *Mohawk* was capsized in front of the club-house of the New York Yacht Club, off Stapleton. Commodore and Mrs. Garner, Mr. Frost Thorne, Miss Adele Hunter, and a cabin-boy were drowned.

August 1.—Sinking of a flat-boat on Bawbee's Lake, Michigan. Nine members of a picnic party drowned.

August 15.—Entire business portion of Westport, New York, destroyed by fire.

July 20.—The town of Albeuve, Switzerland, entirely destroyed by fire.

August 12.—A London *Times* dispatch announces the death of forty laborers from the severity of the heat near Seville, Spain.

OBITUARY.

July 26.—The Hon. Allen T. Caperton, United States Senator from West Virginia, aged sixty-six years.

August 19.—The Hon. Michael C. Kerr, Speaker of the House of Representatives, in his fiftieth year.

August 15.—Henry Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale, aged fifty-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.

A COLUMBIA (South Carolina) correspondent, having read the anecdotes of Robert Smalls published in the August number of the Drawer, sends the following, not hitherto published:

Not one in a hundred of the Sea Island negroes, who form the bulk of Mr. Smalls's admirers, know how to read. They vote the ticket headed by their favorites, and that is all they know about it. When Whipper was running *against* Smalls, in 1872, he pretended to favor the reform element of the Republican party. Smalls did not. Two negroes were discussing the rival candidates. One said, "Is you goin' for Whipper dis time?"

"Well, I dunno. Dat Whipper say he go in for reform. Now reform bin runnin' in dis country eber since de wa', an' he neber bin 'lected yet. Time he stop runnin'."

THIS bit is from a Broad Street broker, who just now is enjoying his "*opium cum digitalis*" in Western New York:

Uncle Ben J——, an aged and respected resident of this town, was gathered unto his fathers not very long ago. His widow is one of those kind-hearted, sweet-minded old ladies whose likes do not transpire as often as they should *ici-bas*. My sister, meeting her at the obsequies, inquired if her husband had been long confined by illness. "Oh yes, bless your heart," said the old lady, "Mr. J—— hadn't been out of the house for three months *until to-day*."

A FRIEND in Massachusetts sends these:

My friend Mrs. W—— has a Milesian servant-girl who is the essence of good nature, but, like some others of her race, has no great share of intelligence. As usual, she wished to make a holiday of the Fourth of July, but her mistress was expecting a visit from some out-of-town friends, and Mary could not be spared until after dinner. "You see, Mary," said Mrs. W——, "Mr. W—— and myself want to celebrate this year, for we sha'n't live to see another Centennial."

"Dade, thin," observed the obliging Mary, "I'm right glad ye're inclined. But I didn't know the Foorth of July was any thing to yeez Americans."

"Nothing to us Americans!" repeated Mrs. W——, in astonishment.

"Sure, *is* it, thin?" queried the perplexed Mary. "*I knowed it was a great Irish day*, but I niver supposed the Yankees cared mooch about it at all at all. But I'm glad ye're inclined, ma'am."

Mrs. W—— smiled funnily, but did not explain.

CARRIE E—— is not a relative of Mrs. W——'s Mary, but she has the misfortune to get mixed up in her quotations and twisted in her analogies so often that we tell her we know some one of her ancestors must have been an out-and-out Celt.

Her sister Maria was recently in trouble, for the hundredth time or so, over the slight indisposition of her only child, fearing, as she always has done before upon similar occasions, that it was going to be very ill, and she should lose it. "I know it is scarlet fever!" she sobbed. "Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Now don't go through all that again, Maria!" exclaimed Carrie, with ill-concealed impatience and disgust. "If Willie has had scarlet fever once, he's had it forty times, and died of it every time. You are always crying, 'A sheep! a sheep!' when there's no sign of one any where."

Joe, a younger brother, who had been reading the newspaper by the window in the corner, looked up and observed, "That's a fact, Maria. And some time a sheep *will* come and eat up your poor little wolf, and there'll be nobody to tear the savage creature from his innocent prey."

All at once Maria's mouth puckered, and she burst into a hearty laugh at Carrie's absurd blunder, in which Carrie herself joined, remarking, "Well, I believe Nell is right. It must be that I'm partly Paddy. But there's this about it, Master Joe: if I'm Paddy, so are you and Maria, and one of these days the murder will out with you as well as with me."

But Joe doesn't believe it. Nor do I.

A COLUMBIA student, of Mount Vernon, New York, sends us the following epitaph, which is to be found in Winchester Cathedral:

In memory of
THOMAS FLETCHER,
A Grenadier in the North Regiment
Of Hants Militia, who died of a
Violent Fever contracted by drinking
Small Beer when hot, the 12th of May,
1764. Aged 26 Years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will toward his comrades this stone is placed here at their cost, as a small testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death from drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

This memorial being decayed, was restored by the Officers of the Garrison, A.D. 1781.

An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot.

THE manufacturing city of B——, in Maine, had for many years a majority of Democratic voters, especially in city elections. Some three years ago the Republicans succeeded in electing a Mayor and Council of their own party. The occupants of the city almshouse, ten or twelve old dead-heads, on hearing the result of the election, resolved unanimously to leave their quarters, saying, "We won't stay here *under a Republican administration*."

WHEN the people of Newport were made happy by Mr. Norman's offer to construct water-works for that city upon certain terms mentioned, which included some possibilities of remuneration for the outlay of money, a grateful feeling was quick to propose some testimonial in honor of the benefactor. A gentleman proposed it should be a sculptured work representing Moses smiting the rock in the wilderness and the water gushing forth.

"Oh no," said Miss M——, of Boston; "rather it should be Pharaoh's daughter drawing a little prophet [profit] from the water."

YEARS ago, when the old faction feuds were at their height in Ireland, several Clare boys were tried, and the judges were taking a walk along the banks of the Fergus before repairing to their

respective courts the next morning. They were the late Baron Greene and the late Judge Crampton. Their persons were unknown to a crowd of men who were going to Ennis. When about to pass the judges, one of the group, civilly taking off his hat, said,

"Maybe, gentlemen, ye were in the court yesterday?"

"Yes, my man," replied Baron Greene.

"And can your honor tell us what was done to the boys of the O'Shaughnessys?"

"I do not know," answered the Baron, who had tried the records; "but I think that gentleman," indicating his brother judge, "may know all about them."

To him the interrogatory was put.

"They were all acquitted," replied Judge Crampton.

"Then by the powers," shouted the countryman, "they must have had great interest intirely."

When the crowd were lost in the distance, the Baron jocularly said, "Ah, Crampton, how well that fellow knew you!"

Few men under a grave visage enjoyed a joke more than Baron Greene. He often related excellent anecdotes, especially of Lord Norbury. His lordship, when once charging a jury in a breach-of-promise case, noticed that the letters of the faithless defendant had been so long in the plaintiff's pocket, or so often shown to her sympathizing friends, they were greatly frayed at the folds, and almost in tatters. "Gentlemen," said Lord Norbury, carefully holding up one of the epistles to the gaze of the jury, "it's easy to see these are love-letters, because they're so mighty *tender*."

The Baron's father, Sir Jonah Greene, had been Recorder of Dublin. When sentencing for the tenth time a hardened female criminal, he said, "There was no use in committing her to a prison in this country; he would transport her for seven years; and he hoped in a new country she would endeavor, with the blessing of God, to regain the character she had tarnished by her career of vice in this."

Having ceased his admonition, he was rather taken aback by the inquiry, "Ah, thin, plaze yer lordship, whin do we sail?"

During an assize at Tralee there was much noise in court. The judges' crier called "Silence!" by the desire of the Chief Baron, but it was not attended with success. The High Sheriff, who was occupied with a book, was so engrossed by its pages he never interfered, until aroused by the Chief Baron calling aloud, "Mr. Sheriff, if you allow this great noise to go on, you will never be able to finish your novel in quiet."

Another story related of him is his resisting the appeal of a young barrister who was employed in defending a prisoner. The case for the prosecution was not fully proved; there was sufficient doubt left, which the astute judge feared the inexperienced advocate might harden into certainty if allowed to address the court.

"I merely wish to observe upon the frame of the indictment, if your lordship pleases," persisted the young lawyer.

"I'll hear you, Sir, with mighty great pleasure," dryly observed the Chief Baron; "but you must let me take the verdict of the jury *first*."

The verdict being an acquittal, the learned barrister did not press his observations on the court.

A very bad case of highway robbery, tried before him on the last day of the Ennis assizes, resulted in an acquittal. The Chief Baron was resolved to give the Clare jury a rub for their verdict. Addressing the sheriff, he said, "Mr. Sheriff, is there any other indictment against this *innocent* man?"

"No, my lord," was the reply.

"Then you'll greatly oblige me if you don't let him out until I have half an hour's start of him on my way to Limerick," said the Chief Baron.

A case being referred for arbitration to two barristers of great reputation for legal ability, and in case of difference of opinion they were at liberty to call in a third, who was regarded as very eccentric, the names being disclosed, the Chief Baron said, "Let this case be referred to two *indifferent* barristers, with power to call in an *odd* one."

The anecdote of Joseph Bonaparte and the cat, in the paper on Saratoga, in the August number of the Magazine, recalls to the memory of a correspondent a similar one which he heard in his youth, many years ago, and which he has never seen in print. Thus he writes:

In Barnstaple, in Devonshire, there lived then several families of French origin or birth. Some of them were descendants of the Huguenots; others, of *émigrés* during the first French revolution; others, again, had been partisans of the consulate and empire, who preferred English rule to the Bourbons'. Among the latter was one whom my playmates and myself always addressed, with quiet humor, as Monsieur le Capitaine Le Gallais, as he styled himself on his cards.

On one occasion Monsieur le Capitaine caught my companion, now a well-known London publisher, and myself endeavoring to affix the paws of a neighbor's cat into walnut shells by means of coal-tar. Puss was happily too much for us, and in our struggles she left more than one severe mark on my face, and when she seized a finger of my assistant very vigorously in her jaws, he immediately concluded that it was advisable to leave her alone.

At this moment the old captain approached us, shaking his head in disapprobation. After administering us a few words of reproof, by way of palliative he told us, as often was his wont, an anecdote of his military life or of his favorite hero, the first Napoleon.

The story on this occasion was as follows:

"One evening, at the hostel of St. Nicholas (I think that was the name), on the Simplon, on our march from France to Italy, I was appointed officer of the guard, and, as such, had command of the sentries to the sleeping-room of Napoleon, who passed one night there. During the night a noise like a struggle in his room induced the sentry to call me. Together we hastily entered, and there we found the hero of many battles standing in the middle of the room, in his night robe, with a drawn sword, and very much excited.

Observing our surprise, he pointed to a cat on the mantel-piece, apparently as much frightened as the Emperor. He begged her to be instantly removed. After a considerable amount of dodging and tumbling over sundry pieces of furniture, in which neither our shins nor our hands escaped scathless, we succeeded in ejecting Tabby by the window. After this feat had been accomplished, Napoleon explained the cause of his terror of this interesting domestic animal.

"'When a boy,' said he, 'a brother and myself drove a cat, which had scratched me while teasing her, into a room, and closing the door, we unmercifully flogged the poor creature. During the castigation the animal sprang on my shoulder, and there bit me with such ferocity that I believe I should have been fatally injured had not my cries brought a servant to the rescue. This event made such an impression upon me that I would as willingly afterward encounter a lion as a cat.'"

This incident the captain assured me to be authentic.

The following curious fable, "The Cat in Drink," is from an old and very scarce book, entitled *The Muse's Choice*, published in 1759:

THE CAT IN DRINK.

A fav'rite Cat that long in Brewhouse dwelt,
Whose Rage the midnight Race had often felt,
With Sov'reign sway she ruled, destroying each
That dared presume to come within her reach;
Oppressing those that never did her hurt,
She fell at last into a Tub of Wort;
The cooler being deep, she strove in vain—
Nor art nor claws could help her out again.
A venerable Rat, with age grown gray,
Whom hunger there had driven out that way,
With Joy espied his Enemy, the Cat,
Who, just expiring, paddled round the Vat,
Cried out, "Assist me once in time of Need,
And I'll no more offend you nor your Breed;
You I'll protect, I make a solemn vow,
If you'll but condescend to help me now."
The friendly Rat, believing what she said,
Most willingly assisted with her aid,
And safely brought the dreary Traitor out,
But little dreaming what would come about.
The perjured Cat with rage began to tear
The faithful friend that had delivered her.
"Oh," cried the Rat, "how can you use me thus,
I that have saved your life? Oh, barb'rous Puss,
Remember how you made a solemn Vow!
Think but on that; in Pity spare me now."
Her answer was, "I have no time to think;
If I said so, 'twas when I was in Drink."

In the "History of the Munster Circuit," now in course of publication in the *Dublin University Magazine*, is this neat anecdote, hitherto unpublished, containing a witty retort upon Curran. A famous inn in Limerick in his day was the old hostel called the "Gridiron." The landlady was Honor O'Loghlan, famous for her quickness at repartee. Happening to enter the bar-room after dinner, Curran proposed her health. "I give you, gentlemen," he said, "Honor and Honesty."

Possibly the worthy landlady did not feel complimented, for she readily rejoined, "Your absent friends, Mr. Curran."

Elder Thomas Jefferson Shores is pastor of the First Colored Baptist Missionary Church at Cairo, Illinois, and he "speaks right out in meetin'" if the proprieties are not strictly observed. During a recent Sunday evening service a very large colored brother left the church, his boots squeaking loudly as he strode out. Just as he reached the door, Elder Shores stopped him a moment and said, "Good-by, brother. *Wet your boots before you return.*"

The elder might repeat that admonition with a high degree of advantage to many church-goers of lighter tint, who make more noise with their boots than they do with their brains.

Some years ago a minister was called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?"

"Oh yes, Sir, we gang to the Barony Kirk."

"Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Dr. Macleod?"

"Na, na, Sir, 'deed no; we wadna risk *him*. Do ye no ken it's a dangerous case o' typhus?"

Judge W——, of F——, loves a good joke as well as a good dinner, but can appear as dignified as any Chief Justice who ever sat on the King's Bench. Judge W—— was one day returning from court alone, when an Irishman asked to ride. The judge stopped, and sternly looking him over, said, "I don't know about that. I'm rather particular about the company I keep."

"Faith, and *I'm not!*" said Patrick, beginning at once to climb into the carriage.

Thus writes to the Drawer an old correspondent at Indianapolis, Indiana:

How sad is the thought that this is a mutable world, constantly changing as time rolls on! An instance of sad change related to me last week, while on the cars going from here eastward, brought tears to my eyes, and I'm sure would to yours, and to your hundreds of thousands of readers, if you and they could have been present and heard the heart-rending tones in which the incident was related. It was an old, old man, who had passed through the years of innocent childhood, had encountered the temptations by which youth is surrounded, had reached the high pinnacle of vigorous manhood, and who was now on the downward side of life, in a few short years to meet the last great change that comes to all of humankind, who leaned over the back of the seat in front of me and inquired,

"Stranger, do you live in Inginopolis?" to which I replied that I did. "Ther's been a right heap of change in that ther town sence I lived ther. I don't live ther now." A pause long enough to let the sad recollections swelling within the old man's bosom come to the surface. "You know whar the depo is in Inginopolis, don't you?" I admitted my knowledge of its location. "Wa'al, right whar that depo is now, Mr. —— had a lot. You don't know Mr. ——, do you?" As I had not the honor of Mr. ——'s acquaintance, I said so. "Wa'al, Mr. —— hired me to dig a well on that ther lot—that was in eighteen forty-three, when I lived ther—and about noon he came down whar we wer diggin' thet well, and he was so pleased with the way we wer doin' it that he gave me a fippenny-bit*, and told me to treat the boys. Wa'al, I went and got a whole quart of whiskey for that ther fippenny-bit, and it lasted us all the afternoon, me and the two men that was a-helpin' me—all we wanted to drink for a fippenny-bit. This mornin' when I went into that

* Six and a quarter cents.

ther town I went and got a drink of whiskey, and they charged me *ten cents for it! Ten cents* for jist *one* drink! I tell you, stranger, ther's been a right heap of change in that town of Inginopolis sence I lived ther."

A TURKISH JOKER.—(*Concluded.*)

THE Hodja, being at a wedding in old clothes, found himself treated with very little attention. Hereupon he left, hastened home to put on his pelisse, and returned. Thus adorned, he had scarcely appeared at the door when he was respectfully solicited to be seated at the head of the table, and was overwhelmed with politeness. Upon this he held open the sleeves of his pelisse, and said, "Be so good as to give my pelisse some dinner." The guests stared at each other, and then inquired what he meant. "My pelisse has received the civilities of the occasion," was the answer; "it ought to have some of the solid comfort too."

THE Hodja was once inquiring for news of an ass that he had lost, when some one said, "I saw him at such a place. He is judge there."

"I don't wonder at it," said the Hodja: "he was always turning his ears toward me when I was teaching."

THE Hodja once put three plums on a great wooden tray, and carried them to the Bey as a present. As he went, the plums trundled about on the tray one after another, at which the Hodja said, "Stop playing with each other in that way, or I'll eat you!" As they did not stop, the Hodja ate two of them, and carried the third to the Bey, who was much amused at the present, and gave the Hodja a handful of aspers. Some time afterward the Hodja took some beets, and was carrying them to the Bey as another present, when some one met him, and finding what he was doing, recommended figs as likely to be more agreeable. The Hodja, upon this, went back home and got some figs; but the Bey, being at the moment much occupied, was irritated, and threw the figs at the Hodja's head. At every fig that hit him in the face the Hodja returned thanks to the Bey.

"What are you thanking me for?" inquired the angry dignitary.

"For not hitting me with the beets which I was first going to bring," said the Hodja; "for if I had done that, I should have got my head broken."

ONE evening the Hodja's wife, having washed his caftan, hung it out in the garden. The Hodja thought it was a man out there with his arms stretched out, and calling for his bow and arrows, he drove an arrow through the caftan, and shutting the door, went to sleep. In the morning he found he had shot his own caftan; upon which he said, "O Allah! I thank Thee that I was not inside it at the time, or I should have been dead long before this."

ONCE the Hodja caused a goose to be cooked, and was carrying it to the Sultan; but becoming hungry by the way, he pulled off one of the legs and ate it. Having come before the Sultan, he made offering of his goose. But Timour perceived what had happened, and being angry, he said within himself, "This Hodja is making sport of me." Then he asked,

"What has become of the creature's leg?"

"In this country," answered the Hodja, "the geese have only one leg. If you don't believe me, just see that flock of geese over there by the fountain."

And sure enough they were all standing on one leg. But Timour immediately ordered a drummer to beat a flourish on his drum, on which the startled geese put down their other legs.

"There," said Timour, "they have two legs now."

"Oh yes," said the Hodja; "beating enough would make you go on four!"

THE Hodja having been made a judge, there came two men before him one day.

"This man," said one, "bit my ear."

"I did not," said the other; "he bit it himself."

"Go away for a few minutes," said the Hodja, "and when you come back I will give judgment."

They went, and the Hodja proceeded to shut himself up and to try if he could bite his ear. As he whirled round in this enterprise, he tripped and fell, cutting his head; on which he bandaged it and returned to the bench. The parties to the complaint re-appeared, when the Hodja decided as follows:

"It is considered by the Court not only that a man can bite his own ear, but that he can fall down and cut his head open while he is doing it."

ONCE when the Hodja was going out to his school, attended by his mollahs (*i. e.*, pupils), he thought proper to ride first, mounted with his face to his ass's tail.

"But why, O Hodja," they asked him, "do you ride backward in that way?"

"If I should ride in the usual manner," he explained, "I should turn my back to you; and if you should ride before me, you would turn your backs to me. The most elegant way is to do this."

ONE night a thief got into the house; and when his wife waked him and told him of it, he said, "Be still; if it please God that he finds something, I will get up and take it away from him."

This story has been told of "an old Frenchman;" and, at any rate, wherever or how often soever it happened, it is simply a variation on the ancient Latin maxim that the penniless traveler will sing (read "joke") among thieves.

ONE day the water failed the Hodja for completing his ablutions just at the hour of prayer. He proceeded to pray, standing with one leg drawn up, like a goose.

"Why do you do that?" some one asked him.

"That leg has not had the ablution," was the reply.

THE Hodja owned an ox with such nice broad horns that there was plenty of room to sit between them. Every time that his master saw him with the other cattle he said to himself, "I should like to sit between his horns!" One day he found the beast lying down. "Now is my time!" he said to himself, and he gave a jump and seated himself accordingly. The ox sprang up and tossed off the Hodja, who fell with such

a shock that he was stunned, and only recovered his consciousness after a long time. Finding his wife standing over him all in tears, he said, "Stop your crying, wife; I got hurt, but I had my own way."

Once, when the Hodja was sick, some women came to inquire after his health.

"We all depend upon God," piously observed one of them. "If you should die, how would you liked to be mourned for?"

"As for one," answered the sick man, "who was always being asked questions that he couldn't answer."

Whenever the Hodja brought home some liver, his wife appeared pleased; but at supper-time there was never any thing except dry bread.

"Wife," said he one day, "I bring home some liver every day—where does it all go to?"

"The cat steals it," was the answer.

Having to go out shortly afterward, the Hodja ostentatiously took the trouble to lock up his axe in a chest.

"What are you afraid of about the axe?" asked his wife.

"Of the cat," was the reply.

"What has the cat to do with your axe?"

"If the cat is so hungry after two aspers' worth of liver, she certainly will be after an axe that cost forty aspers."

The Hodja and his wife were one day washing their linen at a pool. While they were busy with their soap and water, down came a crow and carried off the soap.

"Oh, husband," cried out the wife, "come! a crow has carried off the soap!"

"Hush, wife," said he; "that's nothing. Let him wash himself; it will take more to whiten him than the clothes!"

A certain peasant visited the Hodja one day, and presented him with a hare. The giver was treated with great consideration, and a soup was made of the hare.

Next week the peasant came again.

"Who are you?"

"I am the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh yes;" and he was again well received.

Some time afterward came several persons, and demanded hospitality.

"Who are you?"

"We are the neighbors of the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh yes; you are welcome;" and they also were well received.

Not long after this appeared quite a troop of people.

"Who are you?"

"We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh yes; you are welcome."

So they were shown in, and the Hodja presently set before each of them a cup of clear water.

"The man's a fool," they said, upon beholding such an entertainment as that.

But the Hodja answered, "This is the sauce of the sauce of the hare."

One of the Hodja's pupils was a black man named Hammad. One day some ink had been spilled on the Hodja, who was asked what it was, and explained, "Hammad was late for the lesson, and he ran so fast that he got into a heat, and his sweat fell on me."

A traveler was lodging with the Hodja one night. At bed-time the host, having lain down, immediately blew out the light.

"The lamp is at your right hand," said the traveler; "pass it to me, so that I may light it again."

"Are you crazy?" said the Hodja. "How can I see which is the right hand in the dark?"

This story, if it is not told of an Irishman, should be; it is a perfect "bull."

The Hodja's wife set out one day to play a trick on him by setting before him some very hot soup. Forgetting what she was about, however, she took a mouthful herself, and burned her mouth so smartly that the tears ran out of her eyes.

"What's the matter, wife?" asked the Hodja; "was the soup too hot?"

"No, my lord," she said; "I was crying because I happened to remember how fond my late father used to be of soup."

The Hodja, not doubting what she said, took a mouthful of the soup, burned his mouth, and began to shed tears in his turn.

"What's the matter?" said his wife.

"I'm crying because that cursed father of yours did not take you with him when he died."

Precisely the same story, with unimportant substitutions, is told of two Indians and some red pepper.

One day the Hodja went to draw water from the well, and saw the reflection of the moon down in the well, as if she had fallen in. "She must be fished out at once," he said to himself; and fastening a hook to a cord, he let it down to catch the moon. The hook caught on a stone, he pulled, the cord broke, and he fell over backward; but seeing the moon all right in the sky, he said, "Thanks and praises to God! I have hurt me, but the moon is put back, at any rate."

One day the Hodja had climbed up into a man's apricot-tree, when the owner came by and asked him what he was doing up there.

"Don't you see that I am a nightingale?" answered the Hodja; "I'm singing."

"Very well," said the other; "sing away, then; let's hear you."

So the Hodja began to sing.

"That's a lovely warble indeed," said the gardener, laughing heartily.

"Well," replied the Hodja, "that's the way they sing when they begin."

And the Turkish treatise of the sayings and doings of Nasr-Eddin Hodja ends with the following devout words: "Thus we see that the Hodja was learned in every science and accomplished in all manner of witty devices. He instructed with his teachings every one who required it of him. At times his discourse was incomprehensible, because sometimes in the midst of his teaching God inspired him and overwhelmed him with revelations. He was truly a wise man. May the mercy of the Lord be upon him—His mercy and His protection!"

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MAGNUS AND MORNA:

A Shetland Fairy Tale.

CHARACTERS.

Magnus, *A Fisherman* (Tenor). Fea, *His Mother* (Contralto). Morna (Soprano). Two Children.
Six Sea-maids (Morna's *Sisters*), *Fishermen, and Girls, as Chorus.*





Scene I.

Overture.—*During which the curtain rises upon a wild sea-shore in the Shetland Isles. Stormy night. Moon comes out and makes a pathway across the water, along which are seen gliding seven figures—sea-maids—to elfin music. They disappear behind a rock, and the music ceases.*

Then enter Magnus, *dejectedly. He sits down on a stone, and sings—*

A broken-hearted fisherman, I wander to and fro,
My sail flaps idle in the wind, my nets hang loose below.
There is no quiet in the night, no sunshine in the day,

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For my love she is married and gone far away—
O iero—
My love she is married and gone far away.

Her lips were red as coral, her hair was soft and brown;
Her voice was like the birds' songs before the sun goes down.
I hear it through the silence of heavy night and day,
Though my love she is married and gone far away—
O iero—
My love she is married and gone far away.

[*The elfin music is heard beginning again;* MAGNUS *starts and listens.*

MAGNUS.

Is it the song of winds and waters,
Or of the voice of the ocean-daughters

The last musical phrase is an echo of MAGNUS'S *song. He repeats it from his hiding-place, on which the music stops confusedly, and the sea-maids begin searching for their seal-skins. The youngest sister,* MORNA, *who can not find hers, goes about wringing her hands and singing the same tune, with sorrowful expression.*

MORNA.

I search for my seal-skin over the sand,
Half on ocean and half on land,
Singing mournfully as I go—
Where is my seal-skin—O iero!

MAGNUS *again echoes "O iero"—upon which the seven sea-maids vanish—and six seals are seen swimming away from behind the rock into the far-away sea.*

MAGNUS (*advancing with a bewildered air*).



That once a year upon Midsummer-night
Come to dance on the sea-sand white,
Clad in their seal-skins soft and fair?
Which if they lose—O deep despair!
They can never return to the sea.—
Hush!—I behold them. How fair they be!

He hides behind a rock. Enter seven sea-maids; one (MORNA) *being distinguished by very long yellow hair. They take off their seal-skin robes, lay them in a heap, and join hand in hand, singing—*

Dance we, dance we, over the strand,
Half on ocean and half on land.
Dance we merrily as we go,
Mimicking mortals—O iero.

Sing we, sing we, all through the night,
Under the dreamy moonshine white,
Till morning glimmers, and then we go—
Plunge into ocean—O iero.

Dream of the night, if a dream it be—
Stay, oh stay, lovely maids of the sea!
My eyes are dazzled, my heart beats fast;

[*He kicks his foot against something, which he picks up and examines carefully.*

What is this that the wave has cast
At my very feet? A seal-skin fair?

MORNA (*behind the scenes*).

Where is my seal-skin, where, O where?

[MAGNUS *hastily hides the seal-skin in his breast, and crouches down again beside the rock, watching.*

Enter MORNA, *weeping and wringing her hands.*

Lost! lost! lost!
O the dance on the fatal coast!
O my father and O my mother!
O my dearest sisters and brother!

O my palace beneath the sea!
O my life so merry and free!
Lost! lost! lost!

[MAGNUS *comes forward. She tries to escape, but he gently intercepts her. She sinks down on the sand, hiding her face in her hair.*

MAGNUS.

Who art thou?

MORNA.

No one.



MAGNUS.

Nay, declare
Thy name and race, O thou fairest fair!
I bow at thy feet upon humble knee,
I will not harm—I will worship thee.

[*She puts back her hair, and looks steadily at him; then stretches out a hand, which he kisses passionately.*

MAGNUS.

The sea is wild, the night is cold,
Come with me to my mother old—
Old and feeble, but kind and dear;
Come to my mother: have no fear.

[*She looks up comforted.*

MAGNUS (*impetuously*).

I have a cottage small and poor;
Come like sunshine in at the door!
I have a heart so true and warm;
Hide thou in it from every storm!

[MORNA *hesitates; then allows him to lead her forward.*

DUET.

MAGNUS.

Lovely lady from over the sea,
Come to me, O come to me;
Beautiful lady, have no fear;
I am here.
I will serve thee, I will defend thee,
I will work for thee, I will tend thee:
Lovely lady from over the sea,
Come to me.

MORNA.

Fisherman with the gentle eyes,
Do not despise me, do not despise.
I have lost my father and mother,
Sisters and brother;
I am lonely, sad, and forsaken,
My heart is broken, my seal-skin taken;
I can never return to the sea;
Woe is me!

BOTH.

I will serve thee, I will defend thee,
I will work for thee, I will tend thee;
He will serve me, he will defend me,
He will work for me, he will tend me.

MAGNUS.

Beautiful lady from over the sea,
O come to me.

MORNA.

I can never return to the sea—
I come to thee. [*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

Interior of a fisherman's cottage. FEA, *an old woman, sits knitting.* MORNA, *dressed like a fisherman's wife, rocks the cradle with one child in it; an elder boy lies asleep on the floor beside her.*

MORNA.

Sleep, my baby, beside the fire,
Sleep, child, sleep;
Winds are wailing, nigher and nigher,
Waves are rising, higher and higher,
Sleep, child, sleep;
While thy father, out on the sea,
Toils all night for thee and me.

FEA.

While thy father, out on the sea,
Toils all night for her and thee.

MORNA.

Sleep, my baby, content and blest,
Sleep, child, sleep;
Whether the heart in thy mother's breast
Be light or heavy—so best! so best!
Sleep, child, sleep;
While thy father, out on the sea,
Toils all night for thee and me.

FEA.

While thy father, out on the sea,
Toils all night for her and thee.

Interlude of soft music, during which FEA *drops asleep. Then is heard the same mysterious elfin tune as in Scene I.* MORNA *springs up and listens.*

MORNA.

Seven long years have I left my home,
Down in the depth of the ocean foam;
Still, oh still, come my sisters sweet,
Across the waves on their silvery feet.
Once a year, upon Midsummer-night,
I see them all in the moonshine white;
I hear them dance unto music low—
I hear, I hear, but I can not go.
[*She listens.*
Is it the wail of the wind I hear?
Or is it your voices, sisters dear?
[*A gust of wind suddenly bursts the door open, and six white figures are seen there in the moonlight.*

CHORUS.

Sister, sister, here we stand;
We have left the bright sea for the dreary land;
We have come from the deep to our sister sweet,
And we gaze and gaze, but can not meet.
[MORNA *rushes to the doorway, and makes desperate efforts to induce them to cross it, but they always shrink back.*

CHORUS.

Sister, sister, here we stand;
Only an innocent mortal hand
Can lead us over thy threshold stone.
Sister, give us thy little one.

After some hesitation, MORNA *fetches the elder child, who leads the first sea-maid across the door-stone. The rest follow, and burst into a wild dance, with mysterious elfin lights flitting about on the cottage floor.* FEA *wakes up, and looks on horrified; then drops on her knees with a shriek. Immediately the six sea-maids vanish through the door, which closes with a blast of wind, and the cottage is left in darkness.*

FEA.

Where art thou, witch-wife?

MORNA.

Mother dear,
Be patient—there is naught to fear.
Gone—all are gone! and I left here.
[*She sobs, and sinks into an attitude of deep despair.* FEA *stands over her, with a threatening aspect.*

FEA.

Accursed be the fatal day
When Magnus found thee in the bay.
Cursed the hour throughout his life,
When thee he took for wedded wife.
Cursed thy children twain—and thee,
For thou didst lure my child from me.

MORNA.

Pity and pardon!

FEA.

Never! Go—
Go back to the sea-depths.

MORNA.

Would 'twere so!
Would I could take my babes and fly!
Would I could die!—but I can not die;
I must live and suffer, live and weep:
Ah, sleep, my little one—sleep, sleep, sleep!
[*She takes the child out of the cradle and sits rocking it on her breast,* FEA *watching her.*

FEA (*Song*).

When we are young our boys are sweet,
They climb our knees and lie at our feet;
When we are old they are hard to please,
Cold as the rock and wild as the breeze;
They kiss us kindly and speak us fair,
But we know their hearts are otherwhere.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all her life.

When we are young our days are bright,
And full of hope from morn till night;
When we are old we sit alone,
And think of pleasant days long gone,
When the house was full of the children's noise,
The willful girls and the naughty boys.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all her life.

MORNA (*advancing timidly*).

And all my life I'll try to be,
Mother, a daughter unto thee.
[FEA *turns angrily away.* MAGNUS *is heard without—singing.*

MAGNUS.

O the fisherman's life is a life for a king;
Yea ho, my jolly boys, pull together!
When thro' the taut ropes the winds whistle and sing,
The moon is up and we'll get good weather.
[*He enters, but stops suddenly in dismay at the looks of the two women.*

MAGNUS.

So sad? So fierce? My darling wife?
Mother—the comfort of my life!



Song (MAGNUS).

When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle;
Better far to sleep
In the hungry deep,
'Neath white sheets of foam,
And of sea-weed tangle.
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease, cease.
When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle.

MORNA.

When a man comes home,
Let him enter smiling;
Take the children sweet,
Playing round his feet;
Throw off grief and gloom,
And the world's beguiling.
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease, cease.
When a man comes home,
Let him find all smiling.

FEA.

When a man comes home,
He should still remember
'Tis not always May,
Either work or play—
Sure as June will come
There will come December.
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease, cease.
Evening brings all home,
And sunshine in December.

[*General reconciliation.* MAGNUS *leads out the two women, each carrying a child; then returns and sits musing over the fire.*

MAGNUS.

Seven years of bliss and yet of fear,
My white sea-maid, my Morna dear;
My children's mother, my own wife,
The crown and glory of my life.
And yet, and yet, that secret old,
Never forgotten, never told.

[*He takes the seal-skin out of his breast and examines it by the fire-light.*

If she could find it, if she could know,
Would she snatch her magic dress and go?
Would she break the ties that bind her here,
And seek her sisters and parents dear?
Would she love us still—her babes and me—
Or go back to her palace beneath the sea?

MORNA (*from within*).

Magnus!

MAGNUS.

My love! (*hurriedly concealing the seal-skin as* MORNA *appears*).
The night is wild,
Sleep like the children—sleep, dear child.
[*He tenderly leads her away; then returns to his place, takes out the seal-skin and looks at it.*
Who knows what misery dawn may bring?
Where can I hide this accursed thing?
What grave is deep enough? What spot
So safe from her eye that she finds it not?
Ha!—
[*He discovers a hole in the thatch, in which he carefully hides the seal-skin.*
There let it bide—there let it bide!
Now—slip our moorings with the tide!

Song (MAGNUS).

The maid that deceived me was fatal and fair,
With the curl on her lip and her arrogant air;
The wife I deceive is as tender and true
As the grass on the mountain-slope covered with dew.
Ah! many a storm Love can safely outride,
But a secret at home is like rocks under tide.

The maid that forsook me was cruel and cold;
She cared not for love, she cared only for gold.
The wife of my bosom is simple and mild,
With the heart of a woman, the smile of a child.
Ah! many a storm Love can safely outride,
But a secret at home is like rocks under tide.

[*He goes out. Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

Outside a fisherman's cottage on the sea-shore. Projecting rock and view of distant sea. MAGNUS *sits mending nets.* MORNA *goes in and out with the children; then leaves them and stands gazing dreamily out across the sea.* FEA, *entering from cottage, points her out to* MAGNUS, *who calls her sharply.*

MAGNUS.

Morna!

MORNA.

Ay, husband.

MAGNUS.

What dost see?

MORNA.

Nothing. They all are gone from me.
[*She stands as if in a dream—and then begins singing.*

Song (MORNA).

Down in the deep, up in the sky,
I see them always, far or nigh.
And I shall see them till I die—
The old familiar faces.
They may have long forgotten mine—
But I remember, every line,
The old familiar faces.
Ah! nothing e'er replaces
The old familiar faces.

And all day long, so close and near,
As in a mystic dream I hear
Their gentle accents kind and dear—
The old familiar voices.
They have no sound that I can reach—
But silence sweeter is than speech;
The old familiar voices!
Nothing my heart rejoices
Like the old familiar voices.

MAGNUS (*bitterly*).

No time for idling or regret—
The wind is fair—the sails are set—
There—take my task till I return—
[*Throwing her the nets.*
Mourn not. A good wife need not mourn.
Go, tend the children—mind the house—
Women should work—and men carouse.
[*Sings.*
A fisherman's life is a life for a king;
Ho, my jolly boys, pull together.—
[*Stops, seeing enter a marriage procession—the bride on horseback, led; and followed by a confused crowd of fishermen, girls, etc.*

CHORUS.

Drink, my jolly boys, drink and be merry,
Bonnie the bride is, and brown as a berry;
Soft are her lips and sweet as red clover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.

MAGNUS (*clinking glasses with the bridegroom*).

Drink, my jolly boys, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than a lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.

CHORUS—*Drink, my jolly boys.*

MORNA (*to the bride*).

Live and be happy, lass! Ah, one remembers
How the fire blazed that is now black embers!
Won is the husband, lost is the lover!
Live and be happy, lass! Wed—and all's over.

CHORUS—*Drink, my jolly boys.*

[*The procession moves on*—MAGNUS *eagerly following, glass in hand.*

MORNA (*entreatingly*).

You will not go? O husband, stay!
This day of all days! See, the bay
Is glittering in the sunset light—
Midsummer-night—Midsummer-night.
Another hour—one little hour,
And they will have me in their power—
My sisters.—Stay! O Magnus, stay!

CHORUS (*mockingly*).

Won is the husband, lost is the lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.

MAGNUS *bursts away and follows the procession.* FEA *does the same—at a distance;* MORNA *remains alone, in a mournful attitude, the children clinging to her.*

MORNA.

O my salt sea home,
O my coral dwelling,
O the yellow foam
Round about it swelling.
[*Then with a sudden change to tenderness.*
Come, my children dear;
Come, my baby blossom;
Come and shelter here
In your mother's bosom.

O my life of youth,
Full of mirth and laughter,
Pleasantness and truth,
O the dark days after.

Come, my children dear;
Come, my baby blossom;
Come and shelter here
In your mother's bosom.

While she is singing the second verse, the eldest boy,



who has escaped from her, goes scrambling about, and finds under the thatch the seal-skin which MAGNUS *had hidden. He brings it to his mother, who recognizes it, and evinces the wildest joy.*

MORNA (*cavatina*).

Found—found—found!
Above earth's noises
I hear the sea's sound;
My whole heart rejoices—
Rejoices, rejoices,
For I hear the sea's sound!
[*Then with a sudden remorse she embraces her children.*
Good-by—good-by,
Little lips and fingers!
Kiss me—do not cry,
Mother lingers—lingers.
[*Again she breaks from them, and clasps the seal-skin to her breast. The mysterious elfin music is heard faintly.*
Found, found, found!
I hear the old voices
Around—all around;
My whole heart rejoices—
Rejoices, rejoices,
I hear the sea's sound!

FEA *appears. At sight of her* MORNA *rushes to the projecting rock, and is seen to leap from it into the sea. Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.

Sea-shore, same as in Scene I. Enter MAGNUS, *wandering aimlessly, with a child in either hand. He sits down on the same stone where he had watched the sea-maids dancing and singing.*

MAGNUS.

She has gone and left me;
On the dreary shore
I seek her vainly
For evermore:
Morna—Morna—
I seek her vainly for evermore.

She has gone and left me
A year and a day:
My heart is broken,
My head is gray.
Morna—Morna—
My heart is broken, my head is gray.

By the lonely fireside
I sit and weep;
Her little children
Sob in their sleep.
Morna—Morna—
Come back to us, Morna, from the cruel deep.

Elfin music is heard, and, as in Scene I., the seven sea-maids enter and sing.

CHORUS.

Dance we, dance we, over the strand,
Half on ocean and half on land;
Dance we merrily as we go,
Mimicking mortals—O iero!

Suddenly MORNA, *distinguishable by her long yellow hair, is seen and recognized by the children. They rush forward, break through the circle of dancers, and cling to their mother. The six sisters vanish.* MORNA *is left alone.*

MAGNUS (*advancing slowly*).

Art thou my wife—my Morna sweet?
(*She makes no answer.*)
How beautiful—from silver feet
To golden head! So fresh; so fair;
With not a grief and not a care.
So gay and happy, bright and free,
Forgetting me—forgetting me!

MORNA.

Farewell!

MAGNUS.

Art still my wife?

MORNA.

Farewell!

MAGNUS.

O dearer than all words can tell!
Come home with us, my wife, come home!

MORNA.

I see strange faces on the foam;
They beckon me.

MAGNUS (*opening his arms*).

Here is thy place.

MORNA (*shrinking from him*).

Forget you ever saw my face;
Forget the dance upon the shore;
Forget the day so sad and sore;
Forget all love and all regret.
Husband, farewell!—Forget! forget!

Duet (MAGNUS *and* MORNA).

Farewell and pardon, if thou pardon hast,
Farewell and love me, if thy love can last,
Farewell and mourn me, if thy love be past.

They solemnly clasp hands and part. The moonlight slowly changes into dawn, and the chorus of the sea-maids is heard faintly in the distance.

MORNA.

Far in the east the morn is gray;
I must be gone before 'tis day.

MAGNUS.

O stay but till the sunrise bright.

MORNA.

And then—adieu, days of delight!
Among my gorgeous coral halls,
Where never a child's footstep falls,
Never is heard one loving voice,
But all is mirth and mad rejoice.
Must I go back to days of care,
Of weary hands and silvering hair,
Of anxious love and tender pain—
Must I live the old days o'er again?

While she is singing the stage darkens, and the six sea-maids come gliding in, trying to snatch at MORNA. *Music—a melancholy elfish wail.* MORNA *stands motionless, the children clinging round her, and* MAGNUS *on his knees beside her, clasping her hand. The sun begins to rise.*

CHORUS OF SEA-MAIDS.

We must depart,
We that have no heart—
We that all night long
Waste in dance and song.
Wake, foolish mortal; wake—'tis day;
Wake to your work—we only play.

They vanish to mournful music. MORNA *bursts away and follows them; then hesitates, turns, and finally is seen standing on the projecting rock—dark against the sunrise.*

MORNA.

Depart, depart,
Ye that have no heart,
Ye that all life long
Waste in dance and song.
Depart, depart—but I stay, I stay;
The night is over: 'tis day, 'tis day!

[*She points to the rising sun; then, dashing her seal-skin into the waves, comes back to husband and children. Tableau.*

Enter CHORUS OF FISHERMEN, *etc.*

By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining.
From sweet, sweet love, oh, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.

Should we fall out, let us mend ill-doing,
And begin anew a second wooing;
From sweet, sweet love, oh, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.

Curtain falls.



DAWN.

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE star o' the morn is whitest,
The bosom of dawn is brightest;
The dew is sown,
And the blossom blown
Wherein thou, my dear, delightest.

Hark! I have risen before thee,
That the spell of the day be o'er thee—
That the flush of my love
May fall from above,
And, mixed with the morn, adore thee.

Dark dreams must now forsake thee,
And the bliss of thy being take thee.
Let the beauty of morn
In thine eyes be born,
And the thought of me awake thee.

Come forth to hear thy praises,
Which the wakening world upraises:
Let thy hair be spun
With the gold o' the sun,
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies.

MEDIÆVAL FURNITURE.



MEDIÆVAL GOTHIC HALL.

WHEN the author of *Vathek* began the wonderful work of Fonthill Abbey, shrouding the slow progress of the building in such secrecy that the people imagined the halls of Eblis were undergoing bodily transfer thither, he became responsible, with the exquisite grace and beauty of the structure rising under his will and the architect's fancy like the exhalation of Pandemonium, for much of the power of the Gothic revival.

It is true that Walpole had already inaugurated the movement at Strawberry Hill, and that the wits of that earlier day strolled up and down the cloister there in the belief that they had revived the grandeur of the mediæval. But to admire is one thing, and to equal is another; and Walpole's archæology was so far outstripped by his taste that the latter is entirely lost sight of in the condemnation of the former.

If it was singular that, in an age when the classic was at last beginning to be understood, one of the leading spirits should have suddenly awakened to the charm of a style entirely antipathetic, it was quite as singular that, in a land where the marvelous magnificence of the towers and spires and pinnacles of castle and cathedral took the morning and evening light every where about them, the people should have needed any awakening to their beauty. That they did so is only too evident from the buildings with which they began to follow Walpole's example, full of absurd incongruities and absolute ignorance of detail; and it was only when Fonthill was thrown open to the public that a new departure was taken, profound study was given to Gothic art, and a flood of light thrown upon the dark places of mediæval life. It is owing to that study that we are able to-day to tell, with some distinctness, the manner of furnishing among those of our ancestors who were fortunate enough to have any furnishing, and to continue that manner in present use, and adapted to circumstances of which, in the wildest flight of their imaginations, our ancestors would never have dreamed.

Without doubt the furniture with which Beckford made the interior of Fonthill Abbey beautiful was as rich and rare as could be had; but with equal certainty we may believe that it did not approach in accuracy that which our best restorers and dealers can supply to-day, after a half century's research into derivation, use, and fitness.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the works of Viollet-le-Duc for several of the illustrations in this paper representing Gothic interiors. The addition of the letters C. and L. to the titles of cuts indicates that they are copied from Collinson and Lock's *Sketches of Artistic Furniture*. In like manner the initials B. J. T. are added to the titles of cuts reproduced from B. J. Talbert's *Gothic Forms applied to Domestic Furniture*.—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Gothic art had been so completely drowned out by what Ruskin rather strongly calls "the foul tide of the Renaissance" that even its traditions were forgotten, and in the first years of its revival any thing with a crenelated top, or with a pointed arch let into the sides, was considered satisfactory Gothic. Furniture was of a superfluously ecclesiastic and architectural description, the various articles sometimes little shrines and chapels in themselves, and it is only since we have become familiar with the rules of Gothic construction that we find it possible to carry those rules into the practice of an advanced civilization, and produce furnitures combining Gothic beauty and modern convenience, without the attempt at representing miniature cathedrals.

Convenience, as we understand it, is a word that could have had small significance for those who lived and died in the Middle Ages, yet convenience was what they struggled to attain, and convenience was the suggestion, the motive, in every article of their furniture. We are accustomed to think of their life as one of barbaric splendor; and splendid indeed it must have been, so far as color and gold-work and picturesque effect are concerned; but it must in equal truth have been a life of positive discomfort. Our plate of a castle chamber in the fifteenth century pictures the last point of perfection which the Gothic reached before touching the modern, and that of the twelfth century, all the sumptuousness attained at that precise era, and both represent the extreme condition of the wealth of their epoch. But far from that height of luxury were the halls of the lesser nobles and small suzerains; and they, again, were at an immeasurable distance from the heap of straw and the rude chest of the peasant in the mud hut, through which the poultry and the pigs ran; or from the one room of the city artisan, with shelf over shelf in the wall, where all the family slept, from the grandparent to the baby, into which no sunshine came, and the gutter before whose door was the open sewer.

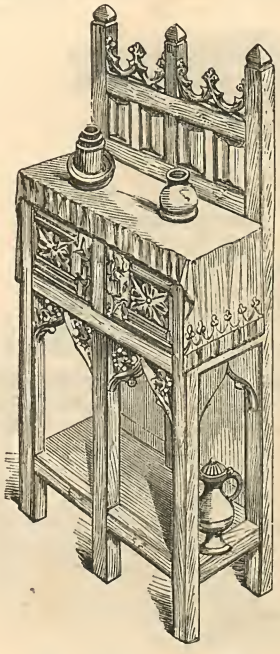
From the fifth to the tenth century, in what may be called the Dark Ages rather than the Middle Ages, with the exception of one or two more fortunate meridians, life in Europe, even under its most favorable aspect, was little better than an encampment between stone walls. Wherever the old Roman sway had extended, there some remnants of the Roman furnishing, some elements of its manufacture, remained; but after the sixth century the instances were only to be found with kings and the *haute noblesse;* the greater part of the petty lords had only what the rude workmen in their retinue could make, answering to the day's needs. The day then was one only of offense and defense. The lonely tower was perched among rocks that doubled its fortifications. It was undesirable that there should be much in it to satisfy the rapacity of a foe. Off upon a raid, and uncertain of return, it was best to have one's wealth at command. The most powerful lord, says a learned antiquarian, did not, in those stormy times, dare to be separated from objects whose loss he could not repair; and so fixed did the habit become that, long after tranquillity prevailed, nobles and princes never made a journey without carrying a train of household articles, plate and linen. Thus a few chests, at that early day, were the sole movables. In England they were called standards; in France, *bahuts.* These chests were seats and tables by day; they were beds by night. As refinement progressed they were ornamented, sometimes mounted upon feet, and at last made into objects of surpassing elegance; but the love of them never was outgrown, and the poet saw it even at a far later time, when he described

> "The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
> A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

After the Conquest the nobles, to each of whom several estates had been granted, when they had thoroughly exhausted one estate moved with all their possessions to another; the standards then were immense objects, and necessarily became very important, although by that time there were other furnitures; but these held the plate and the mighty hangings. Many of them are still preserved, very handsome ones being visible at Chatsworth and other residences; and nothing, by-the-way, is more suitable for a hall in the modern Gothic than one of these vast receptacles. What their size and weight was may be judged from the incident which Laronsse relates in the life of Fredegonde, the rival of the beautiful and wretched Brunhilda. Fredegonde's daughter, Regonthe, taunting her mother one day on the fact that she kept all the jewels of King Chilperic, the girl's father, to herself, Fredegonde threw up the lid of the coffer and began dragging out the great necklaces, the collars of pearls, the chains, and the girdles. "It tires me," said Fredegonde; "put in your own hand and take what you will." But no sooner did the girl do so, leaning far within, than her mother threw down the lid, pressing on it with all her might, so that Regonthe would presently have lost her head but for the attendants, who ran, at her screams, and rescued her.

As wealth somewhat increased and life became more stationary, the use of these standards and bahuts was partly obviated by an article called the armory, borrowed from the church, where it served for the deposit of the sacred vestments and vessels and books, as well as for the armor of the

man-at-arms of the chapter, who held his fief from the crown on condition of attending the great ceremonies of the church armed *cap-a-pie*. This armory was at first made with great simplicity, of uprights and cross-pieces of scantling, sometimes mortised together, sometimes held by a peculiar glue and by iron bars, the hinges and bolts and all the iron wrought with such remarkable nicety as to constitute a true ornament in the structure. There were no screws known, and the hinges and bolts and the escutcheons of the locks were nailed in their places, and a strip of gilded leather or of crimson cloth was inserted beneath them, serving both to relieve them around the edges and through the interstices, and to hinder abrasion of the wood by the hammer—a custom that endured long after screws rendered it unnecessary. Often these armories were decorated with an uncouth painting of white and black upon a scarlet ground; sometimes they were covered with untanned leather, or with a stout linen stretched and glued on the wood, and the painting applied on the new surface, and in a few old Roman examples there is a sort of *champ lévé* ornament, an incision like that of engraving, filled with color, or rather filled with paste and afterward colored. We can imagine that this piece of furniture was made to present a sufficiently rich appearance in the great dark halls capable of absorbing much gay color and making no return. When, at the end of the thirteenth century, they began to cover them with sculpture and to paint and gild the sculptures, the effect could hardly have been more brilliant; but in another hundred years color had entirely given place to carving. At this time, too, something like a revolution took place in joinery —for it was a simple joiner, usually a member of the household, who did all the work in wood, and even stretched the leather or parchment for the painter; the mitre was done away with in the joining of the corners, and they met at right angles, which greatly increased the strength of the joint; and as panels made of several boards, simply mortised and not bound by any frame, needed to be very dry and well seasoned in order not to shrink and one day fall to pieces, it was thought best to make them of a single board, beveled into a frame to prevent gaping; thus flat surfaces no longer presented themselves for continuous painting, and whatever was the ornament of the upright and transverse of the frame, the panel must have its own ornament. This ornament, partly for the sake of strength, and partly for that of breaking the line and affording variety, presently became the parchment panel, a carving in the similitude of rolls of half unfolded parchment, offering a score of different outlines, a simple and elegant form used in England in the early days of the Tudors, much later than its familiar use on the Continent, and after a long rest in vogue again at the present. As late as the fifteenth century this armory and the chest were the only furnitures that could be locked. When the armory in the next century was lifted on four feet and the space inside the doors filled with little drawers, the cabinet came into existence; and it answered then the same purpose as the chest or bahut with its compartments. It has been thought by certain antiquarians that the armory, the old ambry or aumery, was so named from having been originally a repository for alms, an alms dish in charge of the almoner, that always stood upon the table, often a very beautiful piece of the

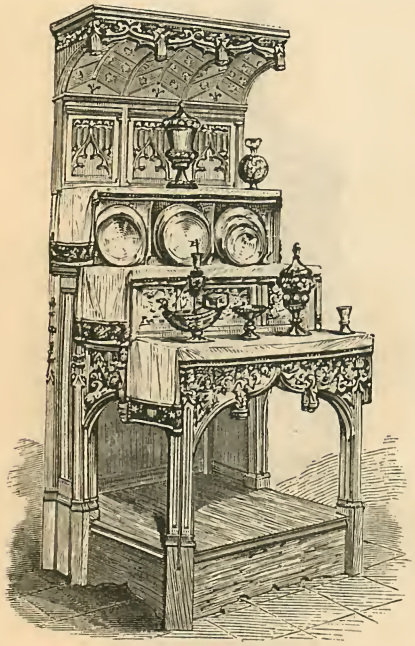


EARLY FORM OF CREDENCE.

service, into which the first bread and certain choice morsels for the poor were thrown throughout the time of the feast, having been usually locked away in it; others, however, regard it as in more direct descent from the French *armoire*, as we have the names of our dresser, chair, and other objects, especially as after the twelfth century the difference between the Anglo-Norman or English and the French furnitures is hardly noticeable. The distinction between the old Saxon cupboard and this armory consists only in the circumstance of the locked doors of the latter, the cupboard being composed of open shelves for display of the articles standing upon it—the court cupboard, with which we are all familiar. To attend upon this when in the household

of a sovereign was a knight's distinction, and lordly personages were proud to pour the wine and serve the spice from its shelves.

When the armory and cupboard were combined we have the article called by the French a credence, although greatly enlarged. The credence was also taken from the church, where, in its primitive estate, it was a small stand used by the priest, with doors inclosing a shallow space the top of which served for a shelf, while another shelf was inserted far below between the feet. As the spirit of ornamentation grew, a back was given to this article; the back was built up higher, and by-and-by a dais bent itself over the top in canopy. Before it reached this dignity, it stood behind the host's seat



GOTHIC DRESSER.

to support various vessels used first by the taster; and the inclosure done away with, its frame afterward became the original of the dinner wagon. By degrees, as the East sent its luxuries in more quantity, as things of beauty came from the English goldsmiths and Venetian glass-blowers and Flemish copper-workers, it had amplified its size to receive them, doubled and quadrupled its shelves, and had become with its high back and dais a fixture against the wall. When in this shape, dispensing with the little closet beneath, it was the dresser that in the age of Henry the Eighth was relegated to the kitchen by name, although as the court cupboard it still maintained its honors and played a fine part in the splendors of the day. At the time that the Burgundian dukes by the display of their enormous wealth had created prodigious rivalries in expenditures and magnificence, these carved and costly shelves became the subject of some of the most tyrannical restrictions that etiquette ever imposed. Our ladies, who set out their pretty trinkets on their étagères, where we have the modern of the dresser, can riot in as many shelves as they will, but in the beginning only ladies of certain rank could enjoy the article at its full opportunity for effect; queens might have five shelves, countesses might have three, a knight's lady must content herself with the primitive article. Queens, also, were the only ones who could be indulged in "cloth of gold of cramoisy" laid upon the shelf, while sometimes, even as early as the twelfth century, the dresser of a sovereign was even itself of gold. Numerous other regulations concerning the drapery and the dais—although as absurd as those which obliged the gibbet on which a great lord hung his subjects to possess four legs, a lesser noble's three, while the least lord of all was only able to do his hanging on a two-legged affair—show the consideration the dresser enjoyed. Sometimes the back was carved, sometimes a curtain of gilded leather, not unlike the thick Japanese paper often used now to line the cove of the arching top in the similar article, or of Eastern silk, was stretched across it; but over all the shelves a smooth drapery was laid, a napkin of creamy damask, it may be, or cloth of gold fringed and bordered with black velvet; and on these various shelves stood the rich possessions of the house—vessels of gold and silver, tiny coffers sculptured in ivory from Constantinople and beyond, vases of beryl, of carved agate, of sardonyx, the golden covers of a precious manuscript, perhaps, thick set and crusted with gems, an ancient ivory diptych, plates, hanaps, which were vases with a long foot like a chalice, comfit pots, flambeaux of rock-crystal, and the nef or cadenas, usually a large golden ship such as that which the reader can see on the lower shelf of the picture of an ancient dresser which we give. This cadenas was a receptacle for the knives and spoons, which were kept under cover with the perpetual fear of poison that haunted those dark days, and some remnant of which lasted as lately as the days of the Stuarts. "To Whitehall," says Pepys, "and saw the king and queene at dinner; and observed, which I never did before, the formality—but it is but a formality—of putting a bit of bread wiped upon each dish into the mouth of every man that brings a dish." It was no formality in the earlier time, when it was death to lift the cover of the king's dishes as they came from the kitchen, and when a crier cried, "The king's meat!" and the

trumpets sounded, and those upon the way uncovered—a custom, the latter, which was alive in France even in the present century.

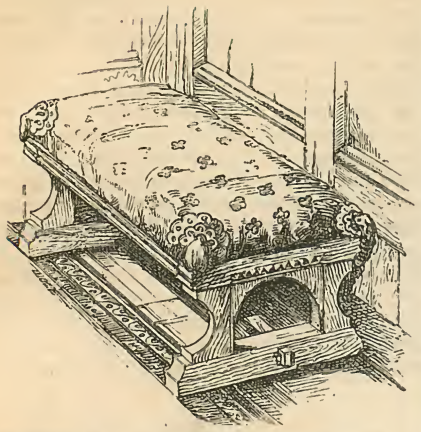
The last variation which this picturesque piece of furniture endured was in becoming the buffet. Its shape then in household use, and except upon extraordinary occasions, did not differ materially from that of the dresser, although the latter stood against the wall, while the buffet was movable; but it was an appanage of dining, after dining lost something of the rude character when the table was a bench and the diners sat on the floor or on trusses of straw. The buffet was often a merely temporary erection also; no elaborate carved or iron work adorned it then, but it was entirely covered with the richest stuffs, and decorated with the most costly of the gold and silver plate; sometimes it was a mere series of steps where the squires went apart to cut the meat and bread, but on days of parade it was a piece of great magnificence, made in any shape that pleased the fancy, a round or a lozenge, and the word implied not the mere scaffolding under the draperies, but the whole mass of splendor, and when one "offered a buffet" of refreshment to any grand personage, one offered also its silver and gold, its unicorns' horns, and its cups set with jewels.

Sometimes the buffet stood in the inner space of the table that was spread in the shape of a horseshoe, the guests sitting around the outside, the servants waiting on the inside, the fool, with his bauble, wandering where he would. This was a shape which our ancestors had from the Romans, and which the straight-backed race retained longer than they did the couches on which the Romans reclined at table. They used it when the number of guests was great; but it was varied by round and square and oblong forms, the latter being the most customary. The first table after the bench ceased to be useful in that line, and the husband and wife played chess upon the coffer, sitting at either end of it, would seem to have been a simple board on trestles. It is doubtful if we have compassed any thing better yet. There was usually one in the hall, to be moved at will, at which the master of the house sat at meat, and fixed or dormant ones along the side for the use of others. The table of the ninth century is pictured to us as a semicircular arrangement, with a short drapery hanging around it, just beneath an upright edge similar to the guard which at sea prevents objects from sliding off the table, or the rim of the old Roman *abaci*. There was no cloth on the board itself, and only the dishes containing the viands, the knives, and the bones thrown at random. If the guests would drink from the enormous vessels provided, they turned away or left the table. In the twelfth century the little upright edge still remains, but the drapery hangs more gracefully from a metallic rod that encircles the board, completely hiding the trestles. Plates appear upon it, and forks which take up the morsel by pressure upon the two prongs, not by piercing it. Before this a table appears with but three sides, the farther one filled by an upright back, and quite covered by a cloth; but upon the common tables cloths do not appear till the thirteenth century. A little later we come across napkins of damask—surnapes they are called; by-and-by embroidered with gold, and fringed at both ends, used when the lavers or enameled basins of rose-water were carried around the table; and "napkyns of Reyns"



TABLE USED BY GREAT PERSONAGES.—FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

are named among the effects of Henry the Fifth. The surtout, or central ornament, corresponding to the épergne, was in use, though, long before the time of the wicked Fredegonde. People of great wealth indulged great luxury in the matter of tables. Charlemagne had one of massive gold, and three of silver, the first representing Rome, the second Constantinople, and the third being described as a disk of silver of remarkable grandeur, sculptured in relief with the terrestrial hemispheres, the constellations, and the paths of the planets. It is, however, a question if these tables were not in reality great trays or pateras decorating the wall, the word "table" being used as its original, "tabula," might be. Gibbon, meanwhile, tells us of another table, belong-

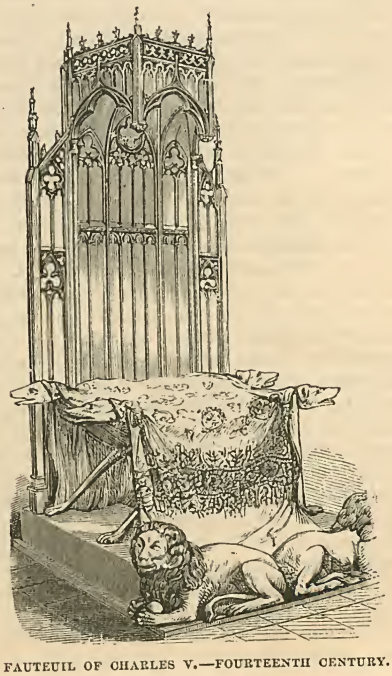


DINING-ROOM SEAT.—MODERN REPRODUCTION.—[B. J. T.]

ing to the Goths, of a single piece of emerald—meaning glass—encircled with three rows of fine pearls, and supported by three hundred and sixty-five feet of gems and gold.

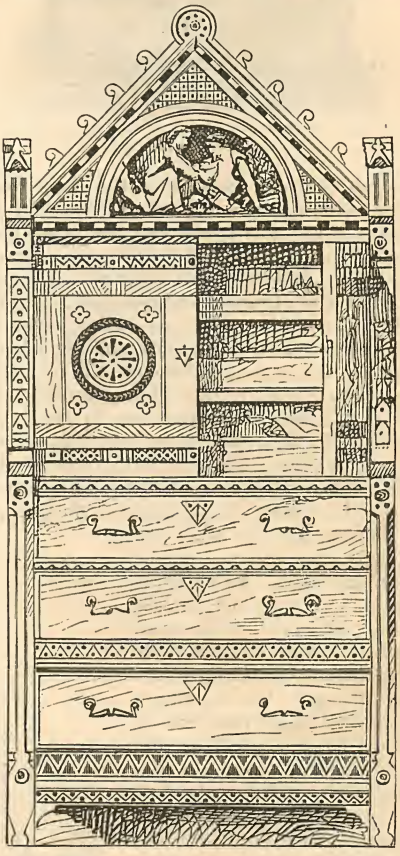
The lord and lady usually occupied alone the table at the head of the hall, that was sometimes raised upon a platform and canopied by a dais, as shown in our cut on the preceding page. The meats, after the guests had seen them, were removed to the side tables, where they were carved; and the guests were seated at long tables running down the hall—temporary things on trestles, or heavy fixtures on which the mummers might mount in the intervals, representing brief dramas and distributing flowers. The seats were benches — originally spelled bancs, their use giving rise to the word banquet—which were little more than the old "form." When, as not infrequently chanced, they had lockers underneath, and were used for storing the table-linen and other things of the sort, they seem to be the chest or bahut enriched with back and arms. Over them was thrown a banker or cloth, a single thickness of rich material, successor of the courtepointe one which was doubled and stuffed and tufted through from side to side, and which, in its turn, had succeeded the dressed furs provided by the chase, lying loosely in place till a freer life and a lighter construction rendered objects more movable, when their slippery inconvenience caused them to be secured by bands, and afterward by nails. In England these benches were commonly called "binks"—a pronunciation not yet forgotten, as any one knows who has heard the London omnibus men bound for the Bank, and shouting their destination, "Bink! Bink!"

There could hardly, as we have said, have been much acquaintance of comfort in these primitive seats, although their legitimate descendant, the kitchen settle, has been a hospitable friend to many a weary bone. But except for the single stools in common use among the inferiors, and the little folding seat that appears to have descended directly from the Roman, preserved through the exigencies of camp life—whence, indeed, it had one of its names, and which, also, was the origin of the chair that the Spaniards made of steel, to be taken to pieces and carried to the wars—except for these, chairs were very infrequent. In almost all old manuscripts and ivories people are represented sitting on beds and couches, and such chairs of the mediæval period as we have still existing are chairs of ceremony. Indeed, the chair was almost literally the throne, the seat of sovereignship. For centuries there was but one in the hall, and in that the master sat, and relinquished it only to his superior. Sometimes it was a rude carpentry; sometimes leather surcingles were stretched between four uprights, supplying seat and back. Many of these chairs were at first little more than stools, the back being so low, and that even when the fabrication was exceedingly rich, as we can see in an existing specimen made of copper covered with Limoges enamel, with gilded balls upon projecting rods at each of the corners, looking more like an ornamented packing-box than any thing else; the wall of the room was tapestried, however, behind such seats as these, and thus the need of a back was supplied. After the Conquest the wood that entered into the manufacture of the chair was frequently



FAUTEUIL OF CHARLES V.—FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

very handsomely turned; and a hundred years later all quaint shapes that could be devised appeared—sometimes light, a mere reticulation of metal bound together with straps; sometimes huge constructions, apparently for the middle of the room, quite fenced in by an open gallery, leaving only a space for entrance. They are all exceedingly spacious, made so by the change in garments that had been brought about by communication with the East, through whose means the long-worn clinging cloths were laid aside for the stiff brocades and half-gold fabrics that thus came to knowledge. They would all seem to have been much higher than the present chair, and, for the greater part, furnished with footstools, either fixed or free. This footstool, that lifted the feet from the cold contact of the stone floor, is a feature of the style, let us say in passing, that is far too valuable to be forgotten in reproductions, and is capable, for so slight a thing, of charming effect. At about this time first appeared the outlines in furniture that we are accustomed to consider more particularly Gothic, and which have persuaded many furniture-makers that they only are correct, being adopted from the architectural designs which we know by that name; and we see the seat supported on the pointed arch and the trilobe, with quatrefoils and trefoils, and tiny crocketed pinnacles at the corners. Then the chair became a magnificent object, took on a high back rich with carving, but carving that was done in sunk relief, so deep-set that it was uncomfortable to none; and the chair of the plain citizen and the farmer, if not rough with this thick carving, had always at the head the battlemented crest. In the variety that we find, some are like those belonging to a Duchess of Orleans, the legs of which were painted vermilion, and on whose cover, garnished with a "fringe of soy," were wrought dogs and birds and other devices; another is covered in blue cloth of gold, with pommels of copper, gilt and enameled at the corners; and in the same inventory with the latter, taken in 1466, is noted "a chaire of astate of yren covered with purpell satyn, fur^{d}, and a case of lether thereto." In the mean time the camp-stool had not been allowed to remain in the primitive state of the curule chair. Always pleasant to the eye, with its changing broken lines, it was destined to honor and beauty. The throne of the chief after battle, under the bannered door of his tent, it was also the episcopal throne, and more frequently than any other form of seat was the civic throne. In France this shape was called a fauteuil, from the older French of faudesteuil, derived probably from the monkish Latin of faldistorium, that in turn was derived from the Anglo-Saxon and German faldstool. It used to be declared that the folding-stool of the bishop was indicative of his spiritual jurisdiction, and that the footstool before it was emblematic of the temporal, which should be subjected to the spiritual, power; but the footstool was presently adopted, with the folding-stool itself, into civic and domestic use. The bronze throne of Dagobert, whose parts terminate in panthers' heads, is the oldest example extant of this variety of the mediæval seat; but others terminate with eagles' heads, and others yet with the heads of lions. This use of the lion's head and claws—the latter of which



DEAL CHEST OF DRAWERS.—[B. J. T.]

is to be seen in the Bayeux tapestry, by-the-way, and is still preserved on many of the articles of furniture that are nowadays no further classified than by the words "old-fashioned"—has been a matter in some dispute with archæologists. M. Lenormant regards it as something brought about only under the influence of purely Christian ideas. "The lion," he says, "is, in the allegorical language of our religion, the emblem of justice, because of the two lions which made the arms of Solomon's throne, the just king *par excellence*, and of the twelve whelps which ornamented its steps." But if such was Sol-

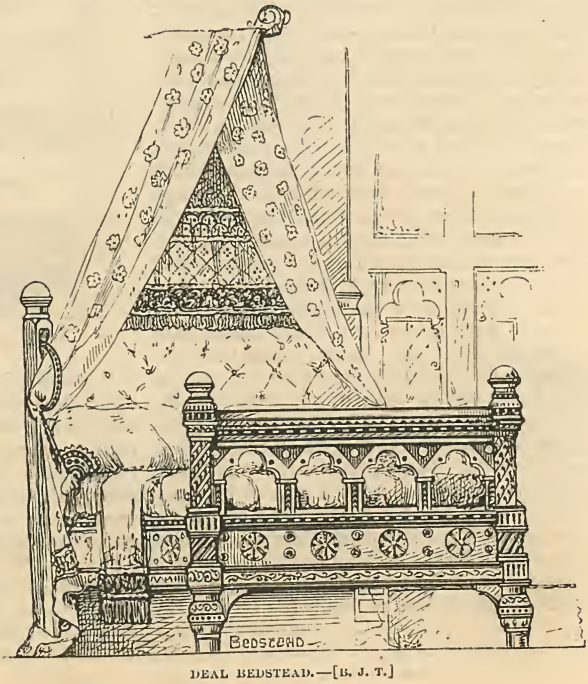


BED OF TWELFTH CENTURY.—"DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE."

omon's chair, it seems that the lions were thus made use of long before Christianity; and it is quite as likely that the heads and feet, being thus added to the part covered elsewhere by the draperies of the seat, signified the fact of power and conquest. Eventually the folding-stool put on longer ends, then bars between the ends, making a back and making arms, and between the feet, and so gradually grew into that charming old chair which we so often see in the later mediæval days, where, on the half-circle formed by the legs, the half-circle of the body sits, with straight bars finely ornamented between the uprights of the back.

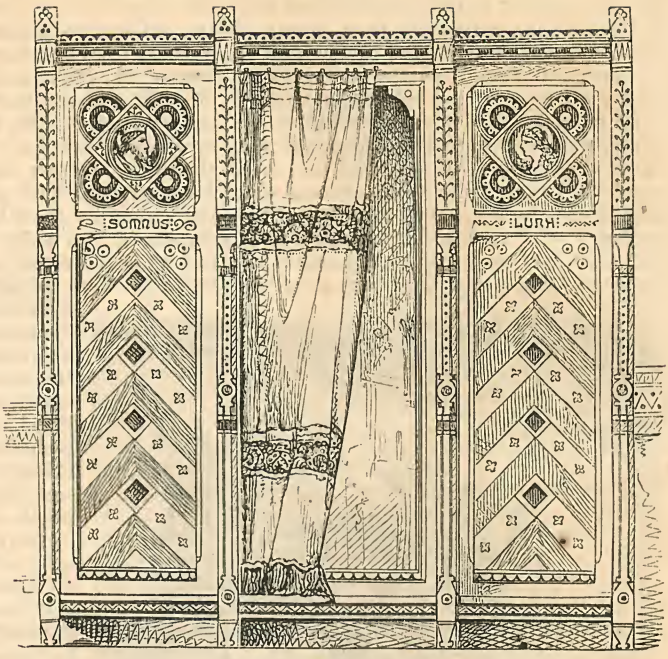
During all this time the bench was by no means standing still. As early as the eleventh century it had been furnished with rudimentary arms, or rests, mere projections of the uprights, and presently the arms were finished and curved so as to afford more comfort for the elbow, and if it was not covered with carving and painted in lively colors, or set about with gilding and silver and ivory, it was made fine with costly drapery, covered all along its length by cushions stuffed with feathers, and having indentations in the middle of the four sides so as to fit softly into the various hollows of the frame —cushions, indeed, bearing much weight in the mediæval furniture, their use marking one of its links with the Byzantine—and frequently forming seats by themselves. Silk patchworks, imitating some of the rare old Gothic marquetries, are by no means out of place upon these cushions as used to-day; and they give the grandam and the little child, into whose hands that needle-work is usually committed, an active interest in the furnishing. In the thirteenth century the bench dropped an apron before its seat, frequently of intricately carved openwork, and filled the part both of seat and coffer. Its back was extended, partly for ornamental reasons, and partly for prudential ones on account of the draughts and damps in the immense halls, and the back was often surmounted by a dais. When this back was not covered with carved arms and legends, or the conventional floriage of the time, there was hung across it, on little hooks, a dorsel, a curtain of goffered leather, of needle-work, or of precious stuff, in which the germ, although not the idea, of the antimacassar can be seen. If one reasons from the controlling principles that originally form a style, it will be seen that, although the low-backed chair is all very well, and sufficiently authorized by custom, yet the high-backed chair was born of the very necessities of the life in the vast airy apartments where the protection of the body from the draughts of which we have previously spoken was at the best but slight, and that the dorsel is almost a component part of it, and with its brightening bit of color always a welcome one.

It is easy to see how, from a form of this bench without the back, the couch came into being, a little lower, a little broader, a

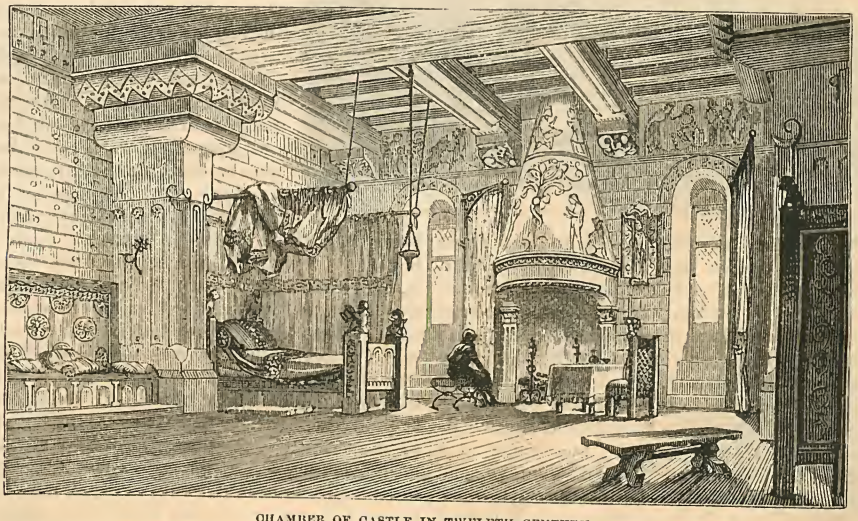


DEAL BEDSTEAD.—[B. J. T.]

little more luxurious as to its cushions. It appears on the Continent not much later than the close of the fourteenth century, and became so cherished an object that it presently underwent as absurd regulations as the cupboards had endured: only a queen or a member of her family could place her couch before the fire—the corner of the room was good enough for those whose blood was not so blue. Undoubtedly the couches often served for beds, although by this time beds and bedding had become quite luxurious. Among the wealthier nobles some scattered examples of the Roman traditions remained, such, for instance, as that in the drawing from the old manuscript of Herrade de Landsberg (representing the dream of Pilate's wife), where the forms, the turning, and the rich ornament are on such a model. But the instances are very rare; the bench had been the bed for generations of those who, if they knew better, had nothing better to do; and when that was discarded, an original style had come into existence, out of which the shapes to be seen in the representations of the rooms of the twelfth and fifteenth centuries perfected themselves. In the early years these bedsteads were often of bronze; sometimes they were provided with a back or third side, and they were very much higher at the head than at the foot; but in the twelfth century they were ponderous wooden fixtures, with huge canopies, and enveloped in curtains. The beds of the thirteenth century stood upon four large low supports, and were boxed in by a more or less elaborate rail, with

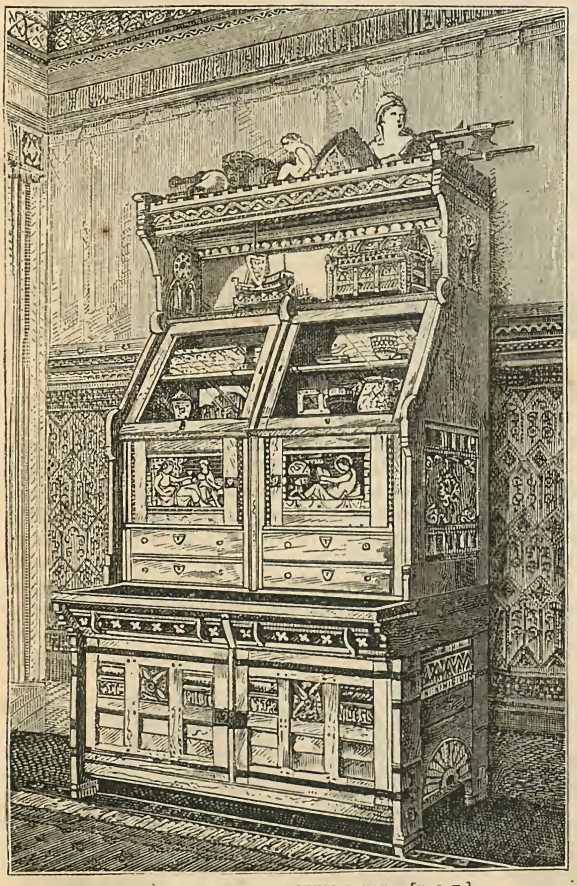


DEAL WARDROBE.—[B. J. T.]



CHAMBER OF CASTLE IN TWELFTH CENTURY.

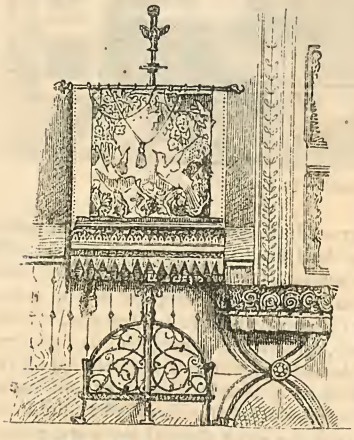
an open gateway at one side and a low step. Curtains were suspended from beams, or from long metal rods fixed in the wall at one end, and slung from the ceiling at the other; afterward the whole tester, with its drapery and the depending curtains beneath, was secured to the ceiling, and not, as now, supported by the bed; the usual name for it being the celer. Sheets were now in use, often made of silk, the pillows perfumed with rose-water, and the size of the beds was something enormous: the knights who had slept under the same tent thinking it but hospitable to put their brother knights into the same beds with themselves—beds here and there as much as twelve feet wide. In such beds parents, children, and dogs all slept together, and so vast was the king's bed that it was visited by whippers with their rods of office before he entered it, lest some traitor should be secreted there. The hangings of these beds were exceedingly superb; and some idea of their splendor may be had when we read of a chamber of pleasaunce hung with white silk and linen cloth, in which was a bed of down, the sheets "of Raynys"—Reims gave the old spellers a great deal of trouble—"the counterpoint cloth of gold furred with ermine, the tester and celer shining cloth of gold," and the curtains of white sarsenet. "They were the richestly hanged that ever I saw," says an old chronicler; "seven chambers together hanged with cloth of Arras wrought with gold as thick as could be; and as for three beds of state, no king christened can show such three." Beds had at last become such affairs of luxury that they were valuable bequests not only with such personages as the Countesses of Pembroke and Northampton, the Earls of Hereford, and Dukes of Lancaster, as King Edward the Third, who left one to his grandson, or as the Black Prince, who bequeathed several, but with the untitled people, one of whom leaves "a bed of gold swans, the tapestry of green with bunches of flowers of divers kinds, and two pairs of sheets of Raynes," so that Shakspeare had some countenance in his famous bequest. At the birth of heirs of estates and of princes, the beds and their surroundings were prepared with peculiar care, sacred texts and representations were every where in sight, and all that could suggest pain or fright was banished.



BRIC-À-BRAC CABINET, GOTHIC STYLE.—[B. J. T.]

Hangings, however, had important office in other places than about the beds. The love of decoration in the mediæval era was intense, and the delight in color. It is noticeable with all semi-civilized people that long before they attain equal eminence in other points, they arrive at perfection in their knowledge and love of color. This is the case to-day with the Japanese, and this was the case with our ancestors. They early hung upon their walls the best they could; if partly for warmth, for beauty also—that is, they made their warmth beautiful; if it was linen, it was painted in divers tints; and if it was leather, they had it correspondingly variegated; if it was needle-work, it was the glory of the East, or that to which all the women of the household dedicated their lives until the day when Arras began to take tribute of the nations; or here it was of damask, woven at first of scarlet and violet, green, yellow, blue, and gray, with the figure thrown up in gold and silver, after-

ward of the rich crimson that has given its name to the damson plum, and there of the Venice silk where velvet flowers swam upon a silken ground. Sometimes the hangings were used for portières, sometimes to separate the great room into several, always to ornament the wall, and the best ones were not all the time in use. In the few dwellings remaining of this era, although the hangings are utterly gone, portions of the hooks that held them are yet in the wall. In certain rooms, not the loftiest, the hangings swept from top to bottom; in others the benches, with their decorated and daised backs, ran nearly round the room, in which case the hangings were sometimes dispensed with, except for the windows and doorways, and for the strip of stuff depending from the chimney-piece, to be swept aside or to pull between the sitter and the blaze according to the degree of heat; in others a wainscot extended some six or eight feet from the floor, then came the hangings, and above the hangings a painted or sculptured frieze, the directions for the painting of these walls above the hangings being often of the most elaborate description. In the last days of the Gothic an ornamental plaster-work supplied the place of this hanging, and intruded upon the cornice. But at a period shortly before that, when not only had windows been enlarged, but filled with glass, and the glass stained, it is difficult to imagine any thing too rich and brilliant for the effect of these wall decorations—the panels carved and gilded, the hangings emblazoned with the

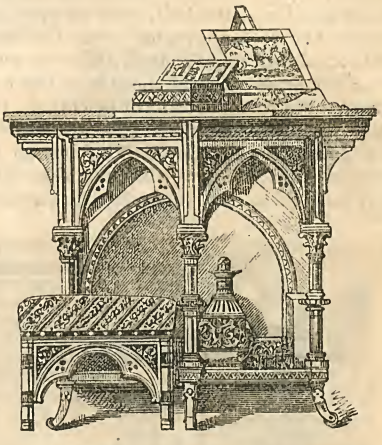


SCREEN FOR DRAWING-ROOM.—[B. J. T.]

most rich and delicate coloring, the painted glass carrying on the story in even greater brilliancy. We may be more comfortable to-day; we can not be so splendid.

"Clothes of gold and arras were hanged in the hall,
Depainted with pyctures and hystoryes many folde,
Well wraughte and craftely with precyous stones all,
Glyteringe as Phebus and the beten golde."

The hangings and the wall paintings also were usually scenic; the Mort d'Arthur, historical events, hunting, falconry, and Scripture supplying subjects, the latter always treated as if it were a story of chivalry, and David and Jonathan being armed as knights. The personages whose story was thus wrought were portrayed in gigantic stature, the necessity of size and space being



GOTHIC TABLE AND STOOL, DRAWING-ROOM.

caused by the peculiarity of the tapestry-work, which absorbs light in the interval between the stitches, and does not represent a slant by a direct line, but by a succession of minute angles formed by the stitches. When such sums were paid as eight hundred "francs d'or pour un tapis Sarrazinois," two thousand for a chamber of three pieces of tapestry, and about twelve thousand pounds, modern money, for a set of arras, cloth of gold, and baudequin, it may be understood that they were held as great treasures; and we are not surprised that nobles moving from one place to another took their hangings as well as their glass windows with them.

The floors, meanwhile, had improved from paving of rough flags strewn with straw, in summer with reeds, to fine many-tinted tessellation of "flaundrestyll," so called because brought from Flanders; but carpets were not known in England much before the middle of the thirteenth century, when the embassadors who preceded Queen Eleanor aroused the ire of the people by laying them in her halls—

"Tapets of Spayne on flor by syde
That sprad shyn be for pompe and pryde"—

a custom the Spaniards probably derived from the Moors, as mats and rugs had long been the companions of the Orientals; the earliest carpets used in churches were of somewhat kindred design—the Persian, with geometrical figures, circles, and arabesques.

It was not till about the close of the fourteenth century that the last height of the domestic Gothic was reached, although the great impulse seemed to gather most visibly in the eleventh. It may not be too fanciful to suppose that in the matter of interiors the introduction of chimneys had something to do with this, and chimneys were an accompaniment of the eleventh century. Until then a huge brasier built up on the floor in the middle of the hall, with an open lantern in the roof above, had been the usual method of warming the hall, although sometimes the brasier was at the side of the wall, where there was what might be called a fireplace without a chimney. The principle of the chimney was known, it seems, as the kitchen was little more than one vast chimney, and there are instances in monastic buildings of the ninth century of detached shafts to carry off the smoke from underground furnaces; but it was not applied, although there was sufficient sense of the possibilities of comfort, now and then, for an arrangement of flues from such furnaces, extending beneath the stone floors and diffusing a mild warmth. But the eagerness with which the chimney was seized, after its introduction—sometimes there being two in the room, and sometimes the happy owners luxuriating in four, one on each side—shows the part it took in the great work of building up the fabric of home. "Under the chimney" became a proverb for inviolable confidence, and the expression for a vagrant was concerning one who "warms himself at the chimney of King Réné," that is, who stands in the sunshine. The manner in which the chimney was adorned, built out in a hood or mantel, under whose originally vast projection one sat, given a bay carved with armorial bearings, and ornamented, together with all its belongings, amply evinces how well the fact was comprehended that, with the chimney, home became a place of comfort and delight, fit to decorate and make beautiful and linger and enjoy one's life in.

The introduction of the chimney, too, made the separation of the daily life into many rooms a more comfortable and possible thing. The screens, which were an invariable companion of the Gothic scene, before the dais—as a raised platform, the place of honor, at one end of the room, was sometimes called—around the fires, beside the bed, and in the division of sections of

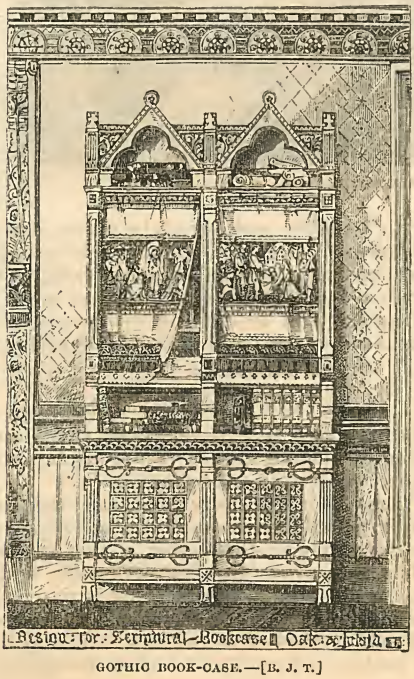


INTERIOR OF GOTHIC DINING-ROOM.—[D. J. T.]

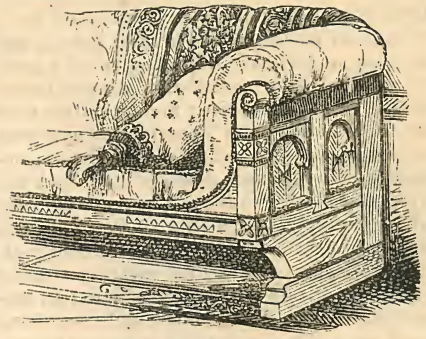
the great hall, so much so that the portion of the hall used by the servants was called "the screens," now became frequently fixed, and in some instances rose to the rafters. Over the servants' screens was the minstrels' gallery, and at the opposite end of the great hall the dais was at last partitioned off from the rest as a separate dining-room, greatly to the scandal of the lovers of the old order of things, for even then there were conservatives and radicals, so that many a regulation was made against "dining in chambers," instead of with the people in the hall. Behind the dais was another room, the lord's solar; and the lady's closet followed this—a place to make dainty with all the refinements and deliciousness yet reached; and from this arrangement gradually grew hall, dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom—the

furniture of the latter consisting of bed, coffer, priedieu, and tapestry—while staircases either externally or in the turret led to sleeping-rooms above; all of which was wonderfully different from the time when life went on chiefly in the one great hall, and when, if a guest came, his bed was built up, cushioned, and curtained before his eyes. The guest was always very welcome in these halls; he brought the outside world with him, he gave pleasure, he gave the dwellers there the opportunity of giving pleasure; legends relating to him were often wrought over the chimney, and the door of the drawing-room was built into the room in a sort of porch, as if too much stress and honor could not be paid to the place of his entrance: a certain good baron, indeed, one Fulk Fitz Warine, caused the highway to run through his hall, in order that all travelers should receive his entertainment.

Our ancestors employed some eight or nine hundred years in attaining all this. Their progress had been slow until the last two centuries of it, when Western civilization seemed suddenly to begin to stir in its sleep, to awake, and to march onward with a swift step to join that civilization with which Venice, Constantinople, and the farther East were already luxuriating. It was from Venice and the East that the awakening came. While our ancestors, together with most of the inhabitants of Western Europe, had been occupied with petty warfare among their petty strongholds, Venice had inherited the splendors of the Greek



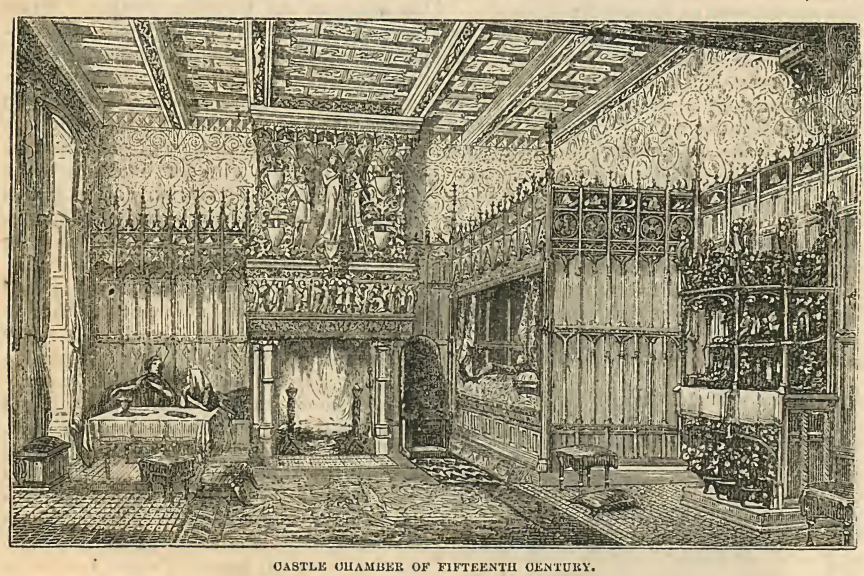
GOTHIC BOOK-CASE.—[B. J. T.]



GOTHIC SOFA.—[B. J. T.]

Empire, and made herself cosmopolitan by her commerce with all the known world. Magnificence and grace and beauty could go no further than they went in the civil buildings of the Venetian Gothic. When the greater part of Christendom sat in comfortless squalor, without chimneys or fireplaces, without glass in their windows, with no pleasures but those of war and such rude diversions as hawking and the chase, Venice was mounting an eminence of social and intellectual culture, with few houses without gardens of some description and aviaries; with a passion among her people for music, birds, and flowers; with a discriminating taste in color, so that blue was already known as the Venetian color; with a constant tendency toward refinement. Slow as communication was then—so slow that fifty days were required for a Venetian to receive the answer to his message to Constantinople—yet Venice in the eighth century kept up constant intercourse with Greece, Egypt, and India, and in her adventure familiarized herself with France, England, and Flanders as well; and the Venetians thus led the fashions of the world in the fair at Pavia, where Charlemagne's courtiers were eager to buy mantles like their monarch's, and the ladies sought cloaks of cloth of gold like those which the brides of Venice wore. In one of the later years of his reign two of the Doges came to Paris laden with gifts for Charlemagne, and one of them married a French lady there, and doubtless sowed the seed of much luxury about him; and it was from the Venetian market that the daughters of Charlemagne procured that finery in which, despite the common rumor of their homespun, a veracious writer describes them—Rhotrude enveloped in a mantle held together by a gold agrafe enriched with precious stones, violet fillets in her yellow hair, with a crown of gold diapered in gems; Bertha's hair disappearing under a golden net, rich ermines covering her shoulders, and chrysolites sprinkling the golden folds of her vestments. The wealth of Venice even then was enormous: an abbess could afford to give the Doge a diadem in whose cen-

tre a huge diamond was surrounded by a wreath of as huge pear-shaped pearls, upholding, underneath a blazing ruby, a gold cross inlaid with more than a score of emeralds of marvelous price; and a quarter of a century before that a Venetian primate was able to bequeath serfs, cattle, horses, orchards, olive groves, altars of gold and silver, altar cloths, chalices, vases and goblets of porphyry, jewels, a ship, and store of silver and of corn. Many of the dwellings of private citizens were like palaces; twenty thousand ducats was not considered an immoderate price for a house, and two thousand were often expended on the ultramarine, gilding, carving, mosaic, and glass of a single room. The commonest Venetian broke as much as he would of the lovely glass—which, we believe, no machinery to the present day degrades, fashioned by the house, surrendered its wealth, and the splendor that had been confined to sovereigns was scattered among the people. The priesthood, with its trained intelligence, led the way in the procurement and the enjoyment of luxury; commerce grew up, exchanging rough productions for precious commodities; and that elevation of woman which accompanied the Gothic did an infinite work in addition toward the softening of manners and the beautifying of interiors. At last, in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries, we have the mediæval at the top of its wave, in successions of lofty rooms where moved stately-mannered men and women clad in superb robes, rooms full of colors and gilding, carved woods, and heavily swinging tapestries, each piece of furniture supplying separate traits of the picture, from the resplendence of the cupboard



CASTLE CHAMBER OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

fingers as it is—at a time when in England glass drinking vessels were so rare that Henry the Third had but a single cup, the gift of Guy of Roussillon, which he thought precious enough to send to the goldsmith, Edward of Winchester, with directions to set it in hoops of silver gilt, with a handle, that he might present it to the queen.

Rumors went abroad, of course, of all the luxury and beauty of life in the East, in Venice and Byzance and among the Moors. The Venetians themselves visited the northern ports, and a colony of them settled in Limoges. The inhabitants of the northern coasts began to feel an emulation to procure for themselves these rich stores of the Orient. Journeys and voyages were taken, people returned from the Crusades that had made Venice a sort of rendezvous, and finally Constantinople, that immense treasure-with its plate and porcelain to the dark richness of the sculptured and high-backed benches with their daises and dorsels. If we had ever thought of this time as one of simplicity and severity, of few wants, of great content, the time of the quaint saying,

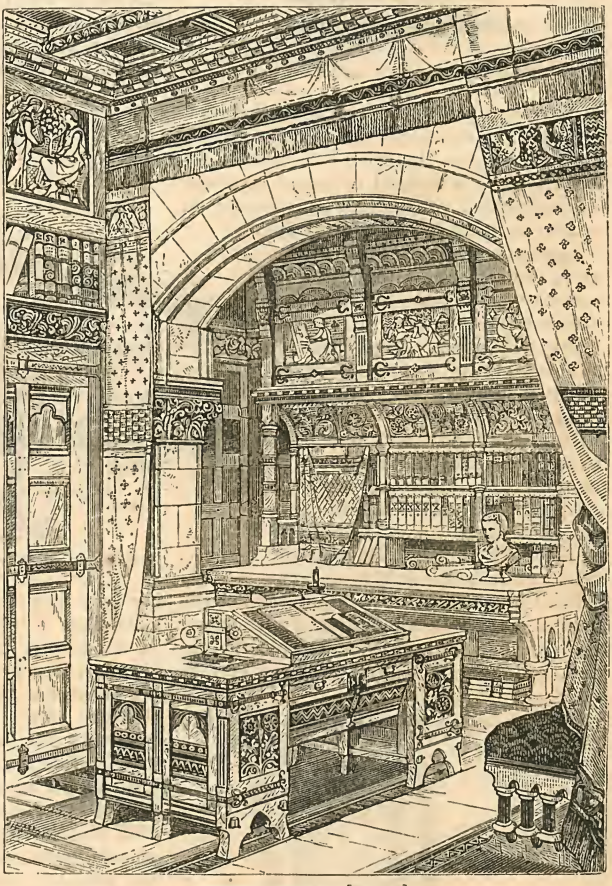
> "Lever à six, diner à dix,
> Souper à six, coucher à dix,
> Font vivre l'homme dix fois dix,"

we have seen that, nevertheless, there has been no time of more gorgeous display, of more active state and magnificence.

The reader will easily understand that in order to build his modern house and furnish it accurately in the Gothic, if that is the style chosen—and unless accurately, best not at all—it is as necessary for him to understand something of the origin, the genesis, and method of use of each article as it is for him to know how to count in order to

cast up a sum in addition. It is, indeed, impossible for him, with all the new requirements of life, to furnish it in specimens of the ancient Gothic alone. Nothing is so absurd as your "Middle Age manners adapter," who does not take the difference in time into account, who attempts to reproduce the ancient and leaves the modern out of his consideration. The best that can be done, the only thing that should be done, is not to reproduce the ancient simply, but to adapt the ancient to the modern, and in order to do that, one needs some archæological knowledge, a tolerably definite idea of the way affairs were ordered in the days that are gone.

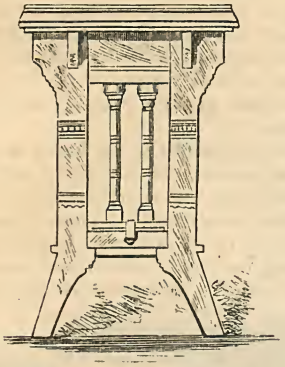
It would be idle to ignore the alleviations of existence that modern times have compassed, in order to produce a perfect picture in our dwellings of the ancient, with its struggle for convenience and its result of inconvenience; to forego the illumination of our rooms with great sheets of mirrors, for instance, because Aregonde looked at her beauty only in a hand-mirror; to refuse the use of gas, because in the mediæval rooms pitchy torches hung in hooks upon the wall, oil burned in cups, and wax in the great chain-swung copper circles; to drop piano, book-case, pipes, photographs, wall-paper, because the mediæval never heard of them; to insist upon a comfortless chair, because the Gothic spine was made of steel. One might as well refuse to read a poem of Tennyson's because it was not written in black-letter. And thus nobody proposes to do it.



GOTHIC LIBRARY.—[B. J. T.]

The way to furnish our houses according to the Gothic style would seem to be to violate no generally accepted modern custom in adhering to mediæval form. We are not going back to mediæval life; we are bringing the Gothic to add beauty to our life—our life, which is confessedly loftier than the mediæval in every purpose and attainment, with the single exception of invention in art. If we take the Gothic where our ancestors left it, and apply its principles to the exigencies of the present, we shall avoid the great danger that threatens the age of crystallizing where we are, and becoming nothing but Chinese copyists. We shall certainly have to make new combinations of old forms; in making those combinations we may possibly alight upon new forms.

The first principle to be found in Gothic furniture is absolute simplicity and truth and frankness of construction, however elaborate the ornament. There is no falsehood about it; it makes no pretense to be any thing but itself; and under no consideration can the ornament of painting or carving or inlay be suffered to conceal the structure—it may adorn it as it will, but it ceases to be characteristic at the moment in which it attempts to hide the purpose of any article or of any member of an article. Every article is made for a specific use, and only after long tentative groping; it is proud of itself, it declares its intention and its consummation, it ornaments the way in which it reached its perfection, and its whole air is that of dignity. Not that it is ungainly, stiff, or inaptly solemn; but if the reader will compare its aspiring lines,

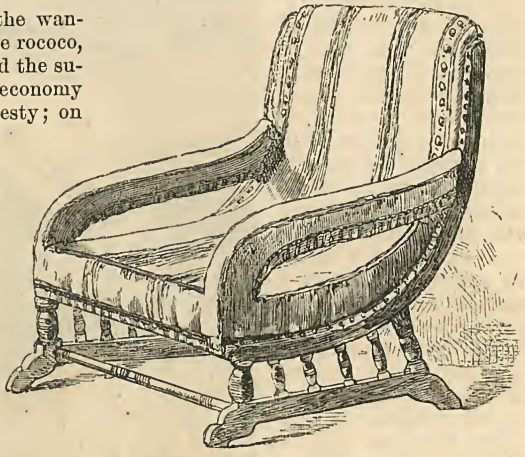


DRAWING-ROOM TABLE.—[C. AND L.]

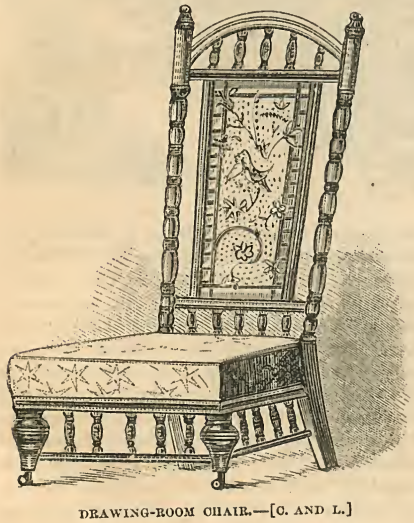
Gothic principles, yet the fact remains that its chief constituents and ornaments were first used in the churches, and it was brought to perfection at a time when the Church and the clergy were paramount in every thing after a fashion that has long ceased. It belongs, in truth, to a form of life almost all of whose conditions have long passed, religious, civil, and domestic; that with us have never obtained. It is not indigenous to the soil, as it is in Europe; it must of needs be an adoption, and possibly an affectation. It is grandiose, moreover; it requires space and the use of wealth; to choose it seems to be an assumption of poetical taste and antiquarian knowledge; and it is the source of strange anachronisms when a maiden with her hair in Pompadour rolls and cushions looks from a latticed and mullioned pointed window, or handles the toys of a flamboyant cabinet; or when a beau in a modern dress-coat stands beneath the armorial bearings of the hall or the chimney-piece, or mounts the battlements to see the view. On the other hand, it may be said, this is the style of our ancestors, Saxon and Norman; their descendants have as much right to use it on this side of the water as on the other; it is in some respects the best fitted to a new country, the same reasons that gave it birth acting for its reproduction; it is a reminiscence, for most of us, of the mother country, whether that country be France, England, or Germany; we do not intend to allow anachronisms, as by adapting, instead of servilely copying, we infuse new blood and a new life, and leave nothing that can produce anachronism; and whereas the capabilities of most of the Renaissance styles may be held to be exhausted —and this is the controlling and deciding reason—the Gothic was arrested before a thoroughly complete development, and is yet full of possibilities. Exceedingly pic-

its pure and perfect curves, with the wanton lines and drunken curves of the rococo, he will recognize the difference and the superiority. It is obliged to regard economy of construction, too, as well as honesty; on no account will it suffer a strain to come upon the weak way of the grain, and it scorns to pare and mince away strength for the sake of slenderness or grace.

Nevertheless, one must hesitate in this country before building and furnishing in the pure mediæval, for as a style it is one between whose day and our own there is a more distinct barrier than there is between our own and that of any of the Renaissance styles. Strongly as the claim is made that it is not an ecclesiastic style, and in spite of the circumstance that neither the pointed arch nor the crocketed pinnacle, the diapered surface nor the little carved monsters, are indispensable in order to make furnitures on the true



DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR.—[C. AND L.]

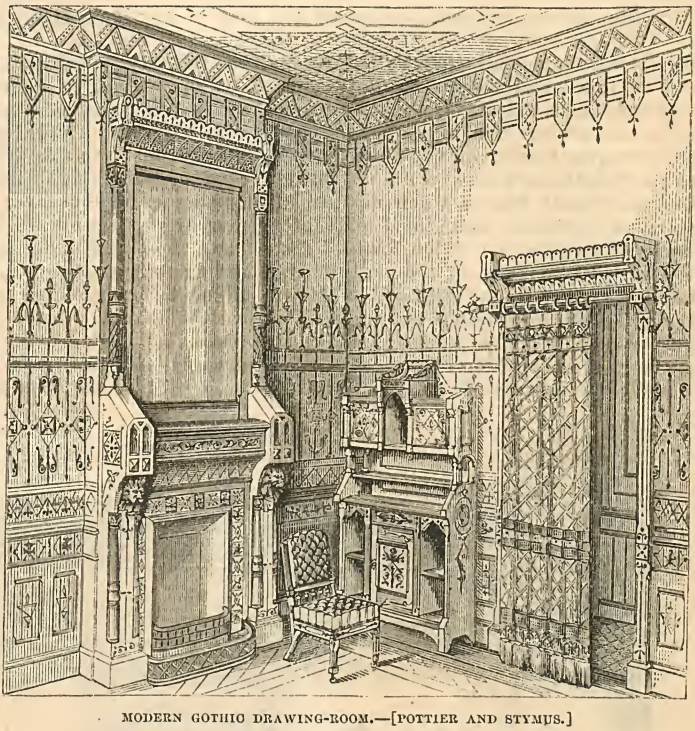


DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR.—[C. AND L.]

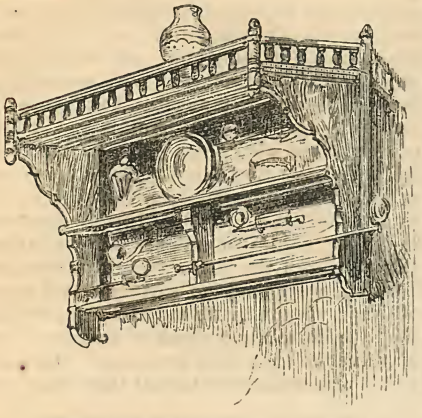
turesque as it is, it has also an archaic character to which it is interesting to see the present applied and watch for results. Far from being a dead style, as many others are, it is alive, waiting for complete development under modern needs and ideas, and rich with possibilities.

If it is then decided to build and furnish in the mediæval—and we must think it would be rather unsuitable to furnish in that unless to meet and carry out the style of building—the reader will see how important to the undertaking is a little instruction as to what has already been achieved, unless he leave it entirely to his upholsterers, who are already supposed to have informed themselves, for the mediæval is of all the styles the most difficult in which to furnish, its study being recondite, while it requires and enforces more purity than any of the others, mingling willingly only with the Saracenic, which is a connection of its own Byzantine branch.

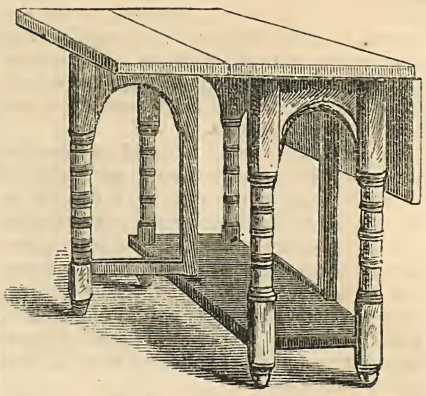
One is not, however, obliged always to pursue the matter to the letter, and rebuild the rooms of a mediæval castle in order to produce mediæval effect; suggestion sometimes answers as well as absolute reproduction. If, for instance, one can not afford or does not desire every where along the wall and below the frieze the heavy hangings which, in themselves or their suggestions, are a requisite of the style, they are suggested in sufficient manner by the dorsels, the curtains, and the portières, which are obligatory, the last belonging to the style, if one may say so, constructively, as they were used previous to doors and after doors, and represent doors in the primitive divisions of the great hall made by the hangings themselves. It would be impossible to dispense entirely with these hangings, for they were a part of the original thought of the style. It saw the wonderful beauty of the breaking lines and changeful colors of drapery, and used it every where, topping the cupboard, hanging on its back between the shelves, falling in folds across the shelves, enriching chair and bench; and any thick, soft-falling stuff with a wrought border answers the purpose now, since it meets the idea; while there are not many of us who can obtain any thing like the old embroidery, or that tapestry which is properly warp filled in not by a thread thrown by the shuttle, but by short threads worked in by the needle to suit the pattern, after the manner of the border on broché shawls. Thus with deference to this mediæval love of drapery, even in its minute proportions, the little dorsel must never be forgotten. It may line the open shelf or it may curtain it, and it may ornament the tall chair back; it may be of such handiwork as the ladies of the house can themselves attempt, or else of bits of brocade, of plain velvet, gold-fringed or otherwise adorned, or of available pieces of thick silk or satin, but always with regard to the design of the period when these treasured stuffs came from the Orient; if not entirely covered with wrought-work, then most frequently of open spaces of plain tint or small powdered ornament between broad bands, in which wheels encircle Byzantine griffins and peacocks, swallows, leopards, apples of gold, roses, eagles, and branches of palm, equal regard being paid to the colors, none of the brilliant modern colors being used, but the ecclesiastical colors, as they



MODERN GOTHIC DRAWING-ROOM.—[POTTIER AND STYMUS.]

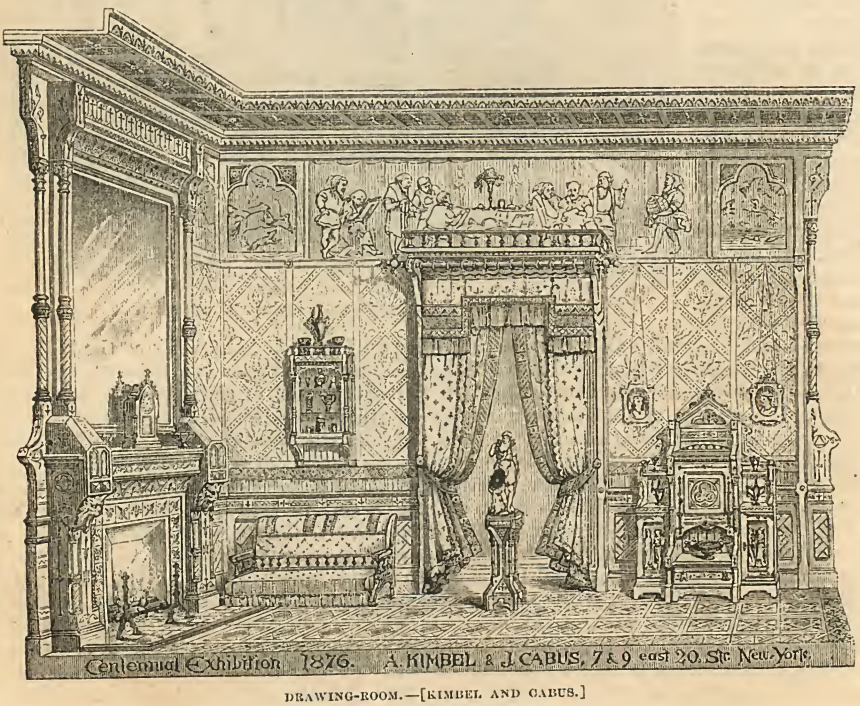


PIPE SHELVES, DINING-ROOM.—[C. AND L.]



BEDROOM TABLE.—[C. AND L.]

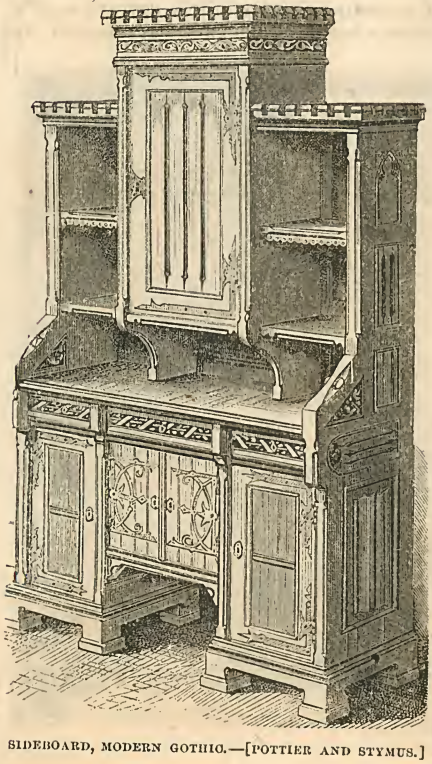
are called, which, dull when by themselves, can be toned and harmonized into effects of surpassing richness. If, then, we can not have the ancient hangings of stately solemn swaying leather, on which such artists as the Murillos of their day did not disdain to pencil their fancies when not already stamped in flowers, and gilded and tinted, nor such as those for which Raphael drew the cartoons, nor yet of the cloth of gold of cramoisy or cloth of gold of blue, where the minutely long-drawn flat filament of gold wound about a silken thread made one way of the web, and the richly colored silk the other, so that in this light one saw the full sheet of color, and in the other only the body of golden yellow lustre, on which pearls and precious stones sometimes brocaded borders of gorgeous embroidery—if we can not have this splendor, we can yet produce something of its effect by infinitely simpler and cheaper methods. Whatever draperies we have, it is admissible to hang those of the doors and windows under lambrequins, square-cut and without fullness, corresponding to the celers of the early beds and the top pieces of the portières that excluded the last remnant of a draught—for ourselves we suspect the porch built in over the later drawing-room door



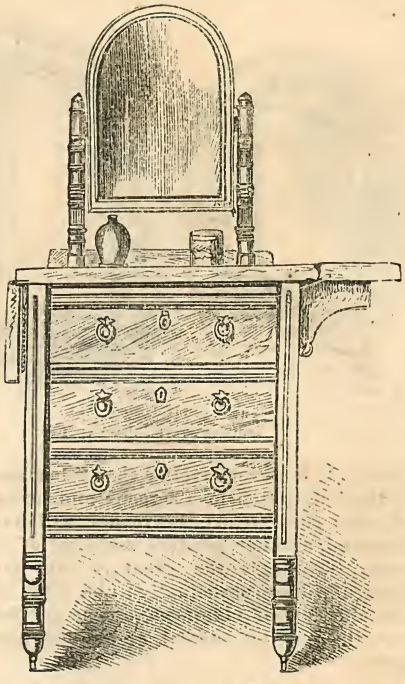
DRAWING-ROOM.—[KIMBEL AND CABUS.]

had quite as much to do with this dreaded draught as with honor to the guest—but tiny hooks are the indicated manner of holding the dorsels, and the suspension of curtains and portières by means of rings upon metallic bars is not only the most graceful, the most cleanly, but quite as pure style. Loose wall-hangings, meanwhile, inclosing a room entirely, as in the antique fashion, are not so consistent with the spirit of modern use, which in our adaptation is greatly to be respected, as the decorated flat surface on which the Gothic looked with favor in its painted frieze and mosaics; and a high dado of paneling, with a wooden cornice, and the space between stenciled in close pattern or covered with paper diamonded and diapered in fleur-de-lis, geometrical arabesques, and fine foliations, sometimes the dado itself of another paper, or, if of wood, framing in its upper panels a series of softly colored hand-painted tiles, makes quite as beautiful and quite as characteristic a wall decoration as a more servile imitation could effect.

Yet if some things can be left partially to suggestion in furnishing after the mediæval manner, other things must yield strict conformity to rule. Thus carpets are not to extend to the side of the room or fit closely into corners—first, because derivatively they have no right to do so; and secondly, because of the large and heavy articles that



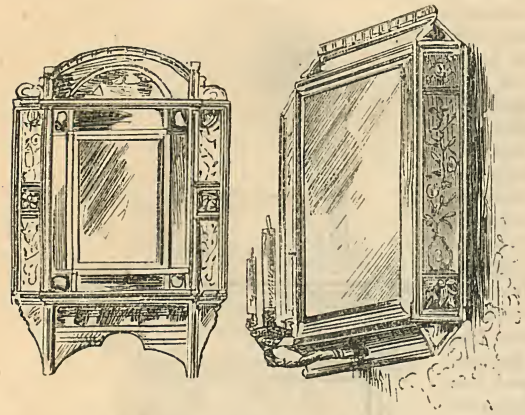
SIDEBOARD, MODERN GOTHIC.—[POTTIER AND STYMUS.]



DRESSING-TABLE.—[C. AND L.]

stand directly upon the floor, and are not easily moved. They are to cover the centre and leave a goodly margin of floor about them, the floor inlaid or handsomely polished; they are to be heavy and lie flatly by their own weight, to be of geometrical or of that conventional design which elaborates the abstract idea of some object of beauty without repeating the object itself; and however large their size, it is to be remembered that they are always intrinsically rugs.

Again, an essential accompaniment of furniture of this description is wrought iron-work and brass, copper and bronze, wherever such can be suitably introduced. This was the chief ornament of the pristine style, that on which it relied for much of its most brilliant effect; and long before they were the masters of any other art, the mediævals were accomplished workers in the metals, "cunning to work all works in brass." Yet this is never to be used as decoration for its own sake, but always for some constructive purpose rendered decoratively. A hinge extending two-thirds across a door, of whatever metal best contrasts with the color of the wood, expanding into trefoils or more intricate foliations, bolts and locks and handles made with equal richness, and compassing all manner of quaint designs of leaf and ouphe, grilles of elaborate net-work before the shelves, and lesser guards to keep the objects there in position, are among the uses to which this metal-work may be ap-



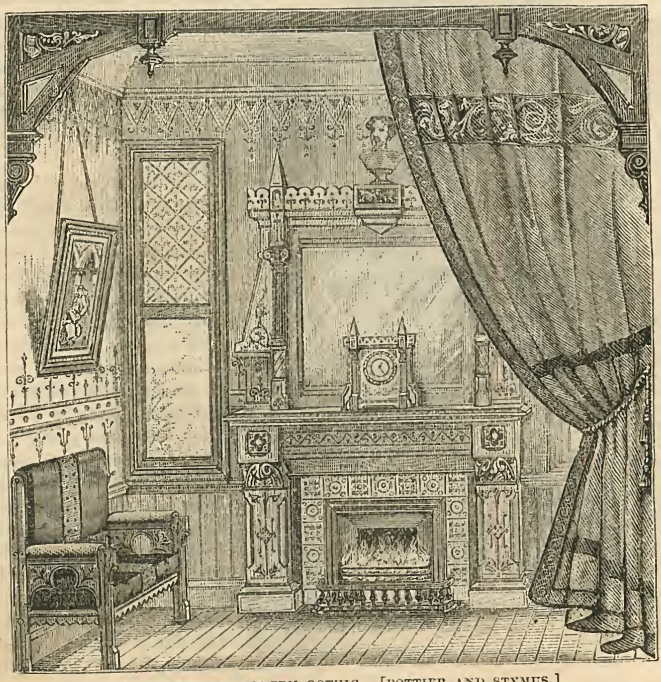
GIRANDOLES.—[C. AND L.]

plied. It is never lovelier than when used in the foundation of a screen; and screens of some sort are, as the reader will have observed, another positive essential of the style. Through the great windy halls draughts drew perpetually; and after the introduction of chimneys, owing to their size, the moving current of air was enormous.

"A chain-dropped lamp was flickering by each door,
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar,
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor."

Under such circumstances the screen was a necessary clothing; and it offered a surface for decoration that was never neglected. This screen can be made of costly tapestry, or of the household needlework, or of any other material that harmonizes with the general style; sometimes of painted panels, sometimes of interwoven peacock feathers upon a background, the finest that we know consisting of a Byzantine carving in ebony making a lattice over plate-glass whose back has been gilded till it is a complete illumination—the fire-screens a single frame upon a foot, the others in folding leaves. When these screens are mounted in brass and brightened with the airy brass filigree, they are of service in lightening the drawing-room, which, with the best of Gothic, must needs be always a little heavy, as a glance at the examples of modern Gothic in our wood-cuts shows.

Nothing can be better than the Gothic for the rich, permanent, abounding appearance due the dining-room; it recalls its old feasts and orgies, and takes to the dining-room naturally: sideboard, carving table, dinner wagon, cupboard, are all ready to the hand, and can hardly be too heavy there. Nothing, either, can be in finer unison with the music-room, not only because the minstrel's harp belongs to it, and because it is a thousand years and over since it has known the organ, but because its shapes in their full decoration are those with which we associate the sound of solemn music, and seem sometimes as if they had arisen beneath its enchantment. Nothing can be more suited to the library, where its arched and pointed and traceried forms can have their last development, while books can have no fitter shrine than its cloistered recesses: that books were scarce in the old days, and were handiwork at that, does not matter; that is where the present leads the ancient on. If a hundred books were more than the library of a mediæval prelate or a sovereign, it is perhaps because such care was taken of the

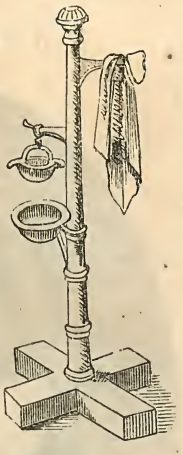


DRAWING-ROOM, MODERN GOTHIC.—[POTTIER AND STYMUS.]

hundred that we have our thousands now. There are, besides, among the ancient forms many fine ones of lecterns to hold the book that one reads or from which one copies, to keep it open, advance or withdraw it, and of *scriptionales* or writing-desks with their inkhorns, so that we have to apply little or no fresh invention to mediæval library furniture. It is the natural furniture of the hall, where the first idea on entrance should be of shade, shelter, and solidity; and its cleanly, solid, simple forms even lend themselves kindly to the bed-chamber. But nothing can be more difficult to treat, and treat satisfactorily, than a drawing-room in the Gothic. Dark and sumptuous and steadfast, it is not easily rendered light and airy, and fit for the idle, laughing, sunny life of that pleasant spot. It calls marquetry to its aid there—an ornament always rather sparingly used by the Gothic—porcelain plaques, ebony and the silver-stained maples, satinwood and the winy wealth of color of the mahogany, having a right to enrich itself with all that it can assimilate with its own identity, of whatever place or date. It uses the light filigree brass-work to crest its cabinets, and for its gasalier and sconces; adopts the mirror, and hangs smaller beveled glasses besides, where effective; piles cushion upon cushion; makes its seats luxurious; throws soft drapery in delicate tints wherever it can be disposed. If, by good fortune, a conservatory at one end of the drawing-room presents the usual glass doors, it is afforded opportunity to indulge in triple-arched casements that the exotics within shall garland in blossoming tracery, if they are not already

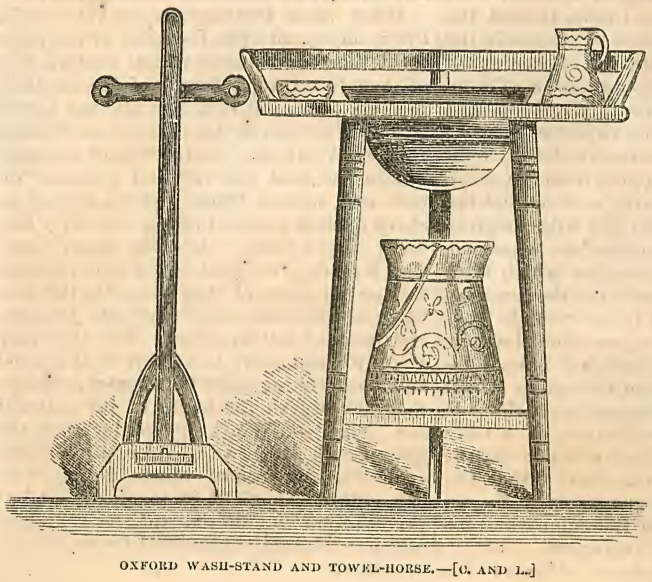
"Diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes."

It is hardly necessary to say that it requires great art to harmonize all this, to keep the heavy outlines down, and to hinder the brass and porcelain and tapestry from gaudiness. In Europe, where such rooms are ancestral and often historic, one accepts them as they come; but here, whoever furnishes in mediæval style has no ancestors upon whom to throw it off, and is personally responsible, and the rooms are quaint and curious or rich and imposing, according to idle chance or individual character.



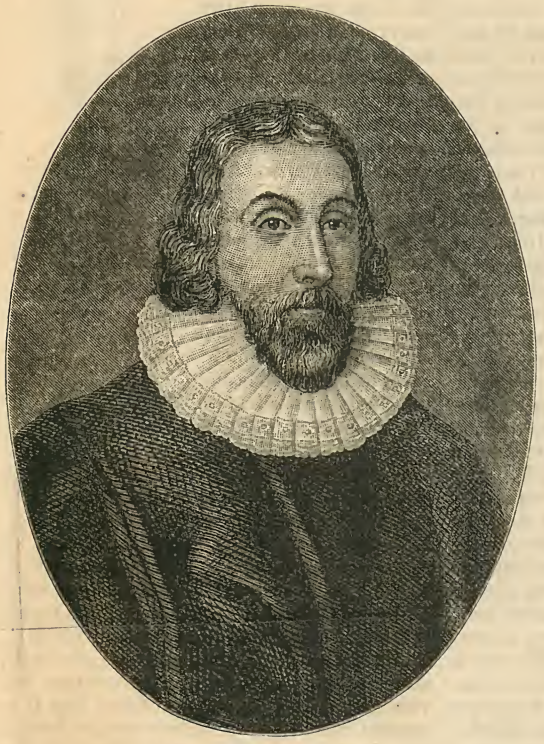
MEDIÆVAL WASH-STAND. ["TURNER'S DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE."]

Finally, it is to be considered that, in any room and under all circumstances, the mediæval renders honor to the chimney-piece. It is the point of brilliancy from which all the rest departs, or the point of shadow to which it all converges. It is not, as some appear to think, an accessory of the room; it is the room itself. In the late years of the Gothic it was often sunk in the wall, and, owing to economical necessities, advantage is apt to be taken of this, and it is treated with narrow allowance of space. But in the growing vital years of the style, as we have shown, its importance as the domestic altar was recognized. It was built out into the room and made beautiful, and in pure strictness it is today of generous amplitude. Its tiled hearth still remembers the huge and hospitable fires that gathered the wide groups around its generous warmth, and is able yet to glow with the festivity of the great Yule-log. Beside it is the throne of the master and mistress. It is the heart of the house, the secret place of the family, the shrine of home. It can hardly be too highly decorated in that noble style which first glorified and sanctified the name and the idea of home.



OXFORD WASH-STAND AND TOWEL-HORSE.—[C. AND L.]

A PURITAN GENTLEMAN IN NEW ENGLAND.



JOHN WINTHROP.

A STATUE of John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, has lately been received in Boston—one of two statues contributed by the State, in common with the other States of the Union, toward the collection of national portrait statues in the old House of Representatives, at the Capitol in Washington; the other statue is of Samuel Adams—the two men, Winthrop and Adams, representing the two historic epochs in the history of the commonwealth. Winthrop is shown just stepping from the ship's plank to the shore, bearing a Bible and the charter of Massachusetts Bay with its great seal. The action is appropriate when one considers the intimate relation which Winthrop bore to the foundation of the commonwealth; for it was the transfer of the government of the young colony from Matthew Cradock's office in St. Swithin's Lane, London, to the actual seat of the colony which gave solidity to the enterprise, and made what might otherwise have been a mere trading post a self-reliant commonwealth; and history declares confidently that the transfer was closely connected with the accession of Winthrop to the colony and his election to the office of Governor.

But while the statue bears witness to the importance of Winthrop in the early history of New England, one is not quite content with it as a complete representation of the man who fills so large a place in the esteem and admiration of all American historical students. There is another statue in the chapel at Mount Auburn Cemetery, which more distinctly embodies his character as one of those Governors of Massachusetts Bay who seem to be like no other rulers in history so much as those judges in Israel who sat at the gates and heard the complaints of all the people. He is there shown seated, with a gesture which seems to accompany some earnest speech, in which he is determining an ordinary cause by principles and rules drawn from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

In both of these statues the sculptors have been provided with historic material which forbade them going far astray, their chief task being to convey in marble the spirit of a man whose portrait was well known, and whose dress could be determined with accuracy. As he stands, the leader of the colony, as he sits, the Governor of the commonwealth, he has the bearing and presence of a gentleman who is a pioneer but not an adventurer, a scholar but not a recluse.

What these two statues convey to the eye is impressed upon the mind of the reader of the four volumes which contain, two of them, Winthrop's *History of New England*, in diary form, and two, *The Life and Letters of John Winthrop*, by his descendant, Robert Charles Winthrop. In the former one may obtain the best view of that company of men and women whose figures appear so sharp against the cool sky of our early history; in the latter, while the historic setting is made prominent, one is able to catch further glimpses of that domestic life and personal habitude which private journals and familiar letters afford. The Governor Winthrop of history is a figure well defined and carefully regarded by all who acquaint themselves with the forces of our national life. The John Winthrop, gentleman, is the person with whom we would gladly become acquainted through such introduction as we can obtain, though it is to be noted that private life two hundred and fifty years ago was less minutely chronicled for us than it is to-day.

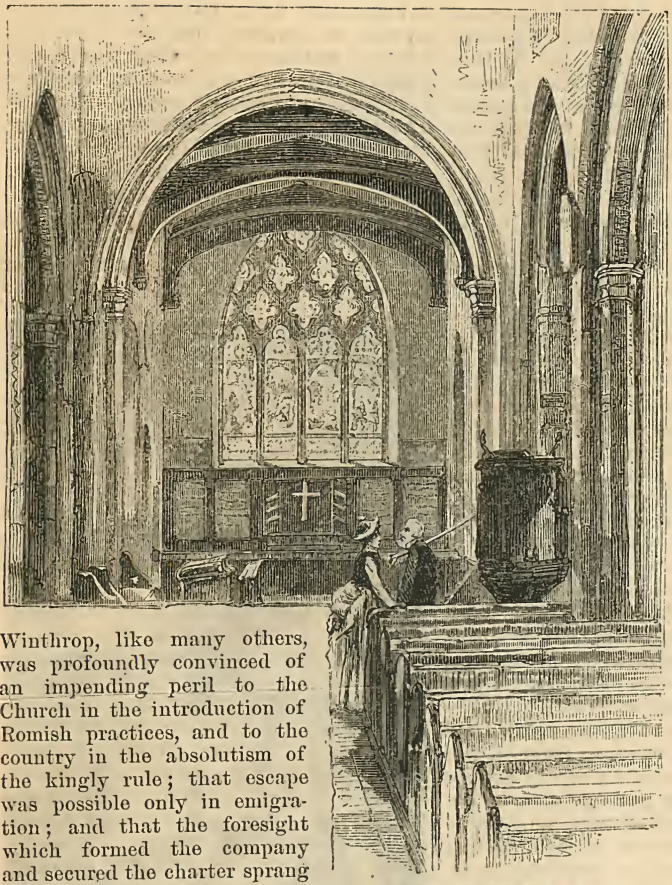
The English home of the Winthrops was at Groton, a little village in Suffolk County, on the east coast of England, not far from Bury St. Edmund's. Here was a manor which, upon the dissolution of the monasteries in Henry VIII.'s time, fell into the hands of Adam Winthrop, grandfather of the Governor, and remained in the family until sold, not long after the removal of John Winthrop to New England. In the church-yard by Groton church may still be seen the tomb of the Winthrops. The family was not noble, but belonged to the middle class, which at that day had a dignity, not so easily discovered now, when measured by a higher standard than that of wealth. The grandfather of John Winthrop, Adam Winthrop, was an honorable member of the famous Cloth-workers' Company of London. He was entitled to write Esquire after his name; and his son, also named Adam, appears to have withdrawn from cloth-working, and to have followed the customary life of a country gentleman at Groton, busy with agriculture and the law. John Winthrop, thus coming to man's estate, was still further removed from trade, and answers well to our understanding of an English gentleman. He was a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, was married at the age of seventeen to the daughter of a country gentleman, and losing his wife, was married ten years later to a lady of whose family it was written: "There is scarce a second private family of nobility or gentry, either in England or in Christendom, that can show so many goodly monuments of itself in any one church, cathedral or parochial, as remain of the Cloptons in that of Melford, in the county of Suffolk, this present year (1638)." But the wedded life was only a year long, and at her death Winthrop was plunged into a deep melancholy. His father before him had leaned toward the Puritan party in the Church of England, and the record of John Winthrop's life at this time shows him to have received, in the tender state of his sensibilities, impressions respecting religion which sank deep into his nature. He led a life of seclusion and meditation; he gave himself up, as did other Puritans, to a private life, avoiding the discussions of the distempered times, poring over the Bible, which had lately become the great possession of the English people, and regarding life as the field of stern conflict with invisible powers of evil. The early stages of Puritanism in English history are marked by the presence of just such devout, sincere men as Winthrop, who had no thought of separation from the Church, but regarded the practical union of church and state as involving imminent peril. Living in their country homes, they were really religious hermits, without the external guise of hermits.

Two years later Winthrop was again married, to Margaret, daughter of Sir John Tyndal; and thenceforth there was year by year a picture, slowly filled in, of one of the most lovely of domestic scenes. Margaret Tyndal was as sweet and pure a wife and mother as can be found in history, and the tenderness, deepening beyond the power of words, of the union with her husband, hinted at in letters, diaries, and projects, is a revelation of the inherent grace and sweetness of Puritanism seen at its best. For twelve years the Winthrops continued to



STATUE OF GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

live at Groton—twelve years of gathering darkness in the political heavens. During that time Winthrop passed back and forth between Groton and London, pursuing the profession of a lawyer and busying himself with family affairs. He was drawn also into politics; but there are unmistakable signs that while his sympathy and partisanship were with Sir John Eliot and other patriots, the mainspring of his life was in religion. It is not in our plan to trace the political events which were bringing on the national crisis in England; sufficient to say that



INTERIOR OF GROTON CHURCH.

Winthrop, like many others, was profoundly convinced of an impending peril to the Church in the introduction of Romish practices, and to the country in the absolutism of the kingly rule; that escape was possible only in emigration; and that the foresight which formed the company and secured the charter sprang from a sense of the imminent need of action. It must not be overlooked that to Winthrop and those like him religious purity was the highest ambition, and that they clung to the Church of God as the home of their life, transcending all claims of country. "I shall call that my country," writes the younger John Winthrop, when proposing to go to New England, "where I may most glorify God and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends." The church which held the dearest hopes of these Puritans was not the Church of England as a state establishment, but a community of believers. The identification of kingcraft with priestcraft had shaken their confidence in the Church of England, and to their minds they were bearing the ark of the covenant with them when they crossed the seas. The religious movement, which had penetrated some men, like Milton, only to make them more resolute Englishmen, swept away Winthrop and others into the trial of a new experiment. They had seen the Church suffer through the ordinances of state authority; now they would construct a state which should be the shadow of what was to them a substance, the ideal Church of God.

So much for the political significance of the emigration of which John Winthrop was the acknowledged head. The details of this emigration are matters of history: we direct our attention to the person who maintains a serene front, and accepts with the deep humility of his nature the responsible position assigned to him. He was compelled to accompany the expedition without the presence of his wife, and a glimpse of their affection and of the lofty character which he bore will be had by reading one of the parting letters which he wrote to her while hourly expecting his own departure:

"And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in His bottle, who can and (if it be for His glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living!—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content! I have hitherto been so taken up with business as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me, but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband or children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God. Farewell, farewell. I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus. I salute my daughter Winth. Matt. Nan. and the rest, and all my good neighbors and friends. Pray all for us. Farewell. Commend my blessing to my son John. I can not now write to him; but tell him I have committed thee and thine to him. Labor to draw him yet nearer to God,



GROTON CHU

and he will be the surer staff of comfort to thee. I can not name the rest of my good friends, but thou canst supply it. I wrote a week since to thee and Mr. Leigh and divers others.

"Thine, wheresoever, Jo. Winthrop."

It is impossible to read this and similar letters without feeling the sincerity of that nature which expressed itself with so much religious fervor. The assurance of a meeting some day, in a better condition than as husband and wife, indicates, when taken prosaically, a degree of exaltation which few of Winthrop's readers could suddenly accept as their own prevalent emotion; but the terms doubtless denote that constant reference of all hopes to a solid future of bliss which was the rock on which men tossed upon the sea of uncertainty looked with longing and sure belief. The quaint reminder, also, of their secret invisible tryst, which was most probably an hour of devotion, gives a charming view of that consecration of love which made impossible all meaner thoughts of one another.

Winthrop was forty-two years old when he sailed for New England, and eighteen months afterward his wife and young children joined him. The picture of the reunion is thus sketched for us in the Governor's journal:

"*November* 4, 1631.—The Governor, his wife and children, went on shore, with Mr. Peirce, in his ship's boat. The ship gave them six or seven pieces. At their landing, the captains, with their companies in arms, entertained them with a guard and divers vollies of shot, and three drakes; and divers of the assistants and most of the people of the near plantations came to welcome them, and brought and sent, for divers days, great store of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, etc., so as the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England. It was a great marvel that so much people and such store of provisions could be gathered together at so few hours' warning."

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day, by four sergeants bearing halberds; and Winthrop takes note in his journal of an exciting election, when he was himself chosen Governor, and was compelled to use two of his own servants as halberdiers, owing to the refractoriness of the official sergeants. A severe punishment is recorded against one evil-doer, when he was degraded from the rank of gentleman.

utlemen and their families who formed s company of Massachusetts Bay were by means persons with advanced views on subject of equality in rank; on the contrary, they were very careful in all matters etiquette. The Governor was attended court, and to and from meeting on Sun-

There was a series of incidents in the early history of the colony growing out of the visits successively of two rival French Governors of the neighboring province of Acadia, La Tour and D'Aulnay. Winthrop, as Governor, received each in turn, and the position which he took in the controversy which sprang up brought upon him the censure of being too liberal in his treatment of Roman Catholics. For the controversy we care nothing now, but the importance then attached to it led Winthrop to narrate all the incidents very minutely in his journal; and hence we have his account of the hospitality he extended to D'Aulnay's messengers, and get a further look into the interior of the Governor's house. "Being the Lord's day," he writes, "and the people ready to go to the assembly after dinner, Monsieur Marie and Monsieur Louis, with

Monsieur D'Aulnay his secretary, arrived at Boston in a small pinnace, and Major Gibbons sent two of his chief officers to meet them at the water-side, who conducted them to their lodgings *sine strepitu*. The public worship being ended, the Governor repaired home, and sent Major Gibbons, with other gentlemen, with a guard of musketeers, to attend them to the Governor's house, who, meeting them without his door, carried them into his house, where they were entertained with wine and sweetmeats, and after a while he accompanied them to their lodgings.....The Lord's day they were here, the Governor, acquainting them with our manner, that all men either come to our public meetings or keep themselves quiet in their houses, and finding that the place where they lodged would not be convenient for them that day, invited them home to his house, where they continued private all that day until sunset, and made use of such books, Latin and French, as he had, and the liberty of a private walk in his garden, and so gave no offense."

The house which Winthrop occupied in Boston was a wooden one, standing near the Old South Church, and was taken down for fire-wood, along with other buildings, during the occupation of Boston by the British in the winter of 1775–76. The frame had first been set up in Cambridge, but afterward removed to Boston and placed near an excellent spring, which has left its mark behind in the neighboring Spring Lane. It is not likely that the house was one of much elaborateness, since Winthrop himself reproved his deputy for paying so much attention as he did to his wainscots and adorning, when the colony was poor and compelled to practice great economy; yet it must have been capacious enough for the entertainment of guests, and Winthrop's own household was large. At one time, when certain prisoners were brought to Boston, the Governor (Winthrop) "caused them to be brought before him in his hall, where was a great assembly."

The furnishing of a house must necessarily have been for the most part with articles brought from England, and for a few years the dress also was of English make, though it was not long before the colonists began to look with satisfaction upon their sheep and the promise of wool they gave. Margaret Winthrop, as we have seen, came over a year and a half after her husband, and his letters to her name a great variety of articles of wear and consumption which she was bidden to bring. "Pease-pudding and fish are our ordinary diet," he writes to her; and then he calls for forty hogsheads of meal, for pease and oatmeal, dry Suffolk cheese, butter and tried suet, sugar and fruit, pepper and ginger, a hogshead of wine vinegar, conserve of red roses, garlic and onions, two or three hundred sheepskins and lamb-skins, coarsest woolen cloth, "of sad colors and some red," coarse rugs, worsted ribbon, welt leather shoes, and stockings, shoe-makers' thread and hobnails, oiled skins, bedding, candles, drinking-horns, brass and pewter utensils, leather bottles, axes, flints, augers, and millstones. In the library of the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester, there is shown a stone pot, tipped and covered with a silver lid, which was given in 1607 to Adam Winthrop, the father of the Governor, by Lady Mildmay, Adam's sister, and remained in the possession of the family for seven generations; and E. Howes wrote to Winthrop in 1633 that he had sent him a case containing "an Irish skeyne, or knife," two or three delicate tools, "and a fork." Forks were hardly known in England before 1650. The difference in rank, however, between the highest and lowest in the colony was probably marked pretty plainly in dress. The skins of animals shot in the forests helped to clothe the servants; and the laws against the ordinary wearing of silver, gold, and silk laces, and against the wearing at all of embroidered and needle-work caps, gold and silver girdles, immoderate great sleeves, and slashed apparel, indicate that the owners of these adornments were not slow to distinguish themselves.

While Winthrop as Governor of the colony honored his office and wore his dignity with a decorous observance of all due for-

mality, it is plain that he did not regard the office of Governor as elevating him above the common lot of the colony. In one of the contemporaneous narratives an account is given of the wretched condition into which the settlement had degenerated before the arrival of Winthrop and his company. "Now," it adds, "as soon as Mr. Winthrop was landed, perceiving what misery was like to ensue through their idleness, he presently fell to work with his own hands, and thereby so encouraged the rest that there was not an idle person then to be found in the whole plantation." A letter from Thomas Wiggin, who visited New England in 1631, has a passage which is still more explicit with regard to Winthrop's community of labor: "And for the Governor himself, I have observed him to be a discreet and sober man, giving good example to all the planters, wearing plain apparel, such as may well beseem a mean man, drinking ordinarily water, and when he is not conversant about matters of justice, putting his hand to any ordinary labor with his servants, ruling with much mildness, and in this particular I observed him to be strict in execution of justice upon such as have scandalized this state, either in civil or ecclesiastical government, to the great content of those that are best affected and to the terror of offenders." The mention of his "drinking ordinarily water" had probably a peculiar significance, since in the Governor's journal there is an entry dated October 25, 1630, which shows Winthrop's good sense and his willingness to be the first to make sacrifices: "The Governor, upon consideration of the inconveniences which had grown in England by drinking one to another, restrained it at his own table, and wished others to do the like, so as it grew by little and little to disuse."

The last paragraph in Wiggin's letter intimates that Winthrop filled out the ideal of a Puritan magistrate by being a terror to evil-doers. We have not the space at command to enter upon the old subject of what constituted severity and injustice in the treatment bestowed by the New England Puritans upon those who invaded the territory which they vainly endeavored to isolate for the peace of men and women of a certain way of thinking. The principles and laws which lay at the foundation of the Christian commonwealth built by these men proved eventually too energetic for the narrow limits in which the founders would ignorantly have had them revolve, and consequently they also builded better than they knew; but it is interesting, in taking note of the temper of the leading men of the colony, to see how frequently Winthrop was found on the side of the larger liberty. In the controversy between D'Aulnay and La Tour he took the unpopular and liberal side. In another case, when Vane and Peters and the ministers Cotton, Wilson, and Hooker were all arrayed against him, the charge laid to him was that he "failed in overmuch lenity." In Winthrop's own words, it was his judgment that "in the infancy of plantations justice should be administered with more lenity than in a settled state, because people were then more apt to transgress, partly of ignorance of new laws and orders, partly through oppression of business and other straits."

One can not read the annals of the colony without perceiving the intense character of the life led by the leading men. They were men whose convictions and ability would have stood them in good stead upon a large and varied field. The very limitations of the colonial life tended to deepen their convictions and to press forth, upon apparently slight occasions, expressions which, escaping from the immediate concern, have become fit words for nations to ponder. A single illustration will serve our purpose, throwing light, as it does, upon some of the finest traits in Winthrop's character:

The town of Hingham had nominated one Anthony Eames, who had been lieutenant previously, to be captain of their militia company; but before the Council could act upon the nomination, the majority of the town, becoming disaffected from some cause, turned about and chose Bozoun Allen in his place. The magistrates constituting the Council were unwilling to accept Allen, yet unwilling also to act directly against the expressed will of the town, and ordered the parties to the controversy to remain as they were until the next General Court. But the people of Hingham, who were hot and entirely indisposed to accept such cautionary advice, proceeded to train under Allen, and did their best to excommunicate Eames—for town and church were not slow to mix their quarrels. Eames, on his part, had recourse to the magistrates, and laid the case before four of them, among whom was Winthrop, then Deputy-Governor. The magistrates summoned some of the Allen party, and bound them over to keep the peace till the next General Court. Afterward others were summoned and came before Winthrop alone, and refused to submit to the requisition of the magistrates, though "the Deputy labored to let them see their error, and gave them time to consider of it." Fourteen days after, in open court, Winthrop, seeing two of them in court for another cause, again required them to enter bonds for their appearance, and upon a second refusal committed them in that open court. The action produced a great commotion, and a petition was put up by the aggrieved parties to the General Court, asking that their cause should be heard, inasmuch as they had suffered for liberty's sake at the hands of certain magis-

trates. The petition came before the Deputies, or Representatives, as we now call them, who immediately referred it to the magistrates, and asked that it should be granted. It was an unmannerly proceeding, according to the customs of the time, being in effect an impeachment of the magistrates when no specific charge had been named and no person singled out for prosecution. The magistrates sent the petition back for satisfaction on these points; and the Deputies named two prosecutors, and presented Winthrop for trial. The magistrates were urged by Winthrop to overlook the scandalous nature of the proceedings in consideration of the greater scandal which was likely to grow out of the case unless there were a public hearing, and so the petition was granted. In a word, Winthrop placed himself, a magistrate, on trial before the people, and so far from standing on his dignity or his privilege, or evading the issue, sought it openly and directly.

"The day appointed being come," reads the journal, "the court assembled in the meeting-house at Boston. Divers of the elders were present and a great assembly of people. The Deputy-Governor, coming in with the rest of the magistrates, placed himself beneath, within the bar, and so sat uncovered. Some question was in the court about his being in that place (for many both of the court and the assembly were grieved at it). But the Deputy telling them that, being criminally accused, he might not sit as a judge in that cause, and, if he were upon the bench, it would be a great disadvantage to him, for he could not take that liberty to plead the cause which he ought to be allowed at the bar, upon this the court was satisfied." The result of the trial was that the petitioners were fined, and the Deputy-Governor legally and publicly acquitted of all that was laid to his charge. It was then, when the sentence of the court had been publicly read, that the Deputy-Governor was desired by the court to go up and take his place again upon the bench; "and the court being about to rise," as the journal proceeds, "he desired leave for a little speech, which was to this effect."

The "little speech" may take its place among the most remarkable speeches ever delivered for the dignity and loftiness with which, in simple language, it sets forth the true relations of magistrates and people. It is, indeed, one of the landmarks in the progress of human governments, and, apart from this public character, has its value as showing how Winthrop's mind dwelt among the higher thoughts, and could make the squabble of Hingham militia-men the occasion for utterances which may be ranked with passages in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. One passage only we may quote, but its accents fall upon our ears as the last and finest expression of the human mind in dealing with the great subject contained in the words:

"For the other point concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt), and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists: it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and can not endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts—*omnes sumus licentia deteriores*. This is that great enemy of truth and peace—that wild beast which all the ordinances of God are bent against to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal; it may also be termed moral in reference to the covenant between God and man in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions among men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and can not subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

Yet at the beginning of the Puritan settlement one can see the signs of that superstition which was in the generations immediately following to bring dishonor upon the colony. The intense religious emotion which stirred the minds of the leaders at first found a healthy escape in the practical work which attended the foundation of the commonwealth; but when the pressure was removed, the force of their religious life began to be expended on abstractions, and their imaginations, filled with ghostly images, to seize upon the wildest vagaries as explanations of their own visions. It is scarcely to be doubted, besides, that the dark forests and flitting savages helped to people their mind with uncanny shapes. Winthrop did not escape the prevalent temper; but in him superstition showed itself most decidedly in the form of an undue estimate of special providences. "Two little girls of the Governor's family," he relates in one place, "were sitting under a great heap of logs, plucking of birds, and the wind driving the feathers into the house, the Governor's wife caused them to remove away. They were no sooner gone, but the whole heap of logs fell down in the place, and had crushed them to death if the Lord, in His special providence, had not delivered them." It is touching to read a passage near this entry where, without mentioning names, it is evident that Winthrop and his wife are the ones referred to: "Upon this occasion it is not impertinent (though no credit nor regard be had of dreams in these days) to report a dream which the father of these children had at the same time, viz., that, coming into his chamber, he found his wife (she was a very gracious woman) in bed, and three or four of

their children lying by her, with most sweet and smiling countenances, with crowns upon their heads, and blue ribbons about their leaves. When he awaked he told his wife his dream, and made this interpretation of it, that God would take of her children to make them heirs of Christ in His kingdom." We are not wont to think of the Puritans as indulging in fond fancies; yet this little bit of poetry, with its religious application, is a very faithful sign of that delicate sensibility and purity of feeling which underlay the ruggedness and sternness of the Puritan character. One other picture we give from Winthrop's diary for the quaint view it gives of the life of the time and the character of the man:

"The Governor, being at his farm-house at Mystic, walked out after supper and took a piece in his hand, supposing he might see a wolf (for they came daily about the house, and killed swine and calves, etc.); and being about half a mile off, it grew suddenly dark, so as, in coming home, he mistook his path, and went till he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty. There he staid, and having a piece of match in his pocket (for he always carried about him match and compass, and, in summer-time, snakeweed), he made a good fire near the house, and lay down upon some old mats which he found there, and so spent the night, sometimes walking by the fire, sometimes singing psalms, and sometimes getting wood, but could not sleep. It was (through God's mercy) a warm night: but a little before day it began to rain, and, having no cloak, he made shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian squaw, but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he barred her out; yet she staid there a great while essaying to get in, and at last she went away, and he returned safe home, his servants having been much perplexed for him, and having walked about and shot off pieces and hallooed in the night, but he heard them not."

The story of Winthrop's life, from the time of his arriving in Massachusetts Bay, in 1630, till his death, in 1649, is the story of the colony itself. His diary mingles personal and public matters, and his own name is always used as that of a third party. His letters are likewise at once the letters of a private gentleman and a public officer. As the fortunes of the colony were shaken, the Governor stood like a rock in the midst of wavering men. There are few passages in literature more full of a noble passion than that fervent appeal in his diary which burst from his lips when, in 1642, he seemed about to be deserted by his companions, while poverty and sickness had wrought havoc all about him.

"Ask thy conscience," he exclaims, "if thou wouldst have plucked up thy stakes, and brought thy family three thousand miles, if thou hadst expected that all, or most, would have forsaken thee there. Ask, again, what liberty thou hast toward others which thou likest not to allow others toward thyself; for if one may go, another may, and so the greater part, and so church and commonwealth may be left destitute in a wilderness, exposed to misery and reproach, and all for thy ease and pleasure,



STATUE OF GOVERNOR WINTHROP, MOUNT AUBURN CHAPEL.

whereas, these all being now thy brethren, as near to thee as the Israelites were to Moses, it were much safer for thee, after his example, to choose rather to suffer affliction with thy brethren than to enlarge thy ease and pleasure by furthering the occasion of their ruin."

In the service of the commonwealth Winthrop disregarded his own private advantage, and it was not far from the time of the last-quoted record that his own needs and the affectionate regard of the people are shown, curiously mingled with that jealousy of authority which from the earliest days characterized the people of the commonwealth. There had been some trouble in making way for the election of Dudley as Governor in place of Winthrop. "The elders," says Winthrop's journal, "being met at Boston about this matter, sent some of their company to acquaint the old Governor [Winthrop] with their desire and the reasons moving them, clearing themselves of all dislike of his government, and seriously professing their sincere affection and respect toward him, which he kindly and thankfully accepted, concurring with them in their motion, and expressing his unfeigned desire of more freedom, that he might a little intend his private occasions, wherein (they well knew) how much he had lately suffered (for his bailiff, whom he trusted with managing his farm, had engaged him £2500 without his privity) in his outward estate. This they

had heard of, and were much affected therewith, and all the country in general, and took course (the elders agreeing upon it at that meeting) that supply should be sent in from the several towns by a voluntary contribution for freeing of these engagements; and the court (having no money to bestow, and being yet much indebted) gave his wife three thousand acres of land; and some of the towns sent in liberally, and some others promised, but could perform but little, and the most nothing at all. The whole came not to £500, whereof near half came from Boston; and one gentleman of Newbury, Mr. Richard Dummer, propounded for a supply by a more private way, and, for example, himself disbursed £100."

But though Winthrop laid down his office at this time, it was again and again restored to him, and his death, after a few weeks' illness, took place when he was Governor. We have in Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* the record of a portion of a sermon delivered by the venerable Cotton, when Winthrop lay sick, in which he is described as "a Governor who has been unto us as a brother—not usurping authority over the church, often speaking his advice, and often contradicted, even by young men, and some of low degree; yet not replying, but offering satisfaction also when any supposed offenses have arisen: a Governor who has been unto us as a mother, parent-like distributing his goods to brethren and neighbors at his first coming, and gently bearing our infirmities without taking notice of them."

It had fallen to the Governor to record in his journal a little less than two years before:

"In this sickness, the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tyndal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age: a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and specially beloved and honored of all the country."

His own character we have aimed to illustrate by his journal and letters. In what esteem his companions held him may be read in the letters of the date, filled with sincere grief. It is not too much to say that we are indebted to the Puritan founders of New England for no more precious gift than the noble lives of John and Margaret Winthrop.

POET'S RESIGNATION.

By ALFRED H. LOUIS.

So long at life's school,
  Yet unteachable—'sdeath!
Dig thy grave, fool,
  And wait by it for Death.

The ship sinks, a grave,
  For one little leak;
And one word might save
  Which lips can not speak.

So I fall by the way,
  Lost in dark caverns' deeps,
For want of one ray
  Which the cruel sun keeps.

So I faint on the sand,
  Thirsting in desert wide,
And rave of the strand
  And the lost river's tide.

Well, best that she give
  No ear to my cry,
For the living must live,
  And the dying must die.

Let the lark sing
  To the blue of its heaven:
Why should the sting
  From my bosom be riven?

Why should the face
  That is set to the stars
Gaze on my dark place
  Through my prison bars?

Pass to thy light;
  Soar, bird-angel, soar!
Leave me to my night,
  And know me no more.

Enough that I catch
  The gleam of thy wing,
As my straining eyes watch
  Thy flight to day's spring.

I ought to have known
  And bowed to the truth,
For my bread hath been stone
  Since the days of my youth.

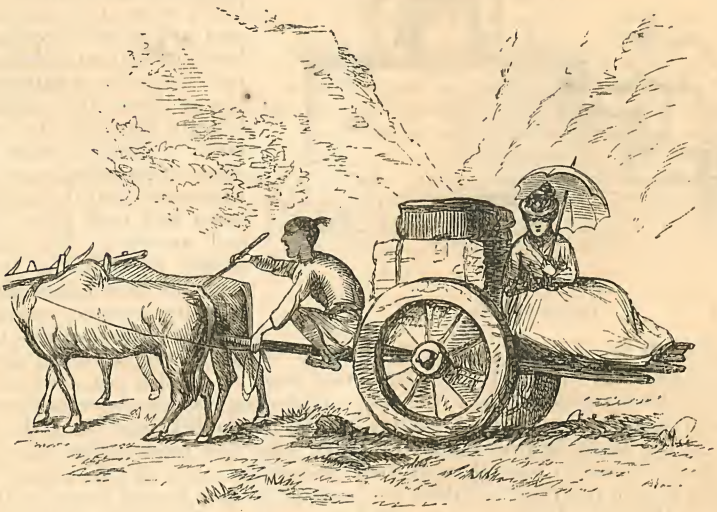
Well, Poet and Sage
  Must earn ruin and wreck,
For the foot of the Age
  Must be set on their neck.

They perish of scorn
  And the world's cruel sneers,
Heart-rent, bosom-torn,
  By sighs stifled and tears.

But I fade from the land
  And die, as is best,
For an idolized hand
  Sends the sword through my breast.

So long at life's school,
  Wisdom comes to late breath:
The grave's dug for Love's fool;
  He'll wait by it for Death.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.



THE MEM SAHIB AND HER TREASURES.

IT is held that British residents in the tropical lowlands of Hindostan must periodically recruit their health by a sojourn in a colder climate. The government has therefore established sanitaria or health stations at elevated points in its Indian dominions. The most noted of these is Darjeeling, in Sikkim, 370 miles north of Calcutta, in about the latitude of New Orleans, where, at an elevation of 7000 feet, the climate resembles that of the south of England. It is on the southern slope of the Himalayas, in view of the two loftiest summits on the globe, and there are several others which overtop the highest peaks of the Andes. From Darjeeling set forth two expeditions to explore this portion of the Himalayas. Of the first of these, made in 1848 by Dr. Hooker, we have before given some account.* Another has been recently undertaken by two English gentlemen, accompanied by the wife of one of them, who has just put forth a narrative of it.† She withholds her name, and merely designates her husband as F——. We learn that he was in the civil service, and was ordered for two years to Darjeeling. By the natives the lady was styled the Mem Sahib, equivalent to "Lady Mylord," and so we shall designate her, her husband being the Sahib.

They left Calcutta by the railway up the left bank of the Ganges. The night train was provided with a sleeping-car for ladies only; but as the Mem Sahib was the only first-class female passenger, her husband was after some demur allowed to occupy a berth. At dawn they reached a station where the railway bends eastward, while their route was due north, and upon the opposite side of the Ganges. A small steamer conveyed them several leagues up and across the broad river. Steamers appear to find little favor with the Hindoos, for the Mem Sahib and her husband were the only passengers. At dusk they landed at the little town of Caragola, whence they were to proceed by the "government bullock train." In India they usually travel by night, and the train was awaiting them. It consisted of a single wagon, with wheels of almost solid wood. The legal rate of speed is three miles an hour; but by dint of incessant prodding the driver was usually able to get only half that from his animals; once, by persistent twisting of their tails, he roused them from a walk to a slow trot; but in a few minutes they found themselves overturned into a rice swamp seven feet below the narrow causeway which formed the road. One night on the bullock train was enough for the Sahib, who at the next station bargained for a "palkee gharee," the Hindoo equivalent for a post coach. This, when brought up at dusk, proved to be a vehicle with closed sides, resembling a dilapidated hearse, drawn by two sorry horses, into which the Sahib and his wife crawled, and stretched themselves out at full length, the servant and luggage being mounted upon the roof.

At length they reached the Terai, a belt of malarious swamp and jungle from ten to twenty miles wide, peopled with wild beasts

* "A Naturalist in the Himalayas," *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1854.

† *The Indian Alps, and How we Crossed them.* By a Lady Pioneer. Illustrated by herself. London: 1876.



TRAVELING POST.

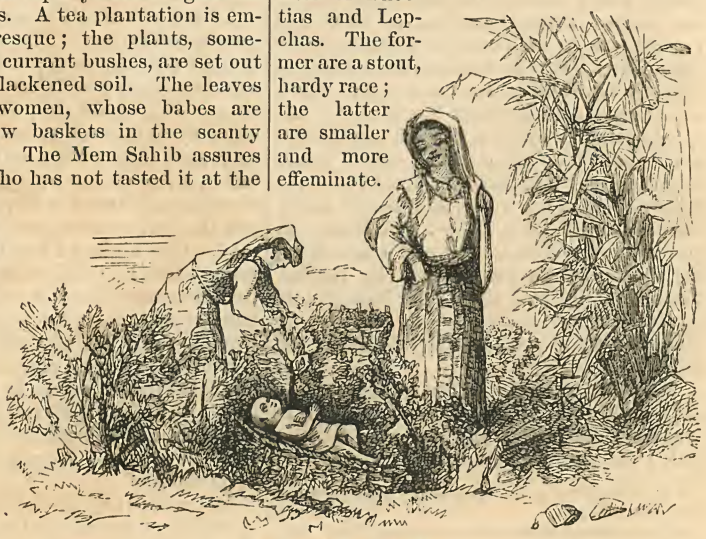
and reptiles. It lies at the foot of the Himalaya range; and although it is more than three hundred miles from Calcutta, the entire ascent is only as many feet. From this point the ascent begins to grow rapid. Ponies had been ordered to meet them at the first station beyond the Terai, but these not having come down, the Sahib undertook to walk to the next station, while a rude two-wheeled bullock cart was chartered to convey the Mem Sahib and the luggage to Punkahbaree, the last station but one before reaching Darjeeling.

The ascent, at first hardly perceptible, soon becomes more steep. Punkahbaree is 1800 feet above the sea. Kursiong, the last station, six miles beyond, is 3000 feet higher. The flora changes at every mile. Tropical palms are replaced by forests of oaks and birch, clothing the steep hill-sides. These forests are rapidly disappearing, the trees being cut down and the ground burned over to make way for the culture of the tea-plant, which is rapidly extending on the Himalayan slopes. A tea plantation is eminently unpicturesque; the plants, somewhat resembling currant bushes, are set out in rows in the blackened soil. The leaves are picked by women, whose babes are placed in shallow baskets in the scanty shade of a bush. The Mem Sahib assures us that no one who has not tasted it at the home of a cultivator has any idea what tea should be. It requires at least three years to gain a perfect flavor, the newly made article, even of the best quality, tasting like fresh hay with a dash of mint.

From Kursiong, twenty miles, a broad, smooth road winds around the flanks of stupendous hills, making a total rise of about half a mile. It is crowded with men and women bearing heavy loads, or driving buffaloes, with rude hackeries or carts, and doolies or litters upon which invalids are borne up the steep ascent. During the Sepoy war an officer in reporting some engagement wrote that the doolies came down and took away the sick and wounded. The official *rédacteur* at Calcutta, supposing that this word meant some wild hill tribe, improved upon his text, and the homeward dispatch read, "The ferocious Doolies rushed down and took away all the sick and wounded."

Darjeeling was fixed upon as the site of a sanitarium in 1835, and the Rajah of Sikkim, who had come under the amiable "protection" of the British, was politely requested to cede a small tract for this purpose. After no little pressure, he consented, "out of friendship to the British government," in consideration of an annual payment of £300. Some fifteen years later the Rajah offended his "protectors," who revoked the payment, and "annexed" a considerable additional tract of territory. Meanwhile barracks and a hospital were established, European residents of the plains erected pleasant cottages, and native villages grew up at a little distance around them. When Dr. Hooker was there, a quarter of a century ago, the entire population was about 5000; it now numbers about 20,000.

The bulk of the native population consists of Bhootias and Lepchas. The former are a stout, hardy race; the latter are smaller and more effeminate.



GATHERING TEA LEAVES.

The Bhootias are inclined to industry, have goats, pigs, cows, and buffaloes, and cultivate the fertile valleys. The Lepcha men are averse to hard work, which they throw upon their wives, while they spend their time in fishing and butterfly-hunting. The district is famous for its lepidoptera, and not a few of the English health-seekers busy



THE FEROCIOUS DOOLIES.

themselves in making collections. Both tribes are fond of dirt, gay clothing, and ornaments, and every one wears an amulet box containing relics of some departed Lama, clippings of his hair, parings of his nails, or, most prized of all, a decayed tooth.

The cantonment of Darjeeling occupies the summit of a ridge, from each side of which deep valleys slope steeply, but not precipitously. A walk or pony ride of a couple of hours will bring one from a climate like that of London to spots where the orange and the sugar-cane flourish. Looking northward, the horizon for a third of its circuit is bounded by the most magnificent mountain scenery of the globe. Right in front is Kinchinjunga, 28,177 feet, the second loftiest peak, whose summit reaches a mile nearer the stars than any other upon earth saving a few of his own gigantic brethren. The still loftier Gaurisankar or Deodunga, which the English have named Mount Everest, seventy miles to the west, and more than 29,000 feet high, is not seen from the cantonment, being hidden by an intervening lower and nearer range, but is visible from many points in the neighborhood. Just to the west of Kinchinjunga are Junnoo, 25,311 feet, and Kubra, 24,015 feet, the view to the east being bounded by the square gigantic mass of Donkia, 23,176 feet. At least twelve peaks, each more than 20,000 feet, are visible at a glance, the most beautiful of which is Pundeem, 22,207 feet, almost on a level with Aconcagua and Sahama, the loftiest in the Andes. Pile the Jungfrau upon Mont Blanc, and the summit would not reach that of Gaurisankar. Upon Mount Washington heap the three loftiest summits of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, and the pile would not reach to within half a mile of the white crown of Kinchinjunga.

During a great portion of the year a clear morning is almost the exception at Darjeeling; but when one does occur, the view at sunrise has no parallel on earth. The peaks are so lofty and sharp that they catch the rays of the rising sun while all below is shrouded in darkness. The first beams strike the white summit of Kinchinjunga, which puts on a rosy glow against the dark blue sky; Junnoo is next aflame, then Kubra and Pundeem, and one by one all the others in rapid succession.

The Sahib entered upon his official duties, whatever they were, smoked his cigars, stuffed his bird-skins, and rather pooh-poohed at the enthusiasm of his wife, who was much given to searching for and sketching the picturesque, for which we have abundant reason to thank her.

One day, while she was thus employed, she heard a soft voice from behind her, saying, in broken English, "That big mountain *thar* is Junnoo, Mem Sahib; and him *thar* is Kubra." Turning around, she saw a pretty girl of perhaps eighteen, spinning with a hand distaff—for the spinning-wheel has not yet found its way to the Himalayas. It soon appeared that the girl, whose name was Lattoo, was the daughter of a Bhootia, who had a cottage, fishing nets, buffaloes, pigs, and poultry in a pleasant valley. A handsome young fellow, who had nothing but his butterfly net, fishing rod, and knife, was in love with her. The father flouted at him because he was a Lepcha, and a poor



LEPCHA BUTTERFLY-HUNTER.

one at that. He wished her to marry a middle-aged Bhootia, who, besides pigs, poultry, and buffaloes, had a hut shaded by orange-trees and sugar-canes, and, moreover, was willing to give 400 rupees to purchase her for a bride. Lattoo had lived in the family of an English missionary, where she had learned the language, together with many

ideas not in accordance with those of her tribe, among which was a spice of coquetry, and a determination not to become the drudge of a man whom she did not like. The story of Lattoo runs all through the Mem Sahib's narrative. The poor girl had a sort of tenderness for her Lepcha lover, hardly amounting to love, but rather pity for him, because her father was always abusing him. She finally pined away and died, not, as romance would have it, of a broken heart, but because she could not make her half-European culture conform to her Bhootia destiny.

As the two years' term of service at Darjeeling was drawing to a close, the Mem Sahib cautiously broached to her husband the project of a long tour into the almost unknown interior. The Sahib at first poohpoohed. "I always knew," he said, between the puffs at his cigar, "that it was useless to expect a woman to be rational; but I never knew until this moment to what lengths you *could* go." "But," says the Mem Sahib, "I saw that I had only to keep up a judicious agitation, administered in small but frequent doses, to have my way in the end." And have her way she did. Leave of absence for three months was obtained, and preparations were commenced. Every season has its drawbacks for traveling in the Himalayas. From March to May the mountains are clothed in perpetual mists; from June to October is the wet season; the winter season is, upon the whole, the most favorable, and the start was to be made in November.

Luckily a friend, who is designated as "C——, a mighty potentate in the province, whose destinies he ruled with a mild and beneficent sway," offered not only to make one of the party, but to take upon himself almost the whole charge of it. On account



TENDOOK.

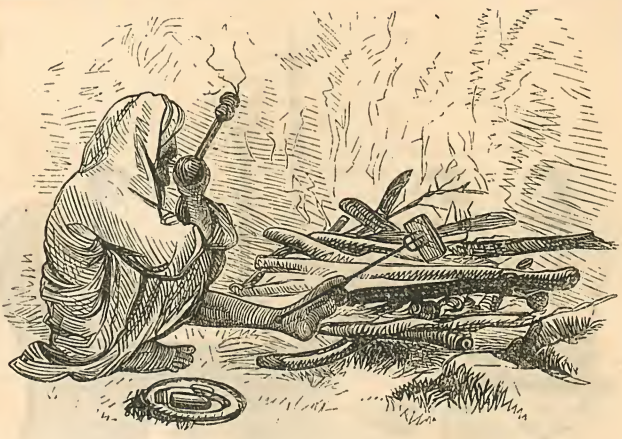
of his great stature, the natives styled him the Burra Sahib, "The Big Mylord," and we shall so call him. Moreover, a native gentleman named Tendook, a man of considerable influence at the court of the Rajah of Sikkim, proposed also to join the expedition. He, a rather tall and corpulent Lepcha, dressed usually in a long robe of maroon-colored silk, which he sometimes exchanged for one of amber-colored cloth. He proved himself an excellent fellow-traveler. Except for him the whole party would probably have perished.

After all, little more was contemplated than a long picnic, with a little "roughing it" among the mountains. What with interpreter, cook, servants, coolies to carry the tents, provisions, and other impedimenta, and a score of pioneers to go before and clear the way, there were more than seventy persons belonging to the party. Add to these Tendook and his own attendants, the whole number was ninety. They had five tents, one of which served as a dining-room, and could in a few minutes be fitted up as a very comfortable parlor. Table, bedsteads, and easy-chairs unscrewed and folded up like chess-boards; stove and astral lamp were unjointed so as to fit into the smallest possible compass; kitchen and dining utensils packed into each other so that a whole service took up no more space than a single one. Their cook, who performed his functions in the open air, was a model in his way; his dishes were unexceptionable, although the



THE MEM SAHIB AND LATTOO.

Mem Sahib was once somewhat startled by coming upon him preparing their breakfast. He was squatted upon the ground, both hands embracing his hubble-bubble pipe, while the toasting-fork was held before the fire between his toes. The servants, of course, slept in the open air, in warm or cold, sunshine and storm. Tendook's tent, which was always pitched at a little distance, was a gorgeous affair, covered with cloth striped in blue and white, richly embroidered with Thibetan devices. The commissariat was amply supplied. There was store of canned meats, pickles, preserves, biscuits, wine, brandy, rum, and the inevitable Bass's ale, and a number of sheep were driven along, to be slaughtered as occasion required. Moreover, the Burra Sahib had arranged with the officials of the Rajah to have fresh supplies awaiting them at various points—an agreement which was not kept, whereby in the end the party came to grief. The natives lived entirely upon rice and roasted ears of corn, with an occasional glass of rum.



THE MODEL COOK.

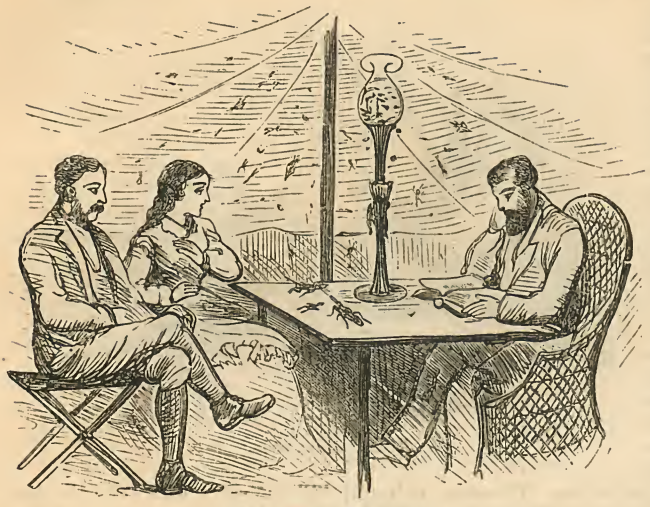
For conveyance there were ponies for the Burra Sahib and the Sahib, with a spare one for the Mem when she chose to ride, although these were soon found useless, the gentlemen using their own natural means of locomotion. For the conveyance of the lady a "Bareilly dandy" was fixed upon. This is a reclining chair of cane, suspended by straps from a strong boat-shaped wooden frame, extending into a pole at each end. This is carried by four bearers, who are relieved at short intervals. Each team is, if possible, composed of two short and two tall men. In going up hill the short ones take the front pole and the tall ones the rear one, reversing the arrangement when going down hill.

Nothing could well present less appearance of "roughing it" than the aspect of the three persons seated in the big tent at evening, the astral lighted, and the stove aglow, when they had attained a cold region, the Sahib reading aloud to his companions from Kaye's ponderous *History of the Sepoy War*, which they had wisely brought with them instead of any lighter literature; the lady attired as though in her own boudoir, for she brought with her an abundant wardrobe, including garments for all weathers and a love of a bonnet, and for a while was particular about the arrangement of her back hair, in which she had the assistance of the wife of one of her bearers, who had surreptitiously joined her husband, and was installed as lady's-maid.

Their route at first took them down into the tropical valleys, where the lemons hung ripe on the trees; then it gradually ascended by narrow paths through the forests, until at last the bare summit of Mount Tongloo, 10,000 feet above the sea, was reached, where



A BAREILLY DANDY.



IN THE EVENING—ROUGHING IT.

the Mem Sahib for the first time saw, far away to the northwest, the summit of Gaurisankar, all the other great peaks as far as Chumulari to the eastward being in sight, while, turning to the south, the vast plains of Nepaul stretched far below them to the verge of the horizon. Here they were detained for three days in a cold rain-storm, and also awaiting the arrival of the Soubah of Mongmoo, whom the diplomatic Burra Sahib had expected to meet here. He not coming, the journey was resumed along the very crest of the Singaleelah range, an offshoot of the main Himalayas.

Still onward and slowly upward, they come to the region of pine forests, the trees all hoary, covered with moss, and many of them tottering to their fall. Although their cones covered the ground, not a single young tree was seen; not a seed had germinated. Can it be that there is a cycle in the growth of trees? Has the sun's heat notably diminished since the time when these old trees were young? or is this vast region even now being slowly elevated by forces like those which originally upheaved it, so that the temperature is gradually growing colder?

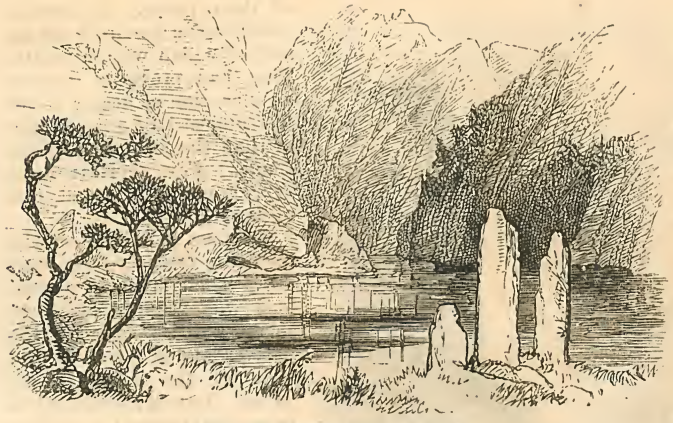
Still onward and upward, in gloomy weather, to the summit of Mount Singaleelah, 12,300 feet, where the Soubah had sent word that he would meet them, and where they found that he had placed piles of wood ready for their fires. At last he came—a mild, patriarchal old man, with long floating hair and beard, dressed in a garnet-colored robe with flowing sleeves, who, but for his broad-brimmed hat of finely plaited grass, might have passed for the model of pictures in old Bibles representing Noah upon Mount Ararat. He looked with mild surprise at the Mem Sahib, the only European woman whom he had ever seen; assured the travelers that their proposed route was a practicable one; furnished them, as the supplies for their men were growing short, with 160 pounds of rice and fifty pounds of a kind of millet, and a guide, who, he said, was a herdsman who every summer led his kine over these hills. The guide, notwithstanding his asserted low



THE SOUBAH OF MONGMOO.



THE GUIDE.



THE SOUBAH'S MEMORIAL STONES.

ly occupation, was gorgeously attired in a scarlet tunic embroidered with black, and wore a large knife in an ornamented sheath, for which the Sahib offered him fifty rupees (twenty-five dollars)—an offer which was scornfully declined. He was a handsome, intelligent fellow, but something in his eye led the Mem Sahib to suspect him.

Before taking his leave, the old Soubah caused his followers to erect upon the shore of a lonely tarn three stone slabs as a memorial of the meeting. The taller stone in the centre stands for the Burra Sahib, as befitted his superior dignity and bulk; the smaller one on the right is the Sahib; while the diminutive, stumpy one on the left represents the Mem Sahib, who professes to be somewhat vexed thereat, and wishes it to be distinctly understood that it is by no means a fair representation of her figure.

Sending back fourteen men with the tent furniture, the heavy luggage, and the now useless ponies, the party set out again on their journey amidst a blinding mist. At night, for the first time, a sheep was killed for the use of the attendants. They had encamped at the foot of a precipitous ascent six hundred feet high, seemingly almost perpendicular, but which must be climbed. The dandy was unavailable here, and all agreed that the Mem Sahib could not perform it on foot. Her most trusted and faithful carrier, the largest and most muscular man she ever saw, had been nicknamed Hatti, or "The Elephant." A tent chair was placed on his back, and firmly bound to his arms and around his forehead, and The Elephant fairly bore her up the cliff, up which the others could hardly climb on all fours.

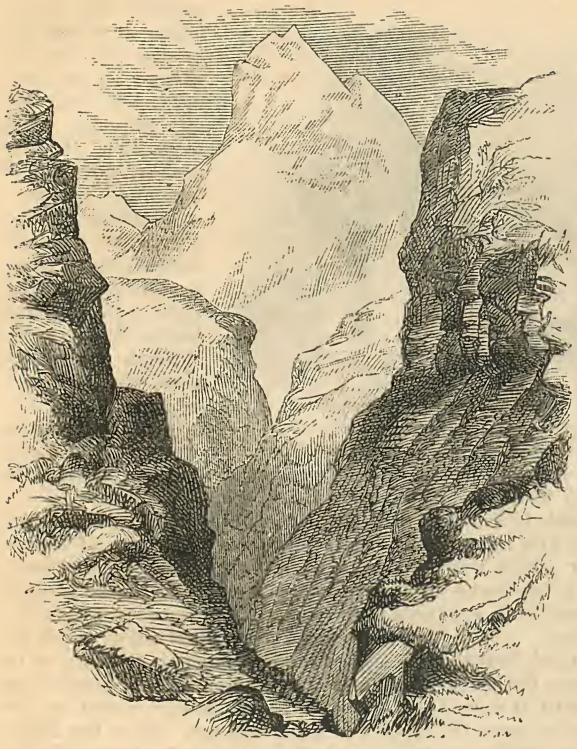
The pine zone was now left far below, but the ground was covered with thorny brambles which greatly impeded the march. They supposed that they had attained an elevation of about 14,000 feet, but had as yet felt none of the unpleasant symptoms usually experienced by travelers at such a height. The great peaks were usually hidden by nearer though lower summits; but occasionally through some depression Gaurisankar, far to the left, and the nearer Kinchinjunga, to the right, showed themselves. One magnificent near view of Pundeem broke upon them through a rocky cleft, the walls of which bore the shapes of stern weird human faces, as distinct as that of our own famed "Old Man of the Mountains" at Franconia.

Still onward and upward, day after day, until the well-known symptoms of Alpine climbing began to manifest themselves—difficulty of breathing, nausea, and intense pain in the head. They were fast approaching the region of perpetual snow, which on this side of the Himalayas is from 15,000 to 17,000 feet, above which there are more than two miles of perpendicular ascent to the summit of Kinchinjunga. Snow has lately fallen, and they soon find it more than a foot deep.

Their supplies were almost exhausted. The bearers grew anxious. "Go back to Darjeeling, Mem Sahib," they cried; "this is a cold, hungry country; nothing to eat here; we shall all be starved." It was clear that the supplies promised at first by the Rajah



THE ELEPHANT-LOAD.



PUNDEEM AND THE PICTURED ROCKS.

of Sikkim had not been sent after them; but their guide assured them that the way they were going would soon lead them down to the Yak station of Yangpoong, where they would be within reach of food. So they kept on, still ascending instead of descending, and at last began climbing the steep face of a mountain, beyond which, across a deep glacial valley, rose the sharp cone of Junnoo, close to whose flank they had now reached. They marched in single file, following in the now deep snow the footsteps of their guide. At the top of the ascent they found themselves on an almost level plateau, along which they marched, almost blinded by the dazzling reflection from the snow. A thin, semi-transparent mist enveloped them, through which the sun shone like a ball of fire. All became almost blind, and could only relieve their aching eyeballs by muffling their faces, merely looking out for an instant to observe whither they were going.

The guide now announced that he had lost the way, and did not even know the direction of the village for which they were aiming. The Lepcha bearers sank down in despair; the bolder Bhootias seemed on the point of breaking out into open mutiny, from which they were only prevented by the influence of Tendook, who here, for the first time, seemed actually to be a member of their party. A hurried consultation was held, the result of which was to return. They had probably reached an elevation of nearly 18,000 feet, almost half a mile higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. Few mortals have ever gone a thousand feet higher.

We pass rapidly over the incidents of the return journey. Their stock of provisions was reduced to three sheep, a little corn for the natives, and a few odds and ends of the miscellaneous stores. Two of the sheep had to be slaughtered for the men to save them from absolute starvation. Their only hope was to reach Mount Singaleelah by forced marches before their food wholly gave out. At the third stage their guide decamped in the night, and they saw him no more. He had certainly misled them, whether purposely or not the venerable old Soubah and himself only know.

They were doomed to be disappointed at Mount Singaleelah. There were no signs of the messengers who had been sent forward to hurry back supplies. The last rem-



THE LAST ASCENT—JUNNOO.



LAMAS AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.

nant of food was equally divided: there was but half a biscuit for each man. The march was taken up, the Mem Sahib for the first time going on foot, for the bearers were too weak to carry her. During the day they descended to the level of dense and dripping forests, when shouts were heard from below. Soon a messenger appeared with the glad tidings that rice, corn, and other food were close by. Fires were lighted, food cooked, and all ate and were filled, while the dim forest rang with the jubilations of the now merry Lepchas.

Before returning to Darjeeling the travelers made a tour eastward among the fertile valleys of Sikkim, visiting the Buddhist monasteries at Pemiouchi, described at length by Hooker in his *Himalayan Journals*. The most striking thing noted by the Mem Sahib is the Lamas at their devotions. About eighty of them were squatted on the floor of a large room, each having before him a little desk, on which lay a pile of manuscript sheets, written on a kind of paper resembling parchment, from which they were reading in a low tone so intently that no one looked up at the entrance of the visitors. In the midst of their devotions a servitor entered, bearing a vessel resembling a huge tea-pot. Each Lama, without interrupting his prayers, took from his bosom a small wooden platter, into which the contents of the vessel were poured. It was composed of tea leaves, butter, salt, and beans, all boiled together into a soup. This they drank, still muttering their prayers, and then licking the platters clean, they replaced them in their bosoms, and went on reading. This appears to be less a regular meal than a kind of sacrament; at least the well-fed aspects of the elder brethren indicated that they were not strangers to better fare than tea soup.

The three months' leave of absence over,



THE RETURN TO DARJEELING.

the Burra Sahib, the Sahib, and the Mem Sahib returned to Darjeeling. Ponies and fresh attire had been sent out to meet them, and they and their cavalcade passed in state through the crowds in the Bhootia village just as the setting sun was throwing his latest beams upon the lofty head of Kinchinjunga.



THE HIMALAYAS.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

INA smiled at his ingenuity—her first smile that day.

"You are indeed a friend," said she. "He fears reproaches; but when he finds he is welcome, he will stay with me; and he shall have money to play with, and amuse himself how he likes. I kept too tight a rein on him, poor fellow; my good mother taught me prudence."

"Yes, but," said Ashmead, "you must promise me one thing, not to let him know how much money you have won, and not to go like a goose and give him a lot at once. It never pays to part with power in this wicked world. You give him twenty pounds a day, to play with, whenever he is cleaned out. Then the money will last your time, and he will never leave you."

"Oh, how cold-hearted and wise you are!" said she. "But such a humiliating position for *him!*"

"Don't you be silly. You won't keep him any other way."

"I will be as wise as I can," sighed Ina. "I have had a bitter lesson. Only bring him to me, and then, who knows? I am a change: my love may revive his, and none of these pitiable precautions may be needed. They would lower us both."

Ashmead groaned aloud. "I see," said he. "He'll soon clean you out. Ah, well! he can't rob you of your voice, and he can't rob you of your Ashmead."

They soon reached Frankfort. Ashmead

put her into a carriage as agreed, and went to the "Russie."

Ina sat, with her veil down, in the carriage, and waited Ashmead's return with Severne. He was a long time coming. She began to doubt, and then to fear, and wonder why he was so long.

At last he came in sight.

He was alone.

As he drew nearer she saw his face was thoroughly downcast.

"My dear friend," he faltered, "you are out of luck to-day."

"He will not come with you?"

"Oh, he would come fast enough if he was there; but he is gone."

"Gone! To Homburg?"

"No. Unfortunately he is gone to England. Went off by the fast train an hour ago."

Ina fell back in silence, just as if she had been struck in the face.

"He is traveling with an English family, and they have gone straight home. Here are their names. I looked in the visitors' book, and talked to the servant, and all. 'Mr. Vizard, Miss Vizard—'"

"Vizard?"

"Yes—'Miss Maitland, Miss Dover.' See, I wrote them all down."

"Oh, I am unfortunate. Why was I ever born?"

"Don't say that, don't say that. It is annoying; but we shall be able to trace him now; and, besides, I see other ways of getting hold of him."

Ina broke in upon his talk. "Take me to the nearest church," she cried. "Man's words are vain. Ah, Jesu, let me cry to Thee!"

He took her to the nearest church. She went in, and prayed for full two hours. She came out, pale and listless, and Ashmead got her home how he could. Her very body seemed all crushed and limp. Ashmead left her, sad at heart himself.

So long as she was in sight, Ashmead could think only of her misery. But the moment she was out of sight, he remembered the theatre. She was announced for Rosina that very night. He saw trouble of all sorts before him. He ran to the theatre, in great alarm, and told the manager she was taken very ill. He must change the bill.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "If she can't sing, I close."

Ashmead went back to the "Star."

Ina was in her bedroom.

He sent in a line, "Can you sing to-night? If not, he says he must close."

The reply came back in rather a trembling hand. "I suffer too much by falsehood to break faith myself. I shall pray till night; and then I shall sing. If I die on the stage, all the better for me."

Was not this a great soul?

CHAPTER XI.

That same morning our English party snatched a hasty breakfast in traveling attire. Severne was not there, but sent word to Vizard he should be there in time.

This filled the cup: Zoe's wounded pride had been rising higher and higher all the night, and she came down rather pale, from broken rest, and sternly resolved. She had a few serious words with Fanny, and sketched her out a little map of conduct, which showed that she had thought the matter well over.

But her plan bade fair to be deranged: Severne was not at the station. Then came a change: Zoe was restless, and cast anxious glances.

But at the second bell he darted into the carriage, as if he had just dispatched some wonderful business to get there in time. While the train was starting, he busied himself in arranging his things; but, once started, he put on his sunny look, and prepared to be, as usual, the life and soul of the party.

But, for once, he met a frost. Zoe was wrapped in impenetrable *hauteur*, and Fanny in polite indifference. Never was loss of favor more ably marked, without the least ill-breeding, and no good handle given to seek an explanation.

No doubt a straightforward man, with justice on his side, would have asked them plump whether he had been so unfortunate as to offend, and how; and this was what Zoe secretly wished, however she might seem to repel it. But Severne was too crafty for that. He had learned the art of waiting.

After a few efforts at conversation, and smooth rebuffs, he put on a surprised, mortified, and sorrowful air, and awaited the attack, which he felt would come soon or late.

This skillful inertia baffled the fair, in a man; in a woman, they might have expected it; and, after a few hours, Zoe's patience began to wear out.

The train stopped for twenty minutes, and, even while they were snatching a little refreshment, the dark locks and the blonde came very close together, and Zoe, exasperated by her own wounded pride and the sullen torpor of her lover, gave Fanny fresh instructions, which nobody was better qualified to carry out than that young lady, as nobody was better able to baffle female strategy than the gentleman.

This time, however, the ladies had certain advantages, to balance his subtlety and his habit of stating any thing, true or false, that suited his immediate purpose.

They opened very cat-like. Fanny affected to be outgrowing her ill humor, and volunteered a civil word or two to Severne. Thereupon Zoe turned sharply away from Fanny, as if she disapproved her conduct, and took a book. This was pretty sly, and

done, I suppose, to remove all idea of concert between the fair assailants; whereas it was a secret signal for the concert to come into operation, it being Fanny's part to play upon Severne, and Zoe's to watch, from her corner, every lineament of his face under fire.

"By-the-way, Mr. Severne," said Fanny, apropos of a church on a hill they were admiring, "did you get your winnings?"

"My winnings! You are sarcastical."

"Am I? Really, I did not intend to be."

"No, no; forgive me; but that did seem a little cruel. Miss Dover, I was a heavy loser."

"Not while we were there. The lady and gentleman who played with your money won—oh, such a deal!"

"The devil they did!"

"Yes. Did you not stay behind last night to get it? We never saw you at the 'Russie.'"

"I was very ill."

"Bleeding at the nose?"

"No. That always relieves me when it comes. I am subject to fainting fits; once I lay insensible so long they were going to bury me. Now do pray tell me what makes you fancy any body won a lot with my money."

"Well, I will. You know you left fifty pounds for a friend to bet with."

Severne stared, but was too eager for information to question her how she knew this. "Yes, I did," said he.

"And you really don't know what followed?"

"Good heavens! how can I?"

"Well, then, as you ran out—to faint, Mademoiselle Klosking came in, just as she did at the opera, you know, the time before, when you ran out—to bleed. She slipped into your chair the very moment you left it, and your friend with the flaming neck-tie told her you had set him to bet with your money. By-the-bye, Mr. Severne, how on earth do you and Mademoiselle Klosking, who have both so much taste in dress, come to have a mutual friend, vulgarity in person, with a velveteen coat and an impossible neck-tie?"

"What are you talking about, Miss Dover? I do just know Mademoiselle Klosking; I met her in society in Vienna two years ago; but that cad I commissioned to bet for me I never saw before in my life. You are keeping me on tenter-hooks. My money!—my money!—my money! If you have a heart in your bosom, tell me what became of my money."

He was violent, for the first time since they had known him, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Well," said Fanny, beginning to be puzzled and rather frightened, "this man, who you *say* was a new acquaintance—"

"Whom I *say*? Do you mean to tell me I am a liar?" He fumbled eagerly in his breast pocket, and produced a card. "There," said he, "this is the card he gave me, 'Mr. Joseph Ashmead.' Now may this train dash over the next viaduct, and take you and Miss Vizard to heaven, and me to hell, if I ever saw Mr. Joseph Ashmead's face before. THE MONEY!—THE MONEY!"

He uttered this furiously; and it is a curious fact, but Zoe turned red, and Fanny pale. It was really in quite a cowed voice Miss Dover went on to say, "La! don't fly out like that. Well, then, the man refused to bet with your money; so then Mademoiselle Klosking said she would; and she played—oh! how she did play! She doubled, and doubled, and doubled, hundreds upon hundreds. She made a mountain of gold, and a pyramid of bank-notes; and she never stopped till she broke the bank—there!"

"With my money?" gasped Severne.

"Yes, with your money: your friend with the loud tie pocketed it; I beg your pardon, not your friend—only hers. Harrington says he is her *cher ami*."

"The money is mine!" he shrieked. "I don't care who played with it, it is mine. And the fellow had the impudence to send me back my fifty pounds to the 'Russie.'"

"What, you gave him your address?" This with an involuntary glance of surprise at Zoe.

"Of course. Do you think I leave a man fifty pounds to play with, and don't give him my address? He has won thousands with my money, and sent me back my fifty for a blind, the thief!"

"Well, really it is too bad," said Fanny. "But there—I'm afraid you must make the best of it. Of course their sending back your fifty pounds shows they mean to keep their winnings."

"You talk like a woman," said he; then, grinding his teeth and stretching out a long muscular arm, he said, "I'll take the blackguard by the throat and tear it out of him, though I tear his life out along with it."

All this time Zoe had been looking at him with concern, and even with admiration. He seemed more beautiful than ever to her under the influence of passion, and more of a man.

"Mr. Severne," said she, "be calm. Fanny has misled you without intending it. She did not hear all that passed between those two; I did. The velveteen and neck-tie man refused to bet with your money. It was Mademoiselle Klosking who betted, and with her own money. She took twenty-five pounds of her own, and twenty-five pounds of yours, and won two or three hundred in a few moments. Surely, as a gentleman, you can not ask a lady to do more than repay you your twenty-five pounds."

Severne was a little cowed by Zoe's inter-

ference. He stood his ground; but sullenly, instead of violently.

"Miss Vizard, if I was weak enough to trust a lady with my money at a gambling table, I should expect foul play; for I never knew a lady yet who would not cheat *at cards* if she could. I trusted my money to a tradesman to bet with. If he takes a female partner, that is no business of mine; he is responsible all the same, and I'll have my money."

He jumped up at the word, and looked out at the window; he even fumbled with the door, and tried to open it.

"You had better jump out," said Fanny.

"And then they would keep my money for good. No," said he, "I'll wait for the nearest station." He sank back into his seat, looking unutterable things.

Fanny looked rather rueful at first; then she said, spitefully, "You must be very sure of your influence with your old sweetheart. You forget she has got another now: a tradesman, too. He will stick to the money, and make her stick to it. Their sending the fifty pounds shows that."

Zoe's eyes were on him with microscopic power, and with all his self-command, she saw him wince and change color, and give other signs that this shaft had told in many ways.

He shut his countenance the next moment; but it had opened, and Zoe was on fire with jealousy and suspicion.

Fluctuating Fanny regretted the turn things had taken. She did not want to lose a pleasant male companion, and she felt sure Zoe would be unhappy and cross to her if he went. "Surely, Mr. Severne," she said, "you will not desert us and go back for so small a chance. Why, we are a hundred and fifty miles from Homburg, and all the nearer to dear old England. There, there—we must be kinder to you and make you forget this misfortune."

Thus spoke the trimmer. The reply took her by surprise:

"And whose fault is it that I am obliged to get out a hundred and fifty miles from Homburg? You knew all this. You could have got me a delay of a few hours to go and get my due. You know I am a poor man. With all your cleverness, you don't know what made me poor, or you would feel some remorse, perhaps; but you know I am poor when most I could wish I was rich: you have heard that old woman there fling my poverty in my teeth; yet you could keep this from me—just to assist a cheat and play upon the feelings of a friend. Now what good has that done you, to inflict misery on me in sport, on a man who never gave you a moment's pain if he could help it?"

Fanny looked ruefully this way and that, her face began to work, and she laid down her arms, if a lady can be said to do that who lays down a strong weapon and takes up a stronger; in other words, she burst out crying, and said no more. You see, she was poor herself.

Severne took no notice of her; he was accustomed to make women cry. He thrust his head out of the window in hopes of seeing a station near, and his whole being was restless as if he would like to jump out.

While he was in this condition of mind and body, the hand he had once kissed so tenderly, and shocked Miss Maitland, passed an envelope over his shoulder, with two lines written on it in pencil:

"If you GO BACK TO HOMBURG, oblige ME BY REMAINING there."

This demands an explanation, but it shall be brief.

Fanny's shrewd hint that the money could only be obtained from Mademoiselle Klosking had pierced Zoe through and through. Her mind grasped all that had happened, all that impended, and, wisely declining to try and account for or reconcile all the jarring details, she settled, with a woman's broad instinct, that, somehow or other, his going back to Homburg meant going back to Mademoiselle Klosking. Whether that lady would buy him or not she did not know. But going back to her meant going a journey to see a rival, with consequences illimitable.

She had courage; she had pride; she had jealousy. She resolved to lose her lover, or have him all to herself. Share him she would not, nor even endure the torture of the doubt.

She took an envelope out of her sachel, and, with the pencil attached to her *châtelaine*, wrote the fatal words, "If you go back to Homburg, oblige me by remaining there."

At this moment she was not goaded by pique nor any petty feeling. Indeed, his reproach to Fanny had touched her a little, and it was with the tear in her eye she came to the resolution, and handed him that line, which told him she knew her value, and, cost what it might, would part with any man forever rather than share him with the Klosking or any other woman.

Severne took the line, eyed it, realized it, fell back from the window, and dropped into his seat. This gave Zoe a consoling sense of power. She had seen her lover raging and restless, and wanting to jump out, yet now beheld him literally felled with a word from her hand.

He leaned his head in his hand in a sort of broken-down, collapsed, dogged way that moved her pity, though hardly her respect.

By-and-by it struck her as a very grave thing that he did not reply by word, nor even by look. He could decide with a glance, and why did he hesitate? Was he

really balancing her against Mademoiselle Klosking weighted with a share of his winnings?

This doubt was wormwood to her pride and self-respect; but his crushed attitude allayed in some degree the mere irritation this doubt caused.

The minutes passed and the miles: still that broken figure sat before her, with his face hidden by his white hand.

Zoe's courage began to falter. Misgivings seized her. She had made that a matter of love which, after all, to a man might be a mere matter of business. He was poor, too, and she had thrust her jealousy between him and money. He might have his pride too, and rebel against her affront.

As for his thoughts, under that crushed exterior, which he put on for a blind, they were so deliberate and calculating that I shall not mix them on this page with that pure and generous creature's. Another time will do to reveal his sordid arithmetic.

As for Zoe, she settled down into wishing, with all her heart, she had not submitted her lover so imperiously to a test the severity of which she now saw she had underrated.

Presently the speed of the train began to slacken—all too soon. She now dreaded to learn her fate. Was she, or was she not, worth a few thousand pounds ready money?

A signal post was passed, proving that they were about to enter a station. Yet another. Now the wheels were hardly turning. Now the platform was visible. Yet he never moved his white, delicate, womanish fingers from his forehead, but remained still absorbed, and looked undecided.

At last the motion entirely ceased. Then, as she turned her head to glean, if possible, the name of the place, he stole a furtive glance at her. She was pallid, agitated: he resolved upon his course.

As soon as the train stopped he opened the door and jumped out, without a word to Zoe, or even a look.

Zoe turned pale as death. "I have lost him," said she.

"No, no," cried Fanny. "See, he has not taken his cane and umbrella."

"*They* will not keep him from flying to his money and her," moaned Zoe. "Did you not see? He never once looked at me. He could not. I am sick at heart."

This set Fanny fluttering. "There, let me out to speak to him."

"Sit quiet," said Zoe, sternly.

"No, no. If you love him—"

"I do love him—passionately. And *therefore* I'll die rather than share him with any one."

"But it is dreadful to be fixed here, and not allowed to move hand or foot."

"It is the lot of women. Let me feel the hand of a friend, that is all; for I am sick at heart."

Fanny gave her her hand, and all the sympathy her shallow nature had to bestow.

Zoe sat motionless, gripping her friend's hand almost convulsively, a statue of female fortitude.

This suspense could not last long. The officials ordered the travelers to the carriages; doors were opened and slammed; the engine gave a snort, and only at that moment did Mr. Edward Severne tear the door open and bolt into the carriage.

Oh, it was pitiable, but lovely, to see the blood rush into Zoe's face, and the fire into her eye, and the sweet mouth expand in a smile of joy and triumph.

She sat a moment, almost paralyzed with pleasure, and then cast her eyes down, lest their fire should proclaim her feelings too plainly.

As for Severne, he only glanced at her as he came in, and then shunned her eye. He presented to her the grave, resolved countenance of a man who has been forced to a decision, but means to abide by it.

In reality he was delighted at the turn things had taken. The money was not necessarily lost, since he knew where it was; and Zoe had compromised herself beyond retreating. He intended to wear this anxious face a long while. But his artificial snow had to melt, so real a sun shone full on it; the moment he looked full at Zoe, she repaid him with such a point-blank beam of glorious tenderness and gratitude as made him thrill with passion as well as triumph. He felt her whole heart was his, and from that hour his poverty would never be allowed to weigh with her. He cleared up and left off acting, because it was superfluous; he had now only to bask in sunshine. Zoe, always tender, but coy till this moment, made love to him like a young goddess. Even Fanny yielded to the solid proof of sincerity he had given, and was downright affectionate.

He was king. And from one gradation to another they entered Cologne with Severne seated between the two girls, each with a hand in his, and a great disposition to pet him and spoil him. More than once, indeed, a delicate head just grazed each of his square shoulders; but candor compels me to own that their fatigue, and the yawing of the carriage at the time, were more to blame than the tired girls, for at the enormity there was a prompt retirement to a distance. Miss Maitland had been a long time in the Land of Nod, and Vizard from the first had preferred male companions and tobacco.

At Cologne they visited the pride of Germany, that mighty cathedral which the Middle Ages projected, commenced, and left to decay of old age before completion, and our enterprising age will finish; but went on the same day.

Before they reached England the love-making between Severne and Zoe, though it never passed the bounds of good taste, was so apparent to any female eye that Miss Maitland remonstrated severely with Fanny.

But the trimmer was now won to the other side. She would not offend Aunt Maitland by owning her conversion. She said, hypocritically, "I am afraid it is no use objecting at present, aunt. The attachment is too strong on both sides. And, whether he is poor or not, he has sacrificed his money to her feelings, and so now she feels bound in honor. I know her; she won't listen to a word now, aunt: why irritate her? She would quarrel with both of us in a moment."

"Poor girl!" said Miss Maitland, and took the hint. She had still an arrow in her quiver—Vizard.

In mid-Channel, ten miles south of Dover, she caught him in a lucid interval of non-smoke. She reminded him he had promised her to give Mr. Severne a hint about Zoe.

"So I did," said he.

"And have you?"

"Well, no; to tell the truth, I forgot."

"Then please do it now, for they are going on worse than ever."

"I'll warn the fool," said he.

He did warn him, and in the following terms:

"Look here, old fellow. I hear you are getting awfully sweet on my sister Zoe."

No answer. Severne on his guard.

"Now you had better mind your eye. She is a very pretty girl, and you may find yourself entangled before you know where you are."

Severne hung his head. "Of course I know it is great presumption in me."

"Presumption? Fiddle-stick! Such a man as you are ought not to be tied to any woman, or, if you must be, you ought not to go cheap. Mind, Zoe is a poor girl; only ten thousand in the world. Flirt with whom you like; there is no harm in that; but don't get seriously entangled with any of them. Good sisters and good daughters and good flirts make bad wives."

"Oh, then," said Severne, "it is only on my account you object."

"Well, principally. And I don't exactly object. I warn. In the first place, as soon as ever we get into Barfordshire, she will most likely jilt you. You may be only her Continental lover. How can I tell, *or you either?* And if not, and you were to be weak enough to marry her, she would develop unexpected vices directly—they all do—and you are not rich enough to live in a house of your own; you would have to live in mine: a fine fate for a rising blade like you!"

"What a terrible prospect! to be tied to the best friend in England, as well as the loveliest woman!"

"Oh, if that is the view you take," said Vizard, beaming with delight, "it is no use talking reason to *you*."

When they reached London, Vizard gave Miss Maitland an outline of this conversation; and so far from seeing the humor of it, which, nevertheless, was pretty strong, and characteristic of the man and his one foible, she took the huff, and would not even stay to dinner at the hotel. She would go into her own county by the next train, bag and baggage.

Mr. Severne was the only one who offered to accompany her to the Great Western Railway. She declined. He insisted; went with her, got her ticket, numbered and arranged her packages, and saw her safely off, with an air of profound respect and admirably feigned regret.

That she was the dupe of his art, may be doubted: that he lost nothing by it, is certain. Men are not ruined by civility. As soon as she was seated she said, "I beg, Sir, you will waste no more time with me. Mr. Severne, you have behaved to me like a gentleman, and that is very unusual in a man of your age nowadays. I can not alter my opinion about my niece and you; but I *am* sorry you are a poor gentleman—much too poor to marry her—and I wish I could make you a rich one; but I can not. There is my hand."

You should have seen the air of tender veneration with which the young Machiavel bowed over her hand, and even imprinted a light touch on it with his velvet lips.

Then he retired, disconsolate, and, once out of sight, whipped into a gin palace, and swallowed a quartern of neat brandy, to take the taste out of his mouth. "Go it, Ned," said he to himself; "you can't afford to make enemies."

The old lady went off bitter against the whole party *except Mr. Severne;* and he retired to his friends, disembarrassed of the one foe he had not turned into a downright friend, but only disarmed. Well does the great Voltaire recommend what he well calls "le grand art de plaire."

Vizard sent Harris into Barfordshire to prepare for the comfort of the party, and to light fires in all the bedrooms, though it was summer, and to see the beds, blankets, and sheets aired at the very fires of the very rooms they were to be used in. This sacred office he never trusted to a housekeeper. He used even to declare, as the result of experience, that it was beyond the intellect of any woman really to air mattresses, blankets, and sheets—all three. He had also a printed list he used to show about of five acquaintances, stout fellows all, whom "little bits of women" (such was his phrascology) had laid low with damp beds, having crippled two for life with rheumatism and lumbago, and sent three to their long home.

Meantime Severne took the ladies to ev-

ery public attraction by day and night; and Vizard thanked him, before the fair, for his consideration in taking them off his hands, and Severne retorted by thanking him for leaving them on his.

It may seem at first a vile selection; but I am going to ask the ladies who honor me with their attention to follow, not that gay amorous party of three, but this solitary cynic on his round.

Taking a turn round the garden in Leicester Square, which was new to him, Harrington Vizard's observant eye saw a young lady rise up from a seat to go, but turn pale directly, and sit down again upon the arm of the seat as if for support.

"Halloo!" said Vizard, in his blunt way; "*you* are not well. What can I do for you?"

"I am all right," said she. "Please go on," the latter words in a tone that implied she was not a novice, and the attentions of gentlemen to strange ladies were suspected.

"I beg your pardon," said Vizard, coolly. "You are not all right. You look as if you were going to faint."

"What, are my lips blue?"

"No; but they are pale."

"Well, then, it is not a case of fainting. It *may* be exhaustion."

"You know best. What shall we do?"

"Why, nothing. Yes; mind our own business."

"With all my heart. My business just now is to offer you some restorative—a glass of wine."

"Oh yes! I think I see myself going into a public-house with you. Besides, I don't believe in stimulants. Strength can only enter the human body one way. I know what is the matter with me."

"What is it?"

"I am not obliged to tell *you*."

"Of course you are not obliged; but you might as well."

"Well, then, it is Hunger."

"Hunger!"

"Hunger—famine—starvation. Don't you know English?"

"I hope you are not serious, madam," said Vizard, very gravely. "However, if ladies will say such things as that, men with stomachs in their bosoms must act accordingly. Oblige me by taking my arm, as you are weak, and we will adjourn to that eating-house over the way."

"Much obliged," said the lady, satirically; "our acquaintance is not *quite* long enough for that."

He looked at her—a tall, slim young lady, black merino, by no means new, clean cuffs and collar, leaning against the chair for support, and yet sacrificing herself to conventional propriety, and even withstanding him with a pretty little air of defiance that was pitiable, her pallor and the weakness of her body considered.

The poor woman-hater's bowels began to yearn. "Look here, you little spitfire," said he; "if you don't instantly take my arm, I'll catch you up and carry you over with no more trouble than you would carry a thread-paper."

She looked him up and down very keenly, and at last with a slight expression of feminine approval, the first she had vouchsafed him. Then she folded her arms and cocked her little nose at him. "You daren't. I'll call the police."

"If you do, I'll tell them you are my little cousin, mad as a March hare: starving, and won't eat. Come, how is it to be?" He advanced upon her.

"You can't be in earnest, Sir," said she, with sudden dignity.

"Am I not, though? You don't know *me*. I am used to be obeyed. If you don't go with me like a sensible girl, I'll carry you—to your dinner—like a ruffian."

"Then I'll go—like a lady," said she, with sudden humility.

He offered her his arm. She passed hers within, but leaned as lightly as possible on it, and her poor pale face was a little pink as they went.

He entered the eating-house, and asked for two portions of cold roast beef, not to keep her waiting. They were brought.

"Sir," said she, with a subjugated air, "will you be so good as cut up the meat small, and pass it to me a bit or two at a time?"

He was surprised, but obeyed her orders.

"And if you could make me talk a little? Because, at sight of the meat so near me, I feel like a tigress—poor human nature! Sir, I have not eaten meat for a week, nor food of any kind this two days."

"Good God!"

"So I must be prudent. People have gorged themselves with furious eating under those circumstances; that is why I asked you to supply me slowly. Thank you. You need not look at me like that. Better folk than I have *died* of hunger. Something tells me I have reached the lowest spoke when I have been indebted to a stranger for a meal."

Vizard felt the water come into his eyes; but he resisted that pitiable weakness. "Bother that nonsense," said he. "I'll introduce myself, and then you can't throw *stranger* in my teeth. I am Harrington Vizard, a Barfordshire squire."

"I thought you were not a cockney."

"Lord forbid! Does that information entitle me to any in return?"

"I don't know; but, whether or no, my name is Rhoda Gale."

"Have another plate, Miss Gale?"

"Thanks."

He ordered another.

"I am proud of your confiding your name

to me, Miss Gale; but, to tell the truth, what I wanted to know is how a young lady of your talent and education could be so badly off as you must be. It is not impertinent curiosity."

The young lady reflected a moment. "Sir," said she, "I don't think it is: and I would not much mind telling you. Of course I studied you before I came here. Even hunger would not make me sit in a tavern beside a fool, or a snob, or" (with a faint blush) "a libertine. But to tell one's own story, that is so egotistical, for one thing."

"Oh, it is never egotistical to oblige."

"Now that is sophistical. Then, again, I am afraid I could not tell it to you without crying, because you seem rather a manly man, and some of it might revolt you, and you might sympathize right out, and then I should break down."

"No matter. Do us both good."

"Yes, but before the waiters and people! See how they are staring at us already."

"We will have another go in at the beef, and then adjourn to the garden for your narrative."

"No; as much garden as you like, but no more beef. I have eaten one sirloin, I reckon. Will you give me one cup of black tea without sugar or milk?"

Vizard gave the order.

She seemed to think some explanation necessary, though he did not.

"One cup of tea agrees with my brain and nerves," said she. "It steadies them. That is a matter of individual experience. I should not prescribe it to others any the more for that."

Vizard sat wondering at the girl. He said to himself, "What is she? a *lusus naturæ?*"

When the tea came, and she had sipped a little, she perked up wonderfully. Said she, "Oh, the magic effect of food eaten judiciously! Now I am a lioness, and do not fear the future. Yes; I will tell you my story—and if you think you are going to hear a love story, you will be nicely caught—ha! ha! No, *Sir*," said she, with rising fervor and heightened color; "you will hear a story the public is deeply interested in and does not know it; ay, a story that will certainly be referred to with wonder and shame whenever civilization shall become a reality, and law cease to be a tool of injustice and monopoly." She paused a moment; then said, a little doggedly, as one used to encounter prejudice, "I am a medical student; a would-be doctor."

"Ah!"

"And so well qualified by genuine gifts, by study from my infancy, by zeal, quick senses, and cultivated judgment, that, were all the leading London physicians examined to-morrow by qualified persons at the same board as myself, most of those wealthy practitioners—not all, mind you—would cut an indifferent figure in modern science compared with me, whom you have had to rescue from starvation—because I am a woman."

Her eye flashed. But she moderated herself, and said, "That is the outline; and it is a grievance. Now grievances are bores. You can escape this one before it is too late."

"If it lies with me, I demand the minutest details," said Vizard, warmly.

"You shall have them; and true to the letter."

Vizard settled the small account, and adjourned, with his companion, to the garden. She walked by his side, with her face sometimes thoughtfully bent on the ground, and sometimes confronting him with ardor, and told him a true story, the simplicity of which I shall try not to spoil with any vulgar arts of fiction.

A LITTLE NARRATIVE OF DRY FACTS TOLD TO A WOMAN-HATER BY A WOMAN.

CHAPTER XII.

"My father was an American, my mother English. I was born near Epsom, and lived there ten years. Then my father had property left him in Massachusetts, and we went to Boston. Both my parents educated me, and began very early. I observe that most parents are babies at teaching compared with mine. My father was a linguist, and taught me to lisp German, French, and English; my mother was an ideaed woman: she taught me three rarities—attention, observation, and accuracy. If I went a walk in the country, I had to bring her home a budget; the men and women on the road, their dresses, appearance, countenances, and words; every kind of bird in the air, and insect and chrysalis in the hedges; the crops in the fields, the flowers and herbs on the banks. If I walked in the town, I must not be eyes and no eyes; woe betide me if I could only report the dresses. Really, I have known me, when I was but eight, come home to my mother laden with details, when perhaps an untrained girl of eighteen could only have specified that she had gone up and down a thoroughfare. Another time mother would take me on a visit: next day, or perhaps next week, she would expect me to describe every article of furniture in her friend's room, and the books on the table, and repeat the conversation, the topics at all events. She taught me to master history *accurately*. To do this she was artful enough to turn sport into science. She utilized a game: young people in Boston play it. A writes an anecdote on paper, or perhaps produces it in print. She reads it off to B. B goes away, and writes it down

by memory; then reads her writing out to C. C has to listen, and convey her impression to paper. This she reads to D, and D goes and writes it. Then the original story and D's version are compared; and, generally speaking, the difference of the two is a caution—against oral tradition: when the steps of deviation are observed, it is quite a study.

"My mother, with her good wit, saw there was something better than fun to be got out of this. She trained my memory of great things with it. She began with striking passages of history, and played the game with father and me. But, as my power of retaining and repeating correctly grew by practice, she enlarged the business, and kept enriching my memory, so that I began to have tracts of history at my fingers' ends. As I grew older, she extended the sport to laws and the great public controversies in religion, politics, and philosophy that have agitated the world. But here she had to get assistance from her learned friends. She was a woman valued by men of intellect, and she had no mercy—milked jurists, physicians, theologians, and historians all into my little pail. To be sure, they were as kind about it as she was unscrupulous. They saw I was a keen student, and gave my mother many a little gem in writing. She read them out to me: I listened hard, and thus I fixed many great and good things in my trained memory; and repeated them against the text: I was never allowed to see *that*.

"With this sharp training, school subjects were child's play to me, and I won a good many prizes very easily. My mother would not let me waste a single minute over music. She used to say, 'Music extracts what little brains a girl has. Open the piano, you shut the understanding.' I am afraid I bore you with my mother."

"Not at all, not at all. I admire her."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, Sir! She never uses big words; so it is only of late I have had the *nous* to see how wise she is. She corrected the special blots of the female character in me, and it is sweet to me to talk of that dear friend. What would I give to see her here!"

"Well, then, Sir, she made me, as far as she could, a—what shall I say?—a kind of little intellectual gymnast, fit to begin any study; but she left me to choose my own line. Well, I was for natural history first; began like a girl, gathered wild flowers and simples at Epsom along with an old woman; she discoursed on their traditional virtues, and knew little of their real properties: *that* I have discovered since.

"From herbs to living things; never spared a chrysalis, but always took it home and watched it break into wings. Hung over the ponds in June, watching the eggs of the frog turn to tadpoles, and the tadpoles to Johnny Crapaud. I obeyed Scripture in one thing, for I studied the ants and their ways.

"I collected birds' eggs. At nine, not a boy in the parish could find more nests in a day than I could. With birds'-nesting, buying, and now and then begging, I made a collection that figures in a museum over the water, and is entitled, 'Eggs of British Birds.' The colors attract, and people always stop at it. But it does no justice whatever to the great variety of sea-birds' eggs on the coast of Britain.

"When I had learned what little they teach in schools, especially drawing, and that is useful in scientific pursuits, I was allowed to choose my own books and attend lectures. One blessed day I sat and listened to Agassiz. Ah! No tragedy well played, nor opera sung, ever moved a heart so deeply as he moved mine, that great and earnest man, whose enthusiasm for nature was as fresh as my own, and his knowledge a thousand times larger. Talk of heaven opening to the Christian pilgrim as he passes Jordan! Why, God made earth as well as heaven, and it is worthy of the Architect; and it is a joy divine when earth opens to the true admirer of God's works. Sir, earth opened to me as Agassiz discoursed.

"I followed him about like a little bloodhound, and dived into the libraries after each subject he treated or touched.

"It was another little epoch in my life when I read White's letters to Pennant about natural history in Selborne. Selborne is an English village, not half so pretty as most; and, until Gilbert White came, nobody saw any thing there worth printing. His book showed me that the humblest spot in nature becomes extraordinary the moment extraordinary observation is applied to it. I must mimic Gilbert White directly. I pestered my poor parents to spend a month or two in the depths of the country, on the verge of a forest. They yielded, with groans; I kissed them, and we rusticated. I pried into every living thing, not forgetting my old friends the insect tribe. Here I found ants with grander ideas than they have to home, and satisfied myself they have more brains than apes. They co-operate more, and in complicated things. Sir, there are ants that make greater marches, for their size, than Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Even the less nomadic tribes will march through fields of grass, where each blade is a high gum-tree to them, and never lose the track. I saw an army of red ants, with generals, captains, and ensigns, start at daybreak, march across a road, through a hedge, and then through high grass till noon, and surprise a fortification of black ants, and take it after a sanguinary resistance.

All that must have been planned beforehand, you know, and carried out to the letter. Once I found a colony busy on some hard ground, preparing an abode. I happened to have been microscoping a wasp, so I threw him down among the ants. They were disgusted. They ran about collecting opinions. Presently half of them burrowed into the earth below and undermined him, till he lay on a crust of earth as thin as a wafer, and a deep grave below. Then they all got on him except one, and he stood pompous on a pebble and gave orders. The earth broke, the wasp went down into his grave, and the ants soon covered him with loose earth, and resumed their domestic architecture. I concluded that though the monkey resembles man most in body, the ant comes nearer him in mind. As for dogs, I don't know where to rank them in *nature*, because they have been pupils of man for centuries. I bore you?"

"No."

"Oh yes, I do: an enthusiast is always a bore. 'Les fâcheux' of Molière are just enthusiasts. Well, Sir, in one word, I was a natural philosopher—very small, but earnest; and, in due course, my studies brought me to the wonders of the human body. I studied the outlines of anatomy in books and plates and prepared figures, and from that, by degrees, I was led on to surgery and medicine—in books, you understand; and they are only half the battle. Medicine is a thing one can do. It is a noble science, a practical science, and a subtle science, where I thought my powers of study and observation might help me to be keen at reading symptoms, and do good to man, and be a famous woman; so I concluded to benefit mankind and myself. Stop! that sounds like self-deception. It must have been myself and mankind I concluded to benefit. Anyway, I pestered that small section of mankind which consisted of my parents until they consented to let me study medicine in Europe."

"What, all by yourself?"

"Yes. Oh, girls are very independent in the States, and govern the old people. Mine said 'No' a few dozen times, but they were bound to end in 'Yes,' and I went to Zurich. I studied hard there, and earned the approbation of the professors: but the school deteriorated: too many ladies poured in from Russia; some were not in earnest, and preferred flirting to study, and did themselves no good, and made the male students idle, and wickeder than ever—if possible."

"What else could you expect?" said Vizard.

"Nothing else from *unpicked* women. But when all the schools in Europe shall be open—as they ought to be, and must, and shall—there will be no danger of shallow girls crowding to any particular school. Besides, there will be a more strict and rapid routine of examination then to sift out the female flirts—and the male dunces along with them, I hope.

"Well, Sir, we few that really meant medicine made inquiries, and heard of a famous old school in the south of France, where women had graduated of old; and two of us went there to try—an Italian lady and myself. We carried good testimonials from Zurich, and, not to frighten the Frenchmen at starting, I attacked them alone. Cornelia was my elder, and my superior in attainments; she was a true descendant of those learned ladies who have adorned the chairs of philosophy, jurisprudence, anatomy, and medicine in her native country; but she has the wisdom of the serpent as well as of the sage; and she put me forward because of my red hair. She said that would be a passport to the dark philosophers of France."

"Was not that rather foxy, Miss Gale?"

"Foxy as my hair itself, Mr. Vizard.

"Well, I applied to a professor. He received me with profound courtesy and feigned respect, but was staggered at my request to matriculate. He gesticulated and bowed *à la Française*, and begged the *permission* of his foxy-haired invader from northern climes to consult his colleagues. Would I do him the great honor to call again next day at twelve? I did, and met three other polished authorities. One spoke for all, and said, If I had not brought with me proofs of serious study, they should have dissuaded me very earnestly from a science I could not graduate in without going through practical courses of anatomy and clinical surgery. That, however (with a regular French shrug), was my business, not theirs. It was not for them to teach me delicacy, but rather to learn it from me. That was a French sneer. The French are *un gens moqueur*, you know. I received both shrug and sneer like marble. He ended it all by saying, The school had no written law excluding doctresses; and the old records proved women had graduated, and even lectured, there. I had only to pay my fees, and enter upon my routine of studies. So I was admitted on sufferance; but I soon earned the good opinion of the professors, and of this one in particular; and then Cornelia applied for admission, and was let in too. We lived together, and had no secrets; and I think, Sir, I may venture to say that we showed some little wisdom, if you consider our age and all that was done to spoil us. As to parrying their little sly attempts at flirtation, that is nothing: we came prepared; but when our fellow-students found we were in earnest, and had high views, the chivalrous spirit of a gallant nation took fire, and they treated us with a delicate reverence that might have turned any woman's head. But

we had the credit of a sneered-at sex to keep up, and felt our danger, and warned each other; and I remember I told Cornelia how many young ladies in the States I had seen puffed up by the men's extravagant homage, and become spoiled children, and offensively arrogant and discourteous; so I entreated her to check those vices in me the moment she saw them coming.

"When we had been here a year, attending all the lectures—clinical medicine and surgery included—news came that one British school, Edinburgh, had shown symptoms of yielding to Continental civilization, and relaxing monopoly. That turned me north directly. My mother is English: I wanted to be a British doctress, not a French. Cornelia had misgivings, and even condescended to cry over me. But I am a mule, and always was. Then that dear friend made terms with me: I must not break off my connection with the French school, she said. No, she had thought it well over, I must ask leave of the French professors to study in the north, and bring back notes about those distant Thulians. Says she, 'Your studies in that savage island will be allowed to go for something here, if you improve your time, and you will be sure to, sweetheart, that I may be always proud of you.' Dear Cornelia!"

"Am I to believe all this?" said Vizard. "Can women be such true friends?"

"What can not women be? What! are you one of those who take us for *a clique*? Don't you know more than half mankind are women?"

"Alas!"

"Alas for them!" said Rhoda, sharply.

"Well, well," said Vizard, putting on sudden humility, "don't let us quarrel. I hate quarreling—where I'm sure to get the worst. Ay, friendship is a fine thing, in men or women; a far nobler sentiment than love. You will not admit that, of course, being a woman."

"Oh yes, I will," said she. "Why, I have observed love attentively, and I pronounce it a fever of the mind. It disturbs the judgment and perverts the conscience. You side with the beloved, right or wrong. What personal degradation! I observe, too, that a grand passion is a grand misfortune; they are always in a storm of hope, fears, doubt, jealousy, rapture, rage, and the end deceit, or else satiety. Friendship is steady and peaceful; not much jealousy, no heart-burnings. It strengthens with time, and survives the small-pox and a wooden leg. It doubles our joys and divides our grief, and lights and warms our lives with a steady flame. *Solem e mundo tollunt, qui tollunt amicitiam.*"

"Halloo!" cried Vizard. "What, you know Latin too?"

"Why, of course—a smattering; or how could I read Pliny and Celsus and ever so much more rubbish that custom chucks down before the gates of knowledge, and says, 'There—before you go the right road, you ought to go the wrong; *it is usual.*' Study now, with the reverence they don't deserve, the non-observers of antiquity."

"Spare me the ancients, Miss Gale," said Vizard, "and reveal me the girl of the period. When I was so ill-bred as to interrupt you, you had left France, crowned with laurels, and were just invading Britain."

Something in his words or his tone discouraged the subtle observer, and she said, coldly, "Excuse me. I have hardly the courage. My British history is a tale of injustice, suffering, insult, and, worst of all, defeat. I can not promise to relate it with that composure whoever pretends to science ought: the wound still bleeds."

Then Vizard was vexed with himself, and looked grave and concerned. He said, gently, "Miss Gale, I am sorry to give you pain; but what you have told me is so new and interesting, I shall be disappointed if you withhold the rest; besides, you know it gives no lasting pain to relate our griefs. Come, come; be brave, and tell me."

"Well, I will," said she. "Indeed, some instinct moves me. Good may come of my telling it you. I think—somehow—you are —a—just—man."

In the act of saying this she fixed her gray eyes steadily and searchingly upon Vizard's face, so that he could scarcely meet them, they were so powerful; then suddenly the observation seemed to die out of them, and reflection to take its place; those darting eyes were turned inward. It was a marked variety of power. There was something wizard-like in the vividness with which two distinct mental processes were presented by the varied action of a single organ: and Vizard then began to suspect that a creature stood before him with a power of discerning and digesting truth such as he had not yet encountered either in man or woman. She entered on her British adventures in her clear silvery voice; it was not, like Ina Klosking's, rich and deep and tender, yet it had a certain gentle beauty to those who love truth, because it was dispassionate yet expressive, and cool yet not cold: one might call it truth's silver trumpet.

On the brink of an extraordinary passage I pause to make no less than three remarks in my own person. 1st. Let no reader of mine allow himself to fancy Rhoda Gale and her antecedents are a mere excrescence of my story: she was rooted to it even before the first scene of it—the meeting of Ashmead and the Klosking—and this will soon appear. 2d. She is now going into a controverted matter; and though she is sincere and truthful, she is of necessity a *par-*

tisan. Do not take her for a judge. You be the judge. 3d. But, as a judge never shuts his mind to either side, do not refuse her a fair hearing. Above all, do not underrate the question. Let not the balance of your understanding be so upset by ephemeral childishness as to fancy that it matters much whether you break an egg top or bottom, because Gulliver's two nations went to war about it; or that it matters much whether your Queen is called Queen of India or Empress, because two parties made a noise about it, and the country has wasted ten thousand square miles of good paper on the subject, trivial as the dust on a butterfly's wing. Fight against these illusions of petty and ephemeral minds. It does not matter the millionth of a straw to *mankind* whether any one woman is called Queen or Empress of India; and it matters greatly to *mankind* whether the whole race of women are to be allowed to study medicine and practice it, if they can rival the male, or are to be debarred from testing their scientific ability, and so outlawed, *though taxed*, in defiance of British liberty, and all justice, human and divine, by eleven hundred lawgivers—most of 'em fools.

ONLY A STUDY.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

"IT'S bad for us to stare at the girl in this way, but I was never so fetched by a living face before. She's a Greuze just stepped out of the canvas."

The man who said this was leaning at the time against the door-post of a crowded ball-room in a fashionable watering-place. He was one of a huge concourse of people who were shining it for the hour in the habiliments of other days and other climes and other ranks of life; one of a mass of English gentlemen and ladies of the nineteenth century who were masquerading it as bluff King Hals and White and Red Roses, as Mary Stuarts and Royalists and Roundheads, as Swiss Peasants and Greek Pirates, and Prides of the Harem and ladies of the Watteau period—in fact, he was one of seven hundred people who were each individually inclined to believe that he or she was the most successful element in this grand fancy-dress ball.

Impartial and unprejudiced persons—and there were a few of these scattered about—freely allowed that the man who has just soliloquized and the girl he soliloquized about were the reigning pair in the room by right of their supreme beauty. Ladies first: Violet Eyre shall have the first mention.

See her as she glides round in a waltz, the fleetest, lightest dancer in the room, bearing her own weight fairly, and yet trusting herself entirely to the guidance of her partner. It is hard to judge of her height. By the side of the man whose shoulder is on a level with the top of her head, she looks the perfect height. But then her figure is so wonderfully proportioned, and her movements are so wonderfully subtle and undulating, that one never has time to calculate her inches fairly.

She is dressed now in a soft white silky Grecian robe that is made high in the throat, and that falls from thence in soft clinging folds to her waist, where it is confined by a golden girdle; from thence in fuller folds to her pretty sandaled feet; her arms are bare, the robe being only clasped over the shoulders in the approved classical fashion; her hair streams away in cloudy splendor down over her shoulders and back: it is dark brown in hue, with golden dashes in it, and it is silky in texture; her eyes are like wood violets, a warm purplish-blue; and in every feature of her changeful, mobile face there is eagerness and passion and beauty.

The man who was watching was an equally striking and equally attractive figure. Tall and supple, watchful and polished, dark and fervent-looking, with something fierce and fickle in the flashing glance which dwelt so critically and yet so heartlessly on the charms of the women about him, with something untrue about him that you couldn't define, with something irresistible about him that you couldn't define. He was dressed now after one of Vandyck's best-known portraits of himself; and there was professional tact in this, for Mr. Guy Dorrimer was a painter.

Presently he found one of the stewards, and asked him for an introduction to the lady in the Greek costume, and had for answer that the lady was a stranger, and so was out of the pale of his (the efficient steward's) professional duties. Mr. Dorrimer was not to be rebuffed by a first failure. He made a second application; this time it was to a lady, a pretty young married woman, with whom he was tolerably familiar.

"Mrs. Linton," he said, "do you want to heighten my feeling of adoration for you?"

"Of course I do, Guy," she said, laughing up into his eyes with her sweet hazel ones in a way that no woman who was not happily married would have dared to do.

"Then get me introduced to that ravishing little beauty, the 'first Grecian' in the room."

"You mean the pretty Miss Eyre, I suppose? Are you subjugated already? If you are, bless the fact of being a friend of mine, for she is a cousin of my husband's. When I suggested that costume to her, I thought it would please your artist eye."

Mrs. Linton had her hand on Guy Dorrimer's arm by this time, and was leading him along to the beautiful Violet as gayly

and carelessly as if he were not a widely reputed wolf. A very dangerous wolf, indeed, this same attractive artist had proved himself to scores of unsophisticated lambs. Still, for all, sheep-folds were not closed to him, and Mrs. Linton deemed it absolutely unnecessary to fore-arm by forewarning her husband's marvelously lovely country cousin. To the young, handsome, clever, happy married woman, this accomplished Adonis was perfectly harmless. She liked him, and she was proud and pleased by knowing that he liked her. But it did not occur to her that the majority of her own sex went down before him like corn before the reaper.

"Violet, let me introduce my friend Mr. Dorrimer to you," she said, putting her hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder, and causing the owner of the Greuze face to look up with that sudden surprised pleasure that is so apt to urge a man on in the path that may be often lighted by such looks.

He asked her for the next dance at once, but Mrs. Linton interposed: "The next is a square dance, and you neither of you care for that, I am sure. Why don't you sit it out, and talk and get to know each other? Come, I'll help you, if you will find seats for us, Guy." So he found seats for them contentedly, having the promise of the next galop with this newly found beauty, and stood up before them, looking very gallant in his Vandyck dress, and being helped cleverly to a knowledge of Violet by his friend and ally, Mrs. Linton.

The mutual friend had the happy art at her command of putting people on a good, safe, conversational platform with one another at once. She contrived, without stating the fact broadly, to let Violet know that Mr. Dorrimer was a well-known artist, whose name *ought* to be known to every cultivated person; and with equal adroitness she contrived to make him understand that Miss Eyre was indigenous to the soil of this neighborhood, and so, being likewise possessed of taste, could give him information respecting some lovely bits of scenery that she (Mrs. Linton) desired him to immortalize.

She was sweet to watch from afar, this girl, but she was even sweeter to talk to. She was earnest, passionate, brilliant, even as her face had promised. A country girl born and bred, she was still so well and carefully cultivated that he, a finished man of the world and the constant companion of men of letters, found her able to take up any topic that he pleased to start. He began his study of her that night, and the prospect it opened to him pleased him well.

"For mercy's sake, *belle dame*, don't let this be the last I may see of your beautiful friend," he whispered to Mrs. Linton, when the ball gave signs of breaking up.

"Of course it won't be the last you'll see of her," she replied, frankly. "Jack and I are going back to my uncle's to stay for a few days. You will come and call on me, naturally."

"Naturally," he said, smiling. "But how does that help me to a further sight of the rarest Greuze I have ever had the good fortune to meet with?"

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know. Her father, Mr. Eyre, is Jack's uncle. Mind you come. Good-night."

"Good-night," he echoed; and then he rushed off for a farewell glimpse of the girl whose beauty was of the most suggestive order that had ever come under his observation.

"Good-night, Miss Eyre. I have your cousin's permission to call upon her, so I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said, in her frank, fearless, girlish candor; and he smiled to himself as he thought, "That, at least, isn't artificial. She's glad, if not more than glad, that she is to see me again."

What a flower-face it was that beamed upon him for an instant as she seated herself in the carriage and gave one last look back at the entrance-door to that roomful of pomps and vanities! "A Passion-flower" he called it; and never did a botanist dissect a new species of the family with greater interest than Guy Dorrimer set about analyzing and dissecting all the possibilities which that face revealed or concealed. How he thanked his lucky stars for having made a friend and favorite of Mrs. Linton now! He had always liked that lively lady, though she withheld the tribute of love which most women paid him willingly. But now he positively adored her. She was a pleasant means to a most delightful end.

"I will paint her first as Mary Stuart listening to Chastelar's first love song; by-and-by she'll do well for the Cenci. What a glorious young creature she is! I'll have her the topic of the 'private view' at the Academy next May."

This was his thought about the girl as he sat up smoking his last cigar that night after the ball. Hers of him about the same hour was: "I shall see him again—*once* for certain; and who knows what that once may lead to? How *can* I have lived twenty-two years in the world and been satisfied with it without knowing Guy Dorrimer?"

About the same time Jack Eyre and his wife were discussing the ball in the free, jolly, open way in which only husbands and wives who are sure of each other can discuss such things.

"As a spectacle, it was splendid," the lady said. "I didn't dance much; people don't, somehow, at fancy-dress balls. I wish you had been there, Jack. Violet looked so well."

"Did she dance much? She looked divine enough when she came home to have danced all the men out of their minds."

"Well, I think one man was rather 'fetched,' as he calls it, by her."

"And that was—"

"Guy Dorrimer. What a splendid pair they'll make, Jack!"

"You don't mean to say that you introduced Dorrimer to her, little woman! Katy! Katy! I never knew you lacking in discretion before." And then he explained to her some of Guy Dorrimer's most striking characteristics, and poor good-hearted Katy Linton learned with a feeling of self-reproach that she had put lovely Violet in the power of a lion.

"I wish I had kept him to myself, as you say, dear," she said, mournfully, at last. "I would rather have danced with him all the evening, at the risk of being 'the topic' at every old cat's tea table in the neighborhood for the next fortnight, than have done this, if he *is* as dangerous as you say. And this isn't all, Jack—he's coming here to call."

"Then you must take him to yourself, Katy. Take it for granted that his call is entirely on you, and keep Violet out of the room. Old Eyre would never forgive any fast-and-loose play with his daughter."

But Fate favored Guy Dorrimer more than she did the Lintons. When the handsome artist found his way over to the Eyres' house, Violet was sitting with her cousin's wife; and though Jack came in gallantly and tried to swoop her off, there the Passion-flower remained the whole time. True, he talked principally to the pretty married woman, but his eyes said more than his tongue this day, and his eyes were given to the girl.

"Don't you know that Guy Dorrimer is by way of being a great flirt of Katy's?" Jack Eyre said to his young cousin as they stood watching the late guest ride down the avenue. "You should have come out in the garden with me, Vi, when I gave you a hint; I dare say they had a dozen things to say to one another that they didn't want us to hear."

The girl looked up quickly, with her face in a glow. "I don't believe you, Jack," she said. "I beg your pardon for telling you so bluntly, but you're only saying that to make me think less of Mr. Dorrimer, for some reason or other."

He felt himself thrown out by her candor and her keenness, but he determined to make one more effort.

"I assure you you may believe me," he said, earnestly. "It's very well known that Guy Dorrimer only permits himself to lose his head with married women. He feels that he's safe with them; their chains can be shaken off any moment when he tires of them; and he does tire of all chains very quickly, you must know."

"And if he is 'devoted' to other married women in the way in which he is devoted to Katy, I like him the better for it," she replied, determinedly. "Dear Katy! every man to whom she is gracious ought to adore her. I hope he does."

"She is not to be choked off," Jack said, disconsolately, to his wife when alone. "I tried to make her jealous of you, and she almost laughed at me. He means mischief, Katy; we must get him away."

"How can we do it?" And then they went into a committee of ways and means, and finally came despairingly to the conclusion that they were powerless, that they must even let things take their own course. "Let us hope, let us pray, that he is better than you think him, Jack," Kate said, in a little sanguine flash of feeling for her friend Guy. But Jack only shook his head in reply.

They were appalled a few days after this by hearing from Mr. Eyre that he had asked their artist friend to dinner. "I met him to-day—he was out with the hounds; and upon my word the fellow rode wonderfully for a London man. We happened to jog along together on our way home, and naturally talked of you; he's very warm in your praises, Katy. I thought you would like me to ask him here to dine."

"Oh, I do wish you hadn't, uncle!" Katy said, impulsively. Then she remembered that it behooved her to offer some sort of explanation of this speech, and in her hurry she blundered. "Jack doesn't like me to see much of him," she went on, almost laughing herself at the excuse.

In a moment Violet's wonderful eyes were upon her, and Violet's grave, sweet voice made itself heard: "Why do you tell that fib, Katy? You know Jack would leave you for a month alone with Mr. Dorrimer, or let you go to the end of the world with him. Why do you tell that fib?"

"Indeed, indeed, Violet, you're mistaken. Charming as he is, he *is* a dangerous man; he's not to be trusted," Kate Linton said, eagerly.

"You're not distrustful of him as far as you're concerned yourself," the girl persisted.

"No, perhaps not," Mrs. Linton said, hesitatingly.

"Then don't develop distrust on other people's account," Violet said, a little haughtily. "I have not known him as long as you have, but I wouldn't harbor such thoughts of him for the world," and the Passion-flower bloomed into new and more intense loveliness as she spoke.

"It's all up with poor Vi, I see that," Jack said, dejectedly, to his wife. "I'll see what I can do with him when he dines here."

"Oh, Jack, perhaps if we meddle, we shall only make mischief and misery; whereas, if

we let it alone, things may go straight. Perhaps he is tired of flying from flower to flower. If he is, where can he ever hope to find a lovelier, sweeter wife than Violet?"

"That's a Utopian dream, my dear. A wife of his own is the last thing our fascinating friend would think of. There is no doubt about it that the girl is hard hit already; but as for Guy—" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders, for just then Violet came into the room. She was looking a little more flushed and excited than was her wont, and crumpled up in her hand was a note. She began asking the Lintons rather eagerly what their plans were for the day, and she seemed to be relieved when Jack told her that he wanted to take his wife to see some old ruins, about seven miles distant. "Your father has told us that we can have the dog-cart," he added, "and that holds three well."

"Who are the three?" she asked.

"You and ourselves. You'll go, won't you?"

She shook her head. "Not to-day, thanks, Jack."

"Then we'll send down to the inn and ask Dorrimer to join us," Jack said, turning with affected carelessness to his wife.

"That you can do as you please about," Violet said, a trifle coldly; and they noticed that she crushed the crumpled note a little harder in her hand.

Jack sauntered down himself to the inn where their dangerously attractive detrimental was staying. But he had his trouble for nothing. Guy Dorrimer would have been enchanted to see the ruins, but just this afternoon it was impossible that he could do so. He was engaged "on professional business." "And you know," he said, with a peculiar laugh, "that I never let anything stand in the way of my making a possibly successful study."

So the Lintons went to the ruins without him, feeling dubious the whole time as to their wisdom in going at all, and leaving the field open to the enemy, although the sun came out and glorified the ruins wonderfully. The same sun illuminated an even lovelier scene.

There was a cleverly designed rustic cot, called the bower-room, in Mr. Eyre's grounds. It stood on a platform of glorious turf that was thickly studded with trees and shrubs, midway down a winding path that led to the bank of a purling, bowlder-decorated river. This cot was thatched, octagon in shape, and flooded on a sunshiny day with a soft warm light that made one long for palette and brushes instantaneously. Here, while the Lintons were gazing with such interest as they could at the ruins seven miles away, Guy Dorrimer stood busily making the first sketch of his contemplated picture of Mary Stuart listening to Chastelar's first love song. And the model for the Scottish queen was Violet Eyre.

The girl sat on a low seat at some distance from the easel, with her eyes fixed on the painter's face, and all her soul in her eyes. So rapt was she in her regard of him that she made a perfect model. The only movement he could discern was the quick heaving of her bosom as she breathed in a succession of those stifled sighs which women do breathe in when their hearts are touched to *more* than tenderness, and they know not yet whether or not it is returned.

"Magnificent, *ma belle*—excuse me, I mean Miss Eyre," he said, when he had put in her figure, falling back as he said it to mark the effect. "You have the right look in your eyes, and the right tremulous movement—" He paused abruptly, and she asked, impatiently,

"What?—the right tremulous movement of what?"

Bold as he was, and base as he was, he did hesitate to tell her that if he had finished his sentence, it would have stood thus: "And the right tremulous movement of coming passion in your lips." He evaded answering her by saying,

"How about a Chastelar? I shall have to sketch in myself. Will you object to the companionship?"

"Object to it!" The thrill of her voice touched even him as she said those three words.

"Will you do a little more than not object? Will it give you a feeling of living interest in the work?" he went on, in a low tone. "Miss Eyre, I must have dreamed of such perfection as I find in your face, for I have never seen it before, and yet it came upon me as a known and a loved thing when I met you at that never-to-be-sufficiently-blessed ball the other night."

"You have had much practice in saying these things; but, remember, I am a novice in hearing them," she said, with a quiver passing over her that thrilled his heart-strings as if a sympathetic hand passed over a lute.

"Thank Heaven, you haven't heard them before," he muttered; "it would half kill me to feel that some other man had said them to you."

From that hour the bower-room became a holy spot to her. While the painting of that picture lasted—and it lasted long enough for the Lintons to be obliged to go home while it was still unfinished—Violet was sure of at least two hours' happiness every afternoon.

How did it come about? Who can say how such things come about? The girl did not think she was living a lie in thus securing to herself hours of solitude with Guy Dorrimer. He deftly persuaded her to believe that it would be bad for his work, in-

jurious to it from the art point of view, if they were interrupted, or even if he felt that they were liable to be interrupted. "You don't know *yet*," he would say, with emphasis, "what an awfully prostrating feeling it is to a true artist, that at any moment some outsider may come in and say and look unsympathetic things. I couldn't paint a bit. It throws me out of gear too utterly if I don't feel that, for the hour at least, I'm sure of no raids being made upon me by my fellow-creatures. Let us say nothing about it, *ma belle*, until we can show it finished to your father."

She agreed, of course. To what, indeed, would she not have agreed, if Guy Dorrimer had asked her? And on the face of it this seemed to be such a simple, natural request for an artist to make on behalf of his beloved art. It was keeping strictly within the limits of that sacred line which he had drawn around himself in her eyes by being an artist at all. She could but agree to it, and she agreed with a ready pleasure that made him throb with gratified vanity.

It was necessary to talk to her a great deal, in order that the varying expressions of which her lovely face was capable might develop themselves. So he would cease from his work at times, and sit down near her, and talk to her in silky, subtle accents of the subject that was most interesting to her in the whole world—himself.

What idyls those hours were to her! How she loved each moment of them, and cherished them as living ministers of joy to her almost as they passed! How long she soon found all the other hours were, the hours that she did not spend with him! How dull and vapid was the talk of other people after the intense fervor of those speeches of his that never palled upon her! How ardently she soon, poor girl, grew to desire that he would say something more definite to her than he had yet permitted himself to say!

One morning he was putting the finishing touches to his picture, and she was turning these things over in her mind so earnestly that when he looked up at her suddenly, their eyes met, and he read her thoughts in hers. "She'll do for the Cenci soon," he thought; but he only said, "Violet, are you tired of this work?"

She shook her head, and said, vehemently, "Oh no, no, no!"

"You are looking tired of something, dear," he said, and he let the "dear" fall off his tongue with an air of unconsciousness, while her bosom and face burned with blushes. But she could not word her doubts and little impatiences; so she only sighed and said nothing. Then he came close to her and bent over her, and took her trembling hand in his and half drew her lovely head against his shoulder, and, as in a dream, she felt his kisses on her brow, her cheek, and finally her lips. Then she found breath to pant out, "Oh, Guy! Guy!"

"My darling," he said, with fervor, "you were so silent and looked so strange that I feared you were ill." He withdrew his arm from her waist now, and there was nothing for her but to move her head away. "Surely he will tell me how he loves me, and ask for my love in return, after that," she thought, with a sort of sore feeling that she had been tricked into a betrayal of feeling that was unmaidenly. But he had got his head again completely. He was cool enough to have chilled and withered a warmer passion-flower even than this one, whose petals and stamens he could cause to unfold at his will.

The girl took herself as severely to task as girls of twenty are able to take themselves on the subject of his possible love and palpable halting. He had kissed her and called her "darling," and she had accepted the caress and the epithet without fear and without reproach at first, for she felt as if they were rightfully her own. He had been leading up to these expressions of fervor for what seemed, according to her calculations, like a long time now. For many days, during long hours of each day, his looks had been caresses, and so had his words. And as for hand-pressings, her poor little trembling palm was always hot from the convulsive clasp his had given it. Of course, she argued, he must love her, or he would not do these things; and loving her, he would surely wish her to be his wife. And if he wished it, what was there to prevent it, and so why should either fear or reproach enter in and worry her?

According to the wont of women, she did yearn for the moment when this ardent lover of hers should no longer love in secret, but should announce himself to the world, and suffer her to glory in him in the sight of all men. She did also, being a loving, tender daughter, long for the time to fulfill itself when her father should be able to share in some faint degree in the bliss she felt in having taken such a captive with her own bow and arrow. Above all, being a woman, and no marble statue, she did pant for the time to come when she might respond to those caresses—when she might crown him her king with the kiss, the mere thought of which made her lovely lips vibrate with emotion. "And that time will come soon, must come soon, shall come soon," she whispered that night as she closed her happy eyes, and tried to still the beatings of her happy heart.

He, meanwhile, was giving a few more touches to his picture, which was removed from the bower-room to the inn now. Two or three transient expressions had flitted over her face while he was bending over her

and calling her his darling that morning that seemed to him to be the very things hitherto wanting to make his conception of the Scottish queen a matchless one. He was peculiarly happy in his vivid recollection of these and in his power of reproducing them; and so he was well satisfied with his work, and very gratefully inclined toward Mrs. Linton for introducing him to so lovely a model.

"What an intense, fervent little puss it is!" he said to himself, with a smile, as he stood gazing down into the pictured face of the girl who was overready, perhaps, to worship him. "If I had seen her three years ago, and she had had three thousand a year, I should probably have added a few words just now to that sentence which ended in 'my darling;' but as it is, my jolly widow won't be left lamenting. By-the-way, it's about time that I told my wood Violet that I am an engaged man."

She gave him a sitting the next morning for that highly idealized portrait of the Cenci which he had conceived and been unable to execute hitherto by reason of his never having found a sufficiently fair model. And when he was well in the swing of his work, he began, lightly wielding his brush the while, as though no heart was being tortured before him:

"By-the-way, I shall soon be seeing your charming cousin, Mrs. Linton, again. What message shall I take to her from you?"

"Soon be seeing Katy?" she asked, with a spasm.

"Yes. I must be off the day after to-morrow. I never work really well out of town, and I am anxious to get this ready for hanging-day. I hope you will honor it with a glance when you come up to the Academy. I suppose you will come? Every one does."

She could not answer; she could not even comprehend the latter part of his sentence. She could only mutter,

"Going! the day after to-morrow!"

He was a trifle touched by the hopeless misery, the openly hopeless misery, of her tone. "I'd better end it at once, for my own sake as well as hers," he thought; and that being a strong motive power, he obeyed it.

"Why, you know, I'm not a free man. Fetters, however silken they may be, make themselves felt at times."

"Not a free man," she faltered, and the white pain crept over her face in an instant.

"No. Didn't Mrs. Linton tell you that I am to be married in April? I had railed against matrimony so long that I thought all my friends would delight in spreading abroad the tale of the triumph over me. You must let me introduce you to my— Violet! Violet!" He forgot prudence, and sprang forward and caught her in his arms as she was falling, a crushed flower, from her seat. But she recovered herself, and recoiled from him.

"The bleak winds of March make me tremble and shiver," she said, with a pallid smile; "but I'm better now, and I promise I won't collapse in that way again."

"My little friend, I hope not," he said, drawing a deep breath. "I have overtaxed your strength with these long sittings, I fear."

"They'll soon be over now," she said, shaking her head impatiently. And then she sat in dumb agony, while he went and strove to catch a new look of misery that had come into her eyes. And she constrained herself to sit still while the memory of all his loving looks and words, of his kisses and caresses, seemed to take shape and substance and dance around her like demons.

Both the Chastelar and the Cenci pictures were finished in time, and were well hung on the line. There was a good deal of talk about them, for the beauty they immortalized was of a new and splendid type. "Some people say his wife is his model," one of a group who were standing before the portrait said, and at once two or three adverse opinions were offered on the subject.

"I don't believe it's his wife. A fellow wouldn't be lucky enough to get a rich wife with such beauty as that."

"I met Dorrimer and his bride at dinner the other day," another interposed. "She's a woman with a short nose and a sensuous chin, and eyes like an owl's. A fine, fleshy woman, who keeps her exuberance in with tight lacing, and wears the costliest produce of the looms of Lyons, and talks in a fat, throaty voice; but he has got three thousand a year with her."

"There she is in the flesh," another whispered, "over by the Chastelar picture; and that's Guy Dorrimer close behind her, speaking to some people in deep mourning."

It was Guy Dorrimer, and the people in deep mourning to whom he was speaking were Jack and Katy Linton. The words they interchanged were very few. He thought they tried to pass him, so he put himself in their path, and said,

"I hoped to see Miss Eyre with you. She promised to come and look at the work that owes its being to her."

"Don't you *know*?" Jack Linton cried. "Come on, Katy. I'll come back in a moment, Mr. Dorrimer. Come and sit down, Katy."

"No," Katy said, in a very low voice, but it sounded like the trumpet of the avenging angel in Guy Dorrimer's ears—"no, Jack, let me bear my part of the punishment by being the one to tell him that not even to please him, for whom she died, can bring Violet Eyre back from heaven."

TOMBS IN OLD TRINITY.



ANCIENT GRAVE-STONES.

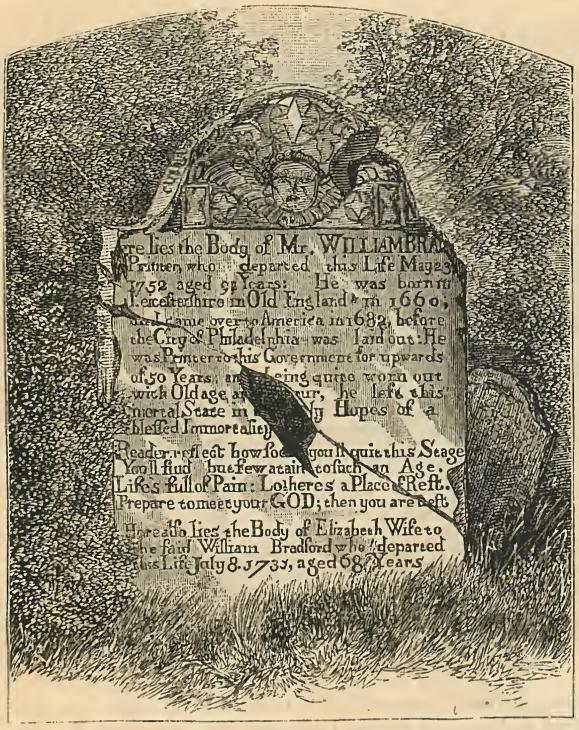
TRINITY Church-yard, lying like a closed volume alongside the noisiest and busiest thoroughfare in America, is in itself an impressive and endearing history. It is little noticed by the hurrying, dollar-seeking multitude who pass and repass it daily and semi-daily; but there are those among us who love the memories it awakens; and visitors from other climes pause beside its railings and peer with inquiring eyes into its sycamore shades. Its situation dispels the traditionary gloom supposed to be an inevitable ingredient to the atmosphere of the realm of the departed. It commands the very heart—around which all the life pulses ebb and flow—of a brilliant and powerful city, which has its financial, commercial, social, and domestic roots stretched to the remotest quarters of the globe; and at the same time it sheds a soft, steady light over the varied and interesting elements of character which have contributed to such significant results. It is the bright particular link in the chain which connects the prosperous present of New York with her precarious beginnings.

A few moments spent in this sacred inclosure is like paying a visit to a former city. Genius, beauty, worth, and patriotism meet you on every side. Distinguished scions of Europe's nobility sleep here on the same level with our own brave sons and fair daughters. The governor, the poet, and the soldier share equally in the consecrated solitude.

Upon a plain, circumspect-looking stone, but a few yards from the sidewalk, is perpetuated the name of William Bradford. It brings before us the handsome, delicate youth of nineteen, who was honored with the personal friendship of the mature and far-sighted William Penn. Less than two hundred years ago, the illustrious two landed upon American soil at a romantic point just below the city of Philadelphia (that Centennial capital not yet having an existence), and walked arm in arm to the nearest habitation.

William Bradford had learned his trade with the celebrated Andrew Soule, of London—whose daughter he afterward married—and was the first printer in this country south of Boston. It was he who introduced the art of printing into New York; and after serving the government as public printer for a long series of years, established the pioneer of all the newspapers which have since graced our door-steps and breakfast tables. He was also the founder of the first paper mill in America, and the father of book-binding and copper-plate engraving. He was of noble birth, as appears from his escutcheon; for although forbidden by his art from writing himself *armigero*, he always sealed carefully with arms.

He returned to England after his visit of exploration, but within three years took up his permanent abode on this side of the water, bringing over a quaint little printing-press. His first issue was an almanac. In the record of remarkable events by which he particularized certain days, he inserted the paragraph, "The beginning of govern-



GRAVE OF WILLIAM BRADFORD.

balmed his memory with enduring honor.

Yet William Bradford did more. He not only established and sustained the press in the middle colonies of America, but he was the first man in this or any other country to maintain its freedom against arbitrary power. He printed the charter of Pennsylvania in 1689, for which he was arraigned before the Governor and Council, and subjected to a unique and searching examination. He had anticipated trouble, and had taken care that no one should see him perform the work, as he knew that the law would compel his accusers to fix the offense upon the right individual. They tried to surprise him into a confession, but he was invincible. John Hill, one of the Governor's counselors, said, "The charter is the groundwork of all our laws, and for you to print it at this time, *without orders from the government*, is a great misdemeanor."

Bradford replied, "Governor, it is my employ, my trade, my calling, and that by which I get my living, to print; and if I may not print such things as come to my hand which are innocent, I can not live. I am not a person that takes such advice of one party or

ment here by the Lord Penn." The Quaker rulers of Pennsylvania, who eschewed all manner of high-sounding titles, were offended, and summoning the audacious young printer before them, ordered him to blot out the words "Lord Penn." They then proceeded to interdict his printing any thing in the future "but what shall have lycence of ye Council." The next year (1686) he printed *Burnyeat's Epistle*, four pages, small quarto. In 1688, seventeen years before Benjamin Franklin was born, William Bradford published the *Temple of Wisdom*, which includes "Essays and Religious Meditations of Francis Bacon." A few months later he issued the first Bible ever printed in this country, and the Book of Common Prayer. The Bible sold for twenty shillings; the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, bound together, for twenty-two shillings.

Such an enterprise, projected and successfully executed by a young man of twenty-four, in a remote wilderness a thousand leagues from the genial influences of elder civilization, was sufficient alone to have em-

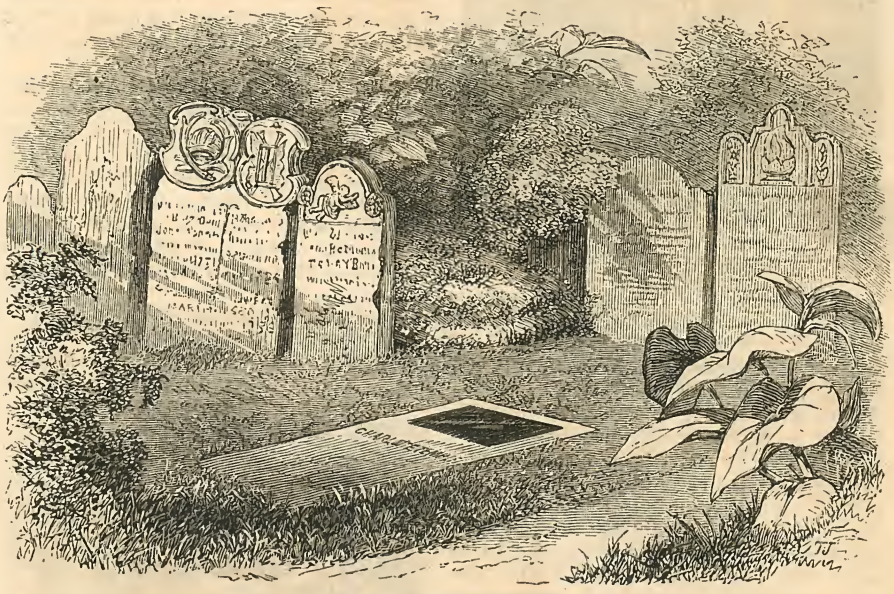


QUAINT OLD GRAVE-STONES.

other, as Griffith Jones seems to suggest. If I print one thing to-day, and the contrary party bring me another to-morrow to contradict it, I can not say that I shall not print it. Printing is the manufacture of the nation, and therefore ought rather to be encouraged than suppressed."

The Governor exclaimed, "I know printing is a great benefit to a country, if it be rightly managed, but otherwise as great a mischief. Sir, we are within the king's dominions, and the laws of England are in force here, and you know the laws, and they are against printing, and *you shall print nothing without allowance.*"

Bradford, with provoking coolness, fixed his dark eyes upon the Governor, and remarked, quietly, "Since it has been said here that the charter is the ground or found-



GRAVE OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

dation of all our laws and privileges, both of Governor and people, I would willingly ask one question, if I may without offense, and that is, whether the people ought not to know their privileges and the laws they are under?"

The Governor's brow contracted for an instant.

"William, there is that in the charter which overthrows all your laws and privileges. Governor Penn hath granted more power and privileges than he hath himself."

Bradford said, "That is not my business to judge of or determine; but if any thing be laid to my charge, let me know my accusers. I am not bound to accuse myself."

At a later date Bradford printed a tract for the party out of power, and was arrested by the party in power, and his office and press were seized by the sheriff. He was tried before two Quaker judges. He conducted his own defense, fearlessly and with singular skill. He challenged two of the jurymen for having expressed opinions on the subject, and in every phase of the case he revealed marked legal acumen. In order to prove that the prisoner had printed the tract, the prosecution brought the form into the court-room. Bradford ridiculed the transaction, and declared that the form was no legal evidence until it could be shown that he had printed from it. The form was handed along among the jurors, when suddenly the *quoins* loosened, and the mass of type fell through, a pile of *pi*. Bradford had the joke on his side, and ere long succeeded in publishing an account of the trial, which circulated extensively. He appealed to a higher tribunal, that of the Governor and Council; and in the mean while Fletcher arrived, and was Governor over Pennsylvania as well as New York. When the case came before him (in 1693), Bradford was triumphantly acquitted, and not only that, but invited to New York to print for the government on a stated salary.

During Fletcher's administration the press was brought into conspicuous notice, and Bradford prospered in a pecuniary point of view, as he was constantly receiving extra allowances. But Fletcher's liberality in this as well as many other matters was deemed excessive. He was superseded in 1698 by the Earl of Bellomont, who was a reformer, and in favor of retrenching all salaries—except his own. Bradford rebelled at the

diminution of his income. The earl was haughty and critical, and the printer curt and short. They had frequent disputes, and the latter told the former on more than one occasion that he might do his own printing. It finally happened that the earl had been holding a remarkable conference with the



GRAVE OF SIDNEY BREESE.

Indians at Albany. It was in the autumn of 1700. It lasted seven or eight days. "I was shut up," to use the earl's own language, "in a close chamber with fifty sachems, who, besides the stench of bear's-grease, with which they were plentifully daubed, were continually smoking tobacco and drinking rum." He (the earl) wanted to send a printed account of the conference to the ministers of state in England. Bradford claimed that it did not come within his stipulated work, and demanded extra pay. The earl turned on his heel. The next morning the printer was reported ill with the gout. Days passed, and the work was not done. The earl considered the gout a sham, and displaced Bradford, giving the position, as far as it could be filled, to Abraham Gouverneur. The death of the earl, and the advent of Lord Cornbury within a short period, restored Bradford to his emoluments, and henceforth things went on smoothly with him. He edited the paper which he established in 1725 until he was over eighty years old. The value of such a life, and its bearing upon our present institutions, can never be properly estimated.

As you pause near Bradford's tomb, you find yourself within the eighteenth century indeed, and even in the seventeenth. Ancient head-stones with curious epitaphs are upon every side. Time, with persistent industry, has succeeded in polishing off haughty crests and winged angel ornamentations, until they present an aspect quite in keeping with advanced years and our own enlarged and republican notions. Some few are broken and cracked, bearing the scars of the great fire of 1776. The various names and dates and inscriptions are a study. Here is the key to family history and forgotten adventures; there is the shining mark which designates some striking event in our country's records. Two words of touching eloquence, "My Mother," engraved upon the polished marble, warm the heart with tender love, and start the sympathetic tear. And ever and anon you are encompassed with a thrilling romance. What strange, sad, sweet sighs steal among the leafy boughs as you read from a dark slab beneath your feet the name of Charlotte Temple! Who has not heard the story of the beautiful, betrayed, and deserted English maiden, whose sufferings and death in New York have been made the subject of so much forcible rhetoric?

Then a flash of humor illumines the scene. Your eye has fallen upon an epitaph made by one of the wittiest, most eccentric, as well as one of the handsomest men of his time, for his own tomb. Sidney Breese was from a Welsh family, the present head of which is a wealthy baronet of Wales. He was the ancestor of the distinguished S. F. Breese Morse, who invented the means by which to

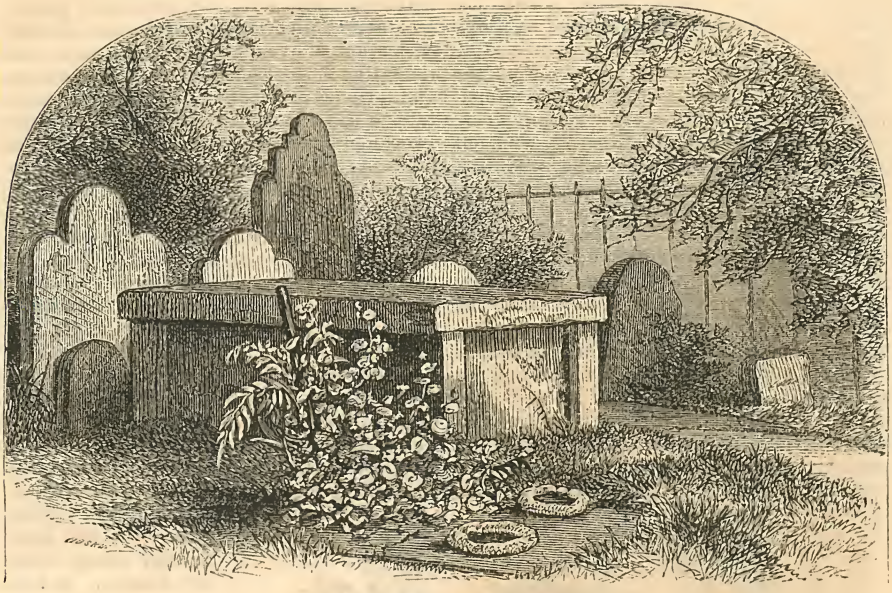
> "Speed the soft intercourse of soul with soul,
> And waft a sigh from Indies to the pole."

He was the great-grandfather, also, of Commodore Breese, of the United States navy,



GRAVE OF MICHAEL CRESAP.

and of Sidney Breese, late United States Senator. Before coming to America, he was an officer in the British navy and a Jacobite. At the time of the rebellion, in 1745, he was about mounting his horse to join the Pretender's army, when he heard of the latter's defeat by the Duke of Cumberland.



GRAVE OF GENERAL PHIL KEARNY.

He shortly after resigned his commission and came to New York, where he opened the first fancy store in the city. He was extremely social in his tastes, and was noted for giving good dinners, at which he always sang songs and told stories with great spirit, never failing to captivate his guests.

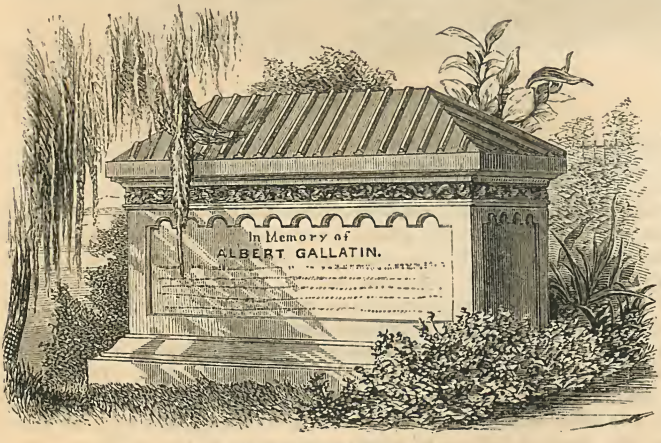
You pass on, only to be confronted by a soldier of fine presence and manly bearing. He is young—that is, about thirty-three—but invested, as it were, with a halo of tragic incidents and Indian horrors. His name, Michael Cresap, has been known to every school-boy since the time of Jefferson, through the famous speech of Logan, the tall, straight, lithe, athletic, sentimental Indian chief, who, reeking with his own bloody cruelties, defeated, despairing, and for once thoroughly afraid of his resolute foe, burst into the strain of accusation which has been pronounced the finest specimen of Indian rhetoric and eloquence in the history of the race. Captain Cresap, however, although so notably accused, was in no way responsible for the massacre of the chieftain's family, as he was many hundred miles away at the time of its occurrence. The Indian war to which reference is made, and which broke out on the Ohio just prior to the Revolution, was one of the bloodiest in our annals. Cresap (a young Maryland trader) was at the time clearing an extensive tract of land which he had purchased in that region, and had in his employ a large force of laborers. He was considered the bravest man west of the Alleghanies; thus, as soon as hostilities became a fixed fact, he was chosen captain of the militia. That he was a terror to the men of the forest, we have every reason to believe. This war was marked by atrocities so awful that history shudders to recite them, and finally Cresap traveled over the mountains and through the vales of Pennsylvania to the seat of government for instructions. He at once received a royal commission, and shortly afterward figured as one of the most efficient officers in Lord Dunmore's expedition against the Western savages. Peace was restored in 1774. In the spring of 1775, Cresap was appointed captain of a company of riflemen by order of Congress, and conducted his men to Boston to join Washington. Illness almost immediately compelled him to quit the army, and starting for home, he reached New York and died. It is one hundred and one years (in October) since he was consigned, with military honors, to his final rest in old Trinity.

To the west-northwest of the church edifice the names of Faneuil (ever associated with the "Cradle of American Liberty"), Crommelin, Neau, De Peuy, and many other of the early French Huguenots who settled among us, radiate a steady lustre. You are gently reminded that not only the graces and accomplishments, but the influence of education, the industry, arts, refinement of letters, and philosophy of theology of the French nation, were blended in our own great national structure, as if by magical operation, through the Huguenot movement, which brought so much of the best blood of France to our shores.

And again you pause near the southwestern corner of the edifice, amidst the chapter

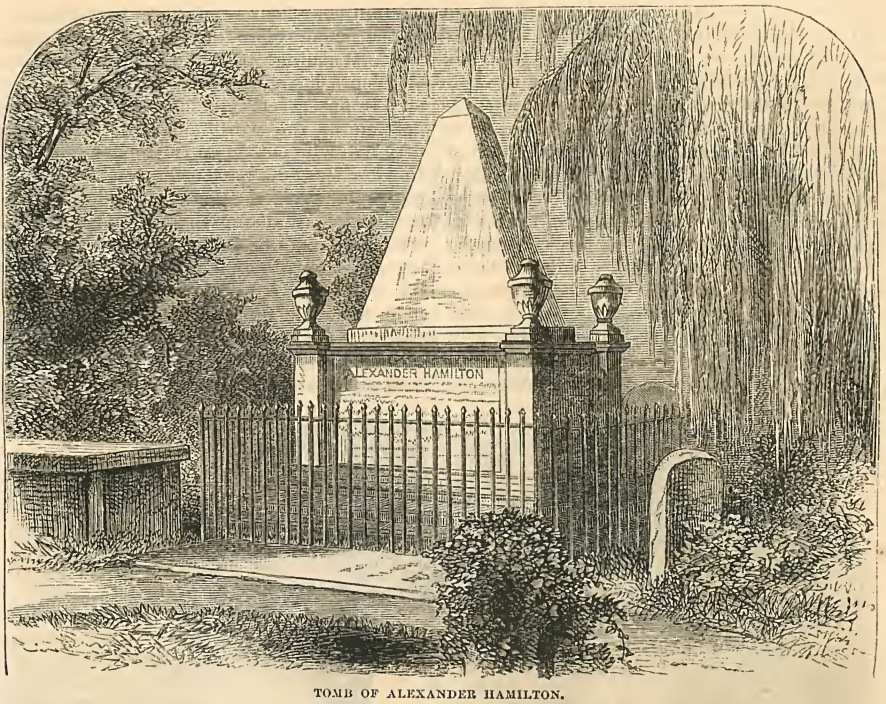
of associations which cluster about the Watts family vault. It is marked by a simple slab. And yet several generations of sterling characters seem to leap from the mists of the past into earnest and prominent life. A scion of the same gallant stock, here sleeps General Phil Kearny, who fell in 1862 at Chantilly—he who was pronounced by Scott, as well as by the whole American army, "*the bravest of the brave.*" It was in the military family of the accomplished veteran above mentioned that Kearny acquired the principles and the science of war, and it was under his eye that the young hero achieved his most notable exploit, that of leading the Balaklava charge of the American *one hundred*, through an army, up, if not into, the San Antonio gate of Mexico. He was a born soldier. Although reared in the New York home of his maternal grandfather, Hon. John Watts, far removed from military associations and allurements, his tastes and aspirations were decidedly in the direction of battle-fields. He doubtless inherited his impulsive, roving, danger-courting temper from the Kearnys, who came originally from Ireland, although Michael Kearny, the founder of the family in this country, married a daughter of the erratic Lewis Morris, the first Governor of New Jersey, and the blood lost nothing through its mixture with English daring. Philip Kearny's mother was the daughter of John Watts. In this line of ancestry we come to diverse elements. The shrewd common-sense of the Scot, the fiery nature, love of beauty, and chivalric bearing of the Huguenot, as handed along by the De Lanceys, who, brilliant and powerful, were for at least two decades before the Revolution the acknowledged head of the rising society of the continent, and the staid patriotism and independent character of the Hollander through the Van Cortlandts and Schuylers. Philip Kearny went forth, an ambitious, versatile, self-sacrificing volunteer, abandoning the luxuries of an inherited fortune of over $1,000,000, and after participating in the Mexican war, in the dangers and fatigues of a campaign in Africa, which carried the tricolor through the "Gates of Iron" and over the Atlas into the strongholds of Abd-el-Kader, and in the military operations which laid the basis of the present kingdom of Italy, he won immortal renown in the late war within our own borders. He fell just at the moment when his name was under consideration for the post of commander-in-chief, and the news caused mourning and lamentation throughout the country.

Tender memories overlap each other in this vicinity. The vaults of the Laights, Ogdens, Waltons, Lispenards, Bleeckers, Alexanders, Livingstons, and other of the leading families who have been identified with the growth of the city of New York, are thick about you. In the last-named sleeps Robert Fulton. A volume would spring from my pen were I to tarry longer.



TOMB OF ALBERT GALLATIN.

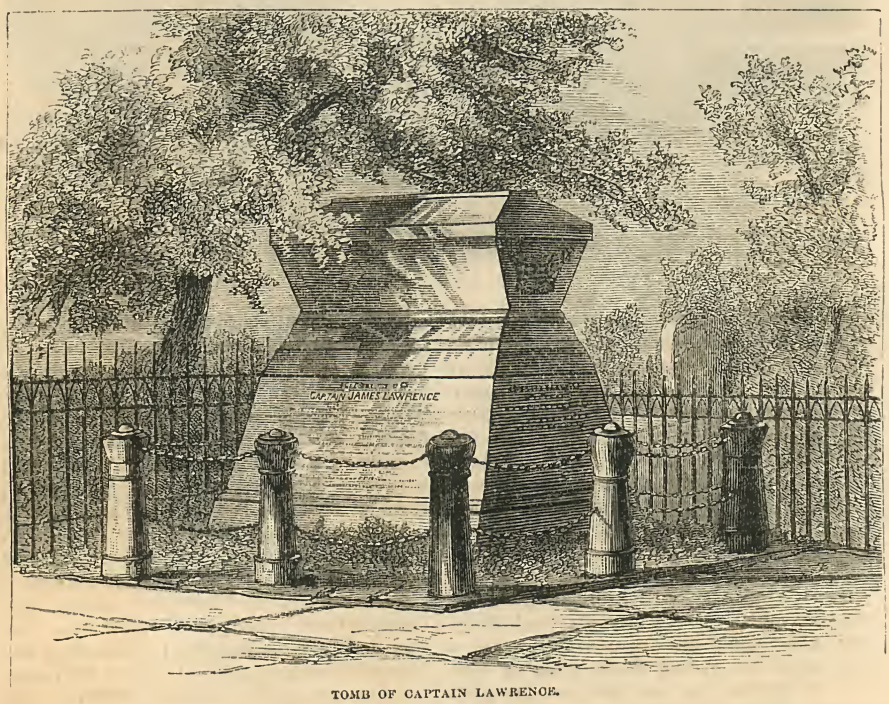
The tomb of Albert Gallatin, the statesman, awakens a new train of thought. He was of Swiss birth, his father being a counselor of state residing in Geneva, and both father and mother belonging to the Swiss nobility. He was of the same family as the celebrated Madame De Staël. Like Lafayette, he was attracted to this country (in 1780) through his sympathy with the Americans in their struggle for republican independence. He was but nineteen years of age. One of his first acts was to offer his services as a volunteer for the defense of Passamaquoddy, in Maine, and assisted the troops on their march to the frontier in dragging a heavy cannon through swamps and over muddy roads. He was shortly after appointed commander of the post. His career was full of incident, although he was not long in the military service. In 1781 he came in possession of his European patrimonial estate, and bought a large tract of land in Western Virginia. It was while surveying his newly acquired property that he first met Washington. It was in the log-cabin of a land agent. Washington was examining a crowd of hunters and squatters in relation to the best route for a road across the Alleghanies, and carefully noting each an-



TOMB OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

swer. Gallatin was quickly convinced by the testimony that there was but one practicable pass, and impatient at Washington's slowness in coming to a conclusion, interrupted him, exclaiming, "Oh, it's plain enough that" (naming the place) "is the most practicable." The by-standers started with astonishment at the presumptuous youth, and Washington regarded him sternly for a moment, then said, after asking a few more questions of the man he had been cross-examining, "You are right, Sir." When Gallatin departed, Washington inquired about him, and learning his history, soon after made his acquaintance. For a few years the young Swiss devoted himself to agriculture, but his peculiar gifts brought him into public notice, first in Virginia, and then in the councils of the nation. He was a member of Congress from 1795 to 1801, and in every important debate took a vigorous and effective part. His favorite topics were such as related to financial questions. In 1801 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Jefferson, which office he held until 1813, and was esteemed one of the first financiers of the age. He also exercised great influence in the other departments of the government and in the politics of the country. In 1813 he was one of the commissioners to St. Petersburg, the Russian government having offered to mediate between the United States and Great Britain, and the following year to Ghent, where the treaty of peace was concluded. In 1815 he was appointed minister to France, where he remained eight years, being deputed during the time on special missions to the Netherlands and to England. On his return to this country he declined a seat in the cabinet, also to be a candidate for Vice-President. But he did not retire altogether from public service; three years later he accepted an appointment from President Adams as Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain. From 1827 he resided in New York city, and devoted himself chiefly to literature, science, and historical and ethnological researches. He was mainly instrumental in founding, and became the first president of, the Ethnological Society, and he was from 1843 until his death president of the New York Historical Society. He wrote several works of great value. As late as 1846 the veteran financier and political economist drew from his stores of accumulated experience, and published a stirring pamphlet on the Oregon boundary question, which threatened "the scandalous spectacle," as he expressed it, "of an unnatural and unnecessary war" with England. Two years later he published another pamphlet on the same topic, entitled *The War Expenses of the Contest with Mexico;* and supplemented it with a tract reviewing the whole question, entitled *Peace with Mexico.* Of the latter more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies were distributed, and the direct result was an adjustment of the conflict. He was of medium

height, with features strongly marked, and an eye of piercing brilliancy. His intellectual charms were such that a club, called the Gallatin Club, was formed for the sole object of listening to his conversation. It counted among its members such men as Chancellor James Kent, President Moore of Columbia College, Professor Renwick, General John A. Stevens, Professor M'Vickar, and other eminent scholars. Gallatin was, perhaps, the best talker of the century, at home on all topics, with a wonderful memory for facts and dates. Few instances grace the pages of history where an adventurer in a strange land raised himself by simple force of energy and talent to such a pinnacle of distinction and usefulness, or



TOMB OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

where perfect purity was balanced in a political character with so much of genius and culture.

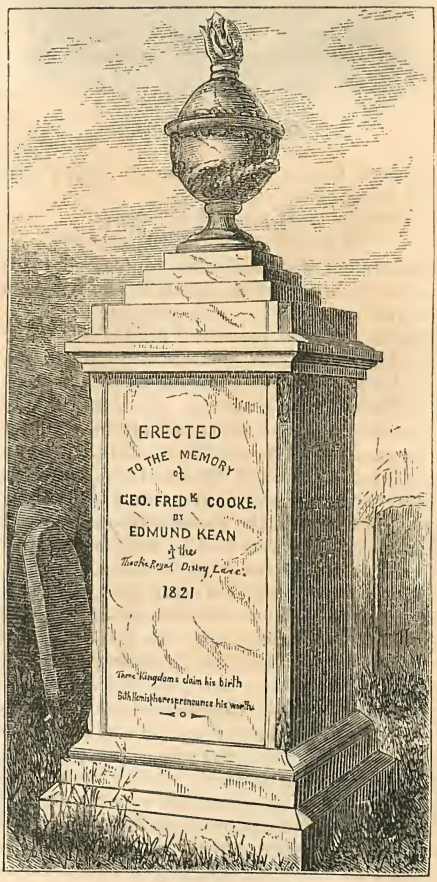
"I rank him side by side with Alexander Hamilton," wrote Judge Story. And turning toward Broadway, as if by magnetic impulse, you stand by the tomb of the soldier, statesman, and jurist. In the lives of the two remarkable men there were many points of resemblance. Hamilton was of foreign birth, although it was the Scotch strength and the French vivacity which were combined in him; he also evinced early exceptional aptitude for the solution of financial problems, and he rose to eminence solely through his individual merits. No one whose fame has been identified with the beginnings of our republic is better known to the people of to-day—not even the majestic Washington or the benign Franklin. He would have been designated as a great man in any assemblage of great men in any portion of the world. Of the illustrious fifty-five who convened to frame a constitution for the new nation, he was the bright particular star: the youngest and the smallest in stature among them all, and the one who could endure the most unremitted and intense mental labor. Observe his slight but erect figure, his powdered hair thrown back from his forehead and collected in a club behind, his fair complexion and flushed cheeks, his singularly expressive features—now grave and thoughtful, and then lighted with intelligence and sweetness—and notice the manner in which he catches the principle involved in a discussion, as if by instinct, together with the originality of his views. He seems endowed with prophetic vision, indeed. When the Constitution went into effect, and Hamilton was called to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, his practical management established the public credit, as well as his own great financial reputation. In the language of Daniel Webster, "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." As an individual he probably inspired warmer attachments among his friends and more bitter hatred from his foes than any other man in our

history. His tragic fate crowned what his genius had already achieved—an immortalized name.

The tomb of his wife, the beautiful daughter of General Philip Schuyler, is beside his own. She survived him many long years, and devoted herself with untiring industry to charities both public and private.

We are leaving the church-yard now, with its wealth of reminiscence, and tarry for a moment near the front entrance, beside a mausoleum of brown freestone, erected in memory of the fiery-souled hero, James Lawrence. Eight trophy cannon, with chains attached, form an appropriate inclosure. These cannon were captured in the war of 1812, but placed so deep in the earth that the insignia and trophy marks upon them are hidden. Lawrence was one of that band of chivalrous spirits who, folding their country to their hearts, raised our infant navy to an honored rank in the world. He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. His predilection for the sea cropped out while a mere boy, as he was plodding through the "technical rubbish" and dull routine of a lawyer's office. In 1798, when Congress directed its attention to the protection of our commerce, which was being wantonly pillaged by the two great belligerent nations of Europe, Lawrence made his first cruise to the West Indies in the *Ganges* as a midshipman, and returned an acting lieutenant. From that time his opportunities of distinguishing himself were frequent, and he was rapidly promoted. The victory which brought him the richest harvest of honors, both public and private, was when, in command of the *Hornet*, he captured and sunk the British man-of-war *Peacock*, after an action of fourteen minutes. The Corporation of New York tendered him a dinner, the invitations being headed with a woodcut, by Anderson, representing a naval battle. The banquet took place on the 4th of May, 1813, at Washington Hall (on the site of Stewart's wholesale store), a noted place in that decade for assemblies, dinners, etc., having a fine restaurant attached. In the evening the hero and his officers were treated to an entertainment at the Park Theatre. When Lawrence, accompanied by General Van Rensselaer and General Morton, entered, the house rang with the wildest huzzas. In less than one month he fell in an engagement between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, his last words being, "Don't give up the ship." A whole nation mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen as to who should most honor his remains. Congress requested the President of the United States to present to his nearest male relative a gold medal commemorative of his services; also a silver medal to each of the commissioned officers who served under him in the *Hornet*. His favorite lieutenant, Augustus C. Ludlow, who fell by his side, was consigned to this same resting-place.

Preoccupied with the wonderful spontaneous movement that placed so many noble and courageous men at the helm of national development, you are arrested at the gateway of St. Paul's, which is the right arm, so to speak, of old Trinity, and scarcely less interesting. You enter, and glancing to the right and left, become embarrassed with the magnitude of the army of distinguished persons who have each filled some important



COOKE'S MONUMENT.

sphere of usefulness in his day and generation. You ascend the graveled walk from the office at the rear of the inclosure, keeping step to the music of the foliage. Nearly every civilized country on the globe has watered this soil with its tears. Representatives from all walks of life are buried here. Upon a square marble pedestal on a double base, which is surmounted by an urn sending forth flame, you read the name of George Frederick Cooke, and learn that the monument was erected by Edmund Kean, of the



GRAVE OF JOHN HOLT.

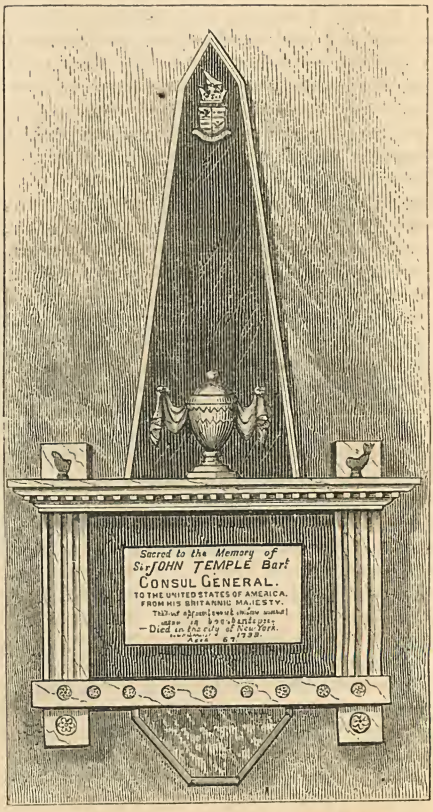
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1821; also the lines,

"Three kingdoms claim his birth;
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth."

The arrival of Cooke in this country (in 1810) constitutes the great epoch in the progress of the drama. He had reached his fifty-fourth year, yet possessed all the elasticity of thirty; he was of Herculean physique, bold and original, and pronounced by critics the first of living actors. His vast renown preceded him; he engrossed all minds. On the evening of November 21, 1810, he made his *début* at the Park Theatre in *Richard III.*, and the throng was so great that many were pushed through the doors without paying. Ladies were taken to the alley and introduced to the boxes from the rear. On the 23d he played Sir Pertinax, and notwithstanding a violent snow-storm, the receipts of the house were $1424. No actor ever excelled Cooke in the Scotch character. His enunciation of the Scotch dialect was something wonderful. He was told that the people of New York concluded he was a Scotchman. "They have the same opinion of me in Scotland," he replied; "yet I am an Englishman." "And how did you acquire so profound a knowledge of the Scotch accentuation?" he was asked. "I studied more than two years and a half in my own room, with constant intercourse with Scotch society, in order to master the Scotch dialect, before I ventured to appear on the boards in Edinburgh as Sir Pertinax, and when I did, Sawney took me for a native. It was the hardest task I ever undertook."

He was a man of keen observation, and made mankind a perpetual study. He was of kindly disposition, and filled with charitable impulses. But his mania for drink dethroned all his high purposes, and although it never impaired his dramatic reputation, it disgusted the world and terminated his dazzling career. He died in September, 1812. His funeral was an imposing spectacle. He had no kindred present, but the clergy, physicians, members of the bar, officers of the army and navy, the *literati* and men of science, together with the dramatic corps and a large concourse of citizens, moved in the procession.

A little to the right of the rear entrance to the chapel is the tomb of John Holt, the printer. He was born and reared in Virginia, and after having failed as a merchant, and served as Mayor of Williamsburg, he came to New York, and in partnership with James Parker edited the *New York Gazette and Post Boy.* This was in 1759. In 1766 he started the *New York Journal*, "containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestick." The heading was ornamented with the arms of the king, which were discarded in 1774 for the device of a snake cut into parts, with "Unite or die" for a motto. The next year the snake was joined and coiled, with the tail in its mouth, forming a double ring; within the coil was a pillar standing on Magna Charta, surmounted with the cap of Liberty. A printer who dared thus to defy the king's authority was, of course, obliged to fly from New York when the British army entered; but taking his lit-



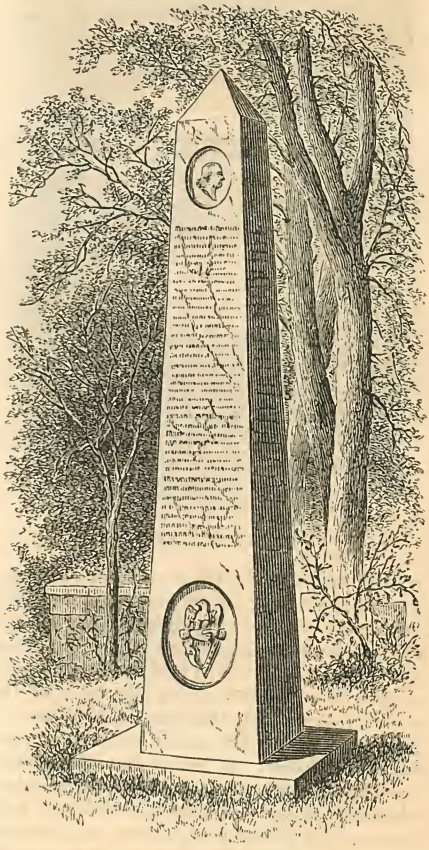
TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN TEMPLE.

tle press with him to Fishkill, Esopus, Hudson, and various secluded points along the North River, he continued to publish his paper until the end of the war. He then returned to the city, and issued it under a new name, *The Independent Gazette, or the New York Journal Revived;* but before the end of January, 1784, he had finished his work.

It is not until you are in the chapel itself, with its massive and elegantly carved pillars, its green glass and quaint architecture, and its two great square pews with escutcheons hanging over them, one for the head of the nation and the other for the Governor of the State, that you are fully alive to the remarkable chain of events which have convulsed the world within the last century and a half. To the left of the chancel as you approach is the tablet to the memory of Sir John Temple, Baronet, the first consul-general from England to the United States after the latter was recognized as a new and independent nation. In the front are three stately monuments in a row, commemorative of the lives and characters of the three famous Irishmen, Thomas Addis Emmet, the jurist, Richard Montgomery, the soldier, and Dr. Macneven, the surgeon. The former was one of the finest lawyers that Ireland ever produced. The proudest seats of office and honor seemed none too high for his capacity and aspiration. At the moment when ancient customs and institutions were toppling through the effects of the French Revolution, he, in connection with O'Conner, Macneven, and others of rank, determined to rid Ireland from the tyranny of Great Britain. Secret societies were organized with consummate skill in 1796. France promised assistance, but the plan was discovered, and the rebellion crushed. Among the many who were thrown into prison were Emmet and Macneven. As they had committed no overt act of treason, the law was baffled, and their lives spared. They were kept for a long period, however, in close confinement.

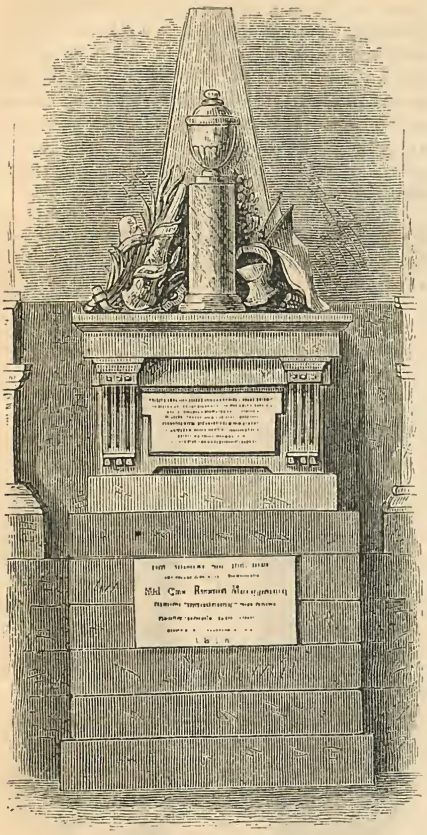
After a while Mrs. Emmet was allowed to visit her husband in his cell. She had repeatedly declared that if once admitted, she would never leave it but in his company. The keepers ordered her away, but did not resort to force. She discovered that they contemplated preventing her return should she go out under any pretext whatever; so she remained quiet. The cell was twelve feet square, and overlooked the dock where the unhappy victims of the rebellion were daily taken for execution. A whole year passed thus. Finally the illustrious prisoners were allowed to negotiate for their own release. As they were not willing to comply with the terms of the government, they were sent to a prison in Scotland, from which they were liberated at the end of two and one-half years, and permitted to withdraw to France, but forbidden to return to Ireland. Emmet came to New York in 1804, and established himself in his profession. As an advocate he was conspicuous, and aided in giving immortality to Irish genius and private worth. Dr. Macneven removed to New York about the same time, and in addition to his prominence as a physician and surgeon, he was an able writer.

The name of Montgomery, the hero of Quebec, is very dear to the American heart. He was born in Ireland, his family being of the ancient nobility. He was highly edu-



EMMET'S MONUMENT.

cated, and entered the army at the age of eighteen. When twenty-two he was with Wolfe at the brilliant conquest of Louisbourg (in 1758), and he subsequently distinguished himself in the arduous service against Martinique, under Monckton. He was in England and on terms of intimacy with the liberal members of Parliament, Fox, Burke, and Barré, during the early discussions of the American question. In 1772 he sold his commission and relinquished the service to settle in New York. He married very shortly the daughter of Justice Robert R. Livingston, and retired to a beautiful



MONTGOMERY'S TABLET.

country-seat on the Hudson, a laureled warrior at the age of thirty-six. His domestic happiness was quickly disturbed. He was one of the first eight brigadier-generals appointed by Congress in 1775, and was placed second in command, under Schuyler, of the expedition against Canada. The illness of Schuyler threw the chief command upon him in October. When it was determined to capture Quebec, on the 31st of December, his little army was half starved and half frozen, and snow was falling in immense flakes. But that Montgomery was greatly beloved, he could hardly have led his weary, suffering soldiers into action. "Men of New York," he exclaimed, "you will not fear to follow where your general leads. March on!" and placing himself in front, he almost immediately was killed by the first and only discharge from the battery upon which they were advancing.

His will was made a few days prior to the storming of Quebec, the authenticity of which is attested by the signature of Benedict Arnold. It is still in existence, though the paper is yellow and worn with its hundred years.

Through the courtesy of the English general, the remains of Montgomery were interred within the walls of Quebec, where they remained forty-three years. They were then tenderly removed and placed under the cenotaph, erected by Congress many years before, in St. Paul's Chapel. His widow was living at the time these later eloquent ceremonies occurred. The steamboat which bore the handsome coffin, canopied with crape and crowned with plumes, paused in front of her mansion on its passage down the Hudson, and the muffled drum and mournful music fell sadly though sweetly upon her ears. Mingled with her private anguish, which had never grown less for the loss of a beloved husband, was the gratification of knowing that such voluntary honors rarely if ever before had been paid to an individual by a republic.

The most significant tribute to Montgomery's worth was probably the celebrated exclamation of Lord North in Parliament, in reply to the eulogies of Barré and Burke. The latter had just remarked, "He conquered two-thirds of Canada in one campaign," when Lord North, admitting that he was brave, able, humane, and generous, added, "Curse on his virtues, they've undone his country."

The only original portrait of Montgomery is at Montgomery Place. It represents him as a young man, probably about the age when he came from Ireland. The face is frank, handsome, and pleasing, and indicates simplicity of character, strong moral sense, physical power, and gentleness of disposition.

SONG.

To dream, and then to sleep
Until the morn return;
An hour of watch to keep,
A little lamp to burn.

To weave but make no end,
To sing and lose the song,
Where busy footsteps wend
Among the world's gay throng.

To know that day is here,
To see that spring has gone,
And summer's death is near—
And still the hours roll on.

We fail, we fade, we die,
Yet once 'twixt death and birth
To know Love's kiss, Love's sigh,
Is light of heaven on earth.

My God! Thy sun is sweet,
If, ere the twilight come,
Love walk with sacred feet
Across our naked room.

A. F.

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART VI.

AS it befell, that day at Balcarras was the last of the bright days, in every sense, for the time being. Wet weather set in, as even the most partial witness must allow does occasionally happen in Scotland, and the domestic barometer seemed to go down accordingly. The girls grumbled at being kept in-doors, and would willingly have gone out golfing under umbrellas, but Auntie was remorseless. They were delicate girls at best, so that her watch over them was never-ceasing, and her patience inexhaustible.

David Dalziel also was in a very troublesome mood, quite unusual for him. He came and went, complained bitterly that the girls were not allowed to go out with him; abused the place, the climate, and did all that sort of bearish things which young gentlemen are sometimes in the habit of doing, when—when that wicked little boy whom they read about at school and college makes himself known to them as a pleasant, or unpleasant, reality.

Miss Williams, who, I am afraid, was far too simple a woman for the new generation, which has become so extraordinarily wise and wide-awake, opened her eyes and wondered why David was so unlike his usual self. Mr. Roy, too, to whom he behaved worse than to any one else, only the elder man quietly ignored it all, and was very patient and gentle with the restless, ill-tempered boy — Mr. Roy even remarked that he thought David would be happier at his work again; idling was a bad thing for young fellows at his age, or any age.

At last it all came out, the bitterness which rankled in the poor lad's breast; with another secret, which, foolish woman that she was, Miss Williams had never in the smallest degree suspected. Very odd that she had not, but so it was. We all find it difficult to realize the moment when our children cease to be children. Still more difficult is it for very serious and earnest natures to recognize that there are other natures who take things in a totally different way, and yet it may be the right and natural way for them. Such is the fact; we must learn it, and the sooner we learn it, the better.

One day, when the rain had a little abated, David appeared, greatly disappointed to find the girls had gone out, down to the West Sands with Mr. Roy.

"Always Mr. Roy! I am sick of his very name," muttered David, and then caught Miss Williams by the dress as she was rising. She had a gentle but rather dignified way with her of repressing bad manners in young people, either by perfect silence, or by putting the door between her and them. "Don't go! One never can get a quiet word with you, you are always so preternaturally busy."

It was true. To be always busy was her only shield against — certain things which the young man was never likely to know, and would not understand if he did know.

"Do sit down, if you ever can sit down, for a minute," said he, imploringly; "I want to speak to you seriously, very seriously."

She sat down, a little uneasy. The young fellow was such a good fellow; and yet he might have got into a scrape of some sort. Debt, perhaps, for he was a trifle extravagant; but then life had been all roses to him. He had never known a want since he was born.

"Speak, then, David; I am listening. Nothing very wrong, I hope?" said she, with a smile.

"Nothing at all wrong, only— When is Mr. Roy going away?"

The question was so unexpected that she felt her color changing a little; not much, she was too old for that.

"Mr. Roy leaving St. Andrews, you mean? How can I tell? He has never told me. Why do you ask?"

"Because until he is gone, I stay," said the young man, doggedly. "I'm not going back to Oxford leaving him master of the field. I have stood him as long as I possibly can, and I'll not stand him any longer."

"David! you forget yourself."

"There—now you are offended; I know you are, when you draw yourself up in that way, my dear little Auntie. But just hear me. You are such an innocent woman, you don't know the world as we men do. Can't you see—no, of course you can't—that very soon all St. Andrews will be talking about you?"

"About me?"

"Not about you exactly, but about the family. A single man—a marrying man, as all the world says he is, or ought to be, with his money — can not go in and out, like a tame cat, in a household of women, without having, or being supposed to have—ahem!—intentions. I assure you"—and he swung

himself on the arm of her chair, and looked into her face with an angry earnestness quite unmistakable—"I assure you, I never go into the club without being asked, twenty times a day, which of the Misses Moseley Mr. Roy is going to marry."

"Which of the Misses Moseley Mr. Roy is going to marry!"

She repeated the words, as if to gain time and to be certain she heard them rightly. No fear of her blushing now; every pulse in her heart stood dead still; and then she nerved herself to meet the necessity of the occasion.

"David, you surely do not consider what you are saying. This is a most extraordinary idea."

"It is a most extraordinary idea; in fact, I call it ridiculous, monstrous: an old battered fellow like him, who has knocked about the world, Heaven knows where, all these years, to come home, and, because he has got a lot of money, think to go and marry one of these nice, pretty girls. They wouldn't have him, I believe that; but nobody else believes it; and every body seems to think it the most natural thing possible. What do you say?"

"I?"

"Surely you don't think it right, or even possible? But, Auntie, it might turn out a rather awkward affair, and you ought to take my advice, and stop it in time."

"How?"

"Why, by stopping him out of the house. You and he are great friends: if he had any notion of marrying, I suppose he would mention it to you—he ought. It would be a cowardly trick to come and steal one of your chickens from under your wing. Wouldn't it? Do say something, instead of merely echoing what I say. It really is a serious matter, though you don't think so."

"Yes, I do think so," said Miss Williams, at last; "and I would stop it if I thought I had any right. But Mr. Roy is quite able to manage his own affairs; and he is not so very old—not more than five-and-twenty years older than—Helen."

"Bother Helen! I beg her pardon, she is a dear good girl. But do you think any man would look at Helen when there was Janetta?"

It was out now, out with a burning blush over all the lad's honest face, and the sudden crick-crack of a pretty Indian paper-cutter he unfortunately was twiddling in his fingers. Miss Williams must have been blind indeed not to have guessed the state of the case.

"What! Janetta? Oh, David!" was all she said.

He nodded. "Yes, that's it, just it. I thought you must have found it out long ago: though I kept myself to myself pretty close, still you might have guessed."

"I never did. I had not the remotest idea. Oh, how remiss I have been! It is all my fault."

"Excuse me, I can not see that it is any body's fault, or any body's misfortune, either," said the young fellow, with a not unbecoming pride. "I hope I should not be a bad husband to any girl, when it comes to that. But it has not come; I have never said a single word to her. I wanted to be quite clear of Oxford, and in a way to win my own position first. And really we are so very jolly together as it is. What are you smiling for?"

She could not help it. There was something so funny in the whole affair. They seemed such babies, playing at love; and their love-making, if such it was, had been carried on in such an exceedingly open and lively way, not a bit of tragedy about it, rather genteel comedy, bordering on farce. It was such a contrast to—certain other love stories that she had known, quite buried out of sight now.

Gentle "Auntie"—the grave maiden lady, the old hen with all these young ducklings who would take to the water so soon—held out her hand to the impetuous David.

"I don't know what to say to you, my boy: you really are little more than a boy, and to be taking upon yourself the responsibilities of life so soon! Still, I am glad you have said nothing to her about it yet. She is a mere child, only eighteen."

"Quite old enough to marry, and to marry Mr. Roy even, the St. Andrews folks think. But I won't stand it. I won't tamely sit by and see her sacrificed. He might persuade her; he has a very winning way with him sometimes. Auntie, I have not spoken, but I won't promise not to speak. It is all very well for you; you are old, and your blood runs cold, as you said to us one day—no, I don't mean that; you are a real brick still, and you'll never be old to us, but you are not in love, and you can't understand what it is to a young fellow like me to see an old fellow like Roy coming in and just walking over the course. But he sha'n't do it! Long ago, when I was quite a lad, I made up my mind to get her; and get her I will, spite of Mr. Roy or any body."

Fortune was touched. That strong will which she too had had, able, like faith, to "remove mountains," sympathized involuntarily with the lad. It was just what she would have said and done, had she been a man and loved a woman. She gave David's hand a warm clasp, which he returned.

"Forgive me," said he, affectionately. "I did not mean to bother you; but as things stand, the matter is better out than in. I hate underhandedness. I may have made an awful fool of myself, but at least I have not made a fool of her. I have been as

careful as possible not to compromise her in any way; for I know how people do talk, and a man has no right to let the girl he loves be talked about. The more he loves her, the more he ought to take care of her. Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

"I'd cut myself up into little pieces for Janetta's sake," he went on, "and I'd do a deal for Helen too, the sisters are so fond of one another. She shall always have a home with us, when we are married."

"Then," said Miss Williams, hardly able again to resist a smile, "you are quite certain you will be married? You have no doubt about her caring for you?"

David pulled his whiskers, not very voluminous yet, looked conscious, and yet humble.

"Well, I don't exactly say that. I know I'm not half good enough for her. Still, I thought, when I had taken my degree and fairly settled myself at the bar, I'd try. I have a tolerably good income of my own too, though of course I am not as well off as that confounded old Roy. There he is at this minute meandering up and down the West Sands with those two girls, setting every body's tongue going! I can't stand it. I declare to you I won't stand it another day."

"Stop a moment," and she caught hold of David as he started up. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know and I don't care, only I won't have my girl talked about—my pretty, merry, innocent girl. He ought to know better, a shrewd old fellow like him. It is silly, selfish, mean."

This was more than Miss Williams could bear. She stood up, pale to the lips, but speaking strongly, almost fiercely:

"*You* ought to know better, David Dalziel. You ought to know that Mr. Roy has not an atom of selfishness or meanness in him—that he would be the last man in the world to compromise any girl. If he chooses to marry Janetta, or any one else, he has a perfect right to do it, and I for one will not try to hinder him."

"Then you'll not stand by me any more?"

"Not if you are blind and unfair. You may die of love, though I don't think you will; people don't do it nowadays" (there was a slightly bitter jar in the voice); "but love ought to make you all the more honorable, clear-sighted, and just. And as to Mr. Roy—"

She might have talked to the winds, for David was not listening. He had heard the click of the garden gate, and turned round with blazing eyes.

"There he is again! I can't stand it, Miss Williams. I give you fair warning I can't stand it. He has walked home with them, and is waiting about at the laurel bush, mooning after them. Oh, hang him!"

Before she had time to speak, the young man was gone. But she had no fear of any very tragic consequences when she saw the whole party standing together—David talking to Janetta, Mr. Roy to Helen, who looked so fresh, so young, so pretty, almost as pretty as Janetta. Nor did Mr. Roy, pleased and animated, look so very old.

That strange clear-sightedness, that absolute justice, of which Fortune had just spoken, were qualities she herself possessed to a remarkable, almost a painful, degree. She could not deceive herself, even if she tried. The more cruel the sight, the clearer she saw it; even as now she perceived a certain naturalness in the fact that a middle-aged man so often chooses a young girl in preference to those of his own generation, for she brings him that which he has not; she reminds him of what he used to have; she is to him like the freshness of spring, the warmth of summer, in his cheerless autumn days. Sometimes these marriages are not unhappy—far from it; and Robert Roy might ere long make such a marriage. Despite poor David's jealous contempt, he was neither old nor ugly, and then he was rich.

The thing, either as regarded Helen, or some other girl of Helen's standing, appeared more than possible—probable; and if so, what then?

Fortune looked out once, and saw that the little group at the laurel bush were still talking; then she slipped up stairs into her own room and bolted the door.

The first thing she did was to go straight up and look at her own face in the glass—her poor old face, which had never been beautiful, which she had never wished beautiful, except that it might be pleasant in one man's eyes. Sweet it was still, but the sweetness lay in its expression, pure and placid, and innocent as a young girl's. But she saw not that; she saw only its lost youth, its faded bloom. She covered it over with both her hands, as if she would fain bury it out of sight; knelt down by her bedside, and prayed.

"Mr. Roy is waiting below, ma'am—has been waiting some time; but he says if you are busy he will not disturb you; he will come to-morrow instead."

"Tell him I shall be very glad to see him to-morrow."

She spoke through the locked door, too feeble to rise and open it; and then lying down on her bed and turning her face to the wall, from sheer exhaustion fell fast asleep.

People dream strangely sometimes. The dream she dreamt was so inexpressibly soothing and peaceful, so entirely out of keeping with the reality of things, that it almost seemed to have been what in ancient times would be called a vision.

First, she thought that she and Robert Roy were little children—mere girl and boy

together, as they might have been from the few years' difference in their ages—running hand in hand about the sands of St. Andrews, and so fond of one another—so very fond! with that innocent love a big boy often has for a little girl, and a little girl returns with the tenderest fidelity. So she did; and she was so happy—they were both so happy. In the second part of the dream she was happy still, but somehow she knew she was dead—had been dead and in paradise for a long time, and was waiting for him to come there. He was coming now; she felt him coming, and held out her hands, but he took and clasped her in his arms; and she heard a voice saying those mysterious words: "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

It was very strange, all was very strange, but it comforted her. She rose up, and in the twilight of the soft spring evening she washed her face and combed her hair, and went down, like King David after his child was dead, to "eat bread."

Her young people were not there. They had gone out again, she heard, with Mr. Dalziel, not Mr. Roy, who had sat reading in the parlor alone for upward of an hour. They were supposed to be golfing, but they staid out till long after it was possible to see balls or holes; and Miss Williams was beginning to be a little uneasy, when they all three walked in, David and Janetta with a rather sheepish air, and Helen beaming all over with mysterious delight.

How the young man had managed it—to propose to two sisters at once, at any rate to make love to one sister while the other was by—remained among the wonderful feats which David Dalziel, who had not too small an opinion of himself, was always ready for, and generally succeeded in; and if he did wear his heart somewhat "on his sleeve," why, it was a very honest heart, and they must have been ill-natured "daws" indeed who took pleasure in "pecking at it."

"Wish me joy, Auntie!" he cried, coming forward, beaming all over, the instant the girls had disappeared to take their hats off. "I've been and gone and done it, and it's all right. I didn't intend it just yet, but he drove me to it, for which I'm rather obliged to him. He can't get her now. Janetta's mine!"

There was a boyish triumph in his air; in fact, his whole conduct was exceedingly juvenile, but so simple, frank, and sincere as to be quite irresistible.

I fear Miss Williams was a very weak-minded woman, or would be so considered by a great part of the world—the exceedingly wise and prudent and worldly-minded "world." Here were two young people, one twenty-two, the other eighteen, with—it could hardly be said "not a half-penny," but still a very small quantity of half-pennies, between them—and they had not only fallen in love, but engaged themselves to be married! She ought to have been horrified, to have severely reproached them for their imprudence, used all her influence and, if needs be, her authority, to stop the whole thing; advising David not to bind himself to any girl till he was much older, and his prospects secured; and reasoning with Janetta on the extreme folly of a long engagement, and how very much better it would be for her to pause, and make some "good" marriage with a man of wealth and position, who could keep her comfortably.

All this, no doubt, was what a prudent and far-seeing mother or friend ought to have said and done. Miss Williams did no such thing, and said not a single word. She only kissed her "children"—Helen too, whose innocent delight was the prettiest thing to behold—then sat down and made tea for them all, as if nothing had happened.

But such events do not happen without making a slight stir in a family, especially such a quiet family as that at the cottage. Besides, the lovers were too childishly happy to be at all reticent over their felicity. Before David was turned away that night to the hotel which he and Mr. Roy both inhabited, every body in the house knew quite well that Mr. Dalziel and Miss Janetta were going to be married.

And every body had of course suspected it long ago, and was not in the least surprised, so that the mistress of the household herself was half ashamed to confess how very much surprised *she* had been. However, as every body seemed delighted, for most people have a "sneaking kindness" toward young lovers, she kept her own counsel; smiled blandly over her old cook's half-pathetic congratulations to the young couple, who were "like the young bears, with all their troubles before them," and laughed at the sympathetic forebodings of the girls' faithful maid, a rather elderly person, who was supposed to have been once "disappointed," and who "hoped Mr. Dalziel was not too young to know his own mind." Still, in spite of all, the family were very much delighted, and not a little proud.

David walked in, master of the position now, directly after breakfast, and took the sisters out for a walk, both of them, declaring he was as much encumbered as if he were going to marry two young ladies at once, but bearing his lot with great equanimity. His love-making indeed was so extraordinarily open and undisguised that it did not much matter who was by. And Helen was of that sweet negative nature that seemed made for the express purpose of playing "gooseberry."

Directly they had departed, Mr. Roy came in.

He might have been a far less acute observer than he was not to detect at once that "something had happened" in the little family. Miss Williams kept him waiting several minutes, and when she did come in her manner was nervous and agitated. They spoke about the weather and one or two trivial things; but more than once Fortune felt him looking at her with that keen, kindly observation which had been sometimes, during all these weeks now running into months, of almost daily meeting, and of the closest intimacy, a very difficult thing to bear.

He was exceedingly kind to her always; there was no question of that. Without making any show of it, he seemed always to know where she was and what she was doing. Nothing ever lessened his silent care of her. If ever she wanted help, there he was to give it. And in all their excursions she had a quiet conviction that whoever forgot her or her comfort, he never would. But then it was his way. Some men have eyes and ears for only one woman, and that merely while they happen to be in love with her; whereas Robert Roy was courteous and considerate to every woman, even as he was kind to every weak or helpless creature that crossed his path. Evidently he perceived that all was not right; and, though he said nothing, there was a tenderness in his manner which went to her heart.

"You are not looking well to-day; should you not go out?" he said. "I met all your young people walking off to the sands: they seemed extraordinarily happy."

Fortune was much perplexed. She did not like not to tell him the news—him, who had so completely established himself as a friend of the family. And yet to tell him was not exactly her place; besides, he might not care to hear. Old maid as she was, or thought herself, Miss Williams knew enough of men not to fall into the feminine error of fancying they feel as we do—that their world is our world, and their interests our interests. To most men, a leader in the *Times*, an article in the *Quarterly*, or a fall in the money market is of far more importance than any love affair in the world, unless it happens to be their own.

Why should I tell him? she thought, convinced that he noticed the anxiety in her eyes, the weariness at her heart. She had passed an almost sleepless night, pondering over the affairs of these young people, who never thought of any thing beyond their own new-born happiness. And she had perplexed herself with wondering whether in consenting to this engagement she was really doing her duty by her girls, who had no one but her, and whom she was so tender of, for their dead father's sake. But what good was it to say any thing? She must bear her own burden. And yet—

Robert Roy looked at her with his kind, half-amused smile.

"You had better tell me all about it; for, indeed, I know already."

"What! did you guess?"

"Perhaps. But Dalziel came to my room last night and poured out every thing. He is a candid youth. Well, and am I to congratulate?"

Greatly relieved, Fortune looked up.

"That's right," he said; "I like to see you smile. A minute or two ago you seemed as if you had the cares of all the world on your shoulders. Now, that is not exactly the truth. Always meet the truth face to face, and don't be frightened at it."

Ah, no! If she had had that strong heart to lean on, that tender hand to help her through the world, she never would have been "frightened" at any thing.

"I know I am very foolish," she said; "but there are many things which these children of mine don't see, and I can't help seeing."

"Certainly; they are young, and we are—well, never mind. Sit down here, and let you and me talk the matter quietly over. On the whole, are you glad or sorry?"

"Both, I think. David is able to take care of himself; but poor little Janetta—my Janetta—what if he should bring her to poverty? He is a little reckless about money, and has only a very small certain income. Worse; suppose being so young, he should by-and-by get tired of her, and neglect her, and break her heart?"

"Or twenty other things which may happen, or may not, and of which they must take the chance, like their neighbors. You do not believe very much in men, I see, and perhaps you are right. We are a bad lot—a bad lot. But David Dalziel is as good as most of us, that I can assure you."

She could hardly tell whether he was in jest or earnest; but this was certain, he meant to cheer and comfort her, and she took the comfort, and was thankful.

"Now to the point," continued Mr. Roy. "You feel that, in a worldly point of view, these two have done a very foolish thing, and you have aided and abetted them in doing it?"

"Not so," she cried, laughing; "I had no idea of such a thing till David told me yesterday morning of his intentions."

"Yes, and he explained to me why he told you, and why he dared not wait any longer. He blurts out every thing, the foolish boy! But he has made friends with me now. They do seem such children, do they not, compared with old folks like you and me."

What was it in the tone or the words which made her feel not in the least vexed, nor once attempt to rebut the charge of being "old?"

"I'll tell you what it is," said Robert Roy, with one of his sage smiles, "you must not go and vex yourself needlessly about trifles. We should not judge other people by ourselves. Every body is so different. Dalziel may make his way all the better for having that pretty creature for a wife, not but what some other pretty creature might soon have done just as well. Very few men have tenacity of nature enough, if they can not get the one woman they love, to do without any other to the end of their days. But don't be distressing yourself about your girl. David will make her a very good husband. They will be happy enough, even though not very rich."

"Does that matter much?"

"I used to think so. I had so sore a lesson of poverty in my youth, that it gave me an almost morbid terror of it, not for myself, but for any woman I cared for. Once I would not have done as Dalziel has for the world. Now I have changed my mind. At any rate, David will not have one misfortune to contend with. He has a thoroughly good opinion of himself, poor fellow! He will not suffer from that horrible self-distrust which makes some men let themselves drift on and on with the tide, instead of taking the rudder into their own hands and steering straight on — direct for the haven where they would be. Oh, that I had done it!"

He spoke passionately, and then sat silent. At last, muttering something about "begging her pardon," and "taking a liberty," he changed the conversation into another channel, by asking whether this marriage, when it happened—which, of course, could not be just immediately—would make any difference to her circumstances.

Some difference, she explained, because the girls would receive their little fortunes whenever they came of age or married, and the sisters would not like to be parted; besides, Helen's money would help the establishment. Probably, whenever David married, he would take them both away; indeed, he had said as much.

"And then shall you stay on here?"

"I may, for I have a small income of my own; besides, there are your two little boys, and I might find two or three more. But I do not trouble myself much about the future. One thing is certain, I need never work as hard as I have done all my life."

"Have you worked so very hard, then, my poor—"

He left the sentence unfinished; his hand, half extended, was drawn back, for the three young people were seen coming down the garden, followed by the two boys, returning from their classes. It was nearly dinner-time, and people must dine, even though in love; and boys must be kept to their school work, and all the daily duties of life must be done. Well, perhaps, for many of us, that such should be! I think it was as well for poor Fortune Williams.

The girls had come in wet through, with one of those sudden "haars" which are not uncommon at St. Andrews in spring, and it seemed likely to last all day. Mr. Roy looked out of the window at it with a slightly dolorous air.

"I suppose I am rather *de trop* here, but really I wish you would not turn me out. In weather like this our hotel coffee-room is just a trifle dull, isn't it, Dalziel? And, Miss Williams, your parlor looks so comfortable. Will you let me stay?"

He made the request with a simplicity quite pathetic. One of the most lovable things about this man—is it not in all men?—was, that with all his shrewdness and cleverness, and his having been knocked up and down the world for so many years, he still kept a directness and simpleness of character almost child-like.

To refuse would have been unkind, impossible; so Miss Williams told him he should certainly stay if he could make himself comfortable. And to that end she soon succeeded in turning off her two turtle-doves into a room by themselves, for the use of which they had already bargained, in order to "read together, and improve their minds." Meanwhile she and Helen tried to help the two little boys to spend a dull holiday indoors—if they were ever dull beside Uncle Robert, who had not lost his old influence with boys, and to those boys was already a father in all but the name.

Often had Fortune watched them, sitting upon his chair, hanging about him as he walked, coming to him for sympathy in every thing. Yes, every body loved him, for there was such an amount of love in him toward every mortal creature, except—

She looked at him and his boys, then turned away. What was to be had been, and always would be. That which we fight against in our youth as being human will, human error, in our age we take humbly, knowing it to be the will of God.

By-and-by in the little household the gas was lighted, the curtains drawn, and the two lovers fetched in for tea, to behave themselves as much as they could like ordinary mortals, in general society, for the rest of the evening. A very pleasant evening it was, spite of this new element; which was got rid of as much as possible by means of the window recess, where Janetta and David encamped composedly, a little aloof from the rest.

"I hope they don't mind me," said Mr. Roy, casting an amused glance in their direction, and then adroitly manœuvring with the back of his chair so as to interfere as little as possible with the young couple's felicity.

"Oh no, they don't mind you at all," answered Helen, always affectionate, if not always wise. "Besides, I dare say you yourself were young once, Mr. Roy."

Evidently Helen had no idea of the plans for her future which were being talked about in St. Andrews. Had he? No one could even speculate with such an exceedingly reserved person. He retired behind his newspaper, and said not a single word.

Nevertheless, there was no cloud in the atmosphere. Every body was used to Mr. Roy's silence in company. And he never troubled any body, not even the children, with either a gloomy look or a harsh word. He was so comfortable to live with, so unfailingly sweet and kind.

Altogether there was a strange atmosphere of peace in the cottage that evening, though nobody seemed to do any thing or say very much. Now and then Mr. Roy read aloud bits out of his endless newspapers —he had a truly masculine mania for newspapers, and used to draw one after another out of his pockets, as endless as a conjurer's pocket-handkerchiefs. And he liked to share their contents with any body that would listen; though I am afraid nobody did listen much to-night except Miss Williams, who sat beside him at her sewing, in order to get the benefit of the same lamp. And between his readings he often turned and looked at her, her bent head, her smooth soft hair, her busy hands.

Especially after one sentence, out of the "Varieties" of some Fife newspaper. He had begun to read it, then stopped suddenly, but finished it. It consisted only of a few words: "'*Young love is passionate, old love is faithful; but the very tenderest thing in all this world is a love revived.*' That is true."

He said only those three words, in a very low, quiet voice, but Fortune heard. His look she did not see, but she felt it—even as a person long kept in darkness might feel a sunbeam strike along the wall, making it seem possible that there might be somewhere in the earth such a thing as day.

About nine P.M. the lovers in the window recess discovered that the haar was all gone, and that it was a most beautiful moonlight night; full moon, the very night they had planned to go in a body to the top of St. Regulus tower.

"I suppose they must," said Mr. Roy to Miss Williams; adding, "Let the young folks make the most of their youth; it never will come again."

"No."

"And you and I must go too. It will be more *comme il faut*, as people say."

So, with a half-regretful look at the cozy fire, Mr. Roy marshaled the lively party, Janetta and David, Helen and the two boys; engaging to get them the key of that silent garden of graves over which St. Regulus tower keeps stately watch. How beautiful it looked, with the clear sky shining through its open arch, and the brilliant moonlight, bright as day almost, but softer, flooding every alley of that peaceful spot! It quieted even the noisy party who were bent on climbing the tower, to catch a view, such as is rarely equaled, of the picturesque old city and its beautiful bay.

"A 'comfortable place to sleep in,' as some one once said to me in a Melbourne churchyard. But 'east or west, home is best.'..... I think, Bob, I shall leave it in my will that you are to bury me at St. Andrews."

"Nonsense, Uncle Robert! You are not to talk of dying. And you are to come with us up to the top of the tower. Miss Williams, will you come too?"

"No, I think she had better not," said Uncle Robert, decisively. "She will stay here, and I will keep her company."

So the young people all vanished up the tower, and the two elders walked silently side by side by the quiet graves—by the hearts which had ceased beating, the hands which, however close they lay, would never clasp one another any more.

"Yes, St. Andrews is a pleasant place," said Robert Roy at last. "I spoke in jest, but I meant in earnest; I have no wish to leave it again. And you," he added, seeing that she answered nothing—"what plans have you? Shall you stay on at the cottage till these young people are married?"

"Most likely. We are all fond of the little house."

"No wonder. They say a wandering life after a certain number of years unsettles a man forever; he rests nowhere, but goes on wandering to the end. But I feel just the contrary. I think I shall stay permanently at St. Andrews. You will let me come about your cottage, 'like a tame cat,' as that foolish fellow owned he had called me—will you not?"

"Certainly."

But at the same time she felt there was a strain beyond which she could not bear. To be so near, yet so far; so much to him, and yet so little. She was conscious of a wild desire to run away somewhere—run away and escape it all; of a longing to be dead and buried, deep in the sea, up away among the stars.

"Will those young people be very long, do you think?"

At the sound of her voice he turned to look at her, and saw that she was deadly pale, and shivering from head to foot.

"This will never do. You must 'come under my plaidie,' as the children say, and I will take you home at once. Boys!" he called out to the figures now appearing like jackdaws at the top of the tower, "we are going straight home. Follow as soon as you like. Yes, it must be so," he answered

to the slight resistance she made. "They must all take care of themselves. I mean to take care of you."

Which he did, wrapping her well in the half of his plaid, drawing her hand under his arm and holding it there—holding it close and warm at his heart all the way along the Scores and across the Links, scarcely speaking a single word until they reached the garden gate. Even there he held it still.

"I see your girls coming, so I shall leave you. You are warm now, are you not?"

"Quite warm."

"Good-night, then. Stay. Tell me"—he spoke rapidly, and with much agitation—"tell me just one thing, and I will never trouble you again. Why did you not answer a letter I wrote to you seventeen years ago?"

"I never got any letter. I never had one word from you after the Sunday you bade me good-by, promising to write."

"And I did write," cried he, passionately. "I posted it with my own hands. You should have got it on the Tuesday morning."

She leaned against the laurel bush, that fatal laurel bush, and in a few breathless words told him what David had said about the hidden letter.

"It must have been my letter. Why did you not tell me this before?"

"How could I? I never knew you had written. You never said a word. In all these years you have never said a single word."

Bitterly, bitterly, he turned away. The groan that escaped him—a man's groan over his lost life—lost, not wholly through fate alone—was such as she, the woman whose portion had been sorrow, passive sorrow only, never forgot in all her days.

"Don't mind it," she whispered—"don't mind it. It is so long past now."

He made no immediate answer, then said,

"Have you no idea what was in the letter?"

"No."

"It was to ask you a question, which I had determined not to ask just then, but I changed my mind. The answer, I told you, I should wait for in Edinburgh seven days; after that, I should conclude you meant No, and sail. No answer came, and I sailed."

He was silent. So was she. A sense of cruel fatality came over her. Alas! those lost years, that might have been such happy years! At length she said, faintly, "Forget it. It was not your fault."

"It was my fault. If not mine, you were still yourself—I ought never to have let you go. I ought to have asked again; to have sought through the whole world till I found you again. And now that I have found you—"

"Hush! the girls are here."

They came along laughing, that merry group—with whom life was at its spring—who had lost nothing, knew not what it was to lose!

"Good-night," said Mr. Roy, hastily. "But—to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"There never is night to which comes no morn," says the proverb. Which is not always true, at least as to this world; but it is true sometimes.

That April morning Fortune Williams rose with a sense of strange solemnity—neither sorrow nor joy. Both had gone by; but they had left behind them a deep peace.

After her young people had walked themselves off, which they did immediately after breakfast, she attended to all her household duties, neither few nor small, and then sat down with her needle-work beside the open window. It was a lovely day; the birds were singing, the leaves budding, a few early flowers making all the air to smell like spring. And she—with her it was autumn now. She knew it, but still she did not grieve.

Presently, walking down the garden walk, almost with the same firm step of years ago—how well she remembered it!—Robert Roy came; but it was still a few minutes before she could go into the little parlor to meet him. At last she did, entering softly, her hand extended as usual. He took it, also as usual, and then looked down into her face, as he had done that Sunday. "Do you remember this? I have kept it for seventeen years."

It was her mother's ring. She looked up with a dumb inquiry.

"My love, did you think I did not love you?—you always, and only you?"

So saying, he opened his arms; she felt them close round her, just as in her dream. Only they were warm, living arms; and it was this world, not the next. All those seventeen bitter years seemed swept away, annihilated in a moment; she laid her head on his shoulder and wept out her happy heart there.

* * * * * *

The little world of St. Andrews was very much astonished when it learned that Mr. Roy was going to marry, not one of the pretty Misses Moseley, but their friend and former governess, a lady, not by any means young, and remarkable for nothing except great sweetness and good sense, which made every body respect and like her; though nobody was much excited concerning her. Now people had been excited about Mr. Roy, and some were rather sorry for him; thought perhaps he had been taken in, till some story got wind of its having been an "old attachment," which interested them of course; still, the good folks were half angry with him. To go and marry an old maid when he might have had his choice of half a dozen young

ones! when, with his fortune and character, he might, as people say—as they had said of that other good man, Mr. Moseley—"have married any body!"

They forgot that Mr. Roy happened to be one of those men who have no particular desire to marry "any body;" to whom *the* woman, whether found early or late—alas! in this case found early and won late—is the one woman in the world forever. Poor Fortune—rich Fortune! she need not be afraid of her fading cheek, her silvering hair; he would never see either. The things he loved her for were quite apart from any thing that youth could either give or take away. As he said once, when she lamented hers, "Never mind, let it go. You will always be yourself—and mine."

This was enough. He loved her. He had always loved her: she had no fear but that he would love her faithfully to the end.

Theirs was a very quiet wedding, and a speedy one. "Why should they wait? they had waited too long already," he said, with some bitterness. But she felt none. With her all was peace.

Mr. Roy did another very foolish thing, which I can not conscientiously recommend to any middle-aged bachelor. Besides marrying his wife, he married her whole family. There was no other way out of the difficulty, and neither of them was inclined to be content with happiness, leaving duty unfulfilled. So he took the largest house in St. Andrews, and brought to it Janetta and Helen, till David Dalziel could claim them; likewise his own two orphan boys, until they went to Oxford; for he meant to send them there, and bring them up in every way like his own sons.

Meantime, it was rather a heterogeneous family; but the two heads of it bore their burden with great equanimity, nay, cheerfulness; saying sometimes, with a smile which had the faintest shadow of pathos in it, "that they liked to have young life about them."

And by degrees they grew younger themselves; less of the old bachelor and old maid, and more of the happy middle-aged couple to whom Heaven gave, in their decline, a St. Martin's summer almost as sweet as spring. They were both too wise to poison the present by regretting the past—a past which, if not wholly, was partly, at least, owing to that strange fatality which governs so many lives, only some have the will to conquer it, others not. And there are two sides to every thing: Robert Roy, who alone knew how hard his own life had been, sometimes felt a stern joy in thinking no one had shared it.

Still, for a long time there lay at the bottom of that strong, gentle heart of his a kind of remorseful tenderness, which showed itself in heaping his wife with every luxury that his wealth could bring; better than all, in surrounding her with that unceasing care which love alone teaches, never allowing the wind to blow on her too roughly—his "poor lamb," as he sometimes called her, who had suffered so much.

They are sure, humanly speaking, to "live very happy to the end of their days." And I almost fancy sometimes, if I were to go to St. Andrews, as I hope to do many a time, for I am as fond of the Aged City as they are, that I should see those two, made one at last after all those cruel divided years, wandering together along the sunshiny sands, or standing to watch the gay golfing parties; nay, I am not sure that Robert Roy would not be visible sometimes in his red coat, club in hand, crossing the Links, a victim to the universal insanity of St. Andrews, yet enjoying himself, as golfers always seem to do, with the enjoyment of a very boy.

She is not a girl, far from it; but there will be a girlish sweetness in her faded face till its last smile. And to see her sitting beside her husband on the green slopes of the pretty garden—knitting, perhaps, while he reads his eternal newspapers—is a perfect picture. They do not talk very much; indeed, they were neither of them ever great talkers. But each knows the other is close at hand, ready for any needful word, and always ready with that silent sympathy which is so mysterious a thing, the rarest thing to find in all human lives. These have found it, and are satisfied. And day by day truer grows the truth of that sentence which Mrs. Roy once discovered in her husband's pocket-book, cut out of a newspaper—she read and replaced it without a word, but with something between a smile and a tear—"*Young love is passionate, old love is faithful; but the very tenderest thing in all this world is a love revived.*"

THE END.

COMING.

LEND me thy lance, O gracious Moon,
That I may cleave the dark;
Sing softer, Wind, or hush thy tune;
O laughing River, hark!

For I have lost my heart, alas!
And know that it is near.
O tangled vine leaves, let him pass!
He comes, my Dear! my Dear!

MISSION ENDEAVOR.

"IT has been clearly proved, Richard Herndon, that you have shed the blood of this man, your comrade and friend. The Bible saith, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'"

A dark October evening in the Northwest; a circle of Indians seated on the ground; an inner circle of white men, also seated; a shrouded something laid out in the centre of the inclosed space; and the tall form of the elder confronting the accused, they two the only standing figures. A large Bible lay on a table. Behind it a knot of women knelt, clinging together as if in horror or grief. One sat a little apart, and soothed a slight young girl who with hidden face lay in her arms, trembling. The glare of two log fires outside the circle shone on the dusky figures of the Indians, the intent faces of the white men, all close shaved, thin, and grave, and in the foreground on the white hair and piercing eyes of the elder and the stalwart outline of the accused. It left in shadow the group of women, the shrouded thing on the ground, the log walls of the Mission building behind, and the aisles of the pine forest stretching away in every direction, like spokes of a dark wheel around the hub—this little point of human life and human interests in the solitude of the great forest and the night.

Endeavor Mission to the Indians owed its existence to the iron faith and will of Ephraim Danvers. This old man had gathered to himself, by means of letters and written placards posted on trees where horses stopped to breathe while going up long hills, men of like natures from all New England. These had he bound with a vow of brotherhood, and had then journeyed with them westward across the cool dark lakes, into the gateway of the Sault Sainte Marie, and out again and along the wild metal-ribbed shores of Superior, to this far point, where he had made a lodge, and raised the standard of God in the wilderness for the saving of souls—the souls of the red men, pagans in the land, inconvenient and neglected heathen, spewed out and left to themselves, while missionaries journeyed over oceans to far countries preaching salvation, forgetting those of their own households outside their own door. Endeavor Mission had lived its precarious life here for two long years. The brethren had worked faithfully. They learned the Chippewa tongue; they taught the dusky boys; they lived in careful peace with the braves, showing them by example and instruction the white man's methods of sowing and reaping; and they prayed with them and for them three times each day, and talked to them of God, the great Father, and of His written laws. With all this they lived sparingly, and toiled, as only the old Puritan obstinacy can toil, in a hard and constant contest with the forest and the soil for bare food and life. The sisters made friends with the gentle-eyed squaws, and did good work among them; for there were eight white women at the mission, all wives of brethren save two—Miriam, a teacher, and fair little Ruth, the elder's daughter.

Endeavor stood alone; it owed allegiance to no one. Whatever feeble connection it had had with the weak, struggling American Board of Missions was long since broken; too vast a wilderness of forest and water lay between. It was one of the many outcomes of that deep, silent religious enthusiasm of New England which in the earlier part of this century manifested itself in so many ways. Of a like spirit in another age were the martyrs made. Into this life of the mission two strangers had drifted—Richard Herndon, the accused, and Edward Brown, once his friend, now his shrouded victim. This day the brethren had found the slain body in the wood, and borne it homeward silently. They had then returned to seek for the slayer, and found him coming in of his own accord.

"'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,'" said the elder. "Richard Herndon, what have you to say in defense?"

"Defense?" said Herndon. "But I tell you there is no need of defense. He aimed at me before I aimed at him. His bullet is deep in some tree out there, I suppose. Mine was truer. It was all chance."

"There is no chance," said the elder, gravely.

"But we were both drunk, old man."

"Was it chance, too, that made you drink?"

"Of course it was. We had been hunting all night in the rain, and were wet and tired. We took a little, and took too much, and fell to quarreling—a thing that might happen to any man."

"No, not to any man, Richard Herndon. Such excuses avail you not. Patiently have we weighed the evidence for this full hour past. There remains no door of escape for you. The penalty of your crime is death."

"Death!" cried the accused, starting forward. "You dare to take to yourself the office of judge? Unbind me! You have taken away my arms; you are forty to my one. Unbind me!"

"Brethren, unbind him not," said the elder; "he is but one, yet is his strength great. Richard Herndon, I have somewhat to say to thee."

"And so have I somewhat to say to you, old fanatic. Who are you that you take to yourself legal powers in this way? By what authority do you pass sentence upon me?"

"By the authority of the Bible, poor sinner."

"I acknowledge it not," cried Herndon, hotly.

The faces of the brethren grew stern; a trace of compassion visible in one or two vanished: blasphemy was the unpardonable sin.

"Young man," said the elder, "you came into our borders three months ago, you and your friend, and you have dwelt voluntarily with us for these many days. We asked you not to remain, yet we gave you of our substance, and slackened not to provide you daily with all things needful. It was not that we loved you; your life, your aims, were different from ours. Yet we suffered you for hospitality's sake, all of us being, as it were, in the power of the wilderness, with the hand of the cold and of famine and of death by violence ever over us. Then came the time when you took the entrance vow of our society upon you. You sought me by night, and asked to be admitted as a preparing member. This was your own doing; no one urged you to take the vow. No influence was cast around you to draw you to our work or to our life."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said Herndon, surlily.

The light of the fire fell on his face as he changed his position; his hands were bound behind him, his brown beard flowed over his broad chest, his short, crisp hair, bronzed features, and angry eyes were full of strong life. He was like a ruddy Samson among those lean, wiry New England men; and he too had fallen into danger through love of a woman—a pure, innocent, pious little Delilah, who prayed for him three times every day, and whose soft pleading had drawn him on into this vow of membership, which he meant to break some time, but which now encircled him with an iron grasp. Cursing his folly at having put himself into the power of these stern visionaries, yet still strongly moved by the affection he felt for the little maiden, Herndon, for the first time, shot from under his bushy eyebrows one glance toward the group of women. He could not see Ruth, her face was hidden; but over the girl's quivering shoulder the eye of Miriam met his, and held it, saying, with all the power of strongest will, "Thou shalt *not* betray her." He turned his face away instantly, doubly angered by that look, which judged him in advance, as it were, and found in him a possibility of betrayal. "When, Heaven knows," he said to himself, "I'd let them hang me ten times over first!" He would have liked to go across and take that woman by the throat for daring to suspect him—that woman, that Miriam, with her steel-colored, unwavering eyes. All this passed in a breath. The elder, stern old Puritan, with his belief founded on the Book of Genesis and its laws rather than on the Gospel, never once dreamed that his daughter might have a heart in spite even of her training and of herself. He could never have comprehended that she loved this stranger, and that this was the cause of the man's long stay among them, and of his preparatory vow. He had thought at times vaguely that perhaps she would marry one of the brethren by-and-by; at present she was still a child.

"No influence was used, Richard Herndon; you chose to enter our society of your own accord: you are one of us. Bound by your vow, I have authority over you as over all the brethren. I hold also such legal powers as I could obtain from the government on coming here. I possess the delegated authority of the Word of God. You have slain a fellow-creature; it is the greatest crime the human hand can commit. We can not let you go. For our own sake, and for the sake of these listening red men, we must, as an example, execute the sentence of death upon you. Prepare, therefore, to die!"

"But I will not die," said Herndon, hotly. "Let me see the man who will dare come near me."

"We outnumber you, young man."

"Cowards, all of you," cried the prisoner, looking around the circle with fierce, scornful gaze. "Not a man dare meet me on a fair field. Come, unbind me; I can easily fight you all, for you are all cowards."

Which was not true. Those quiet New Englanders had a deep staying power of their own, which could go beyond mere fiery blood and muscle. There was not one of them who could not have died at the stake calmly, with a smile on his lips, counting the breath of the flame as the first airs from paradise.

The elder now turned to the Indians, and explained to them in their own tongue this man's crime and its impending punishment. "Human blood can not be lightly shed, my brethren. The Great Spirit commands that the murderer shall be put to death. Hear the words of the Holy Bible." And then he read again that ancient verse, which has come down on the stream of Time from unwritten ages, the guard around our mysterious gift of human life. The Indians listened, their deepest immobility assumed for the dignity of the white man's evening council. They assented to the elder's speech, and one of them arose and offered to sing the death-song for the criminal.

"The white brethren will sing it," said the elder.

Herndon chafed against his bonds. "To die like a dog!" he said to himself.

The elder took his seat, and laid the Bible open before him. "Do you see any reason, brethren, why sentence should not be pronounced upon this person?" he asked.

The oldest brother, as spokesman, arose and answered him, "We see no reason."

"He is guilty of murder?"

"He is."

"He is worthy of death?"

"Yes."

"Richard Herndon, I now give you a last opportunity to speak. If you have any words to say, say them now; hereafter hold your peace."

He leaned back in his chair, folded his arms, and waited. The accused stood alone in the centre of the circle. There was a silence. Some one heaped light branches upon the fire; a brighter glare lit up the circle of gazing faces round about the criminal. He had regained his composure; he spoke calmly. "I protest against all these proceedings," he said; "they are irregular and illegal. You have no authority to put me to death, even if I was guilty of murder, instead of being by chance the survivor of a drunken quarrel. You are surprised to hear me speak thus? In this language? You have thought me a rough Western hunter? You are mistaken. Good blood flows in my veins —of a better quality than yours. Inquiry will certainly be made for me, and, as sure as the sun rises, your turn will come; my blood will be required at your hands. So much for you. Now for myself. I did not commit willful murder. Every border man goes through hundreds of just such quarrels as ours of yesterday. He expects them, and bears no malice if he is the one to fall. Ned was a chance companion, not a friend; but he was a good fellow in his way. He would be the first to cut these cords if he could come to life again. Dead, I call upon him to speak against me if he will." And, with a sudden movement, Herndon, his hands being tied behind him, stooped and drew away the blanket from the shrouded form with his strong teeth.

It was a dramatic action. The New England men leaned forward, almost expecting to see fresh blood flow from the wound, according to the old superstition. But the dead man did not accuse his friend; no blood appeared; neither was there a look of anguish on the face. He seemed to be peacefully sleeping. (No one there knew, or could know, that the poor fellow was almost glad to die, and be out of it all—out of this weary, bewildered life, where a series of fatalities had seemed to trip him up ever since he was born; for, deny it as we may, some men are the foot-balls of Fate from the cradle to the grave.)

The living man stood there by the dead, his head erect, his eyes defiant. He was a splendid specimen of manhood. It almost seemed as though no law could be right which should slay him. A murmur of voices had arisen; the brethren spoke to each other in low voices.

But the old man remained unmoved. He said of a man, "He is large," or "He is small;" beauty and strength, for themselves alone, touched him not. "Your threats do not trouble us, Richard Herndon," he said, hushing the murmured voices with a grave gesture. "Your friends may come here after you if they will; they will find no wrong-doing. I hold, as I told you, legal powers. But it is not by those powers that I now pronounce sentence upon you. No; it is by the law of Jehovah, the Almighty God. I can not show you mercy, Richard Herndon, on account of these Indians, who are still very near to savagery, and who need this lesson of the white man's justice. But I would not if I could. Wert thou my own son, I should not hesitate; nay, I wish that thou wert my son indeed, that this painful duty might be also a sacrifice on my part, and that a father's prayers might avail, perhaps, to soften thee ere death. Richard Herndon, to-night thou must die."

But Ruth sprang from Miriam's arms, and knelt at the elder's feet. "Not to-night, father," she cried; "oh, not to-night! Do not be so cruel."

The women gathered around her and tried to soothe her pitiful sobbing. "It is too hard a thing for little Ruth," they said; "she is so tender-hearted."

"Bear her away," said the elder. "Go with the good sisters, my daughter. But pray for this man, if you will, as oft as you please; he needs all your prayers. It may be that God will hearken unto your voice. You have never known what sin was, my child; no wonder that it is so horrible to you."

But Ruth tore herself from the sisters, and came back to her father's feet. "Oh, spare him, father, spare him—for my sake! Let me be slain in his place!"

"Poor lamb, who offerest thyself for the sacrifice! Thou knowest not what thou sayest, Ruth."

"For *my* sake, father—my sake!"

"Nay, were he my own son, as I said before, I would not spare him, either for my sake or yours. And I would curse with a father's curse the child who dared interfere with my sentence."

The old man's voice had grown terrible; his eyes flashed; he was not thinking of poor little Ruth then. Perhaps he was thinking of some dark event of his own past which had made him what he was.

Ruth quailed and sank before him to the ground. The pitying sisters raised her in their arms. But, ere they could bear her away, the grave Miriam came forward. "Ruth," she said, gently, taking her hand, "stand down on your feet one moment, my child." The girl obeyed. "If you have any thing to say to Herndon, now, Ruth, now, *now*, for the last time, Ruth; your fa-

ther can not restrain you," she whispered; at the same time she led the young girl swiftly across the small inclosed space until they stood close to the doomed man. For Miriam alone, of all that company, knew the secret of these two.

The girl, pallid as death itself, looked up into the face of Richard Herndon. Miriam sustained her. She was a small, fragile creature, her large eyes were strained wide open with fear, like the eyes of a hunted hare, her little lips were parched, her breath came in gasps. Her small head—the arched head of the timid and highly reverent temperament—lay back against the elder woman's arm; it almost seemed as though she would die there, looking mutely upward into her lover's face. Yes, her lover; and she loved him. But the horror of a crime and of a father's curse lay between. The man read her face like the open page of a book, and, loving her as he did, he pitied her, and with an inward malediction upon woman's innate weakness, he helped her to turn from him by a cold and vicious look which suited well a murderer's countenance. Ruth saw it, shuddered, and closed her eyes. She had had her moment, and she spoke not. The sisters came forward, and bore her away fainting; Miriam stepped back into the shadow.

The elder felt constrained to offer an apology for his daughter. "She is but a child," he said, "too fragile for such scenes as this. Small wonder that her heart failed her, and that nervous incoherence overcame her speech. Pardon the maid, brethren; she knew not what she did."

There was a pause. The old man bowed his head for a moment; they saw that he prayed. When he lifted his face again, it was set to fulfill all his purpose. "Let the dead be covered," he said.

Two of the brethren stepped forward and reverently drew the blanket over the slain man. Herndon had withdrawn a few paces, and stood leaning against a tree; he seemed to scorn making any further attempt, or even speaking again. "I wish I had a cigar, though," he thought, with the *insouciance* which natures like his feel when they have once made up their minds to accept fate and struggle no longer.

"Richard Herndon, your crime is murder; its penalty is death. By the legal power I hold, by the authority I wield over you as a member of this society, and by the law of Jehovah, I now pass sentence upon you; and seeing that we have no proper prison, and that each day is filled to the full with our mission duties, I now decree that at dawn you be led forth and hanged from a convenient tree until life be extinct. And may God have mercy upon your soul!"

Herndon did not speak; he looked around the circle contemptuously. "A nice lot of executioners," he thought. The elder turned and repeated the sentence to the Indians. "Ruth might get a pistol to me if she tried, some time during the night," thought Herndon, "and at least save me from the hanging. Why do women never think of such things?" But poor little Ruth would have considered it a mortal sin to aid a man in taking his own life under any circumstances. In New England, fifty years ago, burial at four cross-roads, with a stake through the heart, was still the popular verdict upon *felo-de-se*. The Indians had given their "ugh," "ugh," of assent, the council was about to break up, the brethren advanced to lead away the prisoner, when, "Wait, friends, I have a word to speak," said a woman's voice. It was Miriam. She came forward into the centre of the group, the only woman present: the others had gone with Ruth. The circles were broken; the white men and Indians looked at her wonderingly, and pressed nearer. She stood among them —a tall, dark-skinned woman, clad in the plain garb of the sisters. In her every-day life she spoke rarely, save when engaged in her teacher's work; she was counted especially holy by all. With the far-off, faintly cool holiness of some distant star, however, very different from the fervid, loving piety of the other sisters who were wives, and the gentle, girlish religion of fair Ruth. The brethren esteemed Miriam; but they were also somewhat afraid of her. They felt that she was almost too saintly for a mission such as theirs—a mission of common human life, where husbands and wives lived and labored together in the same good cause; they thought that her place should be higher, among those who had renounced altogether the joys of this life, and who lived as the angels lived. The elder counted Miriam as almost on a level with men, so far above the weaknesses of her sex she seemed to him. She was the one woman to whom he paid a mute respect; in all his life the only one; for Ruth's mother had been, as Ruth was now, a fragile little creature, fitted for love and timid obedience.

"Friends," said Miriam, breaking the grave surprised silence, "you have done justly in sentencing this man to death; indeed, you could do no less. He is guilty of a great crime."

Herndon looked at the speaker with indifference. She was the one woman at the mission for whom he felt dislike. He was kind to women by nature, and liked them without effort; but his idea was that they should be either pretty or gentle-tempered. This woman was neither. He said to himself, "She wants to try her hand at a speech."

"Having duly performed your part according to law," continued Miriam, "I ask you to suspend the execution of this man's sentence, brethren, and to give him to me."

There was a murmur of astonishment. Herndon himself drew back, darkly frowning. What was this woman to him?

"You have a custom," said Miriam, turning to the Indians, and speaking in their tongue, "that when a man is condemned to die, if a woman will come forward and take him for her own, and give herself to him, his life is spared, and she and he are banished together to the wilderness to fare as they can. Is this so?"

The Indians assented.

"I am that woman. I now take him as my own. Give him to me. Have I not the right to ask it, according to your law?"

Again the Indians assented.

"And you—you will not go against this favor I ask, the last I shall ever ask, brethren?" said the woman, turning to the white men. "You will give me this man's life?" Her eyes passed from face to face.

"But it is too much, sister—too great a task even for your goodness. Why should you sacrifice yourself for this hardened reprobate?"

"He is hardened now; but it may be that I can soften him. It is a great thing to bring a sinner to God's feet."

"But what a suffering life for you, sister! You are holy, and he is vile."

"And can you not see, my brother, that that makes the very strength of my appeal? Of what use is holiness if not to rescue vileness? Shall I keep my religion as a garb too costly to work in—I, vowed to labor? Besides, so deeply dyed a sinner as this man is is marked, set apart, as it were, for a great and special pity by reason of the sore punishment surely, so surely, awaiting him. He is consecrated by his very crime. Bearing the mark of Cain upon his forehead, he must suffer the punishment of Cain; nothing we can do will alter that. But, oh, my brethren, will it not be better if he comes to his punishment humble and repentant? And, in God's mysterious providence, it seems to me that this work is given into my hand to do. Oh, my brethren, love the red man and help him; but turn me not from saving a white man's soul also, if so be that I can!"

"But your own life, sister?"

"Can I do better with it?"

The brethren stood irresolute, looking upon the woman's steadfast face. One and another, they had spoken to her, and she had met their words. They turned toward the elder, hesitating. It was noticeable that she had not addressed him; she had appealed directly to the lay brothers and to the Indians. The old man noted not this slight—he was above small thoughts of self—but he sat amazed. To leave her place, her work, forever, and go forth with this godless man! He looked, looked fixedly upon her, and she returned his gaze. The two strong wills met.

"You would take this man to yourself, Miriam?"

"Yes, father."

"To save his life?"

"Yes."

"But you must be his wife, then—you must take him as a husband. In no other way can I let you go."

"I know it."

He gazed at her silently; and as he gazed, slowly the conviction came to him that here was a sacrifice greater than death: it would be harder for her to live with him than to die for him. He rose, and with outstretched arms gave her the benediction. Her prayer was granted: the doomed man was hers.

Life is sweet to us all; but Richard Herndon was of a dogged temper, and proud. "I am not going to owe it to her," he said to himself. He turned to the men. "Unbind me," he said, shortly. The brethren, who still held him, began to undo the cords; but the elder checked them.

"Not yet," he said; "this man is not yet free. At dawn, united as one, the two may go forth together. But first we must make some preparation for their journey, we must give them a chance for life; the rest is in God's hands. Let Richard Herndon remain here, bound and guarded, until morning; I will then perform the marriage ceremony over them, and they may go."

"But look here—" began Herndon.

Almost as the words left his mouth, Miriam, coming forward, whispered swiftly in his ear, "Do not object, or say one word. I promise to leave you at the first town."

She would not meet his eyes. He surveyed her doubtingly. She went back quickly among the others, who were receiving the old man's instructions. "If her game is to marry me because she thinks I am somebody, I can block it finely," he thought. "I do not believe the marriage will hold in law; and even if it does, once out of this trap, I will never see her face again as long as I live. If it is money she's after, I shall have the satisfaction of telling her that there's precious little." Then he fell to thinking of his little love sobbing her heart out in the Mission-house behind, and his anger rose again fiercely. "Can't a man have what he wants?" he said to himself. That she had not strength enough to make one effort to save him made no difference in his estimation of her; he liked women who were timid and yielding; he hated Amazons and martyrs. Then his thoughts went back to Miriam. "I will outwit her yet," he said to himself, watching the group around the elder, and her averted face.

At dawn the marriage service was spoken over the two. The dead had been interred in the little burial-ground back of the Mission-house, the one service preceding the other. The fires had died down now; the

gray light of dawn lit the sky. Miriam, in her sisterhood garb, stood by the side of Richard Herndon, and before the assembled company repeated the vows of love and obedience which the elder's voice pronounced. Herndon would not speak; he was sullen and angry. Yet during the long night hours he had made up his mind to take the life offered to him at any cost. A man can not keep himself up to the point of *insisting* upon death when youth and strength are stirring within him. Still he would not speak. Miriam, however, took his hand, hanging bound behind him, and held it in both her own. "I accept him even as he is, without spoken vows," she said. "Go on with the service, father."

The old man went on. He prayed for the welfare of the two. In measured terms he acknowledged the special intervention of Providence in the affair, and the submission they all gave to the decree. He commended "this woman, Thy handmaid," and "this Ishmaelite whom she hath taken to herself for pity's sake," to the especial mercy of God. He then pronounced the final benediction, and the service was ended: the two were one. Ten minutes later they had left the mission together, walking through the forest on their way to the lake, where a canoe containing a few provisions and stores awaited them.

Herndon had his gun, the woman a small bag of clothing. The man's hands were swollen from the pressure of the cords. Without a word the woman took the gun from him and carried it. He made no objection. "She can do as much of the work as she pleases," he said to himself.

They were together eight days. Herndon paddled the canoe, hunted now and then, or fished, in order to help out their provisions, and smoked his pipe while Miriam took her turn at the oar. The autumn air was cool. By day they went steadily on toward the Sault; by night they camped on the beach, the man sleeping by the fire, rolled in a blanket, the woman in the canoe, anchored off the shore. The journey was long. At first Herndon did not look at his companion; but when he found that she as studiously looked away from him, he fell to watching her now and then, wondering when she was going to begin her persuasions; for he was quite convinced that she meant to persuade him into acknowledging the marriage, and taking her eastward as his wife. "She might as well try to move granite," he thought.

On the fourth day he talked a little, vaguely and irrelevantly, on all subjects save the one in hand. She answered him quietly, but he could not draw her out. He spoke of the mission and its work; she said nothing. He abused the fanaticism of the elder, and the blind obedience of the brethren; she did not defend them. On the fifth day he told her the true story of the quarrel. Ned was a chance acquaintance; they had met at the Sault, and had agreed to go on a hunting expedition together. By chance they had come across the mission, and had staid there longer than they ought to have staid. Ned was a good fellow, but he would drink now and then. Twice before, when under the influence of liquor, he had shot at the speaker, and barely missed him; this time he, Herndon, was half drunk himself, and had fired too. It was an even chance which one would be hit; it happened to be Ned. Didn't really know the man from Adam; merely a boon companion for the summer. Intended to publish his death in the Eastern papers, and tell the whole story to whoever wanted to hear it. Was sorry he was gone, poor fellow. Good luck be with him wherever he was in the next world! he certainly didn't have much of it in this.

On the sixth day he fell to talking of Ruth. He really loved the little maiden in his way, and whenever he thought of her, he turned angry against fate. The sweet clinging affection of the young girl seemed to him all that there was of higher love; her dependent nature and her little fears charmed him. He loved to think of soothing her, as one soothes a frightened little child. Then—so complex is the train of human motives—he felt a desire to stir up this silent woman, and see if she had any life in her. All women were alike: there must be a spring to touch somewhere, if one could only find it. So, as he paddled steadily on, he talked of Ruth, of her loveliness, and her love. Miriam sat unmoved. He said more. She remained silent. He burst forth into a rhapsody, partly real, partly assumed.

"Yet she failed you at the last," said the woman, looking up suddenly, and fixing full upon him her dark-fringed, steel-colored eyes.

"And I love her the more for her very failure," said Herndon, returning the gaze with one equally fixed. "Do you think I like being saved by a woman?"

She turned her head away quickly, and for the first time showed some emotion. "There seemed to be no other way," she said, in a low tone.

"Oh, you are referring to yourself? In that case it was different, of course. I am nothing to you, and you are nothing to me. You would have done the same for any dying wretch, being moved thereto by—by—shall we say pity? You are so strong-minded, you know—not timid or retiring, like other women. All the same, I am very much obliged to you, of course, and if there is any thing I can do for you, pray command me." He stopped paddling for a

moment, and relighted his pipe. "Do you think of returning to the mission?" he asked. "She might as well understand that her future movements are nothing to me," he added, mentally.

"No."

"Ah! perhaps you intend to remain at the Sault?"

"No."

"Well, in any case, you must allow me to recompense you in some small degree for the loss of time or change of plans I have involuntarily occasioned."

"If I need aid, I will send you word."

"Oh, that will not do at all. I can give you no fixed address. I think of going abroad, perhaps to Spain or Egypt. But before I go I should like to do something for you, although I myself am far from rich. In fact, you have had the misfortune to rescue only a poor man," said Herndon, looking into her eyes, with a little mocking smile. It was too much. A spasm passed over her face, a sudden sobbing seized and shook her; tears poured down her cheeks between the fingers that tried to hide them. There was no doubt but that she was crying now in the most weak and womanish way possible.

Herndon remained motionless, paddle in hand, staring at her. He was so amazed that he did not speak. What! this hardened manœuvrer overcome at last—this skillful player throwing up her hand, and sitting there crying like a baby, because he had said a word or two showing that he had found her out! He could not bear to hear her sobbing; he began to feel ashamed of himself, and to suspect that he had been mistaken all along. The longer he looked at her, the more he felt inclined to think that he had judged her wrongly; that here was a character which he had not understood, one of those religious enthusiasts that people talked about now and then in books. "She must think me a brute," he said to himself. Then he began aloud, blundering, but in earnest. "Miss Miriam," he said, "I beg your pardon with all my heart. I have made a huge mistake all along. I thought you were marrying me for my name or my money, and I now see that I was all wrong, and that my suspicions have been positively insulting. Do forgive me. I am a worldly sort of a fellow, not fit to associate with such a religious person as yourself; and such things *are* done in the world, I assure you. Indeed, it would have been a first-class manœuvre for—for such a woman as I supposed you to be. Come, forgive me. I am deeply ashamed of myself. I will do now whatever you please. I will even let the marriage stand if you wish it."

The woman shook her head.

"I thought you would refuse. It would be highly repugnant to you, of course, or to any right-minded woman; but, understand me, I am willing now to hold to it and to have it publicly acknowledged. Perhaps you are alone in the world, or desolate. In that case it would be better to let it stand, for then I could provide for you without comment. We need not be together at all, you know; we could live quite apart, as so many husbands and wives do nowadays. For, of course, I know that I should not suit you at all, being so worldly-minded, and so forth, while you are a sort of a—a saint—I mean a nun," he added, hastily changing the word, which held so low a place in his own estimation. (He had never known "a saint" of either sex who was a pleasant or even a sensible companion on earth, whatever he or she might be eventually in heaven.) "You are not willing? Well, I suppose it *would* be an infliction. The truth is that I do not know much about religious people." He paused. "Please tell me, then, what I *can* do for you," he said, beginning to smoke again.

"Nothing," said Miriam.

She had dried her eyes and turned her head away. After a while, silence being once more established between them, he saw her, while he paddled briskly on to make up for lost time, take out a half sheet of paper, and begin to write upon it with a pencil, steadying it with a piece of bark.

"What are you writing?" he asked, after half an hour had passed.

"Prayers," she answered.

"Suppose you make some for me; I need them."

For now that he believed in her sincerity, such as it was, he felt himself no longer on guard before her, and fell back into his old half-bantering tone.

"You do; but Ruth will pray for you."

"No, she won't; I shall not allow it. Do you think I am going to have her holding herself above me in that way? If I marry Ruth (you have refused to let our marriage stand, you know), she shall pray—you will think this is dreadful, but I do not know any other way to express it—she shall pray to me."

"You mean that you wish to be her god?"

"No wish about it; it will be so of itself."

"It will indeed. May you be very happy with her, Mr. Herndon! A sweeter nature I never knew." She said this quietly, and went on with her writing.

"Those prayers do not get on very fast," said Herndon, at the end of another half hour, watching her sit motionless, pencil in hand. "Come, give me a little of your time and tell me your plans. In another day we shall be at the Sault."

"Yes; and I will answer you before we reach the Sault. In the mean time, please leave me to myself."

"Cool!" said Herndon, half laughing, half vexed.

"As we near civilization, Mr. Herndon, we necessarily resume our proper places," continued the woman. "I am glad that you have righted me in your own mind." She raised her eyes and looked at him. "I never once thought of your name or your money," she said.

A flush rose in his cheek. At that moment the man felt himself contemptible before her. "I judged you by low standards," he said, hurriedly. "I am not accustomed to being with religious people, Miss Miriam."

Clouds came up and darkened the lake at sunset. Hitherto they had had fine weather.

"Rain," said Herndon.

"Yes, and cold," said Miriam, looking at the sky.

"We have had wonderful luck," continued Herndon. "If the weather had been bad, I could not have hunted or fished, and we should have been twice as long on the way, besides. It would have been a close shave for life. But I suppose it all comes from having a religious person on board," he added, half believing it himself. "I think we had better camp here, Miss Miriam, in this little bay."

They ate their supper; then Herndon piled the fire with branches dragged from the forest behind. "It is the last night we shall be together," he said. "Sit a while, won't you?" for hitherto Miriam had withdrawn to the canoe early in the evening. She sat down upon a blanket, with her back against the two-foot sand bluff of the shore. Darkness came down rapidly; the blaze of the fire made a circle of light around them and shone upon her face. She took off her broad straw hat and the close cap of the sisterhood; the heavy braids of her black hair crowned her head and gave depth to her gray eyes. Herndon lay on the sand at a little distance, his hands under his head, his pipe in his mouth. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "she is almost handsome." (But she was not; it was only the fire-light and the night.)

At nine o'clock the woman rose. She had sat quietly enough under his gaze, occasionally replying to his desultory remarks, and he felt somewhat vexed: women generally either turned away from or toward his look; they did not sit unmoved like that. "I suppose it is because she is so religious," he said to himself.

It had grown very dark, and the wind began to moan through the pines. "Perhaps you had better not stay out there to-night," said Herndon.

"It is quite safe," said the woman, going on with her preparations as usual. Then she stepped into the canoe and pushed it off with the paddle. "Mr. Herndon," she said, standing outlined in the fire-light against the darkness of the water behind, "have you entirely exonerated me from all inclination to insist upon that marriage service that was spoken over us, on account of your name or fortune, whatever they may be?"

"I have indeed," said Herndon, warmly. "I am ashamed of myself for ever having thought so, Miss Miriam."

"I am very glad; thank you. And I have one more thing to say: you need not have been afraid, for—I am married already." And the canoe went out into the darkness.

The next morning, when he woke, a cold fine rain was pouring steadily down. He felt very uncomfortable in his damp blankets, and rose. The fire was out. He looked seaward: the canoe was gone. Miriam had left him in the night, taking the boat with her. She would reach the Sault twelve hours before him, since it was slow walking by the beach. "Why did she do it?" he said, angrily. He threw off his coat, and went down to the lake to bathe his face and hands. When he came back, something caught his eye. Pinned to the inside of the garment was the half sheet of paper upon which he had watched her writing. "She must have come in to shore and placed it there while I was asleep," he thought. And this is what he found:

"I have taken the canoe and gone on to the Sault: when you reach there, I shall have gone. There is no use searching for me; I shall not be found. Besides, you have no rights over me, I am married already; and I have rights over you, for I saved your life. Do as I ask you, then; make no attempt to find me, either now or at any time: I assure you it will be time lost.

"I hate hypocrisy. Therefore I wish to say that it was not religious enthusiasm or self-sacrifice that made me try to save you when Ruth failed. (For she *did* fail; you can never alter that.) I *was* religious—once. I had deep religious enthusiasms—once. I was capable of making just such a sacrifice for a doomed criminal—once. But that was long ago—before I loved you!

"Yes, Richard Herndon, I loved you, I love you now. But through all the complications and temptations of my fate I am coming out right; I am leaving you forever.

"Go back to Ruth if you like; I do not care, nor shall I know. For I can not marry you if I would, being a wife, at least in name, already; and I would not if I could, being very proud. For you did not love me first, Richard; therefore you shall not love me last. MIRIAM."

Richard Herndon sat down on his wet blankets in the rain, and thought. Then he rose, cooked his breakfast, packed his traps, and set off on his long beach walk to the Sault.

"Those gaunt, dark, hollow-eyed women are the very ones for this sort of thing," he said to himself, not without a vague wonder at the power of his own attractions. "All the same, I am more than half in love with her myself," he added. "Perhaps—"

Yes, perhaps. But years afterward he said that it was "a happy escape; she would have been very inconvenient."

And so she would, I fear.

PEAT-FIELDS.

By MISS THACKERAY,

Author of "Miss Angel," "Old Kensington," "The Village on the Cliff," etc.

CHAPTER I.

NOT long ago the children opened a drawer in my writing-table and found a little roll of dusty manuscript which I myself had written many years ago. It was a story in which some true things were told with others that were not true, all blended together in that same curious way in which, when we are asleep, we dream out allegories and remembrances and indications that we scarcely recognize when we are awake. Story-telling is in truth a sort of dreaming, from which the writer only quite awakes when the last proof is corrected. These visions seem to haunt one, and to contend with realities, and at times to flash into definite shape and voice and motion, and to hold their own almost independently of our will, and to impress us as real voices and impulses do in every-day existence.

When the children, who take a faithful interest in my performances, brought me this dusty packet I read it through, and once more found myself in a little village in France, which I had scarcely thought of for years and years. There it stood among its plains, sunning itself in the autumn rays; all the people who used to live there with us came marching out of the drawer, bringing fruit in their hands, rolling barrows piled with golden pumpkins, carrying great baskets of purple plums, or sweet green-gages oozing golden juice, great jugs of milk, and wheaten loaves baked in the country ovens. Not only people, but the bygone animals came too out of this ark. A black retriever making for the water, the turkey-cocks perching on our door-steps, the little black hen with the crooked bill, the poor tortoise-shell cat who died of hunger, shut up in the cellar below the kitchen. We had a cook—a hateful woman—who had once tried to poison the poor creature, and who laughed at our dismay when we learned its ultimate fate. No one else had heard its cries. The rambling old place seemed made for some such tragedy, piled together with dark corners, hidden passages, stone flights, and heavy masonry. The walls were of thickest stone. There was a sort of dungeon under the flight of steps that led to the house door, and the dining-room had two hiding-places opening on either side of the jam cupboard. All round the drawing-room a secret passage ran between the wall and the wooden paneling. This passage was lighted by a narrow window, all hidden by leaves of the vine-tree. The drawing-room windows opened into a sweet garden full of flowers and straggling greenery. At the end of the walk by the vine wall stood a little pavilion with a pointed roof and a twirling weather-cock, with casements north, east, and west. This little pavilion seemed to guard the entrance of the village. People said that the old farm had once been a hunting-lodge built by Henry IV., who came here with his Court. I could imagine any one of the old pictures I had seen in the Louvre and elsewhere made alive, the gay cavalcade sounding and galloping away, disappearing along the highway; horses prancing, squires following, horns sounding, and scarfs flying in the air. Sometimes the King ruled at the Château de Visy, so the legend ran; but the château was the Queen's, and the hunting-lodge was the King's, and the little pavilion where we girls all did our lessons together, and blotted our German exercises, had been built for some aigretted lady of the Court.

Visy le Roi is a village not far from Corbeil, a well-known country town in France. It is a district where the sun sets across miles of flat spreading fields that are crossed and recrossed in every direction by narrow canals, of which the sluggish waters reflect the willows planted along their course. These streams are darkened by the color of the banks on either side. The earth is nearly black; the water is stained by strange tints. The country is sombre with peat-fields, and here and there are peat manufactories standing lonely against the sky. When the light blazes, it is reflected on the waters as they flow with a certain sluggish persistent tide. Every here and there at cross-ways are deep pools, where lilies and green tangles are floating on the brown eddies. Sometimes of an evening, when the sun sets over the black fields, long-drawn chords of light strike against the stems of the poplar-trees, and then their quaint mop heads seem on fire, while the flames roll down from the west with vapor and with murky splendor. The figures passing along the roads on the way homeward, the blue blouses, the country-women carrying their baskets on their arms or their fagots on their backs, are strangely illumined by these last beams of daylight. Some of Millet's sketches at Paris a year ago brought a remembrance to my mind of the roads and country places that I had haunted in my early youth. Few painters have drawn such wide fields as he; plains stretching so far, hours so long, as I remember them in those days, when they passed with strangely slow

and heavy footsteps. The hours are shorter now. The plains are sooner crossed; horizons close in. Hope is less and less deferred.

The inhabitants of Visy le Roi might be bakers or grocers in public; in private, after business hours, and at the backs of their houses, they were comfortable people, with pleasant gardens, in which they spent much of their time, among an abundance of pumpkins, of vine wreaths, of reflecting glass globes on wooden stems, and blue lupins. Some of the people in the village, finding the gardens at the back of their houses insufficient to their requirements, cultivated quadrangles outside the village, where they would water their rose-trees quietly of summer evenings.

The Maire of Visy le Roi was very proud of his garden, which was neatly spread out in front of his stone house, and ornamented by two large black balls reflecting each other and the street, and our opposite gateway, and our dining-room windows, and his tidy plots of marigolds and scarlet runners, which were our admiration. He used to be specially active on summer evenings, and might be seen clipping, and chopping, and brushing away insects. He was not married in those days; he settled in Normandy after his first marriage, and sold his property at Visy. In fact, circumstances had made the place distasteful to him. He was a sensitive, kind-hearted man, although a somewhat absurd one. One of our party, a young French lady, who has since made a name for herself, was a good musician, and evening after evening I have sat listening to the flow of her music and the scrapings of M. Fontaine's violin. I made bold to put them into a book long after, but here they are in the catgut. How plainly the strains still sound coming out of the darkened room, with the figures sitting round! the windows are open to the dim garden, and I can still hear the dinning accompaniment of the grasshoppers outside whistling their evening song to the rising stars.

My granduncle, who was of an ingenious turn of mind, had come to Visy to try a machine he had invented, and to make experiments in the manufacture of peat fuel. It is certain that with his machine, and the help of an old woman and a boy, he could produce as many little square blocks of firing in a day as M. Mérard, the rival manufacturer, in three, with all his staff, including his cook and his carter's son. The carter himself, a surly fellow, had refused to assist in the factory. It is true that our machine cost about three hundred pounds to start with, and that it was constantly getting out of order and requiring the doctoring of a Paris engineer; but setting that aside, as M. Fontaine proved to us after an elaborate calculation, it was clear that a saving of thirty-five per cent. was effected by our process.

The engineer from Paris having failed us on two occasions, I believe that my granduncle had at one time serious thoughts of constructing a mechanical engineer, who was to keep the whole thing in order, and only to require an occasional poke himself to continue going. I remember once seeing a wooden foot wrapped up in cotton-wool in a box in our workshop, but I believe this being went no further. The old woman's wages, with the boy's, was fifteen francs a week, amounting to about seven pounds for the three months we were at Visy. The Frankenstein's foot alone cost twelve pounds, so that it is easy to reckon how other more complicated organs would have run up the bill. I asked my uncle once whether the creature, when complete, would be content to live in the shed, or insist on coming home of an evening and joining the family circle. "Who can tell?" said my granduncle, laughing. "Perhaps it may turn out an agreeable member of society, and Fontaine himself will be cut out in his attentions to Mademoiselle Mérard."

Old Mérard was the rival manufacturer. He came down in his slippers one day to inspect our designs; he did not think much of them, and declined to purchase the patent. He and Madame Mérard and Mademoiselle Léonie were, so he told us, starting for their estate in Normandy. Madame Mérard and her daughter never missed the bathing season, and preferred being accompanied by him. He was a tidy-looking old fellow; madame was a dark and forbidding-looking person—a brunette, my polite old uncle called her, when I complained that she frightened me with her mustache and gleaming white teeth. Madame Mérard had a strange effect upon people's nerves. I always felt as if she was going to bite me. As for Mademoiselle Léonie, she was a washed-out, vapid, plaintive personage, in gray alpaca and plaid ribbons. She embroidered; she sang out of tune; she shuddered at the mention of a Protestant. She would have been a nonentity but for her ill temper, which fascinated Fontaine. I never could otherwise account for the attraction which our friend seemed to find in her society.

CHAPTER II.

After the Mérards' departure for Petitport, we saw a great deal of M. le Maire. He was a sociable creature, and consoled himself for his Léonie's absence by various gentle flirtations in the village. Our life would have been monotonous but for his cheerful visits and friendly introductions. All our acquaintance in the place we owed to him. He introduced us to the new-made Lords of the Manor, the Fourniers at the castle (he brought us a message from Ma-

dame Fournier requesting us to call there any day our religion might permit), the Mérards, the fascinating Madame Valmy, Captain Parker, our compatriot; upon all these persons we called at Fontaine's suggestion, and escorted by him. But we did not greatly care for society. Some of us were too old, some of us were too young, to need much company besides our own. We young ones lived in good society. Poets sang to us in the mornings under the shady vine trellis, and of evenings by lamp-light and by moonlight; we had the company of philosophers too, and of romancers, charming in those days with an art which I can remember with a sort of wonder. So we rose betimes, worked and rested, studying in barns and trellis bowers, exploring the farms and farm-yards round about. When we had written our exercises, practiced our fingers upon the piano, closed our lesson books, agricultural arts awaited us. Muslin bags had to be made for the sweet heavy bunches of ripening grapes. The pumpkins had to be met, counted, disposed of. I remember one dewy morning when the first pumpkin opened fire, if I may so describe its advent. Next day there were twenty large golden disks, and then from every side they upheaved, growing upon us hour by hour, multiplying, rolling in, in irresistible numbers, hanging from the tops of the walls. From every corner these monstrous creatures encircled us. Poor Fontaine was in despair; it was a plague of pumpkins. "There are those who like pumpkin soup," said he, doubtfully. Here we all cried out, protesting we had had pumpkin soup every day for a week; we did not like it at all. But my cousin, Mary Williamson, the housekeeper, declared that it was absolutely necessary, and so the remainder of our stay was imbittered to us by the tides of this milky, seedy, curd-like mixture.

Our visit to the Fourniers was a very solemn event. From the very first, Monsieur Fontaine had been anxious that we should realize the glories of the castle.

"You will see—pure Henri Quatre—Monsieur Fournier bought it direct from the Mesnils, and has not yet refurnished the reception-rooms. The Mesnils had owned it for years; but the late Count ruined the family, and they were forced to sell at his death. Madame la Comtesse signed the papers before me as well as her son. She was in a fury, poor woman. I tried to soothe her. She flung the pen into my face. Her son, Monsieur Maurice, apologized. 'My dear friend,' I said to him, 'do not mention it.'"

Monsieur Fontaine came to fetch us on the appointed day. My cousins could not join us, but my uncle put on his short round cloak, and we set off together. On the way along the village street, Monsieur Fontaine gave us information about the various inhabitants. "Ah! there goes the doctor, that good Poujac; he is the most amiable character. Monsieur le Curé says he never had a more devout parishioner; and yet if I were seriously ill, I should send to Corbeil, I think, for further advice. Madame Valmy has the greatest confidence in him. He nursed her husband in his last illness. It was most alarming for her—it was cholera. Poor Valmy died within twenty-four hours. She is only now out of mourning. She has passed the winter at Paris. I should like to pass the winter at Paris," sighed Fontaine; "but my duties keep me here; and when my vacation comes," he said, consciously, "I am to remain a fortnight with my friends the Mérards, at Petit-port, for the bathing season. Mademoiselle Léonie's health requires sea-bathing; she has not the physique of Mademoiselle Pauline at the castle."

As he spoke, we had a vision of Mademoiselle Pauline herself in the distance, actively trudging alongside the canal. Monsieur Fontaine became very much excited as he pointed her out to us. She was followed by a maid-servant carrying a basket, and walking quietly, with long country footsteps, and wearing a white coif, a handkerchief across her shoulders, and a big apron with pockets. Her young mistress, unconscious of Fontaine's signals, sometimes hurried ahead, sometimes lagged behind to gather dock leaves, branches of green, and marsh-mallows, of which she had made a sort of wreath, bound together by broad blades of grass. I could see the two heads passing between the willow stumps; some bird wheeled round overhead, and returned to its nest in a willow-tree; some water-rat splashed from its hole at the root of an alder. The young person walking ahead, hearing this splashing, stopped short and went down on her knees among the grasses; the maid-servant, who had long since outgrown the age of weasels and water-rats, and had matured to domestic interests, went on her way.

What a strange feeling it gives to write of all this that happened so long ago vividly flashing before one's mind like the splash of the water-rat! I remember how the willows stood at intervals, with their black stumpy stems; how all the purples and golds of the evening were reflected in the peat-stained water, shining in the green foliage and on the bricks of the old walls of the park.

"Mademoiselle!" said the Maire, politely stepping forward.

Pauline, still upon her knees, looked round into our faces while the Maire introduced us, and the water-rat darted away. She scrambled up; her dress was all dabbled with water, smeared with black earth, and also on fire with the evening light; so was her hair, which was oddly dressed in two twisted horns in the fashion of those days. There

was something rude and honest about Mademoiselle Pauline which attracted me to her. She had a thick waist, country shoes; she wore a blue ribbon with a medal round her neck. She had pudgy red hands. She acknowledged Fontaine's elaborate introduction by squaring her elbows, with an awkward bob of the head which she had copied from her father. Then she turned and said to my uncle, in tolerable English, "My papa and mamma are at the house; will you come to see them?" and then she led the way without another word. There was a low door in the wall, at which Pauline stopped, pushing with her shoulder and giving a violent jerk.

"Allow me, mademoiselle. You will hurt yourself," exclaimed Fontaine, quite shocked.

"Take care, my dear young lady," said Uncle Joseph; "a small wedge inserted into the opening—"

But Pauline had burst open the door, and there was no more to be said. We all walked into the park, which was darkly overgrown, as French parks are apt to be, but not without a certain dim charm of its own. Long vistas glimmered, and narrow avenues of trees ran in every direction. The great gates at the entrance of the chief avenue were half sunk into the earth; the ivies were clinging to the rusty hinges. The Court and its gay company had passed away, leaving it all to silence. For those who were to come after, only a sign remained from the past generation to that which was to come — a stone with a herald's mark for us to note as we pass on our way—some symbol of glories that are not quite over yet for impressionable people. And then we in turn hang up our trophies, names, and records, dumbly appealing for good-will and sympathy to those who are to come after; and so we pass on our way. The maid walked first, then came Pauline swinging her arms, then followed my uncle, and Fontaine of the springing step. The park led to an open space in front of the old house, and to a terrace, upon which M. and Madame Fournier were seated enjoying the evening air. They had coffee-cups on the little green table between them. M. Fournier was in his shirt sleeves, Madame Fournier's hair was neatly combed and arranged with many pins. She did not wear a cap, as do English matrons. She was like her daughter in appearance, but although prettier, she had less expression. Neither she nor her husband troubled themselves about Henry IV. and his hunt. They put a large billiard table in the hall, set a maid to darn stockings in a window, placed a green-baize covered piano exactly in the centre of the drawing-room, saw that the floor was polished, so that Pauline could slide from one end to the other in her chaussons, and prepared to enjoy the fruits of their many years' labor in peace. But there was still something to be done. Pauline, notwithstanding her short frocks, her scrambles, her tails of plaited hair, was eighteen, and of an age to marry. His daughter's establishment occupies Fournier very anxiously, the Maire had already explained to us. Several propositions have been made, but he has his own ideas. Mademoiselle Pauline herself as yet only thinks of running wild. Hers is a wonderful activity. She inherits from her papa, said Madame Fournier. She was fat and lazy herself, and took out her exercise in worrying from her chair. She would gladly have seen her daughter more like other girls, and used to protest by the hour, breathless and unnoticed. "Would you believe it, Monsieur Fontaine, my daughter drags the roller unassisted for an hour a day. It is inconceivable!" "Excellent gymnastics, mamma," says Fournier. "Don't you interfere with my course of hygiene."

Next time I walked up to the château I was amused to meet Pauline actively occupied, as her mother had described, dragging a huge roller over the grass. The young lady stopped, seeing me coming, wiped her brow, and sent a gardener for a glass of beer, which she tossed off at a draught. Her manners were not attractive at first sight, but one got used to them by degrees, and very soon Pauline and I had struck up a girlish intimacy.

She was a kind and warm-hearted girl, gentle enough in reality, although she seemed so abrupt and determined at first. She was dogmatic and conceited; she had a habit of telling long and prosy stories all about her own exploits and wonderful penetration, but this was only want of habit of the world. Her confidence in others made her a bore, perhaps, but it made one love her too. She had plenty of sympathy and intelligence. She had never read any books, or known any body outside the walls of her home. It was a lonely life that she had lived, with the roller and her dogs for play-fellows, roaming within the gloomy gates of the park, or among the black fields and creeping waters that surrounded it. But she was happy enough; she was free to come and go as she liked. The tranquil commonplace of home was made dear to her by her father's trusting love; even her mother's worry was part of it all.

"Before my brother died," she said, one day, "mamma did not mind little things as she does now. That was years ago—before I can remember. I am the only child," she said, with a sigh, "and all their fortune is for me, they say." Then she shrugged her broad shoulders. "I shall be a great deal richer and in much better position than poor Claudie de Mesnil, and yet I assure you Madame la Comtesse would scarcely allow her daughter to speak to me. She thinks peo-

ple who are not noble are scarcely human beings. I am a good bourgeoise, and I am not ashamed of it. I might like aristocrats better if they were more like Monsieur Maurice," said Pauline. "That day his mother was rude, and sent her daughter away when I spoke to her, he looked really sorry, and came up to mamma to try and make up. I was nearly crying, but I would not let them see it. We had gone to offer that detestable woman the château for the summer. She would not take it, so we left it shut up. Another year you might have it if you liked, and you must come and stay with me next week when your uncle goes back to Paris. You don't know me yet, but I know you, and I am sure we shall be good friends. Shake hands," and she held out her hand. It was very red and broad, but its grasp was cordial. "I will come and see you to-morrow, after breakfast. Is it true that Protestants fast every day but Sunday? I should not like that," says Pauline, making a horrible face. "I did not like the English till I knew you." Here, I suppose, I flushed up.

"Good-morning," I said, very stiffly. "I might say just the contrary; I did like the French until—"

"Nonsense! you like me very much," said Pauline. "I shall come and see you to-morrow, after our breakfast."

I took my way across the canal, and she walked off under the trees, whistling and swinging her arms.

CHAPTER III.

I AFTERWARD discovered that Pauline did these things a little out of bravado. She was not really vulgar, though she did vulgar things. She would swing her arms, rub her eyes, and yawn in one's face in the most provoking manner at times. I have heard her exclaim, "Ah! bah!" just as the peasants did down in the village. This was what she said when her father told her one day that an uncle of M. De Mesnil's, an old bachelor living in Paris, had, upon some general expression of Monsieur Fournier's good-will toward the young dispossessed proprietor of the château, asked him point-blank what he would say in the event of Maurice de Mesnil coming forward as a suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle Fournier.

"There! that is just like you!" cried Madame Fournier. "You tell one when it is too late; you never consult me, never say one word till you are back again. Pauline, I don't know whether you or your father are the most childish and incapable. I have no doubt papa never took the trouble to answer at all."

"I gave an answer," said Fournier, gravely.

"Well," said Madame Fournier, "what did you say?"

Fournier shrugged his shoulders. "It was absurd," said he; "that was what I said. If they had not been so unfortunate, I might have told them that their suggestion seemed an impertinence."

"An impertinence, papa!" said Pauline. "M. Maurice never would be impertinent. He knew nothing about it. I could not have believed you to be so prejudiced," and she suddenly leaped over a little rail that happened to be in her way, and walked off. Madame Fournier looked after her. When Fournier spoke again, she answered him so sharply that I thought it more discreet to leave the worthy couple to themselves. I could not find Pauline any where in the park, but on my way back to the house I met Fournier walking thoughtfully along with his hands in his pockets.

"Have you not found Pauline?" he asked. "Has she run off? Well, are you great friends, you two? My little Pauline," he went on, speaking to himself; "she is a treasure. Whoever wins her will find a treasure. Her mother would have her different—a fine lady; not so would I. She is true and innocent and courageous, and tender to those who belong to her home. I am thankful to have so good a child." And so he walked on, leaving me to wander on alone.

Presently some one came up from behind and caught me round the neck with a sudden pair of arms.

"You never saw me, you little blind creature," cries Pauline. "I have been peeping at you from behind the bushes. You looked so nice! there is a compliment for you. Come—papa shall take us in the punt; that is a good bourgeois way of getting about. I saw him go down to the water-side;" and surely enough there stood M. Fournier looking abstractedly across the canal at the willow stumps.

It was in the punt, as we were sliding along the waters, with the lovely autumn gold lighting the dark banks, with the green leaves floating and insects droning sleepily, and a sweet fragrance in the air, and faint aroma of distant peat-fields, that M. Fournier said to his daughter, "Tell me, Pauline, is your mother right? Would you like me to think seriously of young De Mesnil for your husband?"

"I like him very much, papa," said Pauline, very composedly. "I would not wish to influence you or my mother, as I am sure you can judge far better than I can. But if you ask me my wishes, I should certainly be glad that you should consider M. De Mesnil's proposition."

I opened my eyes in amazement. Was this—was this the way in which a maiden yielded her heart? Were they serious?

They were quite serious, and went on discussing the subject until the boat ran aground. Then we had to clamber up the banks and run home in the twilight under the trees.

When Pauline asked me to spend a fortnight with her after my uncle's return to Paris, I had gladly consented, for I was sincerely interested by my new friend. From some hints of Monsieur Fournier's, I had imagined that, under the circumstances, my presence might be thought out of place, but they assured me that I was welcome, and Madame Fournier kindly insisted.

"We are glad, miss," she said, "that our Pauline should be cheered and distracted by the presence of one of her own age. You young people understand one another."

Soon after this our lease came to an end, and the house had to be given up to Madame Valmy, its rightful owner. A very grim-looking maid-servant came to receive the keys, and to take possession. All our own boxes and parcels were carried out through the garden, and placed ready in the road for the little omnibus. It ran daily past our gate at ten o'clock, and caught the early train to Paris from Corbeil. My luggage, however, was kept distinct from the family penates, and was piled up on a wheelbarrow for the gardener to convey to the château in the course of the morning. When it was decided that I was to stay on with Pauline Fournier, the respite was welcome to me. We had been very happy in the little village, and not one of us but felt sorry that the time was come to leave it.

The good farmers' wives had welcomed us hospitably, the laboring-women had grunted a greeting as they trudged home with their loads, so did their little children along the road—Jacques from the mill, Jean from the farm, were all our acquaintances; the laitière at her door, the friendly old grocers opposite the church.

I remember that one day a traveling organ came round to Visy, and was for half the day in the market-place grinding its tunes. The people inside the church could hear it. The old grocer's little granddaughters stood in the shop door dancing and practicing their steps—they were pretty little pensionnaires from the convent, with blue ribbons and medals like Pauline's tied round their necks. The old couple looked on, nodding their heads in time to the children.

"They are beginning early," said the old lady, proudly; "they will be ready for the Ste. Beuve." The Ste. Beuve was an annual dance at Étournêles, hard by, to which the whole village was looking forward.

I do not think I have described the Pavilion, as our house was called, now standing empty in the sunshine awaiting the return of its owner. Madame Valmy had put up at the little inn for the night, and was not to come in till the following day; but her maid-servant, Thérèse, as they called her, had appeared early in the morning to go over the inventory, and to receive the keys from me, the only survivor of our cheerful colony. This Thérèse was not a pleasant person to have to do with. She was stout and pale, with a heavy, sulky face. She seemed constantly suspecting one of some sinister purpose; she walked over the house, counted the inventory, asked me for the rent. Monsieur Fontaine had the rent; he had promised to get change for a check and to bring the amount, but Thérèse did not seem to believe me when I told her so. The house stood at right angles between a garden and a court-yard; the drawing-room windows opened into the garden; the door of the house led to the court-yard; the court-yard opened into a side street of the village, so that there were two distinct entrances to the house. People calling generally came through the court, where the bell hung under a little tiled roof all to itself; but it was quite easy to open the garden gate if you knew the trick of the latch, and to come in by the drawing-room windows. An iron gateway, wreathed by a vine, divided the court-yard from the garden. This door was always locked, besides which the vine had traveled on and on, and bound the hinges and the iron scrolls together. I was standing in the court-yard that morning talking to Thérèse and trying to divert her many suspicions, when some shadow fell upon me, and turning round, I saw that some one was looking at me through the grating. It was the figure of a slim woman in a pink dress, with a very bright complexion. In one hand she held a green parasol. She laid her white fingers upon the lock. "Madame, you know very well that there is no getting through that way," said Thérèse. As she spoke, the figure disappeared. The woman's voice was singularly rough, and yet distinct. I don't know what it was that impressed me so disagreeably in both maid and mistress. It is difficult not to believe in some atmosphere which strangers coming into a place often feel, although they may not always understand it. Meanwhile Thérèse went on with her investigation.

"Where are the chests off the landing?" said she.

"We put them out of the way," I answered. "You will find them in the little cellar off the dining-room."

Thérèse was not satisfied until she had lighted a candle, descended the three stone steps, and examined the locks, to make sure they had not been tampered with.

I was not sorry when Pauline interrupted our *tête-à-tête;* she had good-naturedly come off to fetch me. "Here you are, miss," she said. "I have been to the station with papa. I saw your uncle and your cousins go off,

and now you belong to me for ever so long;" and she took my hands in hers and shook them cordially. Her eyes looked very bright, and her hair very curly. "Well, have you nearly done? can you come with me in the pony-carriage? How are you? How is your mistress, Thérèse, and when is the wedding to be?"

Thérèse answered dryly that she never asked questions, and that if people were curious, they had better inquire for themselves. Pauline turned away with the family shrug. "The longer it is put off, the better pleased I shall be," she said. "I can't imagine how she can think of him. The English are so ridiculous. I wouldn't marry an Englishman."

I was little more than a school-girl, and my temper was easily roused. "I think it is very rude and unkind and inhospitable of you, if you are my friend, to talk in this dreadful way," I cried, almost with tears in my eyes. "The English are not ridiculous; they are a noble—"

"Do you really mind what I say?" said Pauline, taking my hand. "Please, my dear friend, forgive me;" and she looked at me full of concern, so that I was obliged to laugh.

Then, as soon as she had made sure I had forgiven her, she walked out of the house. Pauline did not look round to see whether I had followed her out, pushed open the door of the court-yard, and marched out into the street. She was very rude at times, and made me more angry than any body else, but so kind and feeling too that I always forgave her. My own cousins were gay, gentle, friendly in manner; she was either quite silent, or she would talk by the hour. She was alternately dull and indifferent and boisterous in her mirth; she was by way of hating affectation, and of thinking every body affected, in order to show how sincere she was; she seemed to go out of her way to invent rudenesses. She was not even pretty. She was thick-set, with a blonde head, and when her hair was not twisted into horns, the plaits of tow were rolled round and round in a heavy coil. She might have had a good complexion but for her freckles; a pretty smile and white teeth seemed to be her only attraction. She generally wore an ill-made green frock, country shoes, and coarse knitted stockings. Till she was sixteen she had persisted in wearing her petticoat half up to her knees, with black stuff trowsers, such as girls wore in those days, and a black stuff apron and sleeves to match.

"No," said Pauline again, "I can not think how my pretty, delightful Madame Valmy can think of marrying your Capitaine Thomsonne, or how she can keep that horrid Thérèse in her service."

As she spoke, we were passing Fontaine's house, and his head appeared for one instant in a window; the next minute he had hurried into the road to greet us. "Are you aware that Madame Valmy is come?" he said, in great excitement. "I have just seen Le Capitaine, who seems a little suffering. But our fine air will set him up. I am immediately starting to pay my respects to madame. I hope, Mademoiselle Pauline, with your leave, that our musical evenings at the château will now recommence, the prima donna being among us once more. To-morrow I am engaged upon business for my friend Monsieur Mérard, but Thursday we might all combine, perhaps."

"I will let you know," said Pauline; "we may be busy." She spoke with some constraint. The Maire gave one rapid glance.

"I understand you," he said. "Perhaps your father will kindly let me know when to come without importunity." Then he retreated with extra discretion.

It is strange what a part in life the things play which never happen. We think of them and live for them, and they form a piece of our history; and while we are still absorbed in these imaginary dreams the realities of our lives meet us on the way, and we suddenly awaken to the truth at last. Pauline thought that her fate was being decided, and that by Thursday all secret destinies were to be unraveled. No wonder she was silent as we walked along.

CHAPTER IV.

When the Comte de Mesnil fell into that hopeless condition from which he never rallied, but sank after some months of illness, it was found that his affairs were in utter confusion. He had kept his difficulties secret even from his wife. It was impossible to tell whether this impending ruin had produced the mental disturbance from which he was suffering, or whether the ruin had not been partly owing to some secret want of balancing power, for his extravagance had been almost without a limit. The Countess had tried in the first years of their marriage to interfere, but for long past had forborne to blame her husband or to inquire into his affairs. She herself had drawn largely upon his resources; and, to do him justice, the Count was indifferent to money for its own sake, and had only been anxious that every one should be as comfortable as circumstances might admit. Unfortunately one day came when circumstances no longer admitted of any comfort for any body. The Count's creditors seized his great house in Paris; the sheriff's officers were in possession; the whole magnificent apparatus of damask and crystal and china was to be disposed of by public auction; and the unfortunate Countess, who was more difficult to dispose of, was sitting silent, resentful, and

offended beyond words or the power of words in a temporary lodging which her son had taken for her use. She had a daughter also, an amiable and gentle girl, who tried in vain to console her; but Madame De Mesnil looked upon all attempts at consolation as insults. We have seen how she treated Monsieur Fontaine. Maurice, her son, now Comte de Mesnil in his own right, had suggested their all going into the country, and trying to live as economically as might be upon what might remain to them; but even this moderate scheme was not to be carried out. The estate at Visy remained, but there was scarcely any thing left besides, and the only thing to be done was to sell that too, and to live upon the proceeds of the sale. The one piece of good fortune which befell this unfortunate family was the advent of a purchaser for the estate. This was our friend Fournier, who was willing to pay a fair price for the land and the old house upon it. He produced certain sums of money representing a great deal of good sense, hard work, and self-denial, and received in return the estate which the late Count's folly and self-indulgence had thrown into the market.

Maurice had several interviews with the old manufacturer; ventured to make one or two suggestions about the management of the property, which had been very ill received by his late father, but which nevertheless were, in Fournier's opinion, worth considering. Something in the young Count's manner, his courtesy and simplicity of bearing, impressed the old man in his favor. Fournier thought himself no bad judge of character, and after that little talk with Pauline he made up his mind. He cared less for money than people usually do who have not earned it. It seemed to him that there were other things wanting besides money to make his girl happy in her marriage. The money he could provide. "This young fellow is clear-headed, modest, ready to occupy himself intelligently; he will make an excellent landlord. My wife has a fancy to see a Countess's coronet on her daughter's pocket-handkerchief. Pauline might do worse," he said to Fontaine. "I am going to Paris to-morrow to speak to the Baron. That is an old fox, if you like, but I like the young man."

"I have known Maurice from his childhood," said Fontaine, solemnly (so he told me afterward). "He is a gallant man, incapable of a dishonorable action. I will answer for him with my word and—"

"Good, good, good," says Fournier, who hated phrases. "I dare say he is very like other people; it will be a good business for him. My Pauline and my rent-roll and my share in the factory, it is not a bad bargain he will make."

It was the very day I went up to stay at the house that Fournier came back from Paris, having concluded this solemn affair.

We were walking arm and arm in the park, in silence, for Pauline seemed absent, and for once she did not care to go on with her usual somewhat long-winded histories. There is a little mound near the terrace from whence one can see the road winding between its poplars, the great fields lying one beyond the other, some golden with corn, others black with peat and with smoking heaps, of which the vapors drifted along the horizon. "There is my father coming along," cried Pauline, suddenly, and she started running along the avenue, and came up to Monsieur Fournier just at the entrance gate by the poplar-trees, of which all the shadows seemed to invite the passing wayfarers to come in and rest. I followed, running too, because Pauline ran. I am afraid it showed small discretion on my part.

"Well, Pauline," said her father, kindly, stopping to breathe. Then he turned to me. "How do you do, miss? I am glad to see you."

"Where have you been, papa? what have you been about?" Pauline said, after a minute of silence.

"I have had a hard day's work in your service," he answered. "I have been to call upon Monsieur le Baron de Beaulieu, upon Madame la Comtesse de Mesnil," said the father, stroking her cheek with his finger. "I have been working for you, mademoiselle—I hope it is all for the best," he repeated, with a sigh. "Monsieur Maurice seems a fine young fellow. I do not like the mother."

"Don't you, papa?" said Pauline, absently, as she stooped and picked up a handful of grass, which she then blew away into the air.

"To be Madame la Comtesse is small comfort where hearts are cold, and the home an empty, lonely place," said Fournier. "Well, well, the young man is coming here, as you wish. You must see him and make up your mind. I don't think he can ever learn how to love you, my child, as well as your old father does." Fournier was very gentle and sad, and he went on swinging his stick, and said no more. I lingered behind, and watched them walk away together up the avenue toward the house, trudging along side by side, looking strangely alike. When I came in, Pauline had disappeared. Monsieur Fournier sat reading his paper in his usual corner. Madame Fournier met me on the stairs, coming away from her daughter's room. I think she had been crying. "Do not go to Pauline just yet," she said; "she is agitated, poor dear child. She—we—Monsieur Fournier has decided. I have been very happy," she added, with a tender look in her flushed red face; "I should like my child to know

such happiness as I have had. M. De Mesnil is coming to-morrow."

They were good and worthy people. I was glad to be with them.

I was happy enough up at the château, but I could imagine that for a young man it might seem rather monotonous at times. Maurice used to think it almost unbearably so in his father's time, and had secretly hated the place. One can not reason out every motive which prompts each human action. Sufficient be it if the sum, on the whole, drives the impulse rightly. Perhaps it had been no great sacrifice to the young man to hear that the cruel fates had exiled him from this dreary, familiar, wearisome old home, and that he was to return thither no more. Long after, he confessed every thing to Pauline, and the dismay he felt when his mother sent for him, and with happy agitation told him of the wonderful chance by which, if he was so inclined, the old home might return to its ancient possessors, to the owners whose right she still considered greater than that of mere purchase. As Maurice heard for the first time of his uncle's suggestion and Fournier's acquiescence, his heart only sank lower and lower; his mother's delight and eager exclamations sounded like a knell to his hopes. "And now, now," cried the poor lady, exulting, "I shall not die with the bitter pang in my heart that your father's was the hand which exiled my son from the home to which he had a right; now," she said, "my life will close peacefully, re-assured for my children's fate. My daughter need not fear the future. Your home will be hers at my death. I have not deserved so much; it makes up to me for my life of anxious sorrow," said the poor lady, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands. Poor Maurice knew not how to answer. His heart went on sinking and sinking; it had leaped up at the prospect of liberty, of hard work, of change, of independence. He had behaved very well; but he had been doing as he liked for the first time in all his life, and now more firmly than ever did the fetters seem riveted which were to bind him down to Visy. The black canals seemed to rise and rise and choke him; the dreary old gables seemed to weigh upon his very soul. For a few moments he stood silent, making up his mind. He was trying to frame the sentence by which to explain to his mother what he felt.

"There is much to be considered," he was beginning. Then she raised her head; her entreating eyes met his; she put up her thin hands.

"Oh, my son," she said, "do you think I sacrifice nothing when I give you up to strangers; that my mother's pride does not suffer at the thought of this cruel necessity? My Maurice, you have been my consolation and my courage; and oh, believe me, my son, you will never regret the impulse which makes you yield to your mother's prayer. Think what my life has been, think of the sorrows I have hidden from my children. Ah! do not condemn me to that renewed penance; I have no more strength for it." She put her arms round his neck with tender persistence. Her wasted looks, her tears, and, above all, her tenderness, which he had so often longed for as a child, and which had been so rarely expressed, overcame the poor kind-hearted young fellow's faint effort at resistance. He turned very pale, his lips seemed quite dry and parched, and something seemed to impede his speech as he said, "Very well. Since you wish it, I will consent. The sooner it is all settled, the better, I suppose." He shook off little Claudine, who came coaxing up to him with innocent congratulations. He scarcely answered his uncle's long speeches and elaborations. The Vicomte had arrived in his black satin stock, prepared to undertake any negotiations. Three days later Maurice went down to Visy. From a French point of view the whole thing was a highly desirable and honorable proceeding. M. le Comte de Mesnil arrived in a dogged and determined state of mind, prepared to go through with the dreary farce.

It must have seemed like a sort of mockery to poor Maurice to see the familiar chairs in the hall, to hear the well-known tick of the old clock in the great salon, and to be solemnly announced to the company assembled at the château—Monsieur Fournier, Madame Fournier, Pauline, with her Sunday frock, and Fontaine, the friend of the family, who had been invited to break the formality of this first introduction. M. De Mesnil was a youth of the usual type, with honest gray eyes not unlike Pauline's. He was pale, slight, distinguished in manner and appearance—a contrast to the worthy master of the house, in which M. De Mesnil certainly seemed to me very much out of place. Pauline looked very pale too, very clumsy, but noble, somehow, notwithstanding her plaid frock and her twists. Maurice was perfectly quiet and conventional. He bowed with his hat in his hand, as people do at the play, expressed his gratitude in a few well-chosen words, sat down upon an old sofa, against which he had often knocked his nose as a child. He took Madame Fournier in to dinner; Pauline sat on the other side. They had a melon soup, sweetbreads, a gigot, with a plated handle to carve it by; tart, cream-cheese, and Champagne for dessert. "Maurice certainly did not distinguish himself," the Maire repeated; "I did my best, but conversation languished."

CHAPTER V.

For the first few days after his arrival M. De Mesnil was busy with his father-in-law, going over the rent-roll of the little estate, and devising alterations and improvements, which Fournier undertook to carry out. While he had work to do, Maurice seemed comparatively happy; but when, one morning, old Fournier closed his books and bade the young man go and make himself agreeable to his wife and daughter, Maurice felt a return of the old dismay. He had absolutely nothing in common with the two ladies. He might respect Pauline, but he was certainly afraid of her. He had done his work out-of-doors; and as for making himself agreeable within, nothing seemed left for him to do but wander vapidly about from one room to another, or to saunter along the terrace with Pauline and with Madame Fournier, who conscientiously and laboriously chaperoned the couple. One day I found him yawning in the hall, and watching the darning of stockings. Another day he assisted Pauline with the garden roller. Pauline was a curiously determined person. She would not give up one of her pursuits for any number of aspirants. "Let them come too," said she, "if they want to see me." Maurice seemed to have no interest in what he saw, neither in Pauline nor any one else. Formerly he used to have schemes enough in his head, when he lived there, for benefiting the tenants; now he no longer wished to benefit any body. Once it seemed to him want of funds which prevented; now it was some strange inability to do and care and to interest himself which seemed to have come over him. They had taken his liberty away, condemned him to a life he was weary of. He was indifferent to any thing that could happen.

He took us out in a punt one day; and I remember, when we ran aground, it was Pauline, not Maurice, who sprang into the water and pushed us off.

Madame Fournier screamed. M. Fournier only laughed. Pauline, shaking her wet clothes, said it was nothing. However, she conceded something to De Mesnil's well-bred concern, and went back to the house to change her wet things. Maurice would have accompanied her, but his father-in-law called him back.

"Let her be, let her be. She will be quicker without you. We shall meet her at the little bridge." Then we went on our way again in the punt rather a silent party. The banks slid by, the stumps, the willow rods swing from among the upspringing weeds, and the grass, and the water-plants. How dark and blue the sky looked overhead, studding the heavy green of the foliage!

"That naughty child," said Madame Fournier, "she will get some frightful illness one day, if she is not more careful. I am glad you persuaded her to change her wet things, M. Maurice. She would not have done it for me."

"In my time," said old Fournier, "it was the young men, not the young women, who jumped into the water. You have certainly not brought your daughter up to think of the biensćances, Louise."

"It is not my doing, Monsieur Fournier," said his wife, reddening. "You would never allow me to hold her back. How many times have I not—"

"Good, good, good!" cries M. Fournier, in his irritated voice. "This is the hundredth time you tell me all this."

I saw Maurice bite his lip while this discussion was going on. He did not speak; he continued to work the long pole by which we were pushed along; the boat steadily progressed, rounded the point, came out into a sudden glow of light, air, sunshine. There was the bridge, there was a sight of the old house with its many windows. Three figures were standing by the bridge. Pauline herself, still in her wet clothes, a short little gentleman with a mustache, and a tall lady waving a green parasol.

"Who is it?" says Fournier, blinking.

"Why, here is Madame Valmy!" cried Madame Fournier, quite pleased, and bristling up with conscious maternal excitement at the news she had to give. "And Pauline—"

Mademoiselle Fournier turned and nodded to us. She was wet, soiled, splashed from head to foot. She was talking eagerly to the friends she had encountered, to the flourishing little gentleman, to the elegant lady, curled, trimmed, cool, in perfect order, who seemed to me to give a sarcastic little glance every now and then at poor Pauline's drenched garments. Fournier called out very angrily again, why had she waited, why had she not gone home.

"I am going, papa. They did not know the way," shouted Pauline. And she set off, running and swinging her arms as she went along. Then Fournier, rather reluctantly I thought, greeted his guests. Madame Valmy was invited into the punt by Madame Fournier.

"Get in, if you like," said Fournier. "There will be plenty of room. You can take my place. I will show the captain my new hydraulic pump, if he will walk across with me to the stables."

It was a curious change of atmosphere when, with a rustle and a gentle half-toned laugh, Madame Valmy stepped into the broad boat, and settled herself down beside me. I saw Maurice looking at her with some surprise. She was smiling. To-day she wore a blue gown, with falling muslin sleeves and ruffles. She held her ivory parasol daintily in one mittened hand; she

laughed, talked, seemed at once to become one with us all. It was certainly a great relief to the poor young Count to meet this fascinating, agreeable, fashionable person in his somewhat wearisome Arcadia. And Madame Sidonie herself, as she liked to be called, appeared greatly interested by the melancholy, pale, romantic looks of M. De Mesnil. She opened her eyes, seemed to understand every thing in a minute, and I could read her amused surprise that Pauline, of all people in the world, should have discovered such a husband. Nothing would content Madame Fournier but that Madame Valmy should return to the château with us. The two gentlemen were pacing the terrace and tranquilly discussing pumps. Pauline came to meet us along the avenue, a great star hung over our heads, and all the fragrant darkness seemed to me like a tide rising among the stems of the trees. The house door was open wide. The hall was lighted with two oil lamps; a tray with various cordials and glasses stood on the billiard table.

"Come in and rest," said Pauline. "Won't you have some beer, instead of all this?"

Madame Valmy laughed and shrank back; Pauline tossed off a glass; and Fontaine now appeared from within; he had been tuning his fiddle in the drawing-room, and the candles were already lighted on the piano.

Although Madame Valmy refused the beer, she accepted a glass of chartreuse, and then consented to open the concert, and to sit down at the piano, and to sing a romance which made Maurice thrill again. It was something about

"Je suis triste—je voudrais mou-ri-re,
Car j'ai perdue—ue, mon ami,
La la la la li-re."

When she had finished, M. le Maire accompanied Mademoiselle Fournier on his violin all through an immensely long piece of music, so difficult that he declared no amateur would ever be able to master it, and during the performance of which the Intended was busy paying compliments and whispering remarks to the songstress. My attention wandered away to the pair as they sat on the big couch by the window, while the Maire went on wriggling from one agonizing passage to another, beating time with his foot, running frantic scales, and poor Pauline, with her elbows squared, banging away at the piano, and rumbling in the bass so as to imitate thunder. She had put on an ill-made dress, with two frills sticking up on the shoulders. Her mouth was open, her eyes fixed on her music, her tight bronze shoes hard at work at the pedals. Madame Fournier was in her chair, delightedly nodding time; M. Fournier in the distance reading the paper by the light of a lamp with a green shade. M. De Mesnil looked away from his bride and her surroundings to the charming lady who was glancing so archly at him over her waving fan. No wonder if he sighed and thought, perhaps, that honest Pauline was not exactly the ideal which a young man would dream of at his start in life—the sympathetic being who, etc., etc., etc. But meanwhile squeak-eak goes the fiddle, bang, rumble, bang, goes Pauline, and Sidonie Valmy's deep eyes are glancing, her glittering fan waves faintly, her silence says a thousand things, her smiles sing siren songs, and the foolish young man is sinking, sinking, head over ears in the deep water.

After all these romances and minor chords, my conversation with Madame Valmy that night before she went home seemed rather a come down to commonplace again. She came up very graciously to speak to me as I sat in my corner. She seemed in high spirits, with pink cheeks blushing.

"I am now at home, and I have to thank your uncle for the rent which he left with M. Fontaine," she said. "My maid, Thérèse, who is very difficult to please, tells me that your servants have left every thing in excellent condition;" and madame smiled and laughed. I began to like her again. I could not help it. Then she went on. "She begged me to ask if you happened to know any thing of the key of the door to the recess in the dining-room. We keep our provisions there, it is so cool and dark. I am giving so much trouble, but Thérèse is dreadfully particular."

I promised to write home and make inquiry. The key, however, was not forthcoming, and the locksmith of the village had to make another to fit the door.

De Mesnil prepared to walk home with our visitors across the park. Pauline said she should also like to accompany them. It was quite dark when she came back, alone, whistling and calling to her dog.

"I sent him on to the village, mamma," she said, in answer to Madame Fournier's glance. "Anna is coming with me for another stroll." She took my hand and held it tight in hers, and I agreed willingly enough. Every thing looked weird and shadowy, but some last gleam lit up the sky beyond the old gateway. Pauline did not look up. She was not thinking of gleams or of shadows.

As we were walking under the trees, Pauline suddenly began, in a low, moved voice. "Ah!" she said, "what a great responsibility is another person's happiness! How do I know that I can make him happy? Of what use would it be to me to be Madame la Comtesse? Of what use would the park and all the trees and the house and furniture and all my money be to M. Maurice if he was not happy? I am stupid," she said. "I don't know what I want. Mamma had only seen my father once when she agreed to marry him. Maurice is so different. His habits are not like mine. Oh! I

think I could not, could not bear it, if I thought he was unhappy with me. But my father and mother must know better than I can do. They have judged wisely for me in their tender affection, and I can abide by their decision."

We had come to the gate in the wall; it *had* been left wide open. I passed out and looked across the fields.

"Do you see him coming?" said Pauline. "Shall we wait here a little bit?"

We waited a very long time, but Maurice did not come. It was not till I was undressed that I heard the hall door unbarred, and M. Fournier's voice as he let the young man in.

"We keep early hours," I heard him saying, in a reproving voice. It was a hot sultry night, and I could not sleep. I went to the window of my room, which looked out at the back of the house into the park. A sort of almost supernatural sweetness seemed brooding from the vaguely illumined sky, where one great dewy planet hung sparkling. The other stars were dimmed by this wonderful radiance. The cattle were out in the dark fields beyond the trees, and from time to time I heard them lowing. The sound came distinct, and sounded melodious, somehow, and re-assuring. Every thing was still and very hot. Strange vaporous things whirled past me in the darkness. Moths beat their gauzy sails. Was it a bat's wing that flapped across the beautiful star, as I leaned from the window, breathing in the fragrant perfume of some creeper that was nailed against the wall? I could see a line of light from Pauline's window. Then, shooting out into the darkness, I saw vaguely at first, and then more distinctly, some shadowy movement among the flower beds at the end of the paved terrace. Then the shadow seemed to gain in substance and form, and the sound of slow-falling footsteps reached me. I was only a girl, and superstitious still in those days, and for a moment my heart beat fast. But almost immediately I recognized something familiar in the movement which told me that it was the very substantial figure of M. Fournier that was wandering in and out, and round and about the little flower beds. It seemed to me a strange proceeding on his part, for it was not the beauty of the night which attracted him. As he passed my window, he seemed to me muttering angrily to himself. "Que diable," I heard him say. Then I went to sleep, and awoke with a start, still listening to the wandering footsteps. After all his talk about early hours, here was M. Fournier himself restlessly pacing the night away.

A GRAND BUSINESS MAN OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

I HAD the rare privilege, when I was a lad of fifteen, to make the acquaintance and to be favored with the confidence of a business man of "the new school." So many precious remarks fell from his lips during the period, extending to thirty years, in which I was honored by his approval or by his enmity, that I feel injustice would be done both to commerce and to him unless I recorded his conduct and experience in fitting words.

Mr. Smith had risen to eminence from the lowest social grade. As a beggar boy, his exceptional talent for begging had roused the enthusiasm of a set of elderly maidens, who were attracted by his peculiar whine of helplessness and his peculiar brag of honesty. They put him to school. He learned there the fundamental principles of arithmetic, and little else; but his aptitude for trade was developed in a marvelous degree. All the spending money of the scholars was invariably found, at the end of a vacation, in his pockets. Yet no boy could say that he had been cheated. All the lads felt that their bits of small silver coin had mysteriously disappeared in their various business relations with Smith; but still they reluctantly confessed that every thing was "fair and square." He plucked them, it would seem, pitilessly; but he stood by his own contracts, as he compelled them to stand by theirs. No act of positive dishonesty was ever proved against this plausible, cautious, deferential, and relentless trader. The boys declared that he was shrewd, cunning, and hard, but then he was "so obliging!" They hated him, and at the same time accepted his services. Could they have caught him in any act of juvenile rascality, they would have pounded him into a jelly; but he was so discreet in his early preparation for his future career that at the age of ten he already gave promise of the great merchant and banker he eventually became. He robbed strictly within the rules of boy law. It has always appeared to me that his innate genius for traffic was rarely more beautifully exhibited in his after-career than in his manner of dealing with his school-fellows, most of whom began by despising him as a beggar, and all of whom ended in recognizing him as a capitalist.

On leaving school, young Smith found that his possessions amounted to thirty dollars. Instead of rushing at once to the elderly maiden ladies who had been his patrons, and depositing the money in their laps, he speeded to a wholesale fish house in the city, and offered himself as a clerk. The senior partner was attracted by his evident talent, and especially by his juvenile cyni-

cism as to the practical application of the Golden Rule. The old man felt his youth renewed in looking at the premature youngster, and magnanimously gave him a place in his counting-room at a salary of fifty dollars a year. The keen youth, seeing at a glance that his employers were pious skinflints, instantly joined their church, and to all appearance became a pious skinflint himself. But in the course of five or six years he astonished the firm by showing that he knew more of the whole fish business than they did, and had made some money by quiet speculations of his own. They offered to double, treble, quadruple his salary. But Smith was inexorable. Nothing would satisfy him but a partnership in their questionable gains. This they resolutely refused. Smith promptly set up for himself on a small capital of money, but a large capital of knowledge and intelligence, sold "short" and "long," cornered his former employers in two or three heavy operations, and put them into the court of bankruptcy in twenty-four months after he had left them. His cleverness was never more evident than in the way in which he accomplished this difficult feat of beating his former employers by a skillful use of their own methods.

Dominant now in the article of fish, he in the course of a few years ventured cautiously but surely into other departments of commerce. He became a general merchant in other commodities than mackerel and halibut. He at last assumed the dignity of shipowner, and his cargoes to and from the East and West were carried in his own vessels. The strategy he had learned at school was strictly observed in his large commercial transactions. He had two grand qualifications for business: his mind was quick and his heart was hard. In all financial panics he enforced what was his due relentlessly, regardless of the woe it might bring upon nobler people than himself; but even though money was at three or four per cent. a month, he paid punctually all his own notes as they matured. He would thus crush a debtor to the dust—grind him to death; but still every dollar of his property, and every resource of his credit, were freely devoted to buy money, at any rates of interest, to meet his own obligations. To "fail" was to him the worst ignominy. Mean in all minor matters, he was liberal in any sacrifices demanded by the mutations of trade. Almost every body detested him, yet every body knew that he might rely both on the skinflint's word and bond.

Such a merchant, perhaps, should be judged by his own principles. He was essentially a bird of prey, with beak and talons somewhat ostentatiously and insolently displayed. He had no sympathy with the great body of the merchants of the country. Indeed, he laughed at all such sentimentality. "Get the better of 'em," was his motto. It may be said that he believed religiously in the maxim, *Homo homini lupus*—"Man to man is, and must be, a wolf."

At about the time he was a little wearied with commerce, and had obtained a fortune of two millions, the moneyed world was first amazed by the rush into Wall Street of securities (ironically so called) based on the new-born "enterprise" of the country. Bonds and stocks renewed in him the charm which merchandise had lost. He became a gigantic stock-jobber and banker. On account of his known opulence and his wide reputation for sagacity and integrity, he was naturally selected by the rogues and enthusiasts of the nation as the proper person to negotiate large loans. Whether these loans were based on unfinished railroads, or undeveloped mines, or any other financial castles in the air, he contrived to obtain big commissions on the doubtful or worthless securities he sold. Those who relied on his ungenial integrity relied also on his hard sense. Believing him, they took his advice. The result was that his commissions amounted to hundreds and thousands of dollars, their losses to many millions. They could not assert that he had done any thing to forfeit his character for honesty, though some naturally growled over the fact that he had himself bought few of the bonds he had negotiated.

It was at this point of his triumphant success that I happened to have the honor of being one of his clerks, and in a short time his confidential one. The thing that at first most touched me was the simplicity of his religion. It consisted in the simple phrase, "Goddam!" This phrase was so often on his lips that it took me some time to discriminate between the persons it was justly or unjustly launched against. I believed at first that this peculiar form of religious faith was fulminated against people who righteously deserved the anathema. It is curious how many persons engaged in trade are thus fitly designated. By slow degrees, however, I at last found that my pious employer used this phrase only to blast every body and every thing interfering with his business designs. As I in my innocence looked at the matter, it seemed that his associates in speculation should be as frequently saluted with the condemnation as his rivals and opponents. Probably the most interesting period in the development of the juvenile mind is the first exercise of the faculty of ethical generalization. The moment that faculty was developed in my immature intelligence I began to doubt the purity, though not the sagacity, of my employer. The readiness with which he called upon the Lord of heaven and earth to curse every person and every scheme that at all obstructed the success of his own ob-

jects, insensibly dimmed my perception of the natural piety which I at first supposed dictated his outbreak of profane moral indignation. That the Deity should be on his side in every honest transaction, I could very easily understand; but that He should consign to the lowest pits of the infernal regions any body who crossed the purposes of Mr. Smith, puzzled me mightily, especially when Mr. Smith contrived many schemes to catch unwary people in his traps, and then fleece them remorselessly. His favorite formula of faith lost all its pious significance in view of such doubtful transactions. But still I was a youth, and was only beginning to learn the connection between such a business and such a religion.

There is probably no greater shock to the mind of a well-intentioned country lad, who has sucked in honesty from his mother's milk, and is sent to confront the temptations of a city with a mother's prayers hovering over him, than when he finds his employer is a rascal disguised as an honest man. Shall he also become a rascal? Shall he stoop to scoundrelisms which his inmost soul abhors? It is a matter of uncertainty whether such a lad is consigned to a long-headed rogue or to a merchant of unquestioned integrity. His behavior under such circumstances is a test of his character; and how laboriously such character is formed is only known to the fathers and mothers and sisters who have combined all their moral energies to form it. There is no reason why the boy should have more privileges and be protected by more affections than the girl, but the fact that he is is too notorious to admit of a doubt. The abnegation of sisters to advance their brothers is one of the tragedies of human life. The reverse *should* be the case, but unfortunately it is not.

But to return to my theme. As soon as, with my awakened intelligence, I had penetrated into the mind of Mr. Smith, I began to look upon him with a certain horror. He had the greatest confidence in my honesty, and even allowed me to sign in his name checks amounting to many millions a month; but he used his favorite formula of vital religious faith when I suggested that my services were not remunerated by a thousand a year, and that fifteen hundred would but poorly recompense my unceasing work in his journal and ledger. He really thought that my devotion to his interests was something due to his pre-eminent position, though he was aware that I might ruin him in a single day had I chosen to decamp at the close of business hours with his multitudinous stocks and bonds in a carpet-bag. He nominally possessed millions; but he trusted me with all the evidences of his wealth, and allowed me the power to draw checks on all his balances in the banks in which he deposited. Watching like a wolf—"a gray old wolf and a lean"—to pounce upon his prey, he was singularly blind to the fact that I, his poorly paid clerk, who had begun to hate him mortally, might at any moment rush off to other lands with the spoils of his rapacity in my pocket. The honesty of clerks, when they have persons who are essentially knaves for their employers, is one of the wonders of modern civilization. It is curious that I never had the slightest temptation to use the vast powers with which Mr. Smith endowed me to his slightest detriment. I might easily have become a millionaire in some European country had I chosen, like my employer, to become a rogue in my own. He invited me to be a rogue by his ingenuous trust in my perfect honesty, while I was daily recording transactions illustrating every variety of the arts of chicane. I witnessed the process of plundering, without any desire to plunder the plunderer. This is, I think, a common experience in the life of clerks.

One occurrence during my connection with this estimable man will never fade from my memory. His wife, a meek woman, whom he swiftly scared into the tomb, left him a daughter. She appeared to me a foolish, giggling, bedizened creature, with large black eyes, a pug nose, and a complexion which was red to the point of inflammation. A younger clerk in the office, on a salary of five hundred a year, declared, much to our amusement, that he was madly in love with her. When the other clerks jeered at her obvious defects of person and mind, he raved about her being "natural." Whether or not he ever felt any love for her it is impossible for me to determine, but, at any rate, he convinced her of the sincerity of his passion. As it was ridiculous to suppose that the father would consent to such a match, the aspiring clerk and the heiress eloped and were married.

Mr. Smith's facility in calling upon the Deity to condemn every body who interfered with his own will was marvelously increased by this occurrence. He blasphemed with a savage fluency which was wonderful even in him. His son-in-law, however, was a shallow but bright young fellow, with some rich connections. He had been in the office long enough to detect certain secrets of the business. Accordingly he soon appeared in Wall Street as a speculator on a large scale. He made money, backed as he was by relatives who stood by him with their financial support; that is, as long as they saw his ventures were likely to be successful. Mr. Smith went deliberately at work to ruin him, but at first he did not succeed. The son-in-law, in an early "corner in Erie," took three hundred thousand dollars out of the pockets of the father-in-law in that neat and beautiful fashion so well understood in the operations of stock

gambling. We, the remaining clerks, supposed that this loss would endear the son-in-law to the father-in-law by showing that his daughter was married to a person whose spirit was akin to his own. But we made a sad mistake. Mr. Smith became gloomily implacable when I reported the loss to him. He even indulged in none of his piously profane ejaculations. The frown on his brow alone acknowledged his fixed purpose. I felt that the incident was something which altogether transcended his usual fertility in profanity. He ventured his millions without stint in an attempt to "corner" his son-in-law. In his first rage he was reckless, but he afterward became cool, cautious, watching every turn in the market, and intent simply on catching the husband of his daughter in what, in the slang of the street, is called a tight place. He at last succeeded. The poor fellow was reduced not only to beggary, but to dishonesty. After desperate attempts to retrieve his position, the son-in-law ended by blowing out what brains he had left. His wife, a withered woman of twenty-five, again entered her father's mansion, but none of us could say that she was "natural." A more wretched creature—one more thin, cadaverous, and woe-begone, one whose original homeliness was rendered more pathetically ugly by her misery—never re-entered a mansion in Fifth Avenue. She died a year after, and the only exclamation of the bereaved father, in following her to the tomb, was his favorite oath, growled in an undertone. He felt that all the money he had acquired would descend to strangers, and he was inwardly wrathful that the wife he had bullied and the daughter he had killed could never be by his side when he made his own exit into another and probably a worse world.

The most curious thing in my experience of the moods of this grand old business man was his savageness in treating his clerks, after his many bereavements had soured him into hopeless misanthropy. He swore in such a fashion that I was at last compelled to tell him I should pitch him down the stairs of his own office unless he was more considerate in his curses. This intimation made him only all the more furious; and I regret to record that I parted with this grand old merchant when his body was prostrate at the foot of the stairs on which I leisurely descended.

This abrupt termination of my business relations with Mr. Smith naturally resulted in a resolution on his part to prosecute me, first for assault and battery, and secondly for swindling. His judicious friends laughed him out of the first proposition, which was simply prompted by his rage, and which he soon felt would lead to disagreeable communications in open court. The second he urged with great rancor and energy, and employed one of those intelligent, meek-eyed, and sharp-eyed book-keepers of fifty who never in their progress through life get beyond a moderate salary, but who are invaluable to merchants doing a large business, owing to their talent in unraveling the most complicated accounts, and the beautiful dexterity with which they clearly record the most confused transactions. My employer, able as he was in managing his business, was, like many other employers I have known, deplorably ignorant of the mysteries of book-keeping. My successor, after exhausting all the resources of his art, was compelled to admit that when I left Mr. Smith at the foot of the stairs to which I somewhat impatiently consigned him, Mr. Smith owed me one hundred and twenty-six dollars and thirty-one cents. When this was proved to him, he indulged his favorite anathema with more than his usual religious unction, and lavished it on my successor with redoubled force—all of which the new book-keeper patiently bore with the meekness befitting his station.

I easily obtained a new clerkship, with a salary which I thought was more in correspondence with my services than that which I had obtained from Mr. Smith. Indeed, my new employers allowed me to go to church on a Sunday morning without feeling the burden of a hundred curses launched at me during the week. While the good clergyman was preaching, however, I felt stirring within me the impulses of what I styled a righteous wrath. I thought I could not be a good Christian until I had been instrumental in depleting Mr. Smith of some of his ill-gotten gains. The faculty of generalization had, I suppose, outgrown my sentiment of piety, and I saw clearly the means of touching the only soul my former employer had, namely, that which resided in his pocket. Brooding over many schemes of unmasking and punishing the old rogue, I thought the occasion was at hand in an approaching business panic, which I scented in the air. In this emergency it was notorious that Mr. Smith was very heavily engaged on the side of a body of capitalists who were rushing up shares far beyond their intrinsic worth, regardless of the ominous signs of a revulsion, which were apparent to those cool heads who understand that an annihilation of capital means a depreciation of all values. That some two or three or four hundred millions of capital were certain to be annihilated in the inevitable collapse of certain railroad schemes was plain to me. This I proved to my employers. I showed them that Mr. Smith was sure to be caught in the trap into which he had designed to lure unwary speculators. They acted on my advice, and made a million of dollars. Mr. Smith lost three millions. When

I had the honor to call upon him for the settlement of the claims which our firm had against him, it must be confessed he paid punctually, but I had to bear a storm of oaths which seriously wounded my pride. As soon as I held his checks in my hands, I vehemently told him that my opposition to him was mortal, and that it would never cease until his scoundrelism had reduced his property to its right dimensions. In fact, I enjoyed the exquisite satisfaction of telling him that it was my knowledge of his methods of doing business which had not only saved my employers from falling into his snares, but had enabled them to add a million of dollars to their already large capital. He became red, almost purple, in the face, but his memory of a sudden descent he once made down the stairs of his own office prevented his wrath from assuming a belligerent aspect.

As a result of these transactions, I became a partner in the firm of which I had previously been a highly salaried clerk. We prospered marvelously; but I knew that we must count on the implacable rancor of my former employer. Indeed, I never drew a draft on London or Liverpool, whether it was for five pounds or five thousand pounds, without feeling assured that he would contrive every means in his power to have it dishonored. But his blind, mad hatred of me put him in my power, for his hatred had become morbid. With his immense wealth, established character for formal integrity in business transactions, and shrewd intelligence, he might have injured my firm greatly had he been content to give sly insinuations, doubtful nods of the head, and the other signs with which men of property indicate their distrust or disapproval of adventurous firms which go beyond their capital, and strive to place themselves on a level with the Rothschilds, Barings, and Hopes. But he was not satisfied with this judicious malice, based on a clear mercantile perception of facts and principles. He was enraged that a person to whom he thought a thousand dollars a year was a fair equivalent for services received, should dare to send out bills of credit, receivable all over the civilized globe, and pretending to be as good as specie in hand. The success of our firm in our legitimate business as bankers did not deceive me as to the intentions of the malignant creature with whom we had to contend. The generality of merchants laughed at his threats; they received our bills without any questioning; but I knew that my original defiance of a duel to the death would be answered. Mr. Smith was worth about fifteen millions; we were worth about five; and I felt that, his wife and daughter being dead, he had no stronger purpose in life than to gratify his malevolence by ruining his old clerk.

The first clash came in 1857. We were victorious, and in protecting our own property in good securities, we necessarily took from our desperate enemy two millions at least. Watchful of him as ever, we successfully withstood his assaults during the anxious years of the civil war. I was so perpetually conscious of his enmity that I felt his hatred palpitating in every variation in the stock-market, especially in every fall in the price of the securities of the United States. He detested the Union cause almost as much as he detested me. It was, in his estimation, a "nigger war," a war undertaken by the North without any provocation, a war against the "rights" of the South. The bonds of the United States were not, he said, worth the paper on which they were printed. He bet so desperately against a possible Union success that it seemed as if he were possessed with a mania. Our firm held the bonds of the United States to the extent of ten millions of dollars. He knew this fact, but he did not know that we had sent them to prominent bankers in London, Paris, and Frankfort, and had obtained a credit on them of five millions to secure our bills of exchange. With this advantage, we were invulnerable. He thought, when gold went up to 280, that we must be ruined; but the tranquillity with which we continued to draw on European bankers, the ease with which our bills were negotiated, and the promptness of their payment when they fell due gradually impressed him with the fact that our affairs were conducted on a solid basis of ten millions in gold. By his foolish distrust of the resources of the country, he had lost the opportunity to double his fortune; by his mad assault on the solvency of the United States, he had lost half of the fortune with which he began his crusade against the public credit; and bitterer than all, he discovered that our financial patriotism had added largely to the wealth of the firm. He never recovered from this disappointment. His energies were worn out in his long fight. He grumbled and growled and swore in a minor key. In a few months he retired from his den in Wall Street to his den in Fifth Avenue. There, tormented with the feeling that he had sunk three-quarters of his immense property in an endeavor to gratify his impotent malice, he pined away. The clergymen of the Church to which he nominally belonged were not wanting in attentions and consolations to the old reprobate. They bore his incessant swearing with Christian meekness, having ulterior views on his remaining property, which they justly estimated as still large, and which, they thought, might be advantageously used in the service of the Lord, though every reference of Mr. Smith to the Lord was an explosion of senile profanity shocking to all Christian ears. The blandness with which

these smooth clerical gentlemen listened to his oaths indicated that they had much to hope by the bequests of his will. On his death-bed his red eyes, in the malignant glance they cast at the pious circle gathered to witness the departure of such a saint, might have suggested some doubt as to the possibility of the wolf becoming a lamb; but the innocent brethren were satisfied, and Mr. Smith, according to them, made a pious end.

Mr. Smith, in fact, was a remarkable instance of "the merchant of the new school." He rose gradually to the eminent position he enjoyed by industry, frugality, natural sharpness of intellect, and natural hardness of heart. He early learned that honesty was the best policy; that cheating in small things was the greatest mistake an ambitious youth could make; that to keep his word and to pay his obligations were the conditions of commercial success; that knavery in such matters did not pay; and accordingly, with such a reputation for formal business integrity, he eventually rose to be one of the most accomplished leaders of business banditti that Wall Street ever saw. Had he frequented gaming tables, and been known to lose or gain one or two hundred dollars a night, his character might have been ruined. That he frequently lost or gained a million in the mutations of the stock-market did not affect his reputation as a business man at all, or incapacitate him from being respected as a "worshiper" in a fashionable church. Had he organized a band of robbers, and shown eminent skill in petty larceny and burglary, acutely eluding the officers of justice always at his heels, and betraying his confederates the moment they rebelled against his leadership, he might have been a new Jonathan Wild; but he would have been a thoroughly disreputable man, with no position in the financial world, no station in society, no pew in the sanctuary. Besides, he could not have amassed more than a few hundreds of thousands of dollars in thus making obvious rascality a trade. He was too shrewd to be deluded, even when a boy, by the tempting promises which recognized dishonesty presents to the youthful imagination. He early perceived that a reputation for integrity was necessary to be established before any extensive acts of financial rapine could be successfully perpetrated. Swindling in small things he early learned to despise, in order that he might the more surely swindle in large things. The moral element in a transaction never troubled him at all; its possible legal aspect troubled him much. His logic in all these matters showed the enlargement of his intellect. Why, he said, garrote a capitalist in the street as he is returning home at night from his office? The most that could be gained by such an operation would be a watch and a pocket-book, with danger of being arrested by the police, tried in the courts, and sent to prison for a term of years. Better to garrote him under the full noonday sun by a corner in stocks, and thus deprive him of all his property without any risk of being called to account for the robbery before any of the tribunals of justice. Morally, of course, the proceeding was identical with that of a sharper, with loaded dice, who allures his victims into games of chance, or of a freebooter who lies in wait at the corner of a road to plunder a stage-coach; but it had the immense advantage over these of being legally safe, and of holding out the promise of a hundredfold more booty. Indeed, he held that the difference between a great operator in stocks and an ordinary thief was the difference between a monarch who makes war to steal the territory of a neighbor and an individual murderer who kills the wayfarer he designs only to plunder. This horrible old spider of speculation experienced a certain grim delight in gazing at the flies as they fell successively into his cunningly spun web, and when he darted out upon them, they were devoured with all the savage and ravenous glee with which a cannibal devours the ribs and joints of a missionary.

Not the least noticeable peculiarity in Mr. Smith's character was the absence in him of most of those qualities of avarice which we associate with the idea of a miser. He never seemed to gloat over his wealth, but rather gloated over the power it gave him to prey on his less opulent or intelligent fellow-citizens. He pinched and starved his clerks, not so much because he was too mean to give them adequate salaries, but because he wished to demonstrate to them that they were, as long as they chose or were compelled to stay with him, his abject slaves. After his fortune was made, his avarice was concentrated in making himself a money *power*. As Napoleon only considered one conquest as a step to others, so this creature ruined his competitors in Wall Street to-day, only to form new combinations to ruin fresh competitors to-morrow. He intensely enjoyed, not his wealth, but the means his wealth afforded him of preventing others from acquiring it. Having no heart, his only happiness was in the play of his intellect and the indulgence of his malignant propensities. In studying him, I have been more and more impressed with two things—first, that human life is mercifully limited to seventy or eighty years; and secondly, that old men, divorced from all family connections, with no grandchildren playing about their knees, and with no memories but those which record the triumphs of their greed of power and gain, are apt to be the deadliest enemies of the

human race. *Their* life has been an enormous failure, however large may be their property; they know the fact when they have become old, however much they have doubted it in their vigorous age; and such men are the real misanthropes of the business world—human wolves which only the decay of the physical powers prevents from becoming spiritual devils. Mr. Smith was saved from being a devil because the Lord did not accord to him the longevity of Methuselah. He died very respectably, with a number of godly clergymen and philanthropists around his bed. In his will he left all his remaining property to certain rather heretical religious and benevolent associations, not one of which expected the old cynic would give it a dollar, because it had never toadied him. He had a grand burial—indeed, a weeping New York following his hearse to the tomb. On the next day he was forgotten, except by those he had cheated. The rage of the sect of Christians to which he was nominally attached, and whose ministers had condoned his offenses against Christian sentiments and principles in the hope that he would leave his ill-gotten money to its academies and churches, was secretly but not less bitterly expressed. The old man, in making his will, probably anticipated this pious indignation, and chuckled over it with a kind of senile glee. He doubtless thought, in his ironical scorn, that those who had been preaching, for the fifty years he had attended their services, against the devil would not condescend to accept the devil's dollars. Certainly every dollar he had earned belonged to the devil rather than to the Lord. As there was no church here on earth which was formally organized in the name of Satan, he probably felt that the best way he could adopt to reach *his* master was to leave his money to a class of persons he had always abhorred, because they assumed to be reformers, abolitionists, "liberal" Christians, and whom he was taught by his clergyman to consider as little better than atheists on account of defects in their religious creed. He accordingly left his money to them in the hope that they would serve the cause to which he had devoted his life. What would be his rage could he know that the money he had obtained by inflicting suffering was devoted to allaying it—that the devil's money was strictly expended in advancing the cause of the good Lord? Peace to his ashes! I wish I could add, peace to his soul! But alas! in the whole course of his life he never showed that he had any soul.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

THE following morning was the coldest of the season thus far; there had been a great change since yesterday. Long shaded folds of gray cloud lay along and across the heavens; a cold, business-like wind was abroad, and had already done miracles in the way of stripping the forest of the remnants of its gaudy finery. Mrs. Tenterden, who, in consideration of her hard jolting in the hay-rigging and overindulgence in omelet, had felt herself entitled to exceptional indulgence, took a late breakfast in bed; and afterward, wrapping herself in a stately *négligé*, reclined on the sofa, while Elinor paced up and down the room with her hands behind her, bending her brows at the carpet, and replying somewhat coldly to the elder lady's questions and remarks.

"Well," exclaimed the latter, laughing comfortably, without interruption to her speech, "all I have to say is, I never thought any thing could make up for that knocking about I got yesterday; but if you're really engaged to Golightley, Nellie, I declare you might have knocked me about for a week without my saying a word. Of course I knew it must be; I could see well enough that you cared for him, in spite of all your to-do about it. Well, now, I suppose you'll be so taken up with each other I sha'n't see any thing of either of you. I shall be quite *de trop*, I expect."

"You shouldn't say that, mother," said Elinor, pausing in her walk to fix her strange, unequal eyes upon Mrs. Tenterden's good-humored countenance. "If I become his wife, it will certainly not be with any thought of getting rid of you."

Here there was a tap at the door, and Madge came in, with a soft blooming face and a pretty white apron. She had already that morning served Mrs. Tenterden with her breakfast, and spoken sympathizingly about her indisposition, and now she was bound on a new errand of mercy. "If you would let me comb and brush your hair for you, dear Aunt Mildred, I should be so glad. You have such lovely hair! and perhaps it might make your poor head feel a little easier. May I?"

Mrs. Tenterden's head felt perfectly well, but she was ready to believe otherwise for

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Madge's sake. "Bless your heart, my dear, you may do just as you like!" she exclaimed, pleased and flattered. "How kind you all are to a poor old woman, to be sure! Mercy! who can that be? Why, Nellie, did you expect— I declare, I believe it is Golightley, sure enough! Hark! Quick, Maggie, that cap on the dressing-table; oh, and my slippers—dear me! where are they? Did I leave them in your room, Nellie?"

"You'll have to do without them now, at any rate," returned Elinor, a mischievous smile brightening through the midst of her seriousness. "Curl up your feet under your peignoir. There—but remember you mustn't move!"

Golightley knocked and entered, bending at once beneath the weight of his news, and of the delicate compliment of being admitted to a lady's bed-chamber levee. He was grave, sympathetic, subdued, and fascinatingly at his ease. He seated himself on a low cricket beside the sofa, and taking Mildred's hand between his own, patted and caressed it while he talked to the younger ladies and to her.

"How delightful you all look here! By George! what a lucky fellow I am to know three such women all in a bunch! I'd like to know who wouldn't envy me now— Garth or any body else. Oh, by-the-bye, so sad about dear old Garth, isn't it? You know, he was out late last night, looking after a letter or something, and not finding it, and getting wet and worried and falling asleep in the woods, and one thing and another, and now the poor boy's come home with a bad fever, and delirious, and so on and so on, and I told Cuthbert, Mildred, that I knew you'd like to send him up some of your medicine. There now, Margaret, dear child, don't you be frightened. I've told you the worst all at once, because I thought that was the best way. Don't be frightened, because he's going to get well again, you know, and be better than ever."

"Good gracious alive!" cried kind Mrs. Tenterden, sitting up in genuine concern, unconscious that her bare white feet were visible below the hem of her morning-gown. "Why, the poor young man! I declare, I'm so sorry for him! He ought to have had aconite the first thing. What sort of a fever is it, Golightley?"

"Is it contagious?" demanded Madge, at the same moment, rousing herself apparently from a brief trance or fit of abstraction caused by the ill news.

"Well, we hardly know what it is yet; it may turn out contagious or it may not. I wouldn't advise any of you dear people to go near, anyway; it wouldn't do to have you taken down too, Margaret—delirium and all—no, no! We must keep your little head straight, whatever happens. But as for Cuthbert and me and Nikomis, we're case-hardened old veterans, and we aren't afraid of it. But I thought I'd better tell you, you know, for fear it might leak out in some other way and make you anxious."

Golightley addressed himself to the company generally, but Madge had an impression that he was talking at her and covertly watching her. These two had conversed with somewhat unusual frankness—to use an agreeable word—the day before, but had not prolonged their interview far enough to arrive at any distinct and practical basis of action. Consequently they were still a little wary of each other, and prepared to make the best of whatever chance advantage. Golightley, perhaps, had not come out of the late encounter with quite his usual sense of superiority; for Madge, while displaying an alarming acuteness of apprehension as to his own weak places, had given him no corresponding purchase against herself—none, at least, that he could use without more disconcerting himself than her. But he was not yet ready to admit that no such handle was discoverable; and Madge, recognizing this, was old enough to know the wisdom of avoiding even the appearance of evil.

"You are very kind," said she; "but he— belongs to me, Uncle Golightley, and I must be with him, however it is." There was a slight tremulous cadence in her tone which touched the heart—her own, maybe, as well as others. Women often beguile themselves better than any one can do it for them.

"No, no, Maggie dear," exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, getting up with energy. "What do you know about nursing, and what would young Mr. Garth say to us if we allowed you to catch the disease from him? Just let me go over there; I know how to manage, and nothing can hurt me. The idea of nobody but that Indian creature to take care of him! I declare it is perfectly dreadful!" Here Mrs. Tenterden interrupted herself with a small scream, at the same time bundling herself back on the sofa. She had set her heel upon a crooked hair-pin, which had reminded her of her unshod and exposed condition, and for the moment put all her Good-Samaritanism out of her head. But the mishap served its purpose in inducing a less flurried and headlong view of what should be done. Golightley was presently sent back to Urmhurst with a homœopathic medicine chest under his arm, and a message to the effect that Mrs. Tenterden would follow so soon as the inertia of earthly conditions could be overcome.

Madge waited until Golightley had passed by the windows on his way homeward, and then she retired to her own room, and began mechanically to put on her boots and otherwise array herself as for a walk. But before her preparations were half completed— in the act of tying on her hat before the

looking-glass—she lapsed for the second time into a trance, and was so found by her mother some time afterward, coming with the information that Mrs. Tenterden was ready to set out for Urmhurst.

"Well, what are you doing, Maggie girl, and she waiting, and Garth down with the typhus?" expostulated Mrs. Danver, in a complaining monotone. "Sitting half dressed and staring into a looking-glass—it's real unthinking."

Madge caught her mother's eye in the mirror without turning round, and after a moment deliberately untied her hat and laid it down on the table.

"What ails the child?" cried Mrs. Danver, heightening her tone. "I guess Mrs. Tenterden isn't going to be sitting waiting all day with her things on, either. Do, now, Maggie, have done and come along!"

Madge was accustomed to treat her mother without much ceremony when they were in private; but she had never yet allowed herself to forget the consideration due to persons of more importance. Now, however, she said, curtly, "I'm not going with Mrs. Tenterden."

"Well, I should think you'd had more manners, Maggie; let be what Garth 'll say when he comes to and hears you've not been near him. Of course there's nobody expects you to go in his room and catch the contagion, child. Goodness knows there's plenty to do this side of running risks; but seems to me, if he was my young man, I wouldn't risk strangers being round and me staying home like I didn't care for him: let be Garth's not the kind that seems over-eager for marrying, either."

"Is Miss Golightley going over?" asked Madge, after a pause.

"Well, I don't see what *she* should be doing there, that I *must* say!" returned Mrs. Danver, tartly. "Maybe she will, though, if you don't, just to bear Mrs. Tenterden company, if no more."

"I sha'n't go," said the beautiful young woman, finally, turning and facing her mother with a look of hard displeasure. "I don't like his being sick in this way, and delirious, just as if he were some old woman. It isn't manly. Men such as I care about are never laid up in bed with fevers, having medicines given them, and not able to take care of themselves. I don't like Garth for it, and I never shall like him so well again, even if he gets well. Garth sick with a fever! Pah! I wouldn't have believed it."

These sentences were uttered in Madge's customary soft tone, or, if there was a metallic ring in them, it was very subdued. Nevertheless, the half-resentful contempt which they expressed was conveyed likewise by a certain subtle inflection of the voice: there could be no question that she was speaking sincerely. Mrs. Danver was quelled, and could say not a syllable. After a short silence, Madge turned back to the glass, as if to address her reflection therein, and added:

"I would rather have a fever myself than think that he has one. Do you suppose I'm afraid of the contagion? I'm a woman, and sickness couldn't degrade me, and if there's to be any sickness, I should have had it and not he. Think of my Garth, who canoed the rapids and beat Sam Kineo, lying helpless, with a set of doctors and nurses round him! I'd be ashamed to get well, if I were a man."

"There, now, Maggie, I do think you've said enough," put in Mrs. Danver, partly scared and partly scandalized. "I've often found you hard and bitter, goodness knows, but I did think you cared for something, anyway."

"I do care for something; but I don't care for feebleness and disease. If he were wounded half to death in a duel or a battle, I'd give the blood he lost out of my own veins to make him strong again. Well, I won't go to him; you may tell what you like to Mrs. Tenterden."

"Maggie Danver, you was always an uncertain child to do with," said Mrs. Danver, with solemnity. "Times when one might look for you to be cross and ugly, you'd come out soft and smiling as an ear of corn; and times again, for no cause ever I could see, you'd turn as uncomfortable as a hail-storm. And goodness knows it's I that gets the worst of it; it's not Mr. Graeme, nor the Urmsons, nor the folks at the picnic and the sewing bees that hear of it. What I say is, I used to think you had a bad side to you, Maggie Danver, as might be the case with others, no more, no less. But to hear what you've said this day, one needn't go far to believe you're just bad clear way through. Ah, maybe you don't pay much heed now," continued the aggrieved parent, in a strained quaver—for, to tell the truth, Madge had been quietly walking about the room during the greater part of this harangue, laying away her things and humming softly to herself, as though in profoundest solitude and abstraction—"but the time will come, Maggie Danver—"

At this juncture Mrs. Tenterden's voice and step were heard in the passage, and the next moment her imperative knock sounded on the door. Madge's mother stepped aside, with a pantomime to her daughter, as much as to say, "How are you going to get out of it now?" But Madge's spirit was fully up, in its own peculiar way, and there can be little doubt that she would, at that moment, have asserted herself in the face of any odds, come what might of it. She walked quietly to the door and opened it.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Tenterden, in a good-naturedly authoritative tone, "you

mustn't think of coming with me, dear. I'm so forgetful, I asked you to go without thinking, just after we'd been talking about the contagion too! Just you stay quietly at home, and we'll send you news of him. Oh, I don't suppose it's any thing serious—just he caught a cold and got a little feverish. Oh, Mrs. Danver, you here! Keep her at home, and don't let her get all nervous and worried. Oh, I shall find my way; Nellie's going out for her constitutional now, and she'll accompany me part way, so as I won't get lost." So spake the good lady, busily drawing on her gloves and shaking out her skirts: she much enjoyed the importance of all feminine affairs. "Good-by, dear!" she added, and stepping forward, took Margaret's hand and kissed her on the cheek, the young lady submitting to the caress with unusual *nonchalance;* but Mrs. Tenterden was too much preoccupied to notice it. With a nod and a smile to Mrs. Danver, she bustled off, and soon she and Elinor were on the road to Urmhurst.

Elinor had listened to the news of Garth's illness with an apparent apathy which would have struck an observer as being distinctly uncomplimentary to the invalid. While the others were conversing about it, she had turned away to the window, and stood drumming absently on the pane with her slender finger-tips. After all had gone out, and Mrs. Tenterden was stepping briskly hither and thither, getting ready for her expedition, Elinor left the window and dawdled listlessly to the sofa, upon which she threw herself with an expression of gloomy *ennui.* She made no reply to the elder lady's interjections and scraps of remark; only upon the latter's asking her to run and see if Margaret was ready, she had replied, with a slight yawn, "Of course she mustn't go with you, mother. It would be better that I should take the fever than that she should." And again, more decidedly, "Of course she'll want to, mother; but what difference does that make? As to your missing the road, I'm going out myself by-and-by, and I'd as lief go in that direction as in any." Mrs. Tenterden was in the habit of yielding to Elinor's will and judgment in all questions pertaining to social and practical conduct, reserving the right to disagree with her on subjects moral and theoretical. Hence the worthy lady's countermand to Madge, and Elinor's unpremeditated "constitutional."

As they walked along, Mrs. Tenterden, as usual, assumed the laboring oar of talk, conning over, as talkative people will, all the possible and impossible aspects of the affair, trying back for causes and explanations, and prophesying all that would or might or could not result therefrom. At length, however, she became aware that her companion was not paying even her customary tribute of Yes, No, and Oh, but was moving beside her absolutely silent and inattentive, fixing her eyes on the ground, and making thrusts at the earth with the point of her umbrella.

"You don't seem to hear any more than if you were deaf, daughter," she cried, in some pique. "Don't you feel well? Mercy alive!" she added, laughing, "I hope you haven't taken the fever by sympathy. There's no telling but it may have been in the air last evening, and then every blessed one of us might get it."

"There would be some fun in having a malignant case of typhoid," remarked Elinor, with one of her odd one-sided smiles; "you'd feel you had a right to ask all your best friends to let you alone. I believe I'll take it."

"No, Elinor; I don't think it's right to say such things; it's like tempting Providence," said Mrs. Tenterden, with religious gravity.

"Providence tempts us," returned the girl, with a slight laugh. "It goes by contraries. Either Garth Urmson or I might have had the fever, and because it would have suited me, he had it. I haven't even an excuse for catching it from him, as Madge would have."

"It seems a very strange time for you to be talking this way, daughter, just when you'd ought to be most contented—with your fate settled in life, and every thing."

"What a funny thing fate is!" remarked Elinor, who seemed to be in a moralizing mood this morning. "People can have only one fate in their lives, and yet they can't have that the way they'd like it. I wonder if they are sorry afterward? Because, after all, they might do as they please if they only would. Imagine having used up all your life in doing what you are told is your duty, and then finding, after all, that you had only wasted and spoiled yourself and been made a fool of! Then—I should feel that Providence was a devil. You needn't be shocked, mother; I could say a great deal worse things if I chose; I do very often to myself. Unluckily it makes no difference what I think or say. I feel sometimes that if I were to have two lives, I should be unspeakably wicked in the second one, out of revenge; oh, more wicked than— I never could be wicked enough."

"I declare, I think you're quite wicked enough as it is, Nellie," exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, thoroughly angered by this uncalled-for wantonness of impiety. "I beg you won't speak to me again; I've a right to my ears, I suppose, and I won't listen to it. I don't see who has less right to find fault with the way they've been treated than you have. What have you ever known of any hardships, I should like to know? and every thing has always been just as you wanted it. You're a spoiled child—that's what you are. I'm sure John and I did every thing;

I'm sure I never asked or expected any return—I wouldn't demean myself to take the least thing. You can never say that against me. I declare, I think it's very unfeeling and ungrateful of you, Nellie, to do—the—way you—do! And just when you've got Golightley to marry you, so as—you—can do without me." Here Mrs. Tenterden began to sob resentfully and forlornly. She belonged to a class of persons who must ever be the despair of logicians.

Elinor stabbed a hummock of grass with her umbrella, and halted. "The house is right round this bend," she said, with her coldest tone and glance. "I had better not go any further. I suppose your brother will come back with you. Good-by." Mrs. Tenterden stared a few seconds at the stern, pure young face with a cross-eyed glance that characterized her when embarrassed or offended. Then she wheeled about silently, and walked off with short steps, and her head thrown up and slanted toward the right—likewise signs expressive of indignation. Elinor also turned, and set forth in the opposite direction; but before she had gone a dozen yards she stopped again, and hastening back, overtook Mrs. Tenterden.

"Mother, will you forgive me? I suppose I think I have hardships, and that is as bad as really having them, or worse. I didn't think I was taking advantage of my—of your brother, to be ungrateful. Mother—oh, not ungrateful, am I?" The girl's face, always so susceptible of delicate shades of expression, was touched for a moment with an angelic inspiration. Her mouth trembled, trying to smile and longing to weep. Her eyes grew large and tense, till tears entered them. Her hands unconsciously reached forward as if she would have fallen on the other's neck, to cry and kiss and be forgiven. But who are so implacable as those who can not tell how they have been injured? Mrs. Tenterden's wrath had not had time to subside. With an air of insulted resignation she held up her cheek for Elinor's penitential salute. Elinor shrank back as from an invisible buffet, looking aged and hardened in a breath. "Well, never mind," she said, lightly; "no doubt I shall be properly punished at last." So they parted, being none the better for this attempted reconciliation. Mrs. Tenterden proceeded to Urmhurst, supported by a lively sense of the disparity between her deserts and her allowances; and Elinor walked like one in the wilderness, alone and without hope of companionship.

Garth's fever seemed to fasten its grip upon the brain; he lay muttering unintelligibly and tossing about; his eyes generally closed, his lips dark and cracked; he knew no one, but he was particularly sensitive to sound and to the tones of various voices. His delirium sometimes became violent, and then only his father might come near him. From his boyhood up Garth had reverenced his father almost more than he had loved him; and now, in the confusion of his reason, he would still listen and yield when the old man spoke. It was fortunate that the latter had this control over him, for Garth, in his paroxysms, could have felled an ox and thrown his body out of the window. He commonly endured the ministrations of Nikomis indifferently well; but Mrs. Tenterden, in spite of her truly kind and warm-hearted intentions, had an unfavorable effect upon his nervous system, apparent whenever she entered the room. Her talk—or rather her whisper, but it amounted to nearly the same thing—her would-be cautious manner of moving about, the very sphere of her presence, seemed to discomfort him: at least so thought every body except good Mrs. Tenterden herself, who could never be brought to suspect it. Outside of the sick-room, indeed, she was by no means an undesirable assistant, and the ever-instant problem was how to keep her out. Cuthbert, who was constitutionally prone to become more than usually genial under the pressure of active misfortunes, was in the mood to derive a good deal of secret enjoyment from the planning and carrying out of the numberless subtle schemes whereby his fair fellow-nurse was induced to keep her distance, and blinded to the fact of her beguilement.

As to poor Golightley, there was no opportunity for smoothing over matters with him. It may be recollected that, in his first interview with Golightley by the lake-side, the nephew had allowed himself to conceive what is called an instinctive prejudice against the uncle, owing to some unprepossessing quality or other in the inflection of the latter's voice. This prejudice, so long as the young man's impulses remained subject to will and reason, had been kept in abeyance; but, in his present disorganized condition, it asserted itself with distorted emphasis. When his benevolent relative, therefore, duly fortified by fumigation, stepped soothingly up to the bedside, and laying a gloved hand on the sick man's shoulder, exclaimed, "Why, Garth, my dear boy, what is the meaning of this? Come, you must get well at once—I can't allow you to be breaking all the young ladies' hearts by any such devices"—the unbridled Garth howled like a wild beast, and starting up in bed, made such wild lunges and graspings with his formidable arms as showed conclusively that an uncle who valued a sound skin and unbroken bones had better keep out of their range. Golightley took this ugly reception very good-humoredly; and though, of course, he made no further attempt to heal the distemper by personal magnetism, he grudged no pains to be serviceable and considerate at second-hand.

When fever gets hold of a strong and hitherto healthy man, it seldom minces matters with him, but puts forth its full strength and virulence. Garth, who since the measles had never known sickness, seemed bound to make up for lost time now. He plunged into the disease as if he loved it and could not get enough of it; it was hard to say whether he possessed it or it him, but it was a perilous intimacy either way. The homœopathic medicines, though doubtless keeping matters somewhat within bounds, did not immediately check or even visibly alleviate the complaint. Mrs. Tenterden, who had seen yellow fever at Charleston, and consequently thought her opinion upon sickness in general to be entitled to the first consideration, began after a day or two to lift her eyebrows and depress her mouth, and affirm, with a shake of the head, that Garth was a very sick man. Golightley hem'd and ha'd at this information, stroked his face and scrutinized his boots dejectedly, and walking to the window, stood puffing cigarette smoke against the panes. Nikomis received it with wrinkled and swarthy impassiveness: had she been chiseled out of the bricks of the chimney-corner in which she abode, she could not have displayed completer apathy; nevertheless she always took care to have the invalid's food and drink ready and good, and she further vouchsafed one or two dishes of pure Indian parentage—mysterious concoctions of certain herbs—which seemed to suit him better than any other part of his diet.

When Garth's illness became known to the general public of Urmsworth, and it was understood to be something really serious, every body constituted themselves his biographer, giving one another abstracts of his career from infancy up to the present time; throwing especial light (gratuitously provided by the brilliance of their imaginations) upon the more obscure and questionable episodes; weighing his good qualities against his bad, and generally shaking their heads over the result; forecasting sagely what might have been his future, and pointing out, with a cadence of warning melancholy in their tones, the causes leading up to his present overthrow and approaching dissolution. So the old Urmson family was doomed to die out? Well, like as not it had run on about long enough. No call to suppose it would have grown better than it had been; and speaking honestly, the Urmsons were never a growing, progressive lot; had not gone ahead with the times, but stuck in the same place, pretty near, that they were in two hundred years back. They weren't the kind to do their neighbors much good, and worse than that, they wouldn't let their neighbors improve them. Aristocracy was not recognized in the American Constitution, but somehow the Urmsons had always acted like they were an inch or two bigger than any body else. Golightley Urmson—well, there was some excuse for him, and he might do something yet; but the rest had about as well go. Urmhurst was a first-rate site for a hotel, and a hotel was what the village wanted; Garth would likely be buried this winter; the old man would hardly stop above-ground many months after him; some enterprising chap might purchase the estate, put in a few additions and alterations to the old shanty, paint it white, and cut down the big trees round about, and who knows but what—well, say, a year from next spring—there might be as spruce a hotel standing there as could be found in the State? Say a year from next spring at the outside.

The Rev. Mr. Graeme, upon first learning the news, set out for Urmhurst with the intention of bringing to bear upon the invalid his three hundred pounds avoirdupois of religious cheer and consolation. But the road was longer than it had been in the good pastor's younger years, and by the time he had reached his destination he had quite forgotten the occasion of his coming. It was therefore with renewed concern that he heard of his grandson's indisposition; but having in the course of his walk traveled backward into time some twenty years or so, he bethought himself to remark that, after all, Garth was barely five years old yet, and could only be suffering from some one of the complaints incident to childhood. "Where's Martha?" he added, looking around. "Ay, you are here, Mrs. Tenterden; and very hearty you are looking, ma'am; but the child ought to have its own mother—nothing like its own mother. Eh, Cuthbert? ha! ha!" Then, after a silence of a few moments, he looked again at Mr. Urmson, and said, "Ay, boy, she's dead, poor girl! It was I read the service over her; and Garth, to be sure, is a man now; so he's done with that fever you were telling of—done long ago. Well, well, it seemed but just now I was starting up from the village to comfort ye all about him. I forget things here and there, ma'am, sometimes, I believe. I came to tell you, Cuthbert lad, I'd preach again on Sunday. I'll preach from the blessed Lord's healing the sick; and we'll have prayer for Garth, and for ye all, that ye may be comforted concerning him. Come and hear me, lad, and you'll feel all the better for it. God bless you and prosper you! You've been a good husband, Cuthbert, and you'll be a happy father. God bless ye all!"

So the benignant old giant went back to the village. His heart was as true and sound as ever, but the strings of the mind had grown slack and out of accord, so that it was no longer possible to get coherent music out of them. Whether the minister ever wrote out or composed his proposed sermon must remain a matter of doubt: at

all events, he duly appeared in the pulpit (where he had rarely officiated of late), and gave out the text as he had announced it a few days before to the circle at Urmhurst. But when he began to preach, the congregation rubbed their foreheads and consulted the text over again. The sermon was logical, connected, and able beyond all expectation; but it had nothing whatever to do with the subject as given out. The preacher's delivery was more forcible and like old times than had been the case for years—on that point every body agreed; but not a word did he let fall about healing the sick from beginning to end. Probably the solution of the mystery would never have been discovered to this day, had not Madge Danver been in church; she had always been noted for her good memory, and by the time the discourse was half over she had seen through the whole matter.

"It was one he preached about ten years ago," she said to Elinor, as they walked home together. "I remember it very well, because it was the only time Garth was ever at church. I suppose the dear old man, in thinking of Garth and of preaching at the same time, got possessed somehow with his old sermon, and imagined the world had gone back to that same memorable Sunday."

"It was a good sermon," said Elinor, gravely.

"I remember, when he preached it before, people said it was the best he had done; but it wasn't very appropriate for this occasion, was it? It was meant, you know, to give advice and encouragement to some one just beginning life, as it were; and Garth, perhaps, is very near the end of his life now."

Elinor turned and looked full at her companion, who had uttered this sentence in the same soft even tone in which she had been speaking all along. Was Madge a miracle of resignation? or was it possible that she was indifferent? As the question presented itself to her, Elinor suddenly flushed pink from her forehead to her chin. Could Garth be dying, and this girl not care—this lovely, sweet-tempered, naïve, charming creature, who had seemed to love him so devotedly—could she actually not care? It was not to be believed. Yet, with a renewed shock of misgiving, Elinor recollected her first secret surprise when Mrs. Tenterden had succeeded in persuading Madge not to run the risk of visiting Urmhurst. It was true that Elinor herself had argued against it, and had hitherto not permitted herself to harbor a suspicion against Madge's true-heartedness. But now, venturing for a moment to imagine herself in Madge's place, she could not help thinking that nothing short of physical force would have availed to restrain *her* from tending the bedside of a man she loved. It might be unreasonable, rash, selfish—any thing; but she felt that she would have gone, and trusted to love to take care of her. Had Madge felt thus, and yet let herself be held back, yielding, too, with so little apparent difficulty, and now alluding to a possible fatal end with so strangely quiet a demeanor? Why, it was not to be believed either!

Elinor was almost severely straightforward, and she was at first on the brink of directly asking Madge in so many words to resolve her doubt. But a second thought made her pause and change her intention. For more reasons than one she could not speak with her companion on this subject, and she blushed again as she admitted it. But the episode produced a deep effect upon her, one that would not easily wear away. From this time forth she watched Madge with a singular kind of impersonal jealousy, and her own situation became fraught, to her mind, with many fresh difficulties. It seemed to her that something momentous must soon be going to happen; and sometimes her heart beat at the question whether she would have any part in it.

JOHN LOCKE.

By PROFESSOR CHARLES MURRAY-NAIRNE.

IN presenting a sketch of the life and writings of Locke, two methods lie open to us. The former is to proceed in the order of time, as in a regular biography; the latter is to attempt a criticism of that philosophy of his which was once so famous, which has left its impress on all subsequent speculation, which, in the hands of men like Berkeley, led to pure idealism, like Condillac and Priestley, to pure materialism, and like Hume, to universal skepticism; and having thus awakened the reader's interest in the man, to trace the outlines of his life as student, educator, diplomatist, physician, and philosopher. The second method is obviously the best for our present purpose.

The seventeenth century was an era in the history of mind. It divides philosophy into two periods—the ancient and the modern; for the speculation of the Middle Ages was nothing but an extension of the system of Aristotle on the one hand, or of Plato on the other; and though efforts had been making by the human intellect, through half of the fifteenth and all of the sixteenth centuries, to throw off the trammels which rendered its labors in science nearly useless, complete emancipation was not attained till the early part of the seventeenth. That century saw the rise of those methods of inquiry which have brought us, in the nineteenth, to such perfection of knowledge both in matter and in mind. During the Middle Ages study was a continual round of baseless assumptions and futile deduction. Men

adopted from tradition or framed in fancy what they believed to be laws of nature and first principles of truth; and using these as major premises in argument, they drew conclusions no nearer certainty, of course, than were the premises themselves. Indeed, these assumptions were put so often through the logical mill that at length they were ground to impalpable powder, yielding nothing but vanity; words took the place of things, and notions were cherished of which the absurdity amazes us as often as it fails to excite our laughter. When we find Milton airing in his great poem the vagaries of the astrologer, the alchemist, and the empiric, and even Locke seriously promising, in a letter to Dr. Thomas, of Oxford, the common friend of himself and the celebrated Robert Boyle, that he had been endeavoring to prepare Paronychia, and that he supposes the fittest time to gather it will be when Sol is in Aries and at Plenilunium before the rising of the sun—when we find thinkers like Milton and Locke gravely accepting such follies for science, we see how urgent was the necessity that nature should be otherwise interrogated, and that the world should be awakened from scholastic dreams.*

The world was awakened. First of all, Lord Bacon, amidst the turmoil of a wonderfully active and ambitious life, found rest and consolation for his mighty mind in a sustained attempt to direct the students of science from their hitherto unprofitable toil to the sure method of discovering truth. He had seen, though busy with politics and jurisprudence, the fatal error under which scientific investigators had been laboring. He saw that men had been all along trying to impose laws upon nature, to substitute guess and conjecture for primary principles, instead of patiently observing nature, recording and collating her operations, and thence learning what her laws really were. He saw philosophers embracing as axioms such venerable delusions as that nature abhors a vacuum, and that all metals, being composed of brimstone and quicksilver, are mutually transmutable. The time was come when the authority of ancient names must be shaken off, and truth investigated in a new and better way. Man, he proclaimed, is not the legislator, but the disciple, of nature; and so far from proudly prescribing how she ought to act, it is his duty to sit humbly at her feet and inquire, by observation and experiment, how she truly does act. He proposed to reverse the Aristotelian process of *deducing* from supposed general axioms the facts of the universe, and to adopt the *inductive* process of first gathering the facts as they transpired, and attaining, by a careful analysis and comparison of them, principles or major premises having all the certainty of perception, and yielding conclusions equally certain, rather than resting in the guesses, plausible or otherwise, of mere hypothesis and theory. His practical life in court and council had shown him that this was the only true method of obtaining substantial results. It was now easy to explain the little progress that science had made in a thousand years, and to understand how her researches must henceforth be profitably pursued.

The method of Bacon was not all at once embraced, but the number of his disciples began to increase. The most famous among his immediate followers was Thomas Hobbes, a man of extraordinary intellect and great logical skill. But the systems—well named Behemoth and Leviathan—which Hobbes constructed upon what he called Baconian principles were so monstrous that, no doubt, the more sober and orthodox portion of the English community must have been repelled for a time from the *novum organum*, and rather confirmed than shaken in their ancestral love for the old logic of Aristotle.

But whatever may have been the general retarding effect of Hobbes's publications on the Baconian philosophy, Locke does not appear to have turned his attention to it vigorously till another reformer of the same stamp and grasp arose to supplement that which Bacon had left imperfect. This reformer was Réné Descartes. Bacon, partly from lack of time to perform the whole enormous work which he proposed to himself, and partly from his ignorance and his contempt of mathematics, the most purely deductive of sciences, had confined his discussion to physical science alone, intending to include mental and moral science at their own time and place within his comprehensive scheme. How he would have handled the latter we can only conjecture; probably in a very practical English way. But Descartes, while adopting Bacon's plan of induction, chose a different starting-point and a different field. Bacon's analysis was the analysis of *nature;* Descartes's was the analysis of *thought.* Bacon, as we have said, was no mathematician; Descartes was among the most eminent mathematicians of his day. Bacon had no skill in detecting abstract relations; Descartes discerned them with an unerring intuition. Thus Bacon proceeded from without; Descartes proceeded from within. Bacon's object was to overthrow that *a priori* construing of nature which had rendered nugatory the strenuous exertions of the most powerful intellects; Descartes's object was to do the same good

* Locke, in writing to Boyle, seems to have doubted whether there would be any advantage in the time of gathering the roots, but adds that if there would be, he owes the knowledge of this to his famous correspondent, and continues in these words: "I should be an unworthy reader of your writings if I should not return you my thanks, and offer you some part of the roots."

office for the study of that internal world which we call mind. In Bacon's case the field which supplied the facts was the outer world of matter; in Descartes's the field was the inner world of consciousness, first of his own, and then of the common consciousness of the human race.

Descartes, casting aside all previous metaphysics, resolved to construct for himself a true psychology. As Bacon had instructed physical inquirers to gather, register, and collate the facts of external nature, so Descartes enjoined on metaphysical inquirers to collect, register, compare, and analyze the facts of consciousness; and from that time forth mental had an equal chance with material science. For reasons which, if space permitted, we might be able to state, the science of mind has not availed itself of the new method with as much success as the science of matter; but that is no good ground of objection against the method itself. Its merits are as obvious in the one case as in the other; and it recommended itself so irresistibly to Locke's understanding that he resolved to put it to the test, and to settle forever the psychological questions which, from the days of Aristotle and Plato, had agitated the schools even more vehemently than the problems relating to matter. The *Essay concerning Human Understanding* was to be a treatise as purely inductive as a work on hydraulics or chemistry. Its aim was not to theorize as to how an intellect may or must be constructed in order to cognize a universe or nature of things, but to take the testimony of consciousness regarding the human mind as it actually is constituted, to investigate by careful observation its great generic capacities and the specific faculties comprised under them, in order to determine the origin of our cognitions, the extent of our cognitions, and what objects lie within, and what lie beyond, the sphere of human knowledge.

Such was Locke's design with reference to the cognitive powers of the mind, included by him in the term *understanding*, and there can be little doubt that, had he adhered as rigidly to the inductive method as Bacon prescribes, he would have gone far to lay, in a true psychology or natural history of the intellect, a solid foundation for all succeeding mental and moral speculation.

Unfortunately, however, his induction of facts was little more than begun when he deviated into the region of theory.

In order to eliminate all variation from philosophy by rightly interpreting the voice of consciousness, psychologists have proposed certain rules for taking its testimony. These may be summarized as follows:

First, the law of Competency requires that human consciousness shall not be expected to testify in the case of facts that lie beyond its sphere; second, the law of Parsimony requires that no fact shall be registered as an ultimate fact of consciousness if it be not simple and underivable from any other source; third, the law of Integrity requires that we shall take all the facts, neither dropping nor employing any one at pleasure; fourth, the law of Generality requires that we shall not accept as facts of consciousness the occasional vagaries of any one man or set of men, but those facts only which challenge for themselves the common-sense or consent of the human race; and fifth, the law of Honesty requires that we shall listen to the voice of consciousness without previous bias, or the influence of any favorite hypothesis or foregone conclusion.

It is alleged that if the testimony of consciousness be taken according to these rules or others to the same effect, it will always tell the same story, and our psychology will then be complete, including all the facts, and legitimate, including all the laws, of the human mind.

Now we venture to affirm, though we do so with all deference, considering the celebrity of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* and the genius of its author, that there is not one of these rules that he has not disregarded. To prove this in full detail would carry us beyond all reasonable bounds. We therefore call the reader's attention to one or two simple instances.

And, first, Locke's use of the term *idea* was most unfortunate. It belonged to the ancient and mediæval systems which he professed to be superseding. It had been employed by Plato in the sense of an archetype residing from all eternity in the Divine mind, and waiting to be realized in the fullness of time. It had been used by Aristotle under the names of "images," "species," and "phantasms," to denote a representative in the mind of an object supposed to be without the mind. Now we are not prepared to aver that Locke adopted the whole Aristotelian doctrine of "sensible species," "intelligible species," and "phantasms;" but nothing was more natural than that an Oxonian, drilled to excess in the philosophy of Aristotle, should adopt unconsciously some portions of his system and nomenclature. And it seems to us clear that Locke did hold that, in perceiving outward objects, the mind was not conversing with the objects or qualities themselves, but with images or representatives of them; that it is not the shape of a mountain I perceive, but the idea or image of its shape; that it is not the blue of the sky or the green of the grass which I perceive, but only ideas of blue and green; that it is not the weight of a heavy body which I perceive, but only an image or idea of its weight. He was troubled with the old difficulty of thinking how there can be any meeting and mingling of two things so dif-

ferent and even opposite in their nature as matter and mind, and he imagined he got rid of the difficulty by doubling it*—by interposing an imaginary medium between the outward world and the perceiving intelligence. It is on this ground that Dr. Reid plants himself in his conflict with the representative theory, and demonstrates on the principles of common-sense—otherwise the common consciousness of mankind—that the theory is a mere fiction; that no man was ever conscious of the supposed images; that perception is not a representative, but a presentative faculty—an intuition or immediate beholding of the object perceived; and that thus we abolish at once the idealism, the materialism, and the skepticism which had been logically deduced from the first principles of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*. Locke's assumption of "ideas" includes among the facts of consciousness that which is not a fact of consciousness; he makes the assumption from an Aristotelian bias; and he founds it on a difficulty which is beyond the ken of consciousness altogether. Herein is a violation of at least three of our rules.

Secondly—and one more aberration must suffice—Locke regards the mind as a *tabula rasa*, a blank sheet, receiving images through "sensation," holding them by "retention" or memory, and operating with them in "reflection." Now we are conscious, while awake at least, of a continual procession of phenomena through the illuminated chamber of consciousness — colors, shapes, tastes, sounds, smells, thoughts, feelings, volitions, and so on—but are we conscious of nothing more? Undoubtedly we are. We are conscious also, though less clearly, of a *nisus* or energy from the mind itself in the production of these phenomena. It is not alone the impression from without upon the organ of sense, and the transmission of that impression through nerve to brain, that gives the percept. The organ is pervaded with a living sentient energy, and reacts upon the impression. For example, a ray of light, or an ethereal undulation, impinges on the eye; the eye reacts, a double change takes place, and a neutral product is the result. The ray of light is no longer a ray, and the eye is no longer an empty organ. It has taken a content. This content is due partly to the outer object, and partly to the living organ. No sooner, however, is the content in the organ than the mind, taking occasion thereby, *qualifies* the content, ascertains *what* it is, whether color, shape, or sound, and so on; and *quantifies* it, ascertains *how much* it is in space, or time, or degree. These processes are practically simultaneous, but, as we shall soon see, they are logically separable. The percept is now fully in consciousness—a phenomenon distinct from all others, and definite in its limits. The last two processes are purely intellectual, and could be performed by no *tabula rasa* in existence, any more than a plant could spring from the soil without the organism of a seed, or a sun-picture be produced on a plate that had not been previously made a sensitive reagent by the photographer's art. This account of perception may be rendered plain by an example.

Let us call the first operation—namely, the taking of the content—Sense-reception (we shun the term *sensation* because, in popular language, it means *feeling;* let us also call the second, Qualification, and the third, Quantification, and we shall find that all three are necessary to give a *distinct* and a *definite* phenomenon in the light of consciousness. Now suppose a student in his library intently engaged in contemplation. The clock on the mantel may strike without his being conscious of its striking. He finds it must have struck by looking at the dial. Here sense-reception has taken place, but the content has not reached the consciousness. Again, our student may not have been occupied so intently as not to have perceived a ringing sound without his being able to tell the hour. He has *qualified* the content: it is sound, and not color or smell. Lastly, his mind may have been free enough to count the strokes and measure the tones as they rose and swelled and died away. He has now also *quantified* the content, and has obtained a phenomenon both *distinct* and *definite* in the enlightened presence-chamber of the soul. This division or analysis of the operation called perception is as plain to us as the division of an apple into three slices, and proves that as soon as the sentient organ receives the content, the intellect bestirs itself to give form to the content, to determine what it is in kind, and how much it is in limit. Locke confounds cause—efficient cause—with *occasion: causa sine qua non.* The taking of the content in the organ is the occasion of the mind's performing the purely intellectual acts of qualification and quantification; the cause is the spontaneous activity of the mind itself.

Notwithstanding these strictures, however, suggested by the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, it was the most renowned treatise of its time. It was the book of its generation. Its fame, as we have already noted, was not confined to Great Britain and Ireland, but extended to France, Germany, and even Italy. Its author was believed to have taken a new departure in the study of mind. His doctrines were accepted as the

* "The refutation of the 'ideal system' lies almost in a nutshell. The intervening image must be material or immaterial. If it be material, it still remains to show how the mind can communicate with it without a second image; if it be immaterial, then how can it communicate with the outward world any better than the mind itself? The only conclusion to which the whole theory can lead is that of the most rigid skepticism."—*Morell's History of Modern Philosophy*, p. 94.

truth by all parties, believers and skeptics alike. He was the master metaphysician; and we have found that the imperfection of his work lay not in his method, which was the only true one, but in his neglect to observe it steadfastly in his own practice. The life of such a man, therefore, can hardly fail to be interesting, not to the learned merely, but to all who are concerned about the progress of the race. We are not the less curious regarding Milton that he was not quite orthodox in creed, nor regarding Newton that his theory of light has been superseded by a better; neither ought we to be the less interested in Locke that he did not succeed in definitely settling the great questions which still occupy, and will continue through all time to occupy, the foremost thinkers among men. Moreover, in addition to metaphysical speculation, which many deem of small utility, Locke was a benefactor of his race as one of the pioneers of true education and of civil and religious liberty, as well as a leading member of Oxford University at the most remarkable period of its long and splendid history.

John Locke, author of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, was born on the 29th of August, 1632, about ten years before the breaking out of the civil war between Charles the First and the Long Parliament. He first saw the light in a small two-story thatched dwelling, built up against the church-yard wall, in the little village of Wrington, about six miles from Bristol, Somersetshire. His father was a country attorney, and captain in the Parliamentary army. One of the attorney's clients was Alexander Popham, colonel in the same army, and M.P. for the city of Bath, also in the county of Somerset. Through this gentleman's influence Locke obtained an appointment to Westminster School, then presided over by the noted disciplinarian Dr. Richard Busby, whose fame as a pedagogue has been preserved in a children's game, and whose character may be, to some extent, inferred from a well-known story. After the Restoration, Charles the Second paid a visit to the celebrated school, and one of his attendants, observing that Busby retained his cap in the royal presence, suggested that he should uncover. "May it please your majesty," said the head-master, in reply, "if these boys should believe that there is a greater man than I in all England, they would cease to obey me." The good-natured king admitted the plea, and he and Busby alone of the company wore their head-gear during the visit.

We find that Locke was far from satisfied with the system of education pursued at Westminster. Long after, in his *Thoughts concerning Education*, he drew his illustrations from his own school-boy experience, and Horace Greeley himself could scarcely have condemned the eternal routine of grammar and exercises in the dead languages with more emphasis than Locke, the Oxonian, did two centuries ago. In this connection it is remarkable that Bacon, at a still earlier period, came to a similar conclusion; and both these great thinkers recommended the very improvements which we flatter ourselves are original with us.

From Westminster Locke went to Oxford in 1652, having been elected to a studentship in Christ-church. Ten years before this, Charles the First, a fugitive from his capital, found refuge at Oxford, which, as if prophetic of his needs, he had helped to make pleasant quarters by royally nominating four hundred of his partisans to degrees in all the faculties. Learning and study were then of small account in the great university. Drinking, gambling, fighting, swearing, and all the reckless debauchery of a Roger Wildrake afforded another illustration of the adage that "whom the gods desire to destroy they first make mad."

As in our own civil war students poured from all our colleges into the ranks of the army, so in 1644, out of the one hundred under-graduates of Christ-church, twenty-seven were serving the king, and even a larger proportion went from several of the other colleges; and we have seen what sort of means were taken to supply their places. The state of things at Oxford could no longer be tolerated by the Parliament. Dr. Fell, of rhythmic memory, was then vice-chancellor. He was zealously devoted to the royalist cause, and resisted all the efforts of the Parliament to inaugurate the necessary reforms. To bring him to his senses, the Parliament had him arrested and imprisoned in London. During his absence they appointed a visitation, with a view of restoring decent order and discipline. Refractory students were expelled, Dr. Fell was replaced by Dr. Reynolds, and matters began to amend. Reynolds himself, however, had at length to go, as not being up to the Parliamentary mark, and the Independent Dr. John Owen reigned in his stead, both as dean of Christ-church and vice-chancellor of the university. How many Calvinistic readers of the voluminous and erudite commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews by this "prince of divines" reflect that its author was once the chief ruler of the same seat of learning which has produced a Pusey and a Newman? To the honor of Dr. Owen it must be recorded that, amidst the most formidable difficulties, his administration both of his own college and of the whole university was firm, judicious, and successful, and that his views of religious toleration were far in advance of his age. If Locke did not derive his opinions on the same subject from the eminent Puritan dean of his college, he was undoubtedly

strengthened and confirmed in them by so striking an example.

In the choice of a profession Locke hesitated for some time between physic and divinity. It is true that history repeats itself in all things. As at the present moment the still unsettled controversy between faith and science deters from the ministry many a young man who does not see his way clearly to a solution of it, so Locke, though a devout student, and cited by Lord Erskine against Thomas Paine as the best example of a devout philosopher, was deterred by the fierce theological disputes of his age from the pulpit, and ultimately chose medicine as his pursuit. There is little doubt, also, that the state of his own health had something to do with his selection. He was consumptive by inheritance; his biographer tells us that he was baptized the same day he was born, and throughout the work we have continued intimations that he was a man of delicate constitution.

There was a good deal of difficulty in the matter of his degree as M.D. The Oxford requirements for a medical diploma were so slight that it is not easy to understand why he did not comply with them. But certainly he did not. He had interest enough with the Earl of Clarendon, when chancellor of the university, to procure a recommendation, which was almost equivalent to a demand, for an honorary degree; but the recommendation was not heeded. It would seem, however, that he occasionally tried a little practice as an amateur, and to this fact may be traced the foundation of his fortunes and the change of all his views.

One of the most distinguished personages of the period was Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord High Chancellor of England. Although ferociously satirized by Dryden for party purposes, he was a man of high accomplishments, exemplary virtue, considering the times, and preeminently capable of appreciating Locke's talents. In the year 1660 he was a member of the commission dispatched from England to Breda, in the Netherlands, to invite Charles the Second home from his exile.* The upsetting of his carriage on the journey caused an internal abscess that threatened his life, and afflicted him during the residue of his days. About this time the healing virtues of Astrop Spring, in Northamptonshire, had been discovered, and it was customary to bring the water in bottles to Oxford. Lord Ashley's son being then at college, his lordship, intending to visit him, wrote to Dr. Thomas (already mentioned in this paper) to procure a supply for him against his coming; but the doctor, having been called out of town, was not able to do this himself. He therefore requested his friend John Locke to get the medicinal water and wait on Lord Ashley. His lordship, already Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so much impressed with the mind and manners of the young student that he conceived for him a devoted friendship, and thenceforth Sunning Hill and St. Giles, in the country, and Exeter House, in London, were kind and hospitable homes to our philosopher. His connection with Christ-church was not severed. Though he had taken neither orders nor a degree in medicine, his now powerful friends were able to procure the continuance of his studentship; but he no longer contemplated earning his living as a physician. Chemistry and medicine were to be merely branches of science worthy of study, and fitting him, as they did in the cases of Hartley, Thomas Brown, and Abercrombie, for the more successful investigation of mind.

Domesticated in the Shaftesbury family, a long and happy future seemed to lie before him. It is interesting to note the variety of his household occupations. Of course Lord Ashley's abscess was the main consideration. Locke prescribed for him, attended him, and at last hazarded the then most perilous operation of cutting into the abdomen to remove the imposthume. The operation was performed with complete success, and a silver tube kept open the aperture till the noxious matter was drained away. All these—disease, operation, and silver tube—were made subjects of the brutal satire of Shaftesbury's opponents (politics in England were then rather coarser than they are even now in America); but the gratitude of Locke's friend and patron must have been nourished by such assiduous and successful care. Nor as physician and surgeon only do we find the philosopher employed. His conversation, witty, brilliant, and profound, affords instruction and delight to the family circle and their noble guests; his learning and science he imparts as tutor to the Oxford lad above mentioned, who, too feeble in every respect to make his way at the university, was committed to a master at home; and when this same young hopeful must be married to prolong the line, Locke, after two failures by other negotiators, makes a match for him, even as Abraham's servant, "that ruled over all he had," went into a far country (the north of England) "to seek for his son a wife," whom he found in Lady Dorothy Manners, daughter to the Earl (now Duke) of Rutland. Soon after, we find him playing *accoucheur* to the young matron and nurse to the son and heir. He is a universal favorite, and once in a while he reads a lesson in philosophy to the exalted personages who frequent the drawing-rooms of the great minister, his host. On an occasion two or three of these—say,

* At this time he was only Baron Ashley. His promotion both in the peerage and in office followed the Restoration.

Buckingham, Halifax, and others who flourish in Macaulay's history—are at Exeter House. After a few compliments, cards are called for and play begins. Mr. Locke sat by as a spectator for some time. At last, taking out his table-book, he began to write something very busily, till, being observed by one of the lords, and asked what he was meditating, "My lords," said he, "I am improving myself the best I can in your company; for having impatiently waited this hour of being present at such a meeting of the wisest men and greatest wits of the age, I thought I could not do better than write down your conversation; and here I have it in substance, all that has passed for this hour or two." It is manifest that in the house of the Earl of Shaftesbury the position of the modest Locke was a considerable contrast to that of the savage Swift in the mansion of Sir William Temple. He was treated as an equal; neither was his counsel disdained concerning those political subjects and movements in which his titled friends might imagine themselves adepts.

Here as appropriately as elsewhere might be inserted a picturesque passage descriptive of a meeting of young men in Locke's apartment in Exeter House, where was projected the great *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, but any such embellishment is forbidden by our narrowing space. The same excuse must be accepted for the abandonment of our purpose to enliven this article by extracts from Locke's notes and letters on the countries and capitals of continental Europe, where he traveled considerably and resided during his exile. He was an admirable letter-writer, observant, sagacious, pictorial, and it would have been both interesting and instructive to compare, with the help of such a guide, the state of Europe in the seventeenth with its condition in the nineteenth century; but the material necessarily, though reluctantly, omitted may serve to furnish forth an "Editor's Table" for months to come. The biography just given to the public by Mr. Fox Bourne, albeit it may lack the full brilliancy of Macaulay's historico-biographical essays, is nevertheless a solid, faithful, and most scholarly life of a great and good man, and will amply repay the perusal of readers learned and less learned alike. Meanwhile we take up the narrative at the period of Locke's expulsion from Christ-church, in the year 1684.

For a considerable time he had been fearing that England was not safe for him. He shared the evil fortunes of his noble patron. Every reader of Macaulay's history will recollect how a priest, as the king lay dying, was smuggled up the back stairs at Whitehall to shrive the "Merry Monarch," who found that the easiest mode of expiating his thousand sins, and so proved himself to have been all along a sort of Catholic in disguise. Shaftesbury had been long obnoxious to the Romish party; had been imprisoned, tried, and acquitted; and had at last become one of the most zealous promoters of the Duke of Monmouth's pretensions to the succession. Locke himself was an eloquent defender of religious freedom, and of opinions so liberal that he would not submit to the dogmas of any sect. In short, his surroundings were such that he could not miss being suspected. Hence in 1683 he retired to Holland, which was then the asylum of all sufferers for conscience' sake. Some three months later, Monmouth himself fled to the same refuge, and our philosopher was not too humble in place to escape the vengeance of the persecutors. He must be punished for his supposed offenses, and the mischievous plans in which they believed him engaged must be checked. Accordingly, on the 6th of November, 1684, the Earl of Sunderland, at the king's command, wrote to the dean of Christchurch (Dr. Fell, who had been re-instated at the Restoration, and made Bishop of Oxford) in the following words: "My lord, the king being given to understand that one Mr. Locke, who belonged (!) to the late Earl of Shaftesbury,* and has upon several occasions behaved himself very factiously and undutifully to the government, is a student of Christ-church, his majesty commands me to signify to your lordship that he would have him removed from being a student," etc. Fell, to do him justice, remonstrated against the expulsion; but the king was inexorable, and an *alumnus* whose name reflects nearly as much lustre on Oxford as that of Newton does upon her sister university was arbitrarily and without a hearing cut off in disgrace by a king who was himself a disgrace to the British throne.

In Holland, sometimes at one city, sometimes at another, he resided five years and a half, making friends with the learned men of that extraordinary country, enjoying the consideration and confidence of the distinguished Englishmen who repaired or fled thither, denounced by the government at home, so that much of his time was passed in hiding, ultimately becoming favorably known to the Prince of Orange himself, and receiving the friendship of the Princess Mary, who, with her husband, assumed the sceptre of England on the abdication of her father, James the Second, in 1688. All this time the great essay was advancing toward completion, and the most precious possession which Locke brought with him to England was the manuscript over which he had been laboring for sixteen years.

* Shaftesbury had fled to Holland and died there. It is curious that on his death-bed he avowed that the tenth chapter of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* had made him a Socinian. Socinus denied the Divine foreknowledge of the actions of voluntary agents.

As Lord Macaulay says at the opening of his third volume, "The revolution had been accomplished." William and Mary were now on the throne, and Locke did not fail of preferment. The king himself pressed on him any foreign mission that he might choose to accept; but he pleaded the state of his health in excuse, and was content with a commissionership which yielded him £200 a year for life. His desires were moderate and his needs were few; for another home, not, indeed, so splendid as Shaftesbury's, but even more affectionate, was opened to receive him.

These were the days of ponderous literature; and among the weighty authors of the time was the Rev. Ralph Cudworth, D.D., master of Christ's College, Cambridge. His greatest work, and that by which he is now best known, was *The True Intellectual System of the Universe.* (See Tulloch's *Rational Theology*, Vol. II., p. 193.) His daughter Damaris had much of her father's intellect and learning, but her talents and accomplishments were combined with a rare amiability and grace. At what time or under what precise circumstances she first became acquainted with Locke we are not able to say. All we know may be best expressed in her own modest words: "My first acquaintance with him began when he was past the middle age of man, and I but young. I can only pretend to have known him since his return out of Holland, though before his leaving England, in the year 1683, I had for a great part of about two years conversed frequently with him, and he favored me sometimes with his correspondence during his continuance in Holland." This lady, while Locke was in exile, married Sir Francis Masham, grandson of that Sir William Masham who took a conspicuous part in the Parliamentary resistance to Charles the First, and therefore a hearty supporter of the new order of things. Sir Francis Masham's country-seat was Oates, in the county of Essex; and as Locke on previous visits to the place had found the air advantageous to his health, his old friend Damaris Cudworth, now Lady Masham, united with her husband in begging the philosopher, now in his sixtieth year, to make their house his home. Writing to a learned friend in Holland (Limbarch), he says: "I have already told you that I was acquainted with the daughter of Dr. Cudworth, and have spoken to you of her wonderful qualities. She is married to a baronet who represents this county in the present Parliament. They have received me as a guest in their house, and provided me an asylum that is very favorable to my health. The lady herself is so well versed in theological and philosophical studies, and of such an original mind, that you will not find many men to whom she is not superior in wealth of knowledge and ability to profit by it. Her judgment is excellent, and I know few who can bring such clearness of thought to bear upon the most abstruse subjects, or such capacity for searching through and solving the difficulties of questions beyond the range, I do not say of most women, but even of most learned men." With this most gifted and accomplished friend, amidst elegance and intellectual riches, our philosopher spent the remainder of his years in happiness and ease, but not in indolence or even leisure.

One of Locke's noblest peculiarities was that he thought and wrote not for fame, but truth. His treatises on Toleration, on Government, on Education, and such great subjects, he kept by him in manuscript, as he did the immortal essay, and only published them after he had viewed their subjects on all sides and in the best light then attainable, and concluded that they were as conformable to truth as he could make them. It may be remarked also that, like his illustrious friend Newton, he differed from many modern philosophic speculators in being a devout believer of Christianity, and in turning his attention, at the close of life, to the defense and interpretation of the sacred Scriptures. At length, full of years and honors, and after having fought a good fight for liberty and righteousness and truth, in the delightful home whose mistress was his devoted companion in health, and tended him through his last illness with a daughter's care, he expired at the venerable age of two-and-seventy years. "His death was like his life," said Lady Masham, "truly pious, yet natural, easy, and unaffected; nor can time, I think, ever produce a more eminent example of reason and religion than he was, living and dying." His epitaph, in Latin, was written by himself, and the reader may be curious to see it in English: "Stay, traveler: near this place lies JOHN LOCKE. If you ask what sort of man he was, the answer is that he was contented with his modest lot. Bred a scholar, he used his studies to contend for truth alone. This you may learn from his writings, which will show you any thing else that may be said about him more faithfully than the doubtful eulogies of an epitaph. His virtues, if he had any, were too slight for him to offer them to his own credit or as an example to you. Let his vices be buried with him. Of good life you have an example, should you desire it, in the Gospel; of vice, would there were none any where; of mortality, surely (and you may profit by it) you have one here and every where. That he was born on the 29th of August, 1632, and that he died on the 28th of October, in the year of our Lord 1704, this tablet, which itself will quickly perish, is a record."

Of the biography just given to the public we have already spoken in terms of praise,

but we can not lay aside these volumes without thanking Mr. Fox Bourne for the extensive and minute research and the excellent judgment which have enabled him to supply our libraries with a work which henceforth will be a decisive authority concerning all the events comprised in the life of England's most illustrious metaphysician.

MARCIA.

ONE winter morning a few years ago the mail brought me a roll of MS. (with one stamp too many, as if to bribe the post to care for so precious a thing) and a letter. Every publisher, editor, or even the obscurest of writers receives such packages so often as to know them at a glance. Half a dozen poems and a story—a blur of sunsets, duchesses, violets, bad French, and worse English; not a solid grain of common-sense, not a hint of reality or even of possibility, in the whole of it. The letter—truth in every word: formal, hard, practical, and the meaning of it a woman's cry for bread for her hungry children. Each woman who writes such a letter fancies she is the first, that its pathos will move hard-hearted editors, and that the extent of her need will supply the lack of wit, wisdom, or even grammar in her verses or story. Such appeals pour in literally by the thousand every year to every publishing office. The sickly daughter of a poor family; the wife of a drunken husband; a widow; children that must be fed and clothed. What was the critic's honest opinion of her work? how much would it bring in dollars and cents? etc., etc.

I did not open the letter that day. When we reach middle age we have learned, through rough experiences, how many tragedies there are in our street or under our own roof which will be none the better for our handling, and are apt, selfishly, to try to escape the hearing of them.

This letter, however, when I opened it next morning, proved to be not of a tragical sort. The writer was "not dependent on her pen for support;" she "had vowed herself to literature;" she "was resolved to assist in the Progress of humanity." Scarcely had I laid down the letter when I was told that she waited below to see me. The card she sent up was a bit of the fly-leaf of a book, cut oblong with scissors, and the name—Miss Barr—written in imitation of engraving. Her back was toward me when I came down, and I had time to read the same sham stylishness written all over her thin little person. The sleazy black silk was looped in the prevailing fashion, a sweeping white plume drooped from the cheap hat, and on her hands were washed cotton gloves.

Instead of the wizened features of the "dead beat" which I expected, she turned on me a child's face: an ugly face, I believe other women called it, but one of the most innocent and honest in the world. Her brown eyes met yours eagerly, full of a joyous good-fellowship for every thing and every body alive. She poured out her story, too, in a light-hearted way, and in the lowest, friendliest of voices. To see the girl was to be her ally. "People will do any thing for me—but publish my manuscripts," she said.

She came from Mississippi; had been the only white child on a poor plantation on the banks of the Yazoo. "I have only had such teaching as my mother could give: she had but two years with a governess. We had no books nor newspapers, except an occasional copy of a magazine sent to us by friends in the North." Her mother was the one central figure in the world to her then. In our after-intercourse she talked of her continually. "She is a little woman—less than I; but she has one of the finest minds in the world," she would cry. "The sight of any thing beautiful or the sound of music sways her as the wind does a reed. But she never was twenty miles from the plantation; she has read nothing, knows nothing. My father thinks women are like mares—only useful to bring forth children. My mother's children all died in babyhood but me. There she has lived all her life, with the swamp on one side and the forest of live-oak on the other: nothing to do, nothing to think of. Oh, it was frightful! With a mind like hers, any woman would go mad, with that eternal forest and swamp, and the graves of her dead babies just in sight! She rubbed snuff a good deal to quiet herself, but of late years she has taken opium."

"And you?"

"I left her. I hoped to do something for us both. My mind is not of as high order as hers, but it is very different from that of most women. I shall succeed some day," in the most matter-of-fact tones. "As soon as I knew that I was a poet I determined to come to Philadelphia and go straight to real publishers and real editors. In my country nobody had ever seen a man who had written a book. Ever since I came here I find how hard it is to find out any thing about the business of authorship. Medicine, or law, or blacksmithing—every body knows the workings of those trades, but people with pens in their hands keep the secret of their craft like Freemasons," laughing.

"You came alone?"

"Quite alone. I hired a little room over a baker's shop in Pine Street. They are a very decent couple, the baker and his wife. I board myself, and send out my manuscripts. They always come back to me."

"Where do you send them?"

"Oh, every where. I can show you print-

ed forms of rejection from every magazine and literary newspaper in the country," opening and shutting again a black sachel on her lap. "I have written three novels, and sent them to the ——s' and ——s'. They sent them back as unavailable. But they never read them. I trick them this a-way: I put a loose blue thread between the third and fourth pages of the manuscript, and it is always there when it comes back." Her voice broke a little, but she winked her brown eyes and laughed bravely.

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years."

"Impossible! You are but a child."

"I am twenty. I had an article published once in a Sunday paper," producing a slip about two inches long.

Three years, and only that little grain of success! She had supported herself meanwhile, as I learned afterward, by sewing men's socks for a firm in Germantown.

"You are ready to give up now?"

"No; not if it were ten years instead of three."

Yet I can swear there was not a drop of New England blood in her little body. One was certain, against all reason, that she would succeed. When even such puny creatures as this takes the world by the throat in that fashion, they are sure to conquer it.

Her books and poems must, I think, have seemed unique to any editor. The spelling was atrocious; the errors of grammar in every line beyond remedy. The lowest pupil in our public schools would have detected her ignorance on the first page. There was, too, in all she said or wrote an occasional gross indecency, such as a child might show: her life on the plantation explained it. Like Juliet, she spoke the language of her nurse. But even Shakspeare's nurse and Juliet would not be allowed nowadays to chatter at will in the pages of a family magazine.

But in all her ignorance, mistakes, and weaknesses there was no trace of imitation. She plagiarized nobody. There was none of the usual talk of countesses, heather, larks, or emotions of which she knew nothing. She painted over and over again her own home on the Yazoo: the hot still sunshine, the silence of noon, the swamp, the slimy living things in the stagnant ponds, the semi-tropical forest, the house and negro quarters, with all their dirt and dreary monotony. It was a picture which remained in the mind strong and vivid as a desert by Gérôme or a moor by Boughton.

There could be but one kind of advice to give her—to put away pen and ink, and for three years at least devote herself to hard study. She would, of course, have none of such counsel. The popular belief in the wings of genius, which can carry it over hard work and all such obstacles as ignorance of grammar or even the spelling-book, found in her a marked example. Work was for commonplace talent, not for those whose veins were full of the divine ichor.

Meanwhile she went on sewing socks, and sending off her great yellow envelopes, with stamps to bring them back.

"Stamps and paper count up so fast!" she said, with a laugh, into which had grown a pitiful quaver. She would take not a penny of aid. "I shall not starve. When the time has come for me to know that I have failed, I can go back to my own country and live like the other women there."

Meanwhile her case very nearly reached starvation. I remember few things more pathetic than the damp, forlorn little figure in a shabby water-proof, black sachel in hand, which used to come to my door through the snows and drenching rains that winter. Her shoes were broken, and her hands shriveled blue with cold. But a plated gilt chain or a scarlet ribbon used to flaunt somewhere over the meagre, scant poverty. Sometimes she brought news with her. She had work given her—to collect a column of jokes for a Sunday paper, by which she made three dollars a week. But she lost it from trying to insert her own matter, which could not well be reckoned as funny sayings. One day she came flushed with excitement. Somebody had taken her through the Academy of Design and a private gallery of engravings then on exhibition. She had a keen, just eye for form and color, and the feeling of a true artist for both.

"That is what I could have done," she said, after keeping silence a long while. "But what chance had I? I never even saw a picture at home, except those which were cut out of illustrated papers. There seemed to be no way for me but to write."

It was suggested to her that she might find the other way even now. Painting, designing, wood-engraving, were expressions for a woman's mind, even though, like her own, it was "one of the finest in the world."

She did not smile. "It is too late," she said. "I will go on as I have begun. But it is a pity my mother and I had not known of such things."

After that her light-hearted courage seemed to give way. She persevered, but it was with dogged, indomitable resolution, and little hope.

One day in the spring I was summoned to see a visitor on business. I found a tall, lank young man stalking up and down the room, the most noticeable point about him the shock of red hair and whisker falling over his neck and greasy coat collar. The face was that of an ignorant, small-minded man. But it was candid and not sensual.

He came straight toward me. "Is Marcia Barr here?"

"No; she has been gone for an hour."

He damned his luck in a white heat of rage, which must, I thought, have required some time to kindle. Indeed, I found he had been pacing up and down the street half the morning, having seen her come in. She had gone out by a side door.

"I caught a glimpse of her half a mile off. I have come to Philadelphia three times this year to find her. Good God! how rank poor she is! Where does she live?"

I could not tell him, as Marcia had long ago left the baker's, and changed her quarters every month.

"And I reckon I'll have to wait until she comes hyah again. Tell her it's Zack Biron, the overseer's son, on—on business."

He was not long in unveiling his business, which any woman would soon have guessed. He had come to bring Marcia home and marry her. He had always "wanted her," and the old colonel, her father, had promised he should marry her provided he could bring her back from her mad flight. The colonel was dead, and he was now "runnin' the plantation for ole madam. She's no better than a walkin' corpse, with that damned drug she chews. She can't keep still now: walks, walks incessant about the place, with her eyes set an' the skin clingin' to her bones. I couldn't 'a borne it, I ashuah you, but for the sake of findin' Marcia."

Two months passed, in which he haunted the house. But Marcia did not come. She had begun to frequent newspaper offices, and occasionally was given a trifling bit of work by the managers of the reporting corps—a description of the dresses at a Männerchor ball to write, or a puff of some coming play, etc. She came at last to tell me of what she had done.

"It is miserable work. I would rather sew the heels of stockings; but the stocking looms have stopped, and I must live a little longer, at any rate. I think I have something to say, if people only would hear it."

I told her of Biron and his chase for her.

"I saw him outside the window the last time I was here. That was the reason I went out by the side street. I knew he was looking for me. You will not tell him I have been here?"

"But, Marcia, the man seems honest and kindly—"

"If he found me," in the same quiet tone, "he would marry me and take me back to the plantation."

"And you are not ready to give up?"

"No, I will not give up. I shall get into the right groove at last," with the infectious little laugh which nobody could resist.

The water-proof cloak was worn down quite into the cotton by this time, and the straw hat had been darned around the ragged edge. But there was a cheap red rose in it. Her cheek-bones showed high, and her eyes shone out of black hollows.

"No, I have no cough, and I don't need medicine," she said, irritably, when questioned. "I have had plenty of offers of help. But I'd rather steal than take alms." She rose hastily and buttoned her cloak.

"This man Biron waits only a word to come to you. He is faithful as a dog."

She nodded carelessly. Biron, or a return to her old home, held no part in her world, it was plain to see.

I was out of the city for several months. A few weeks after my return I saw in the evening paper one day, in the usual list of crimes and casualties, an item headed "*Pitiable Case.*—A young woman named Burr was arrested yesterday on charge of theft, and taken to the Central Station. About eleven o'clock the other women in the cell where she was confined perceiving that she lay on a bench breathing in a stertorous manner, summoned Lieutenant Pardy, who found life to be almost extinct. A physician was called, who discovered that the woman had swallowed some poisonous drug. With her first breath of returning consciousness she protested her innocence of the charge. She appears to have been in an extreme state of want. But little hope is entertained of her recovery. Miss Burr is favorably known, we believe, as a writer of some ability for the daily press."

In spite of the difference of name, it must be Marcia.

When we reached the Central Station we were told that her discharge was already procured. She had friends who knew what wires to work. In the outer room were half a dozen young men, reporters, a foreman of a printing-room, and one or two women, dramatic or musical critics. There is as eager an *esprit de corps* among that class of journalists as among actors. They were all talking loudly, and zealous in defense of "little Marty," as they called her, whom they declared to be "a dunce so far as head went, but pure and guileless as a child."

"I knew she was devilishly hard up," said one, "but never suspected she was starving. She would not borrow a dollar, she had that pride in her."

Marcia was still in the cell, lying on an iron stretcher. The Mississippian, Biron, was with her, kneeling on the floor in his shirt sleeves, chafing her hand. He had taken off his coat to wrap about her.

"I've a good Quaker nurse and a room ready for her at the Continental the minute she can be moved," he whispered. "Look a-here!" turning down the poor bit of lace and red ribbon at her throat, his big hairy hand shaking. "Them bones is a'most through the skin! The doctor says it's hunger—hunger! And *I* was eatin' three solid meals a day—like a beast!"

Hunger had almost done its work. There was but a feeble flicker of life left in the emaciated little body; not enough to know or speak to us when at last she opened her dull eyes.

"None o' them folks need consarn themselves any furder about her," said Biron, savagely. "She'll come home to her own now, thank God, and be done with rubbishy book-makers. Mrs. Biron will live like a lady."

Two or three weeks later, the most splendid of hired phaetons stopped at my door, and Mr. and Mrs. Biron sent up their cards. Mr. Biron was glowing with happiness. It asserted itself offensively somehow in the very jingling of his watch chain and tie of his cravat.

"We return immediately to the plantation," he said, grandiloquently. "I reckon largely on the effect of her native air in restorin' Mrs. Biron to health."

Marcia was magnificent in silk and plumes, the costliest that her owner's money could buy. Her little face was pale, however, and she looked nobody in the eye.

"We leave for the South to-morrow," she said, calmly, "and I shall not return to Philadelphia. I have no wish to return."

"Shall I send you books or papers, Marcia?"

"No, I thank you; nothing."

When they rose to go, her husband said, "Mrs. Biron has some—rubbish she wishes to leave with you. Hyah!" calling out of the window. "You nigger, bring that thah bag!"

It was the old black sachel. Marcia took it in her white-gloved hands, half opened it, shut it quickly, came up closer.

"These are my manuscripts," she said. "Will you burn them for me? All: do not leave a line, a word. I could not do it."

I took the sachel, and they departed. Mr. Biron was vehement in his protestations of friendship and invitations to visit the plantation. But Marcia did not say a word, even of farewell.

THE STORM.

Up from mirk midnight to the dawn,
  Waking, I heard the wild wind-rout,
  With sobbing wail and gusty shout,
Sweep through the elms that skirt the lawn.

Those patriarchs of their race, whose leaves
  Scarce murmured as the zephyrs passed,
  Now groaned in concert with the blast,
And with their branches smote the eaves.

Dim broke the morn along the crags
  That eastward loom above the sea,
  And long processions sailed a-lee
Of vapory forms, like weird hags.

Now in one sheeted flood it rains;
  But the slant wind, with headlong force,
  Caught it in its impetuous course,
And dashed it on the trembling panes.

Anon the sun looked through the rift,
  But pallid as his sister moon
  When glows on high night's sober noon,
Chasing through heaven the flying drift.

At length, uprising toward his height,
  Majestic moves the orb of day,
  And subject nature owns his sway,
And the spent storm attests his might.

Gone the long night's tempestuous dream,
  And mountain vale and forest aisle
  And earth's broad fields serenely smile,
Subdued by that all-cheering beam.

And all is still, save from afar
  That one low murmur evermore,
  Where the long roll beats on the shore,
And wind and wave wage war on war.

GEORGE LUNT.

THE DONATION PARTY AT WILLOWBROOK.

SO many confused and contradictory rumors have been circulated about that last donation party that I (who have heard the whole story from my friend and neighbor Miss Mix) would like to give the world a plain, unvarnished account of the whole festivity.

Let me, then, introduce my informant, Miss Melissa Mix, spinster, owning to forty, moderately well endowed with this world's goods, housekeeper and care-taker for her only brother Ralph, some years her senior, both of them prominent members of the Willowbrook church — and thus heralded, she shall tell you the story she told me.

"Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know, Miss Harwood; but we've always calkilated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the 'Postle says.

"I must own we hain't had much success, for, would you believe it? out of five candidates that preached here the year we built the church, not one was willin' to stay and do the Lord's work.

"Why, there's only about sixty families in our church, and it was settled that first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, makin' nigh onto four hundred a year, you see; yet it's wonderful what trouble we've had to git a pastor.

"Brother Ralph thought that mebbe if we had a parsonage it would help us; so he and the other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Gray used to live, with a whole rod of land belongin' to it; but, law! 'twa'n't of no use; none of 'em staid the year out; and I was clean discouraged.

"When Mr. Ormsby came, nigh on three year ago, he seemed more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage for him, as they was only new beginners, and hadn't much housekeepin' stuff.

"Well, the ladies was so well pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together.

"There was a handsome pincushion made for each of the bedrooms—there's three on 'em in the house—and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in the first week.

"You've heerd him preach, Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer too. Why, I declare I took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin'; and so we all did, I'm sure.

"But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deacon Stiles's daughter Sally made a drawin' of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind.

"Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was skurse just then, so we only raised enough to git a pair of chiny vases and an inkstand.

"But Silas Hart, that sold 'em to us, was one of our members, so he threw in a chiny dog for the baby and a match-box for the parson's wife.

"Miss Jones and Uncle Midian sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our cradle, the one we was both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real handsome little quilt for the cradle, a sunflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico too.

"Well, it's 'most too bad to tell, but Mandy Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby git to rights, told me that she did act dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife.

"She went all round the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she sot down in the parlor on her trunk, and began to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove, which she said looked as if it came out of the ark.

"I've always thought she made her husband discontented, for Mr. Ormsby was such a meek, quiet, unselfish man that he never would have made any trouble if she hadn't been always complainin' and puttin' him up to grumble.

"But I'm wanderin' off from my story—I started to tell you about the donation party. You see, the first year we got along splendid with it, and I must say I never saw a better tea table spread than we set that night for Miss Ormsby.

"But that woman never *could* be satisfied, and she said afterward that it wouldn't take more than two such parties to ruin any family!

"It seems she found fault because we all staid to tea with 'em, jest as if we hadn't a right to our tea after sendin' in all the victuals for it.

"But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did do exac'ly right, for she took Miss Ormsby's preserves to put on the table, and they was all eat that night, and I s'pose that put her out some.

"Well, as I was sayin', the second year come round, and it was read out in meetin' that the donation party would be given the next Friday.

"Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then he looked all round and cleared his throat two or three times, as if he had somethin' pertickler to say, but after waitin' a minute he changed his mind and sat down.

"I thought he acted kinder queer, but I was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meetin' was dismissed she jest hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her.

"Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we was mostly all at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it was a funeral than a merry-makin', I must say; but his wife was awful. She was jest as huffy and short as she could be with every one, and she went and locked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us all, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's papers or books.

"Bimeby we began to think about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy Jones, and me went out in the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There was some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the suller), a piece of corned beef, two or three biled hams, a pot of butter, some apple sass, a big cheese, and such a lot of biscuits it would have taken all night to count 'em.

"I began to be scart when we took out panful after panful of biscuit, and no cake to speak of. At last we come to Miss Jones's basket, and there we found 'lection cake, as well as a great batch of molasses cookies.

"I was glad enough I'd sent pound-cake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready, there was more biscuits on it than any thing else, though we did the best we could.

"Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crackers; and Amos Hull he brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said.

"There was so many there that we had to divide 'em into three lots, the dinin'-room bein' small; and it was 'most seven o'clock when they got through eatin'.

"Aunt Betsy staid with me to clear up some; and I thought I never should get all the biscuits put away, for they 'most filled the pantry.

"For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and, as Aunt Betsy said, they wouldn't need to bake for a month to come.

"It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but, the second Sunday after, I started off good and early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw something that 'most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp-pointed pickets round the house and garden had a good biscuit stuck right atop of it! Yes, Miss Harwood, jest as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsy's nice raised biscuit—I could tell hern by the shape—and Miss Hull's rusks, and Miss Stiles's soda biscuit, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way.

"Well, I stood and looked—I hadn't the strength to move—and pretty soon some of the ladies came along and jined me; and there we all stood till the last bell began to ring, talkin' the matter over, and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you.

"Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly hear a word, my mind was so full of the biscuits.

"Miss Ormsby warn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had had a call from a church in the far West, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would like to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us that he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we could get some one else, he gave the benediction and dismissed us.

"I can tell you there was talk enough when we got out that mornin', and some of the folks thought we ought to 'p'int a committee to ask Miss Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said, 'No; if they was goin', let 'em go peaceable;' so they all agreed to say nothin' at all.

"We heard afterward from little Johnny Hall, who was playin' near the parsonage late on Saturday afternoon, that Mr. Ormsby he brought the biscuits out in a big basket, and then Miss Ormsby she helped him to stick them on the pickets, and she laughed all the time as if it was a good joke.

"I don't want to judge any body, but I never did think that woman was fit for a minister's wife, and I don't think so now.

"Well, they moved off, bag and baggage, on Wednesday of that week, and we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby since, and I don't know as we want to, seein' he hurt our feelin's so, though we've never found as good a preacher as he was, and never will."

And this was Miss Melissa's story.

RARITY.

In dreams I found a wondrous land,
Radiant with roses on each hand.

No grasses, trees, nor shrubs were there,
But roses blossoming every where.

Great velvet-petaled blooms were these;
Red millions trembled in each breeze.

They swept toward the horizon's verge
In many a splendid ample surge;

They spread on all sides one intense
Monotony of magnificence.

Then suddenly, where my pathway ran,
Loomed the vague presence of a man.

And in his clasp, with strange delight,
I saw one daisy, glimmering white.

Such daisies bloom in slender sprays
By throngs among June's meadowed ways.

Yet all my soul, at this weird hour,
Leaned out to that one simple flower.

For chastely, delicately fair,
And better still, supremely rare,

It wore a pastoral charm so sweet,
This lovely lissom Marguerite,

That seeing it was like dear repose
To me, whose whole heart loathed a rose.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THOSE who recall *Vivian Grey* and the *Young Duke* when they were published, and who have followed the career of their author, and faithfully read *Lothair*, must have smiled as they saw that Disraeli, at the age of seventy-two, had become an earl. The audacious and sentimental dandy; the brilliant and unsparing Commoner, who was as much the Murat of the House as his Tory predecessor as Prime Minister was the Rupert of debate; the descendant of Spanish and Venetian Jews who had become the Conservative head of the Protestant British government; the man who had given his name an individual distinction, like Pym and Pitt, and Fox and Canning, and Brougham and Peel, and Bright and Gladstone—has now tumbled up stairs into the House of Lords, and Mr. Disraeli disappears under the coronet of the Earl of Beaconsfield. There is something exceedingly ludicrous in this ending of his career, and the more ludicrous because it is entirely characteristic. The chief impression of Disraeli's life is that of theatrical effect. It is this which produces the feeling in shrewd observers that he is a brilliant charlatan. They find nothing amidst all his talent and accomplishment and tact and marvelous political daring and efficiency which implies deep conviction or principle. His career is like one of his own novels. It leaves the impression of gayety, artificiality, audacity, cleverness, low ideals, and a mock greatness. Vivian Grey has at last donned the strawberry leaves, and dies a duke.

Yet to call him a charlatan is not to deny him very great address and unquestionable ability. A dandy of the Hebrew race does not become the Tory chief and Prime Minister of England without a long and continuous struggle, in which he wins by main force every inch of the way. The way, indeed, was smoothed by circumstances. He naturally preferred a political to a literary career, because its prizes were more immediate and tangible, and gratified a love of display. Moreover, in England it is in popular estimation the great career. His early stories show that his thoughts were busy with it, and he finally decided to be a Tory, probably for two reasons—one that his imagination was touched by the romance of established and traditional conservatism, and the other that success, if more difficult, would be sweeter and more signal. Undoubtedly he agreed with Mill that while all Conservatives are not stupid, yet stupid people are generally Conservatives. But while this may have assured him of the absence of actual rivalry, he knew that the very dullness of the squirearchy and the pride of the peerage would oppose a passive and unreasoning resistance. The squire is not dazzled with brilliancy, and my lord despises it.

But John Bull can see when an opponent is worried, and he heartily enjoys it. So when Disraeli attacked Peel, dashing and flashing and wheeling and darting around him, pricking and stinging and goading, like a lithe Bedouin fleetly curveting about a slow and ponderously plodding caravan, the squirearchy chuckled and cheered, and delighted in the saucy onslaught. Disraeli attacked Peel when Peel was the truly wise Englishman, and when England needed the very British pluck and hold which Peel displayed. But Disraeli was enlisted for Disraeli, not for England. He was one of Caravaggio's gambling cavaliers in plumed hat and slashed doublet, and he played the cards in his hand to his own advantage. The men can be measured now. Sir Robert died a Commoner, and Disraeli will die an earl. But, of the two Prime Ministers, which will England remember as having more wisely served her? Whose statue, of the two, will she regard with reverence and pride?

It is a curious and significant fact that the comments upon Mr. Disraeli's "elevation" treat it rather as an abasement. Thackeray goes far to persuade us that every Englishman is at heart a snob. "I myself should be glad to be seen walking down Piccadilly with a duke on each arm." But despite the awe which Lord Tom Noddy inspires, it is plain that there is general regret when a clever man consents to become Lord Tom Noddy. This goes far to show, on the other hand, that there is a genuine admiration of ability, and that the untitled family name which a man's talent or service has distinguished is more honorable than a peerage. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" said Nelson as he went into battle. But no other name than Nelson upon his tomb could satisfy his country. A title which comes at seventy-two is of necessity lustreless. The Earl of Beaconsfield can never make the title illustrious. He can found no family, for he is childless. He gains no distinction. He is already rich enough, and all that can be said of him in the splendid exile of the Upper Chamber is that the old man under the Beaconsfield coronet, the peer without ancestry and without descendants, was once Benjamin Disraeli.

THE Easy Chair has no kinship of any kind to that illustrious and reverend "Grandfather's Chair" which is dear to us all, but it is the frequent recipient of confidences and requests that imply in it a kind of grandfatherly character. Among the most common of these are inquiries about courses of reading and study, and especially from young women. They are generally persons who would prefer to study at home, whom circumstances or feeling forbid to undertake the college life of Vassar or Cornell, but who have a strong desire and sufficient time for solid and earnest study. For all these, its friends and correspondents, the Easy Chair has good news to impart. In almost every neighborhood there is now some excellent public library accessible. But to most of those who would gladly make the best use of it, it is very likely to be a labyrinth without a clew. What is most needed is intelligent direction and guidance. And this is precisely what is sought to be supplied by a truly humane society established in Boston, of which Mr. Higginson gives some instructive and interesting details, and which will be especially welcome to the inquiring friends whom the Easy Chair has mentioned.

The society to promote studies at home is now three years old, and its short life is full of good works. Its object is to encourage young women to devote a part of every day to systematic and thorough study; and its method is the arrangement of courses of reading and study,

with proper directions and advice, and the yearly distribution of certificates of progress from the examiners and managers. Student members must be at least seventeen years old, they must pay two dollars annually for printing, postage, etc., and they are expected to try honestly to devote a certain time to their work. It is thus a purely voluntary association, and implies a sincere interest in the object. Indeed, there is no conceivable reason why any one who does not wish to share the advantages of the society should trouble herself to join it, as there is no collateral benefit except that which springs from hearty co-operation. Whoever wishes to join as a student can procure a programme of studies from Miss Ticknor, 9 Park Street, Boston; and having selected a course of study, she receives special directions. The term of study and correspondence is from October 1 to June 1. In June a wholly optional written examination takes place in Boston, and students are invited to send essays in English, French, or German on subjects of their own choice.

This, as Mr. Higginson truly says, is merely organized aid given by the elder and more experienced to the younger and inexperienced. It is, in fact, precisely the service, performed in the best and most careful manner, which is so often asked of the Easy Chair. The results are very gratifying. During the first year there were forty-five student members; during the second, eighty-two; and during the last year there were 298, living in 162 places, in twenty-eight States and Canada, and as far as Florida and Louisiana. Of this number, sixty-seven per cent., or 204 students, have done satisfactorily. The average time of study has been eight hours weekly; the largest time, about five hours daily; and the smallest, two hours weekly. The studies have been history, English literature, science, art, German, and French. The committee now includes members from Maine, New York, and New Jersey as well as from Massachusetts, and as the good work goes on there will undoubtedly be other chief local centres. The object is very simple. It is mainly judicious counsel for those who really desire it, and a more sensible and useful society for the purpose we do not know. The Easy Chair hereby solemnly resigns its function as counselor of local reading and study to the society for the encouragement of studies at home.

Now that *Daniel Deronda* is fairly ended and universally read, there are the usual criticisms about "plot" and "art," but, upon the whole, it is agreed that it is one of the most striking and admirable works in English fiction. The very ardor with which, in private conversation, each disputant insists upon his view of what should have been, shows the deep and strong hold which the reality of the story has taken upon every mind. It is decried as a failure in some of the English and American papers. But, upon close inquiry, it appears that the failure consists in what is called the inadequate conclusion. It is asserted that Deronda himself is but an unfulfilled promise, and that the legitimate catastrophe is avoided by a melodramatic artifice. But the artist shows things both as they are and as the imagination sees them, and this is peculiarly the triumph of *Daniel Deronda*. The hero, indeed, marries Mirah, who is but the secondary heroine, and he consecrates his life to what probably seems to most readers a foolish and futile purpose. But nothing, in the usual sense of the word, can be more "natural" than that, being just the man he is, Deronda should do exactly that. The key of his character is self-sacrifice, and he is full of romantic susceptibility and moral enthusiasm. His heart, his conscience, and his imagination are all bound up in the race to which he discovers in fact, as by deep inward attraction he had already discovered, that he belongs. The consecration is a moral necessity. It is the inevitable development of the man.

The tale is not primarily a love story in the ordinary sense. It is one of the great illustrations of the author's power that in a story of so high an order the love passages are secondary. It is rather taken for granted, when Deronda rescues Mirah, that he will marry her. That is accepted. But the interest of the tale is not the development of his love, but the issue of his relation with Gwendolen. It is plain from the first that he can not marry her. She is always a little second-rate, and jars the refinement of his nature. But she is so positive and commanding, so handsome and forlorn, that the result is an issue of fascinating interest. For the relation between Deronda and Gwendolen is the real story, his marriage, as often with such a man, not being the significant and striking event of his life. As we said last month, he awakens Gwendolen to a soul; he elevates her being, and, in the strictest sense, he saves her.

Now the catastrophe which is called melodramatic was essential to show that the salvation was really accomplished. The ordeal of her married life is most vividly described. The modern human devil of good society is subtly drawn in Grandcourt. The inevitable hate is in the heart of the wild, strong, and wayward woman, utterly undisciplined and friendless. She clings to Deronda as to the good angel who shows her a possible peace of which she had not dreamed, and the death of Grandcourt under the precise circumstances was necessary to show how really complete was Gwendolen's spiritual regeneration. She had the means of gratifying her natural hatred to the utmost thrust upon her, and the very morbidness of her subsequent self-reproach shows that she did not use them. She distrusted herself even in the reminiscence. But Deronda sees, and the reader sees, that it is not what she did, but what she feared that in such a situation she would have done, that troubles her. The distinctions in the culmination of the story are as finely as they are firmly drawn; and as the unexpressed conclusion of the whole, the author means, possibly, to suggest that the simple power of character which succors a single human soul may be hopefully consecrated to the elevation of a race.

There will be many opinions of the plot and the literary art and of many details of *Daniel Deronda*, but there can be but one view of its extraordinary power. There has never been more earnestness, or force, or insight in the English novel than are shown by George Eliot, and many of the recognized masters of English fiction have shown no such claim as she to the highest excellence in the craft. The spell which Scott exercised over our fathers and grandparents was not so subtle as this later magic. The audience of which George Eliot is conscious is not of those

who would be amused merely, nor of those who would find in every tale a sermon of reform, nor of shrewd men of the world in clubs and libraries. She speaks to the deep human consciousness in all these, the heart that suffers, the conscience that corrects, the hope that inspires. It is not an "idle tale" she tells. She is not a jester below the salt. She is, like Shakespeare and all the masters, a wise interpreter of

"The still sad music of humanity."

Mr. Tibs has not been idle in these latter days, but has steadily prosecuted his studies of dogs, and has continually arrived at his old conclusions that they promote selfishness in their owners to an extraordinary degree. Mr. Tibs is still unable to see why the owner of a dog permits him to be a nuisance to friends and companions, and why he seems always to be mastered by the animal, instead of mastering him. In the country, a dog is kept for the chance of driving away a tramp, and Mr. Tibs remarks that he observes the dog terrifies children, barks at every passenger, and prevents the judicious from entering the gate. The hackneyed observation when a dog is "offering" at Mr. Tibs, or snarling or growling at his shoes, or silently circumnavigating his legs, that he was never known to bite, and that he is the best-natured fellow in the world, and that he means nothing, are, as Mr. Tibs says, simply beneath his contempt. He avers that he never knew a dog to tear a man's trowsers, or lay open the calf of his leg, or snap at his hand, without hearing that it was the most extraordinary thing in the world, but with a plain insinuation that there was probably some provocation upon the part of the victim, which the dog very justly resented.

Mr. Tibs says that if, as the owners of dogs assert, they are the most docile of animals, the most companionable, and the most attractive—all of which he is very willing to admit, being, as he insists, despite the foul tongue of slander, a true and admiring friend of that noble animal, the dog—yet, if all this be so, why do not the dog-owners train these most docile beings to good manners and decent behavior? It is, for instance—at least that is the opinion of Mr. Tibs—very bad manners in a dog to rush and bark whenever any one appears. It may be the dog's way of expressing welcome, but he has other ways which are not so sure to be misinterpreted by the wayfarer or visitor, and in so docile an animal these should be encouraged and the other repressed. To which it may be added that the rushing and barking are not usually a friendly welcome, but an alarm and a loud-mouthed vociferation of the suspicion that, whoever you may be, you are no better than you should be. If children behaved in a similar way, they would be constantly and severely reproved and punished. But Mr. Tibs declares that he appeals to universal experience to sustain him in the assertion that the only training which dogs receive, under the circumstances, is an exhortation to "get down," and an interrogation, "Why don't you behave yourself?"

The gradation from canine nuisances to canine pests and dangers, says Mr. Tibs—and he warms with his subject when he is allowed unchecked discourse—is simply invisible. From the King Charles' spaniel of the widow Chuckwill, affirms Mr. Tibs, which has a blue ribbon around its neck, feeds on sponge-cake, and poisons the neighborhood with its fetid breath, to the huge mastiff that bounds in surly silence over the wall at Farmer Goshen's, and makes for your horse, there is an ascending scale, without a break, from mere nuisance and annoyance to serious peril. Yet Farmer Goshen is just as dull and selfish about the matter as the widow Chuckwill. She can not imagine that any body should be such a brute as not to like her darling little Mopsy-wopsy, and he thinks a man a fool who is troubled because a dog leaps at him over a wall. Mr. Tibs, whose valuable discourse the Easy Chair is substantially repeating, became at this point so eloquent and energetic that the Easy Chair begged to know if he had undergone any recent experience which shed light upon his general views of dogs.

Mr. Tibs replied that he had, and that, to use the elegant phrase of the Easy Chair, he was perpetually undergoing experiences upon the subject. Since tramps have come in, he says, and dogs to attend to them, country sauntering for pleasure has gone out. Dogs do not discriminate, and a dusty lounger along the road is impressed upon every dog's mind as his objective point. He went on to say that he had occasion to drive by Farmer Goshen's, whose dog was known to him as one of the ugliest monsters in the neighborhood, and whose owner has been constantly warned that he might as well keep a tiger. But Goshen has one conclusive reply, that a man who is afraid of his Bose is a condemned fool. It appears that Mr. Tibs drove along in his usual meditative manner, considering what line of defense to adopt when he reached the shed on the road opposite the house, under which the dog lurks like a tiger in a jungle. He had laid in a few large stones and some torpedoes for more distant skirmishing, and a stout stick for close quarters. He congratulated himself that he should at least not be taken by surprise, when suddenly, although still a quarter of a mile away, over the stone wall at the side of the road bounded the surly Bose, and ran for the horse. The noble animal, startled by the assault, threw up his head and dashed off in a panic, the surly dog bounding along behind, and Farmer Goshen and his sons, who had been working in the field from which the dog leaped, running after, shouting to the animal to return, and frightening the furious horse still more. He tore up the road, and the wheel striking a stone, the wagon went over, throwing Mr. Tibs, fortunately upon a patch of grass, on which he lay jarred but uninjured. The Goshen family came up eagerly, and when he found that no bones were broken, Farmer Goshen began: "What a durned skittish horse that of yourn must be, to be so durned frightened by Bose! Bless your soul—come here, Bose—why, he wouldn't harm a fly. Would ye, Bose? Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

Mr. Tibs says that he was too stiff to rise, so that he was obliged to be angry sitting on the ground without his hat, which, he concedes, was wrath at a disadvantage; but he sharply summoned Farmer Goshen to "shut up," and gave him his choice to pay damages voluntarily for the wrecked wagon, or to be forced to payment by a lawsuit. He then delivered his mind upon the stupid and brutal selfishness of a man who would keep such a beast as Bose, knowing his habits and doing nothing to restrain or correct

them, and informed Mr. Goshen that whoever would do such a thing was a nuisance in the neighborhood, as he had long been, and gave him distinct notice that if he did not in future tie up his dog or shut him up so that he could not alarm and endanger every man and every woman driving peaceably along the road, he would have him indicted for maintaining a nuisance, and if that would not answer, he would shoot the dog the very next time he was attacked or run at by him. Farmer Goshen listened, with a dull incredulity, and when Mr. Tibs ended, he exclaimed, "Why, bless your soul, Bose wouldn't hurt a fly."

"I don't know what he would do to a fly," answered Mr. Tibs, severely, still sitting upon the ground, "but I know that he has ruined my wagon, and perhaps my horse; and as for me—"

"Did you tear your trowsers?" asked Farmer Goshen, blankly.

"No, Sir," thundered Mr. Tibs, from the ground, "I did not tear my trowsers, but I jarred my frame; and my opinions of this whole business of keeping dogs are impregnably strengthened and confirmed."

"Gracious! are they?" inquired Farmer Goshen.

—"What is the use of talking to a fool?" said Mr. Tibs, as he told the story; "and yet when I think of the widow Chuckwill, and of all other dogs and their owners, why should I be so hard upon Goshen?"

The life of an editor is certainly one of great and various annoyance, but it has some very amusing aspects. The Easy Chair, as it has often confided to its readers, does not pretend to the editorial crown, but its very name imports an intelligence of editorial experience—although it be its easiest part. It happens, therefore, that letters intended for the editor often drop into the Chair, and greatly cheer its labors. It has sometimes commented on these, as indicative of character. But undoubtedly the most entertaining parts of editorial correspondence are the indignant and the instructive letters. Hot wrath, Billingsgate, and bad grammar deliberately written out, sealed, stamped, posted, and arriving in due course of mail cool and still, are very ludicrous. The staleness of Champagne that has been opened for some days is a type of the letter of wrath and fury when it reaches the editorial hand. And if anger could ever be reasonable, the furious gentleman or lady would count twenty-five with Tattycoram before committing indignation to ink and paper. He does not mean to be ridiculous, but he makes himself so, and no peals of laughter in the busy sanctum are ever more sincere and ringing than those which greet the missive of the indignant correspondent.

Of course honest and simple corrections of statement are of the utmost use, and are in the highest degree valued by every sensible editor. When the conductor of the London *Times* was asked how he knew the movement of public opinion, which his paper so accurately represented, he answered that he knew it by his correspondence. That was, perhaps, as good an explanation as he could give of what is really inexplicable. For an editor apprehends instinctively, by a tact which is not to be learned, so that, like the poet, he is born, not made. Great volleys of epistolary censure are, therefore, not necessary to teach him that he has done something which displeases. He knows that he will do so before he begins, and he begins only because he has counted the cost. If the editorial object be to reflect public opinion, the letters will represent only the scattering readers who disagree, and whose disapproval he expects and has already "discounted." If the object be to oppose a strong public opinion, he knows equally that there will be vehement and general protest; and that, also, he has already weighed. If, indeed, the editor be not an editor, but simply an occupant of the editorial chair, then he is utterly at sea. Two letters or twenty equally confuse and confound him. He has no idea, and can have none, whether they represent the crotchets of twenty people or public opinion. The editorial sagacity is that which assures its possessor of action and reaction in public sentiment, although he can not point out to you the detailed sources of his knowledge. In a political "campaign" he apprehends the movement for or against a candidate or party, and knows that to-day the chances are doubtful which yesterday were favorable. To write little letters of indignation to such a man is like swearing at the north star. It is mere waste.

The other kind of remonstrance is the didactic. This usually concerns the character of the feast which the editor provides for his readers, or consists of judicious hints as to his management of his own business. "The Father of a Family" wishes to know why the editor admitted a story which he is constrained to say is far from the standard which he conceives the editor of a publication of such lofty pretensions should constantly regard; and he is sorry to say that he, the parent, is considering whether it be not his duty to decline to receive the work any longer. This is unquestionably an interesting consideration to the parent, but he should remember that editors are very busy men, and should therefore refrain from troubling them with his mental processes. If the father of a family would but reflect for a moment, he would perhaps suspect, what is the precise truth, that for every such letter of reproof, an editor receives another of commendation, and if he should undertake to govern his conduct by them, the result would be pitiful. Indeed, the same disposition must be made of the didactic letters as of the indignant, and they must be dropped into the limbo of entire uselessness. What the individual A suggests, the individual B ridicules, and that which arouses the ire of C, rejoices the heart of D. The editor, therefore, is the only person who can intelligently and properly reply, in the fabled words of an eminent philanthropist whose charitable attention was asked to a single case of suffering, "I am too busy with humanity to have time for individuals."

The object of this brief discourse is to save the time of worthy people who are about committing indignation to paper, or who kindly design to teach somebody else how to manage his business. The text is to be found in an editor's waste-basket.

In the admirable history of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, by Mr. J. E. A. Smith, one of the most elaborate, thorough, and accurate of local histories, there is a graphic account of the local life in a small but thriving town of the New England interior at the beginning of the century. It serves to correct the views of those who think that our own day is the worst of all days, and that the

past was especially the golden age. Even those who hold that progress is an illusion, that we lose on one side what we gain on the other, and who think, as sometimes Thoreau seemed to think, that on the whole the American Indian was rather a nobler figure than his European successor upon the continent, must agree that our forms of the inevitable failure are as comely as those of our ancestors. A reflective study of Mr. Smith's copious annals will certainly liberalize the mind which delights to restrict its sympathies and to censure severely any departure from the conventional morality. The portrait of an ancestor in a full-bottomed wig or pigtail may well make us distrustful as to the future appearance of our own barbering; and as we learn that there is nothing final nor absolute in coiffure, and see the radical changes in social habits and moral estimates, we may become unconsciously more generous and hospitable to every honest endeavor of every kind.

There is many a good and steady citizen in the country village of to-day who holds inexorably that his views of life and public and private duty are the only authorized and immutable opinions, and that those who depart from the line that seems to him the only straight one are in very serious peril. To such good people Mr. Smith's chapter on domestic and social life in Berkshire seventy and eighty years ago will be a truly valuable discourse. For he will find that while the divines of that elder day and their predecessors condemned many things which our time gladly countenances, they favored without question many practices which our later day condemns as immoral and pernicious. The famous Jonathan Edwards sternly denounced the social dance, even in its rectangular form, and long before "round dances" were known. The innocent and simple recreation which gives gayety and life to every little social assembly, the good man saw as a snare of Satan for human souls. Yet lottery gambling, horse-racing, imprisonment for debt, and universal drinking of ardent spirits were not apparently offensive to the preacher. A lottery, Mr. Smith informs us, was established in Berkshire for the benefit of Williams College, and the Rev. Thomas Allen, a most excellent man, records in his diary that he bought tickets in it for himself and his children—an example which must really have greatly demoralized the people. The minister was wholly innocent, but the steady citizen who was just mentioned will see that practices which he thinks blameless or beneficial may be rejected by his grandson as immoral and intolerable.

Mr. Smith, with sly humor, gives us a glimpse of the "temperance" question, in the neighborhood of which he treats, nearly a hundred years ago. The use of ardent spirits was almost universal. A friendly glass accompanied every transaction. Especially at clerical ordinations and church dedications unstinted libations were poured out—not upon the altar. Weddings and births and funerals were all celebrated or solemnized with the flowing bowl, nor could it be refused without rudeness. Colonel Oliver Root, one of the Pittsfield worthies of the older day, was, however, the strictest of temperance men amidst this general conviviality. In his later years he was accustomed to offer congratulations in person upon the birth of each child in a certain prolific district of the town, and the happy father eagerly mixed a glass of "particularly aromatic" sling to offer his visitor in welcome. The colonel merely tasted the drink courteously and left it; but he remarked, shrewdly, that he did not believe it was wasted after his departure. In the temperance colonel's household—such was the gentleness of temperance orthodoxy—mild ale was brewed every Saturday for the week; cider was on constant tap; and every summer the benign colonel laid in a half barrel of whiskey to mitigate the rigors of haying. Mr. Smith quotes from an advertisement of the country store of seventy years ago—a late echo of the bread and sack: "St. Croix Rum, Jamaica Spirits, Cognac Brandy, Spanish Brandy, Raspberry Brandy, Holland Gin, Molasses, Soap, Lump and Brown Sugar, Madeira, Vidonia, Sherry, Lisbon, Port, and Malaga Wines;" and on the same list, "Cordials, Stoughton's Bitters, and London Porter."

The key-note of the first opposition to the drinking of ardent spirits was temperance, not abstinence. In 1788 Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, published an inquiry into the effects of ardent spirits upon the human body, and advocated the use of wine and beer as a substitute for ardent spirits. This was before any considerable foreign immigration, and long before the modern system of grog-shops. A recommendation of wine as a substitute for whiskey now would be like suggesting wheat flour to the poor in place of Indian meal. Mr. Smith quotes some of the remarks of Dr. Rush. Wine and beer he finds "very wholesome liquors in comparison" with that odious New England and West Indian rum, or French brandy. Beer, indeed, is a liquor "abounding with nourishment," while wine is both "cordial and nourishing." "The effects of wine upon the temper," pleads the advocate of temperance, "are in most cases directly opposite to those of spirituous liquors. It must be a bad heart, indeed, that is not rendered more cheerful and more generous by a few glasses of wine." This gracious temperance reformer, who has a tender regard for babes and sucklings in the cause, urbanely adds that punch is "calculated, like wine and beer, to lessen the effects of hard labor upon the body." And with a touch of scientific precision which must have been of inestimable comfort to the great company that always wishes to eat its cake as well as to have it, he says: "The spirit of the liquor is blunted by its union with the vegetable acid. Hence it possesses not only the constituent parts, but most of the qualities of cider and wine." What infinite consolation there is in the word Mesopotamia when Mr. Whitefield pronounces it! Yet, concludes the doctor, that no man may abuse the truth, "to render this liquor innocent and wholesome, it must be drunk weak, in moderate quantities, and only in warm weather."

The doctor, who will seem to the aggressive abstinents of to-day the most pusillanimous and feeble of reformers, doubtless seemed to the good society of Pittsfield a wild and impracticable innovator, a dreamer and visionary, if not an infidel in disguise. The only point in which he would appear to them to have a glimmer of reason would be in his unexpectedly rational and sensible allusion to punch; and the wonder would be how a man who was so sane upon that subject could talk so madly of the energizing whiskey and other kindly liquors which even our worthy neigh-

bor, Colonel Root, whom we all know to be a little daft upon the subject, humanely provides for his hay-makers. The reader of the history will observe, however, that the good people who clung so stoutly to New England rum as an absolute necessity of the hay field, clung with equal pertinacity to the necessity of imprisonment for debt. And as he recalls the debates in the English Parliament upon Romilly's criminal law reforms and the abolition of slavery, he can easily imagine the peaceful Pittsfield air of seventy years ago resounding with the vehement protestation that to abolish imprisonment for debt would be to sap the foundations and overthrow the bulwarks of society. It is amazing to reflect how constantly those bulwarks are going over, yet how firmly they continue to stand.

Our fathers did not hesitate to exercise a cruel tyranny over their unfortunate victims, the debtors. What misery, heart-break, family and individual ruin, were produced by the exquisite torture of the imprisoning law, appear only slowly and to reflection. But our fathers did not mean to be cruel. President Edwards, who thought dancing so awful a sin, did not feel the essential wickedness and folly of this law deeply enough to denounce it. The men of his time lived, as we say, according to their light. But as Mr. Smith draws the picture in his truly interesting and valuable work, and shows us those elders in their habit as they lived, may we not wisely reflect that his annals are not alone the history of a town, but of the world; that we in our towns and time are what the fathers were in theirs; and that our plain perception of their real fallibility amidst all their dogmatism should incline us to great charity, forbearance, and generosity?

Editor's Literary Record.

BOTH author and translators of Dr. V. Von Holst's *Constitutional and Political History of the United States* (Callaghan and Co.) refer to De Tocqueville's *Democracy of America* as though the two were analogous books. There is, however, very little in common in them. De Tocqueville's work is philosophy illustrated by history; Von Holst's work is history of a philosophical cast. De Tocqueville writes in hearty sympathy with republican institutions; what Dr. Von Holst's political creed may be it is not easy to determine, but clearly he has no great faith in democracy. De Tocqueville has an undisguised admiration for America and her institutions; Dr. Von Holst sees much to criticise and little to commend. De Tocqueville is—we have Dr. Von Holst's word for it—a "doctrinaire;" Dr. Von Holst unmistakably considers as quite absurd, politically, "a system of politics based on absolute principles." The merit of the American Revolution, if it had any (one rises from reading this history a little skeptical on that point), lay in this, that the founders of the American nation cut loose from old precedents, disregarded old systems, and built anew on a "system of absolute principles." If to appreciate this and to believe in this is to be a "doctrinaire," Dr. Von Holst is certainly not amenable to that criticism. He regards the Declaration of Independence as the embodiment of "crude theories," and quotes with approbation the declaration, which he attributes to Calhoun, that it is a composite of "glittering generalities." He indicts the fathers of the republic for "disregarding that which had prescriptive right on its side in virtue of its history." He declares that "pharisaical self-righteousness is one of the most characteristic traits of the political thought of the masses of the American people." He asserts of the United States that in the period immediately following the Revolution it was "both at home and abroad an object of compassion, of scorn, and contempt." In short, he indicates unmistakably, if not a positive sympathy with "prescriptive rights" and traditional policies, at least an entire absence of sympathy with "absolute principles" or democratic institutions. A worse book for a German to read with any hope of obtaining from it any conception of American institutions we can hardly conceive. But for several reasons it is a peculiarly useful book for native Americans to read. It is not loosely nor carelessly written. The marks of thought and of careful study are on every page. Though a less original and less truly profound thinker than De Tocqueville, and possessing no such insight into great principles, far more than De Tocqueville he has made a study of our early history. His critical spirit discloses to us defects in our political system which a more sympathetic and friendly critic would not have seen, and flaws in our history and in the character of the founders of the nation which we are prone to ignore, and which we need to recognize. An intelligent honor of men is more healthful for us and more hopeful for our future than a blind reverence of mythical demi-gods. He shows clearly, and we think conclusively, that the possibilities of secession were left in the original Constitution; and though he overrates the importance of the difference of opinion which, even in the formation of our Constitution, existed between those who desired only confederate independent States and those who sought to unite them in one integral nation, he nevertheless makes good his assertion, "Calhoun and his disciples were not the authors of the doctrine of nullification and secession. That question is as old as the Constitution itself, and has always been a living one, even when it has not been one of life and death." The student who should accept this volume as a guide to the study of the formation of our Constitution would be sure to be sadly misled. The student who uses it to counteract the too glowing and eulogistic pictures of our early life which form the staple article of American speeches and articles and popular books on our early history, will find it exceedingly useful. It deserves to be read and even to be studied, but it requires to be accepted with caution, and to be modified by parallel studies on the same subject in the works of writers more in sympathy with democratic institutions. The present volume covers the period from 1750 to 1833.

Of Professor Francis A. Walker's treatise on

The Wages Question (H. Holt and Co.), we may say with confidence that it is quite the best work on this general subject, certainly for the American reader. The author confines himself rigorously to the theme, declining to yield to the temptation to range over the general field of political economy, but within the limits of his subject he is both comprehensive and thorough. Judiciously and quite elaborately he treats of the elements that enter into the value of proffered wages, viz., the value of money, varieties in the form of payment, opportunities for extra earnings, regularity of employment. A discussion of the real cost and value of labor, as affected by national peculiarities of character in the laborer, his diet, habits, intelligence, and moral characteristics; workingmen's homes, overwork, ignorance, intemperance; the relations of capital and labor, co-operation, overpopulation, labor legislation, poor-laws, woman's wages, trades-unions, and strikes—all enter into the consideration of the author. He writes in warm sympathy with the laboring, or, to speak more accurately, with the wages class. It is true that he disavows ethical or social considerations, and he does not adduce arguments derived from the moral law, nor write in the language of sentiment, but simply as a political philosopher who considers only the economical considerations which affect the money value of labor to either laborer or employer; but sympathy affects philosophy, and the economic truths which Professor Walker sees have some of them been disclosed to him by his humane instincts, though to sustain them he does not appeal to sentiments of humanity, but to prosaic considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence. This sympathetic character—the fact that he writes not about theories in the abstract, but about living men—leads him to recognize in man more than a machine, and in life other motives than those which appeal only to the pocket. Thus the degradation of labor by overwork, insufficient provision, ignorance, intemperance, etc., is recognized by him as an element entering into the economic value of labor; and the necessity of education, of a high moral life, of laws against overwork and against inadequate provision for the workmen, is maintained on purely economic grounds. So, too, public opinion, as a power to restrain men from palpable injustice, is recognized as an element that should be considered in the study of these problems. For the same reason—that is, because a practical study of the actual facts of life is the basis of his investigations, Professor Walker disregards some fictions which have become venerable from age, but which have no other claims on our reverence. Among these fictions is that of a "wage fund;" that is, the notion that there is a fund "irrespective of the numbers and industrial quality of the laboring population, constituting the sole source from which wages can at any time be drawn." He maintains, on the contrary, that production furnishes the measure of wages, that the wage fund is a variable product, depending on the intelligence and industry of the workman, and that, as a consequence, it is the right and duty of the laborer to watch over and pursue by all justifiable means his own interests: this in opposition to the philosophy that insists that they are determined for him by general laws with which he has nothing to do. At the same time Professor Walker discourages strikes as equally injurious to employer and employed. He repudiates the principle of *laissez faire*, "which teaches that the spontaneous action of individuals, each seeking his own interest on his own instance, guided and helped at most by the purely social forces of the community, will achieve the best possible results; and that the interference of government, operating by constraint and compulsion, under the sanction of law, can only be mischievous." But he reduces the interference of government mainly to three points: he would have it require universal education and provide it; maintain a strict sanitary system; and, by guarding banks of deposit and savings from fraud, encourage the laborer to practice frugality, sobriety, and industry. His theme necessarily involves somewhat abstruse discussions, but he writes with a simplicity of style and a homeliness of illustration which make his work really enjoyable reading, and with a calmness and a judicial balancing of the views of opposing parties, accompanied with a clear and always strong presentation of his own, which of itself gives to the reader confidence in his conclusions. It is probably too much to hope that the working-man will read such a treatise, and there are chapters which no one could read profitably without some preliminary instruction in the principles of political economy; but it affords admirable material for a more popular work, and we heartily wish that either Professor Walker or some one for him would embody the truths contained in this treatise in a book analogous to Mr. Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans*, or Mr. Gladden's *Lectures to Working-Men*, which only partially cover the same ground.

There may be said to be three explanations of what is called "spiritualism," each of which has defenders. The first regards the spiritualistic phenomena as really produced by spirits, either good or bad; and this view is held by some who reject spiritualism heartily as a system of religion, classing it with the necromancy and magic of the Old Testament, which they also attribute to evil spirits. The second explanation assumes the reality of unexplained phenomena, and attributes them to the operation of some force, called by various names, but confessedly not comprehended. The third view regards them as the result of fraud on the part of a few and of delusion on the part of the many; this last is the view of Surgeon-General Hammond in his treatise on *Spiritualism and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He does not concede that there is any thing really mysterious in the reported phenomena. He claims to have "witnessed many spiritualistic performances, and to have never seen a single one which could not be accounted for by the operation of some one or more of the causes specified" in his volume. These causes may all be reduced to two. The first, and that to which the author apparently gives the greatest weight, is nervous disease. Even in a state of health the senses are far from infallible. "It is possible for the most careful and experienced judgment to be deceived by false sensorial impressions of real objects, or non-existing images created by the mind." This is a fact with which we are all familiar; but there are very few, except those who have made of the history of mental disease a careful study, who have any conception how small is the real ground for

the aphorism, "Seeing is believing." Dr. Hammond has made a specialty of mental disease, and while this gives him some very evident advantages, it renders him liable to fall into the danger of a specialist, and impute to the average mind those states and acts which are, after all, exceptional, though his experience makes them seem to him common. The second explanation of spiritual phenomena which he offers is fraud on the part of the mediums, who, he asserts, are familiar with this peculiar liability of the human mind to delusion, understand the peculiar circumstances which tend to produce it, and know how to avail themselves of this capacity of credulity. These two factors—fraud and self-deceit—are sufficient, in Dr. Hammond's judgment, to explain not only so-called spiritualism, but the cognate phenomena of a much older date. He has gathered a great number of instances of *pseudo*-miracles from mediæval literature—in this respect his volume is worthy to be a companion to the recent work on *Mediæval Saints and Miracles*—and tells us what was the form of disease, or what the optical trick, which, on his hypothesis, produced them. With these phenomena he classes those of modern spiritualism. He discusses successively physical, seeing, auditive, speaking, curing, and writing mediums. Some cognate phenomena then claim his attention—somnambulism, hysteria, ecstasy, etc.—all of which have been regarded as spiritual possessions, and all of which he regards as forms of nervous disease. The book contains almost no recognition of a spiritual world, and no admission of the possibility of observable spiritual phenomena. This is its weakest point, and the one which will go far to neutralize its effect. If Dr. Hammond had not attempted to prove so much, he would have proved more; if he had recognized this possibility, and had been contented to claim that the great proportion of so-called spiritualistic phenomena can be explained by reference to fraud and nervous disease—a proportion so great that no reliance can be placed on the small residuum that may be regarded as yet unaccounted for—he would have carried with him many readers who now will lay down the book with unmodified convictions. It is, nevertheless, a work to be heartily recommended to all who are interested in the study of the delusions of mankind, and even the most confirmed spiritualists will do well to examine it, if it be only to see how much of what they are accustomed to regard as unaccountable, except on the theory of spiritual presence, is readily accounted for on well-established scientific principles. While Dr. Hammond has not the least intellectual respect for the opinions which he attacks, he respects the honesty of those who maintain them, and does not violate good taste or the rules and principles of Christian courtesy in his exposure of what he throughout regards as a perfectly groundless delusion.

Mr. O. B. Frothingham's *Transcendentalism in New England* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a valuable addition to our history. He gives of this undefined movement as definite an account as it is possible to give. He begins with a broad and general survey of transcendentalism in Germany, and its chief apostles—Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schleiermacher, etc.; he sketches more lightly the same mental tendency in France and England; he gives some account of its practical and palpable results in New England; and he brings his monograph to a close with character sketches of its leaders here—Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, George Ripley, and some "minor prophets." Mr. Frothingham has admirable qualifications for his task. He was himself a disciple of this school, and though in his preface he intimates that he has since modified his views, he writes of it with that peculiar knowledge which is born of sympathy. He is personally acquainted with its American leaders; as a scholar, he is familiar with its forms of thought abroad. His mind is one of crystalline clearness, and he not only sees, he is able to represent, various schools of philosophy without disturbing the picture by refraction through his own prejudices. A man of pronounced convictions, he possesses the rare power of apprehending sympathetically views with which he has no sympathy. It would not be easy, if possible, from his singularly colorless characterization of the German schools of thought, to guess with which of them he would class himself. And while his pages lack fervor and warmth, the purity of his style and the transparency of his thought more than compensate, in such a history as this, for deficiency in spiritual and emotive warmth.

Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, in *The Atonement: the Congregational Union Lecture for* 1875 (A. S. Barnes and Co.), contributes nothing really new to the elucidation of this problem of the ages. The subject has, indeed, been so fully discussed by so many and so able minds that no new work can do more than restate, in new and perhaps clearer forms, old and accepted theories. Mr. Dale devotes a large part of his treatise to a survey of the New Testament teaching, not for the purpose of deducing a theory, but in order to set forth clearly the fact that an atonement is provided. This done, in two lectures he sets forth his own theory of the atonement; or, to speak more accurately, his theory of the necessity for one, which he thinks lies both in the nature of God and of divine law. His breadth of view, his clear discrimination between a spiritual faith in the fact and an intellectual acceptance of a scholastic explanation of the fact, and his clear apprehension of logical and even moral difficulties in the views which he presents, are features quite unusual in treatises of this description, which are far too apt to lose their real power by the prejudice and partisanship which pervade them. The Bible student, even more than the technical theologian, will find in this volume useful material for his study.

We took up Mr. I. N. Tarbox's *Life of Israel Putnam* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) with great anticipations; perhaps for that very reason we laid it down with great disappointment. General Putnam's life affords material for the most romantic of biographies; it has been employed in making the dullest. The office of a true artist is to paint a picture: Mr. Tarbox brings together with painstaking assiduity the various pigments, and tells us how it ought to be painted. We look for a picture, we find only a palette. He reverses the miracle of Moses—he waves his wand over a life that flows like a mountain torrent among the rocks, and lo! it is straightway dried up, and nothing but the bed of a dusty and arid wady is left. His aim is a commendable one; this is, to redeem the memory of "Old Put" from aspersions which he thinks have been unjustly

cast upon it; but he knows not how to accomplish his purpose. He should have told in a straightforward narrative the story of the life, satisfying himself as to the facts by the most thorough study of the contradictory reports; he should have assumed the confidence of the reader in his truthfulness; and he should have reserved for foot-notes or an appendix the reference to and the discussion of such contradictory authorities as he thought worthy the attention of his readers. He has spread out *in extenso* upon his pages the authorities which he controverts, and he thus compels us to follow him in a debate which is tedious without being satisfactory. From it the reader rises with a sense of confusion and perplexity, sure that the author has made out a strong case, but not so sure but that a reading of all that has been said on the other side might materially modify his verdict. A large part of the volume is occupied in a discussion concerning the part which General Putnam took in the battle of Bunker Hill, the credit of which, Mr. Tarbox thinks, belongs to him, and the discredit of which belongs to those who failed properly to support him. The work will be of considerable value to the student of historical problems, but the general reader will hardly have the courage to finish it, or the patience to sift and weigh the contradictory evidence which is accumulated for his consideration.

Mr. Fiske's *Unseen World* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) takes its title from that of the first essay in the book. It consists of a series of essays which bear internal evidence of having been originally published in periodicals, though we are not told where they first made their appearance. Of these the most important, if not the only ones which at all call for a preservation in this form, are the first five. These are all more or less occupied in the treatment of religious problems, and present, in a somewhat popular form, the hypotheses of the extremest school of rationalism. The only religion which Mr. Fiske recognizes is that universal law of morality which experience demonstrates it is for the interest of the human race to observe. The greatest fault in these essays is one common to much of this general class of writing; what is at best but an unproved hypothesis is often assumed to be an unquestioned fact. As a consequence, the book must be read with caution by those who are not already thoroughly familiar with the points under discussion.—*The Science of Ethics*, by Henry N. Day (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is by one who is well known in the educational world by his previous contributions to analogous sciences—æsthetics and psychology. The object of the author is to produce an elementary work as an introduction to the further study of the science in greater detail. This object he has accomplished with signal success. He begins with a simple analysis of the fundamental idea of duty as something owed by a moral agent to a moral being, and requiring a moral action. These simple principles he applies to the elucidation of the whole subject, and by their application deduces the general features of a system of ethics. He avoids all historical criticism and all digression, adheres very closely to his outline, illustrates his positions with a simplicity which we do not often find in works of this class, and opens the subject for further study with a clearness which can hardly fail to render his thoughts not only intelligible, but even interesting, to beginners, who generally shrink from the very commencement of a study ordinarily enveloped in technicalities as repulsive as they are unnecessary.—The object of Mr. John Bascom, in his *Philosophy of Religion* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is to find the fundamental truth involved in the differences between the older and the modern methods of religious thought. The former embrace a faith in revelation and miracles, etc.; the latter, denying liberty in man, and making him a creature of inexorable laws, by a natural corollary deny the personality and liberty of the Deity, and regard Him simply as an embodiment or personification of the laws of the universe. The main value of his treatise is in the fact that it brings out very strongly, if not very clearly—for Mr. Bascom is not a very clear writer—this fundamental point of difference between these two opposing theories of the universe. The conflict lies not between chance and law, but between necessary and spontaneous action. Granted the possibility of the latter, the possibility that a moral agent may be free and may use the laws of the universe, and all that is essential to a sound religious philosophy remains intact. A somewhat less elaborate treatise and a less metaphysical treatment would have made the book more widely useful.—Scribner, Armstrong, and Co. send us two commentaries—*Lange on Exodus and Leviticus*, and *The Bible Commentary on Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Minor Prophets*. The former volume is more largely American than most of the series, and, in so far, better than the average. The translator of Lange's Exodus, Professor Charles M. Mead, of Andover Theological Seminary, has made large and valuable additions to the German notes; and the commentary on Leviticus is prepared by the American editor, Professor Frederick Gardiner, of Middletown, Connecticut, with additions from the commentary of Lange. Both Leviticus and Exodus are attributed to Moses, and the typical character of the Old Testament sacrificial system is fully recognized. Nine different clergymen of the Church of England contribute to the volume of the Bible commentary; the volume has the general characteristics of the preceding ones of the same series, though it takes a more orthodox view of the supernatural than some of them, defending with no inconsiderable force the literal interpretation of the story of Jonah, and maintaining the historical truth of the miracles in the history of Daniel.

To the student of either the Bible or of ancient history it is hardly necessary to do more than to simply state that Heinrich Ewald's *Antiquities of Israel* is offered to the English reader by a translator and by American publishers (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.). There is no writer who has done more to elucidate Hebrew history; no one from whom other writers have drawn more largely, not always with an acknowledgment of their indebtedness; no one who has done more incidentally to demonstrate the authorship and authenticity of the Old Testament. This he has done by showing the unity of design in successive books and the development of truth in successive historic eras. The object of this volume, which is supplementary to his *History of Israel*, is to reduce to an orderly system the Mosaic laws, or rather to demonstrate the orderly system which really exists in what to the careless reader, and

even to some careful students, has seemed a mere heterogeneous and bewildering maze of laws, the product of many minds, and even of different stages of human progress. It is quite needless to say that no man on either side of the ocean is more competent to this task than Heinrich Ewald. —Rev. G. W. Cox begins a series of epochs of ancient history, uniform with the epochs of modern history, by a volume on *The Greeks and the Persians* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). A history of that great struggle between the despotism of the East and the freedom of the West which came practically to an end with the discomfiture of the Persian army at Plataia and the ruin of the Persian army at Mykale. Mr. Cox's reputation is an assurance to the reader that the book is well done, and the execution of the work justifies his reasonable expectations. The story is a very dramatic one, and is told in a way to be full of interest to even the youthful reader, if a thoughtful one.—From the same author we have *A General History of Greece* (Harper and Brothers), one of the admirable Student's Series. In this volume Mr. Cox traces the history of Greece from the earliest period to the death of Alexander the Great, with a sketch of the subsequent history to the present time. For the general reader, as well as for the student, there is no brief history of Greece to compare with this. An erudite student, Mr. Cox is an authority on Grecian history. He separates with great skill the real from the mythological; and he possesses a peculiar power in graphic and dramatic narrative, preserving the poetic and the heroic in history without sacrificing the truth. We could wish that his plan had included a somewhat fuller treatment of art and literature; and yet it is doubtful whether he could have added this important element without impairing the unity of his design, and detracting from the continuity, and so from the interest, of the narrative.—The most captious critic can not deny that Professor Charles Duke Yonge's *Life of Marie Antoinette* (Harper and Brothers) is peculiarly fascinating; the most enthusiastic critic will not claim for it that it is impartial. It begins with a eulogy of the unhappy queen; it ends with her canonization. No Roman Catholic devotee ever worshiped the Virgin Mary with greater devotion than Mr. Yonge shows to the royal martyr. This enthusiasm imparts to the history a warmth and fervor that give to it its fascination. Nor can we wonder at the admiration for the one person whose character and reputation survived the general wreck which the Revolution made of men, and apparently even of principles, as well as of property and lives. Nevertheless the impartial critic is compelled to acknowledge, when he escapes the fascination of the dramatic narrative, and tests it, not by the standards of the drama, but by those of history, that Mr. Yonge has made far too little allowance for the long years of brutalizing training to which the common people of France had been subjected, and the accumulated wrongs which they revenged. It is doubtful whether any careful student will agree with the bitter judgment which the author pronounces against Madame Roland, and it is almost certain that no American critic will consent to that which he renders against Lafayette. A more fascinating story, however, we have rarely, if ever, read.

The Lord's Land, by the Rev. Henry B. Ridgaway (Nelson and Phillips), is an attractive and instructive record of the author's extensive tour through the Sinaitic peninsula and Syria. Dr. Ridgaway is well known as a clergyman of great ability and success; in the present work, however, we find him excelling in a new department —as a careful observer, a thoughtful and patient traveler, and a diligent student of the history and associations of the Biblical territory. His volume betrays a just appreciation of the recent explorers in the same countries, and is at once fresh, sparkling, and critical. The illustrations are of a high order, and some of them are from the author's original sketches. The one feature of the work which is of highest value is the portion treating of the trans-Jordanic or Moabite region. Here is a comparatively new field of exploration, hardly safe as yet except to large and well-guarded companies. The descriptions of Petra, Kerak, and other seldom-visited places of great interest are extremely fascinating. The same may be said of the beautiful Samaritan province. The work, as a whole, combines in good proportion the results of accurate observation and careful preparatory study. The copious index and table of Scripture texts form a very proper conclusion to the volume.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—We learn from the *Comptes Rendus* that daily solar photographs are taken in Paris, not only by M. Janssen, but by M. Cornu, at the National Observatory.

The second volume of Engelmann's "Bessel" has appeared. It is devoted to essays on the theory of instruments, stellar astronomy, and mathematics, and, with the first volume, brings the number of Bessel's papers now reprinted up to 124. A third volume is to follow.

Forbes, of Edinburgh, is now engaged upon the preliminaries to a series of experiments upon the velocity of light, which it is hoped to complete within the present year.

It is understood that the glass for a new mirror for the Paris four-foot reflector has been ordered by M. Leverrier from the manufactory at St. Gobain, so that this telescope may have two mirrors, one always in reserve. From Feil, of Paris, a set of glass disks for the new refractor (twenty-nine inches aperture) has been ordered, so that this refractor, when finished, may have also two objectives, one from the new disks to be furnished by Feil, and one from the old disks, long in the possession of the observatory. A new refractor of large size (eighteen inches aperture) has been ordered by Colonel Campbell from A. Hilger, optician, of London. The Strasburg meridian circle, by Repsold (six inches aperture), is now nearly ready for delivery. While on the subject of instruments, a new and ingenious bright-line micrometer for spectroscopic (and other) work may

be mentioned, which has been fitted to the Greenwich spectroscope by Hilger, of London.

A commission, composed of Professor Tait, Lord Lindsay, and others, has examined into and is about to report upon the present condition of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. There can be no doubt such an inquiry is called for, its principal astronomical activity being the observations necessary for the dropping of the time-ball. The observations made at the observatory since its foundation to 1870 are being united into one catalogue of stars. It is proposed in this catalogue to determine the proper motions from all available observations which are on record. The Greenwich Observatory is also preparing a new nine-year catalogue. All the past work will be corrected for the lately discovered wear of the micrometer screws of the transit circle microscopes.

Trouvelot, of Cambridge, has secured no less than thirty-four drawings of Jupiter up to the end of June, and it is to be hoped that other American observers have succeeded in obtaining drawings of this planet, which is unfavorably situated for observations by European astronomers. Blanks for the purpose may be had from the secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, London.

The *Astronomische Nachrichten* contains an elaborate ephemeris of the satellites of Saturn for the present opposition, by Marth, of London. The ephemeris gives not only the *position angle* and *distance* of the satellites with respect to the planet's centre, but it also gives the times of conjunction, etc., of the satellites. It is believed by Marth, who has given much attention to this subject, that the observations of conjunctions, etc., according to his ephemeris, are equally valuable with those made by the micrometer; and the former have the advantage that they can be made by amateurs, the only requisite being a telescope and a time-piece whose correction is known. It is to be hoped that these may be observed in the United States during this year.

Meteorology.—The most important publication that has come to hand since the beginning of the year is the fine volume issued by the Smithsonian Institution under the title *Tables, Distribution, and Variations of the Atmospheric Temperature in the United States.* These temperature tables are based upon all available thermometric observations made in the United States and Canada previous to the year 1871, the estimated number of which will not fall below 11,000,000. The labor of discussing this great mass of observations and of deducing some general results has been ably performed by Mr. Charles A. Schott, of the Coast Survey Office, to whom science has also been indebted for the Smithsonian Rain Tables and for many other special works in meteorology. Three large charts accompany this work, showing the distribution of surface temperature for the summer, the winter, and the year. Numerous smaller plates illustrate the daily and annual fluctuations of temperature. Mr. Schott finds no perceptible secular change in the temperature of the country, nor any decided connection between our temperatures and the variations in solar spots. For ten stations the mean temperatures have been computed for every day of the year, and it appears from these that changes in the normal temperature of any day extend over large tracts of country, and progress in an easterly direction. All the stations agree in showing a rapid rise in temperature about the 20th of February. There are also indications that the hottest and coldest epochs change somewhat from year to year, making a complete circuit in seventy years through a range of about six weeks. On comparing the average direction of the wind with the average temperature, it appears evident that for years of northerly winds the temperature is lower, and for southerly winds is higher, so that secular changes in local temperature are attributable to corresponding changes in the direction of the wind. These latter changes, on the other hand, must be a part of a system of oscillations in the general currents of the atmosphere, which may possibly be ultimately due to slight variations in solar radiation.

Although the Smithsonian Tables approach so nearly to being an exhaustive compilation, yet there are continually being brought to light hitherto unknown series of observations, some of which will be worthy of future publication. Of this character is the extensive work done by Engelmann in 1859, as meteorologist to Simpson's explorations in Utah. His report on the hypsometric results of these observations has just been published by the Army Engineer Bureau, and forms one of the best contributions that the army has made to the subject. In this report Engelmann gives a very lucid explanation of the influence that vapor exerts in affecting the diurnal variations of temperature on the Western plateaus.

The meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, at Clermont, near the Puy-de-Dôme, calls forth a note with reference to the first demonstration of the fact that the air had weight. It was in 1644 that Pascal made his famous experiments, first at Paris and subsequently at the Puy-de-Dôme. Continuous observations of the barometer were made at Clermont during the years 1649, 1650, and 1651, and simultaneously at Paris and Stockholm. With these began the development of the modern science of meteorology.

Professor C. F. Hartt, formerly of Cornell University, but now chief of the Geological Commission of Brazil, writes that he has endeavored to do something for meteorology in that empire, where the field of operations is second only to that which is found in the United States. The publication of the archives of the museum of Rio Janeiro has been begun, and communications relative to meteorology may soon be expected from Professor Hartt and his assistants.

Ricco publishes in the Memoirs of the Italian Spectroscopic Society a review of our knowledge in reference to the transparency of the atmosphere. He gives an instructive collation of the co-efficients of transmission of the total radiation of the sun, and also the co-efficients of transmission for the purely luminous radiations. Some observations made with the lucimeter by Provenzali, at Rome, are here published for the first time.

Mr. R. W. M'Farland states that on account of the interest felt by geologists in the calculations of Croll, Stockwell, Hopkins, and others relative to the changes in the climate of the earth that may be caused by the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, he has recomputed this eccentricity for the space of over one million of years; and

his results agree substantially with those of Mr. Stockwell.

Among the papers relating to the climate of past geological ages, Professor Dana, of New Haven, has contributed not a little important matter. He has made a special study of the valley of the Connecticut River, and in the last number of the *American Journal of Science and Art*, in a short appendix to his previous memoir, he gives additional details relative to the formation of drift deposits around New Haven.

Mr. Osborne, of Washington, has prepared a scale of terms and corresponding numbers expressive of the atmospheric condition, whether as to heat or cold, moisture or dryness, and hopes to be able thereby by means of a single number to express the peculiarities of the climates of every portion of the globe, instead of being obliged to consult the separate figures relating to temperature, moisture, coldness, etc..

It appears from reports brought from Iceland and the northern part of the Atlantic Ocean that unusually boisterous weather has been experienced within the whole navigable portion of the arctic circle, the high winds driving the field ice southward in large quantities. These reports, taken in connection with the unusually hot summer of the United States and Europe, and the unusually cold winter both in America and Asia, suggest the importance of extending our study of atmospheric changes so as to include at least the whole hemisphere, in order that we may understand the relations that exist between the changes in the climates.

The study of the dust found in the atmosphere has received new impetus of late by reason of Tyndall's striking experiments on the optical analysis of the atmosphere. He shows that it is possible, by simple optical means, to reveal instantly the presence or absence of dust in what would otherwise be considered as perfectly pure air.

The heavy storm that occurred on the British coast on the 3d of August is generally remarked upon by English journals as one deserving of very careful investigation, in order to ascertain whether it might not have been possible to give some intimation beforehand of its peculiarly destructive character.

The progress of the month in *Physics* has been moderate. Mercadier has published the results of his experiments on the vibration of steel forks, from which he concludes, first, that the number of vibrations of such forks, other things being equal, is independent of their breadth; second, that the number of vibrations is directly as the thickness; and third, that this number is inversely as the square of the length. These results are in complete accordance with those calculated from the theory of elasticity in solids. With regard to the amplitude of the vibration as affecting its isochronism, the author concludes, first, that the vibrations of a fork are not absolutely isochronous, the duration of its period varying with the amplitude and the temperature; second, that consequently any chronographic instrument can give comparable results at different times only if the temperature and the amplitude remain the same; and third, that if the amplitude does not exceed three or four millimeters, and if the temperature varies but slightly, the number of periods per second may be exact to .0001 nearly.

Mayer has given in *Nature* some notes of remarkable experiments in acoustics on the obliteration of one sound by another. He finds that the ticking of a clock, for example, completely obliterates the ticking of a watch at the periods of coincidence, the intensity of the clock ticks which effect this obliteration being three times that of the watch ticks. Moreover, he observes that a sound can not obliterate another lower in pitch than itself—a result of great physiological significance. These facts the author applies to orchestral music, and shows that this obliteration of higher by lower sounds should and does seriously mar the intended effect of the music, and hence that the study of its conditions is necessary in musical composition.

The radiometer continues to be the subject of extensive experimentation. Böttger, using a Geissler instrument, could not obtain the slightest rotation with the full moon or with phosphorescent tubes. A candle flame twenty-four centimeters distant, with an alum plate interposed, gave a weak rotation; but with a water cell, no motion was detectable. If the instrument be placed in a room at 15° C., in presence of a gas flame, there is rotation as usual; but if immersed in water at 45°, the rotation is reversed. Lippmann has given a very complete list of the theories which have been advanced to explain the motion of this instrument, the general conclusion being that the energy effective is heat.

Von Wartha has made a series of experiments on the influence of pressure on combustion. For pressures greater than that of the atmosphere, the experiments were made in the caisson of a bridge crossing the Danube at Buda-Pesth, the manometer there indicating 1.95 atmospheres. Six standard candles were burned for a definite time in the open air and then in the caisson, being weighed both before and after each experiment. The result showed the consumption, as a maximum, of 17.4 per cent. more combustible in air at the ordinary pressure. In a receiver exhausted to 90 mm. a candle burns with a scarcely visible flame, the cause of which the author believes to be the fact that as the pressure diminishes, the temperature of dissociation constantly increases.

Nipher has communicated to *Nature* some ingenious optical experiments, essentially physiological in character. Roll up a sheet of paper, look through it, with one eye focused on some object beyond. On placing the hand by the side of the distant end of the tube, it will seem as if the hand were perforated and the sides of the tube transparent. If a drop of ink be placed on the hand, it will appear in the inside of the tube, but the hand itself will be invisible. This tube arrangement, used with both eyes, is excellent for viewing complementary colors.

Some experiments have been made in Paris upon dividing the electric light, under the direction of M. Baron. A single Gramme machine has fed in this way not less than eighteen lamps, each of which gave a light equal to 100 gas jets.

Mouton has proposed a simplified method of determining the internal resistance of a battery without complicated apparatus and the sacrifice of much time. It gives the resistance in terms of that of a certain shunt wire introduced into the circuit.

Colladon has published an extended research on the effect of lightning on trees, in which he

gives the results of investigations on poplars, oaks, elms, pears, firs, grape-vines, chestnuts, and walnuts. The conductivity of poplar, he observes, is such as to make it of service as a lightning-rod, and he recommends connecting the base of these and of other tall trees with permanently moist earth—if possible a water-course—by means of a metallic rod.

Wilson has contrived an ingenious method of attaching a mirror to a galvanometer needle so that the angular motion of the beam of light reflected from it shall be the same as that of the needle. For this purpose the light passes vertically upward to the mirror, which is fastened directly below the needle, and at an angle of 45° to its plane of oscillation.

In *Chemistry*, Wright has continued his studies upon the gases contained in meteorites, and now gives the results of his examination of the Kold Bokkeveld meteorite, which, though stony, contains considerable carbon and some bituminous matters. It yielded 25.23 volumes of gas, of which 93.11 per cent. was carbon dioxide, the remainder being carbon monoxide, marsh gas, hydrogen, and nitrogen, the two latter in minute quantity. It also yielded ten per cent. of water, in which chlorine and sulphurous oxide were detected. The manner of occurrence of the gases within the meteorite is also discussed.

Berthelot has studied the thermic conditions attending the formation of ozone. He finds that in the production of one molecule of ozone from oxygen there is an absorption of 29.6 calories. Being therefore a body formed with the absorption of heat, its activity chemically is accounted for; it is a magazine of energy stored up under the influence of electricity.

Frankland has published a paper on water analysis, in which he examines the value of the albuminoid-ammonia process, and concludes that it is "entirely useless in the examination of waters for sanitary purposes." He claims, however, for the combustion process, that it is the only one which gives trustworthy information concerning the organic matter present, the only one which can determine the carbon, and the only one which shows the ratio of nitrogen and carbon.

Jacquemin has examined the methods proposed for the detection of fuchsin in wine, founded on its tinctorial power. As is well known, this substance is extensively used for this purpose. Pyroxylin and wool may be dyed directly in the wine, but to prove the presence of fuchsin finally, the ammonia process is necessary.

Hesse has communicated a preliminary note, in which he says he has found in a rare cusco bark an alkaloid which appears to agree with the cusconine of Leverköhn, and to be closely allied to the aricine of Howard.

Glenard has investigated the alkaloid of ipecacuanha, emetine. It was obtained in small hemispherical warty crystalline masses, which, on purification, gave milk-white crystals. From the analysis of the alkaloid itself and of its chlorhydrate, the formula $C_{15}H_{22}NO_2$ is assigned to it.

Brunner and Brandenburg have succeeded in detecting succinic acid in the juice of unripe grapes. They were led to examine for it by the fact that nascent hydrogen, acting on ethyl oxalate, produced tartaric acid and glycolic acid. The same reduction process the authors believe, therefore, to go on in the plant.

Microscopy.—At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a permanent sub-section of Microscopy was organized. Dr. R. H. Ward, of Troy, who has taken special interest in effecting this object, was appointed chairman. Several interesting papers were read and discussed by Professor E. W. Morley, Dr. Leo C. Mees, Professor H. L. Smith, and others; and at an informal meeting, the Spencers—father and son—exhibited their recent improvements in objectives and stands. Mr. Gundlach was also present with his excellent work.

We can but briefly notice Mr. Worthington Smith's interesting paper on the resting spores of the potato-disease fungus, which is copied from the "Gardener's Chronicle" in the August number of *Hardwicke's Science Gossip*. These spores, found last July in diseased potatoes, after nearly a whole year's rest, germinated and reproduced the fungus which causes the potato disease, effectually disposing of De Bary's unfriendly criticism, that the resting spores observed and figured by Mr. Smith belonged to any thing except *Peronospora infestans*.

In the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* for July, Mr. F. Jeffrey Bell gives an account of recent researches in the history of the Bacteria made by and under direction of Professor Colin.

In the May number of the *Journal of the Quekett Club* is the description of a new *Aulacodiscus*, by A. Cottam, F.R.A.S. It is unquestionably a variety of the well-known *A. kittonii*, and only remarkable for the locality—Banana Creek, Congo River, West Africa—and for the great purity and abundance of a gathering of what has been hitherto a somewhat rare diatom.

Dr. Bastian has recently read before the Royal Society a paper giving an account of some further researches "illustrative of the physico-chemical theory of fermentation, and the condition favoring archebiosis in previously boiled liquids," summing up as follows: The experiments show, as others have done, that an exclusive germ theory of fermentation is untenable, and that living matter may and does originate independently during the progress of fermentation in previously germless fluids; insoluble products reveal themselves as specks of protoplasm, "living" matter, emerging gradually into the region of the visible, and speedily assuming the well-known forms of one or other variety of Bacteria, thus bridging, as he conceives, the narrow gulf between certain kinds of "living" and "dead" matter, and affording the long-sought-for illustration of the transition from chemical to so-called "vital" combinations!

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, Mr. Francis Darwin read an account of some microscopical researches on the glandular bodies on *Acacia sphærocephala* and *Cecropia peltata*, serving as food for ants, and first mentioned by Mr. Belt in his *Naturalist in Nicaragua*. In *Acacia* were two kinds of glands—(*a*) nectar-secreting glands at base of the petiole; (*b*) small, flattened, pear-shaped bodies, which tip six or seven of the lowermost leaflets of the bipennate leaves. In *Cecropia* cylindrical bodies are developed in flat cushions at the base of the leaf-stalk. The structures are homologous in kind—cellular protoplasm, and containing oil globules, stores of nutriment which undoubtedly the ants live on,

and in their turn protect the trees from the ravages of the leaf-cutting ants.

Anthropology.—In *Revue Scientifique* for July 15, M. Paul Bert discusses the question of the relation of atmospheric pressure to living beings. The same subject, under the title, "The Influence of Vertical Position on the Earth's Surface upon Human Settlements," is exhaustively treated in Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Mittheilungen der Anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien*, for 1876.

Nos. 6 and 7 of *Matériaux* contain archæological articles upon stations in Sweden, Russia, France, and Italy. M. Mortillet gives a table of the stations, grottoes, and dolmens in the different departments of France.

In a pamphlet published by the Société de Geographie de Lyon, M. Emile Guimet discusses the origin of the ancient Mexicans. The author combats certain theories of the relation of art forms in Mexico to those existing in Egypt, and argues strenuously their Asiatic origin.

The first quarterly part of *Archiv für Anthropologie*, in addition to the usuala mount of reviews and descriptions purely local, contains the following articles of interest to the general student: Upon the Leveling of the Human Skull, Dr. Schmidt; Upon the Influence of Cranial Deformity upon Volume, Position, and Shape of the Brain, A. Ecker; Have we found in the Interglacial Strata of Switzerland veritable Traces of Human Beings, or only the Work of Beavers? J. Steenstrup; The Wetzikon Sticks, A. Von Frautzius.

In the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Berlin for 1875, Virchow has a very able article, fully illustrated with tables and plates, upon some remarkable low races of men as regards the skull.

Mr. Hyde Clarke contributes to the *Athenæum* for August 5 a short communication upon the prehistoric names for man and monkey. He does not tell us the bearing of his investigation upon the doctrine of descent.

The subject of anthropology was quite well represented at the American Association, held in Buffalo, August 23. Mr. Lewis H. Morgan was chairman of the sub-section, and Mr. Otis T. Mason secretary. Papers covering a wide field of research were read by Messrs. E. A. Barber, Alessandro Castellani, Isaac B. Choate, Henry Gillman, Otis T. Mason, Lewis H. Morgan, S. L. Peet, G. H. Perkins, Major J. W. Powell, Daniel Wilson, and E. H. Von Baumhauer.

In *Nature*, for August 10, Rev. A. H. Sayce reviews Hovelacque's work, entitled *La Linguistique*, in which the author discusses language upon a purely physiological basis. The learned reviewer takes the ground that the mind gives forms to words quite as often as it receives them.

Richard Andree publishes in the *Mittheilungen der Anthropologischen Gesellschaft*, 1876, Nos. 1 and 2, an article upon Lucky Days, Lucky Meetings and Auspices. In the same numbers will be found prehistoric notices of Dalmatia. Among the objects described is an antique wagon, which is also figured. It is built of wood entirely, not a particle of metal of any kind being used in its construction.

Professor Paoli Mantegazza contributes to the first part of the Italian archives for anthropology and ethnology an article upon the expression of grief. The author observes and classifies the movements of the face and other parts of the body which accompany the expression of grief.

Mr. Alfred W. Howitt, writing from Baunsdale Victoria, to *Nature*, gives an account of the boomerang, founded upon personal observation. There are two kinds of the weapon. The straight variety is by far the more effective. The crooked boomerang, with which we are better familiar, is not the weapon we have been taught to believe. It does not return to the thrower's hand. It can not be thrown with precision. If it strikes an object, it falls perpendicularly. If it grazes a twig, or such slight object, it changes its plane of flight.

Zoology.—The advance in zoology is well sustained in publications received the past few weeks. First, we have additional discoveries regarding the nature of monads, by the Russian naturalist Cienkowski. These organisms are on the border-land of the plant world, and in some cases form protoplasmic nets (plasmodia), like the plant *Myxomycetes*. These plasmodia have the function of falling apart into amœba-like forms, which have hitherto been regarded as independent animal organisms; hence he thinks that many amœbæ do not represent independent forms, but belong to the developmental cycle of other and plant-like orgænisms. Among the monads, Cienkowski, according to a German correspondent of *Nature*, has observed forms in various stages of encystment, self-division, and formation of colonies. But the most remarkable series of changes was observed in *Diplophrys stercorea*, an extremely small cell-like organism with a yellow spot, and pseudopodia at two opposite ends of the body. These little bodies, observed in moist horse-dung, multiply by division, and form, by union of the pseudopodia, long strings in which separate individuals can glide to and fro. "Thus the boundary lines which it has so long been usual to draw between plant and animal organisms, and between the individual groups of those lowest forms of life, appear more and more illusory, and the supposition is recommended of a common lowest kingdom of organisms, that of Protista (Haeckel), out of which animals and plants have by degrees been differentiated."

Professor Loven, of Stockholm, has just published in the Transactions of the Swedish Academy an elaborate work, in quarto, on the sea-urchins (echinoids), which is illustrated by an atlas of fifty-three plates. The work is mostly taken up with an account of the hard parts forming the shell of the *echinus*, but also contains an account of certain bodies called *sphæridia*, and an elaborate drawing and explanation of the nervous and water-vascular systems of *Brissopsis lyrifera*, greatly advancing our knowledge of the anatomy of these animals.

In an essay on the pliocene fresh-water shells of Southern Austria, by Dr. Neumayr and Herr Paul, the authors describe numerous modifications of the genus *Vivipara*, or *Paludina*, which occur in prodigious abundance throughout the whole series of fresh-water strata. Of this genus there are forty distinct *forms* (Dr. Neumayr very properly hesitates to call them all *species*), which are named and described in this monograph, and between which, as the authors show, many connecting links, clearly illustrating the mode of derivation of the newer from the older types, have been detected. The authors, remarks Mr. J. W. Judd, in *Nature*, have demonstrated that the species with highly complicated ornamentation were variously derived by descent—the lines

of which are in most cases perfectly clear and obvious—from the simple and unornamented *Vivipara achatinoides* of the Congerien-schichten, which underlies the Paludina beds. Some of these forms have been regarded as types of a distinct genus (*Tulotoma*) by Sandberger. "And hence we are led to the conclusion that a vast number of forms certainly exhibiting specific distinctions, and, according to some naturalists, differences even entitled to be regarded as of generic value, have all a common ancestry."

The mites and spiders of Kerguelen Island have been described and figured by Rev. O. P. Cambridge in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London. A new "order" is proposed for a certain mite, but it is doubtful whether it is the type of a higher division than a family.

The anatomy and histology of the aphides and bark lice form the subject of an inaugural dissertation for the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Leipzig, by E. L. Mack, of Hamlet, New York.

A synopsis of the two-winged gall-flies (*Cecidomyiadæ*), by Messrs. Bergenstamm and Löw, of Vienna, appears in the Transactions of the Zoological and Botanical Society of Vienna. It seems from the numerous citations of German writers that the Hessian fly is common in various parts of Europe, and is probably indigenous.

The second part of Mr. A. R. Grote's check list of the Noctuidæ of America north of Mexico has appeared, and will prove of much use to entomologists in arranging their collections.

Ascending to the vertebrates, we have in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London an elaborate essay on the strange fish of Australia, *Ceratodus*, by Professor Huxley, in which he dwells on some points in the morphology of the limbs of vertebrates and of the classification of the fishes. He finds, with Gegenbaur, that the fin of *Ceratodus* presents the nearest known approximation to the fundamental form of vertebrate limb, though he differs from Gegenbaur in many respects as to the application of his theory of limbs to the higher vertebrates.

An important work by Dr. C. F. Lütken, on the fresh-water fishes of Brazil, appears in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Science, of Copenhagen. A number of new genera and species are described from collections made by Professor J. Reinhardt, and illustrated by wood-cuts and exquisitely drawn plates.

The lizards of the Galapagos Islands have been described by Dr. Steindachner, and particular attention paid to the large iguana-like forms, three or four feet in length, which characterize these islands. The plates are beautifully drawn by Konopicki. This and other memoirs, such as one by Brunner von Wattenwyl on the morphology of the segments of the body (chiefly of the abdomen), and an article on the geographical distribution of the mammals of Malay, illustrated with a map, appear in a ponderous quarto volume, an intellectual monument of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Zoological and Botanical Society of Vienna. This is a most sensible way, now the fashion in Germany, of celebrating the anniversaries of learned societies.

Botany.—An important contribution to the botany of the United States has just appeared in the reports of the California Geological Survey. The present volume contains the Polypetalæ, by Professor W. H. Brewer and Mr. Sereno Watson, and the Gamopetalæ by Professor Asa Gray. The typography and general appearance of the volume are excellent, and the above-mentioned names are guarantees of its scientific excellence. A monograph of the oaks of the United States, by Dr. George Engelmann, published in the Transactions of the Academy of Science of St. Louis, gives the results of the author's large experience with the species of this difficult and hitherto somewhat confused genus. Leaving out of consideration the somewhat anomalous *Quercus densiflora* of California, the oaks are divided into two groups, black oaks and white oaks, of which a brief analysis is given by the author. A valuable portion of Dr. Engelmann's paper is that relating to hybrid oaks.

In the *Annales des Sciences*, M. Contejean gives some remarks on the influence of the soil on vegetation. He considers that the chemical nature of the soil has much more to do with the distribution of plants than its physical character alone. He divides plants into *maritime* and *terrestrial*. The latter he divides into *calcicoles*, which prefer a calcareous soil, *calcifuges*, which avoid it, and those which are *indifferent* to the calcareous element. Each of these three groups he divides into *xerophiles*, which prefer dryness, and *hygrophiles*, which prefer moist soils. Reports from different parts of France seem to confirm M. Contejean's view of the predominant influence of the chemical nature of the soil. In the same journal is an article on the internal glands of leaves, by M. Chatin, and an interesting biography of the late Gustave Thuret, by Dr. Bornet.

In the London *Journal of Botany* an account is given by Hance of a grass described as a new species, under the name of *Stipa inebrians*, which has an intoxicating effect upon the cattle in Mongolia.

The later numbers of the *Botanische Zeitung* are almost entirely filled with an account, by Dr. Ernst Reuther, of the development of flowers. The orders which are more especially used for illustration are the Cucurbitaceæ and Plumbaginaceæ.

Agriculture.—Fremy and Deherain have conducted a series of experiments to test the reasons of the decrease of richness of sugar-beets grown several years in succession on the same soil. They find two chief causes of the deterioration—the bad selection of stock or variety, and excess of nitrogenous manures. They conclude that argillaceous, siliceous, and calcareous soils differ but little in their effects upon the sugar in beets. A sterile soil, with no other manure than phosphate of lime and nitrate of potash, was able to produce normal roots weighing 700–800 grams (1½–1¾ pounds), and containing a large amount of sugar (16 per cent.). Excess of nitrogenous manures injured the formation of sugar.

The outlook for the sugar-beet industry in this country seems to be quite promising. It has already attained great importance in California, is reported as successful in Illinois, and is engaging earnest attention in Maine. The Governor of the latter State devoted considerable attention to the matter in his last message to the Legislature, and a company near Portland has already begun a thorough investigation of the probabilities of successful sugar-beet culture in that State.

Boehm gives, in the *Berichte der Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft*, accounts of experiments

on the formation of starch in the chlorophyll granules, in leaves of scarlet-runner beans, and cotyledons of cress, radish, and flax. He concludes that the view commonly held—that all starch which appears in the chlorophyll grains free from starch when they are exposed to light is a product of direct assimilation of carbonic acid—is wrong; that it may come from transfer of starch from other regions, or from transformation of pre-existent nutritious matter.

Boehm concludes further that young plants do not take up from the soil either organic compounds or carbonic acid. He considers it not improbable that the carbon of the carbonic acid decomposed by plants unites directly with water to form starch.

Fremy and Deherain have made in the experiments alluded to above some interesting observations on the growth of beets in solutions of the ingredients of plant food. A solution containing one grain each of chloride of ammonium, superphosphate of lime, and chloride of potassium in 1000 c. c. of water was applied in varying quantities to fifty liters of sand (in earthen pots) in which a single beet was grown; 100 c. c. of the solution daily proved insufficient, 500 c. c. gave satisfactory results, while 1000 c. c. proved too much. Beets grown in saline solutions, instead of sand moistened with the same, lived, but instead of producing one large central sugar-forming root, they simply formed a mass of nearly equal rootlets.

Engineering, etc.—The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company has completed its new outlet locks from the canal to the Potomac. The method of operating this outlet is quite novel. The elevation to be overcome is forty feet, which, under the old system, would require eight locks and about fifty minutes to pass a boat through. With the present arrangement, the boat is passed directly from the canal into a large caisson filled with water; the caisson, resting on trucks, is run down an inclined plane to the river in less than six minutes. The weight of caisson and boat is about 350 tons.

A company has been formed to construct a pontoon railway and wagon bridge across the Mississippi at Clinton, Iowa.

Apropos of the question of under-ground telegraph lines, which is now being agitated in this country, it may be of interest to record, on the authority of C. Bontemps, that the total length of under-ground lines in Paris is 116 miles. Of this total, 35¼ miles are laid in trenches, and 80¾ in the sewers.

The Colombian government has made a contract with M. Gogorza for the survey of a route for an interoceanic canal by way of the rivers Atrato and Tuyra. The work of survey will be shortly undertaken. Commenting upon this statement, Mr. John C. Trautwine, the engineer of the Panama Railroad, and an eminent authority upon all engineering matters pertaining to the American isthmus, has no hesitation in predicting that the survey will result in disappointment. In a recent article on the Darien interoceanic ship-canal the same authority estimates the cost of a canal upon this route, with two tide locks, at about $300,000,000, or about three times the cost of the Suez Canal.

Measures have been taken for the laying down of a second telegraphic cable between Australia and Europe.

The electric light has been introduced into several Belgian collieries.

Pieper's method of hardening glass, by submitting it, while at a red heat, to the action of superheated steam, is very favorably spoken of.

Reichardtite, a new mineral, having the same constitution as Epsom salt, has been found in the Stassfurt potash mines.

It is estimated that the value of the diamonds found at the Cape, from the opening of the mines to December 31, 1875, exceeds twelve millions of pounds sterling.

A new coal-cutting machine has lately been put to work in a mine at New Straitsville, Ohio. The machine is the invention of Mr. Litchner. It is claimed for this machine that three men can "bear in" and drill the holes for a blast that would require the work of four men for a whole day; or, to put it differently, three men and the machine can do as much as thirty miners can in a given time.

The number of tanks in the oil region employed for the storage of crude petroleum is placed by Mr. Henry E. Ungley, of Titusville, at 370, and their aggregate capacity 6,077,225 barrels. The largest tank is owned by Lockhart and Frew, at Pittsburg, the capacity of which is 43,000 barrels. There are no less than 133 tanks, holding from 20,000 barrels upward, and the average capacity of the whole tankage is 16,425 barrels.

The Lowe water-gas process has been introduced during the past month at Manayunk, a suburb of Philadelphia, and the town in question, as well as a number of surrounding villages, is lighted from the new works exclusively. The operation of the Manayunk plant has thus far been quite satisfactory.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of September.

The September elections in Vermont (on the 5th) and in Maine (on the 11th) resulted in the choice of the Republican candidates by majorities nearly equal to those of 1872, the last Presidential year. In Vermont, Mr. Fairbanks received a majority of nearly 24,000, in a total vote of over 65,000. In 1872 the Republican majority in that State was 25,333, in a total vote of 58,559. In Maine, Mr. Connor's plurality over Mr. Talbot was 15,459, in a total vote of 136,490. In 1872 the Republican majority in that State was 17,216, in a total vote of 126,618.

The State election in Arkansas resulted in an overwhelming Democratic majority.

Arkansas, New Jersey, Connecticut, Missouri, and Indiana have already in the field an electoral ticket for the Greenback Presidential candidate.

The Colorado Republican State Convention, at

Pueblo, August 27, nominated John L. Routt for Governor, and adopted a hard-money platform.

The Connecticut Democratic State Convention, at Hartford, September 6, nominated Richard D. Hubbard for Governor.

The Delaware Democratic State Convention, at Dover, September 7, nominated Presidential electors. In the platform of resolutions adopted was the following:

"*Resolved*, That we are and always have been in favor of the white men of the country controlling this government, and therefore we appeal with confidence to the white voters only for the success of the principles in the foregoing resolutions."

The Delaware Republican State Convention, at Dover, September 13, nominated Presidential electors.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention, at Worcester, September 5, renominated Governor Rice and all the other present State officers. The Democratic Convention, at the same place, September 6, nominated Charles Francis Adams for Governor.

The Nebraska Democratic State Convention, at Omaha, September 6, nominated Paren England for Governor, and adopted resolutions indorsing the St. Louis platform and arraigning the Republican party for furnishing arms to the Indians.

The New York Republican State Convention, at Saratoga, August 23, nominated ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan for Governor. The Democratic Convention, at Saratoga, August 30, nominated ex-Governor Horatio Seymour for Governor. Owing to the declination of its candidate, the Convention re-assembled, September 13, and nominated Lucius Robinson.

The South Carolina Republican State Convention, at Columbia, September 13, renominated Governor Chamberlain and the other State officers.

Murad Effendi, Sultan of Turkey, was deposed August 31, and his brother, Abdul-Hamid, proclaimed his successor. Early in September the Servian army sustained a severe defeat, and was compelled to fall back on Deligrad. The great powers urged the Porte to grant a month's armistice. The Porte, while refusing the armistice, expressed a willingness to treat for peace. The Sultan's cabinet demanded as a basis for settlement the disarmament of the Servian army, the Turkish occupation of Alexinatz, Tsatsak, and Tosnitza, an indemnity of 500,000 ducats, and the homage of Prince Milan at Constantinople. These terms were subsequently confirmed by the Great Council. The conditions, as finally reported by the Sultan to the embassadors of the great powers, were the following: 1. The re-occupation of the fortresses which were held by Turkey previous to 1857. 2. The destruction of the fortresses constructed by the Servians since 1857. 3. The investiture of Prince Milan at Constantinople. 4. The reduction of the effective Servian army to 10,000 men and three batteries. 5. The construction of a railway across Servia. 6. The payment of a war indemnity by Servia.

On the 17th of September the Turkish government ordered all its commanders to discontinue hostilities until further orders. The object of the armistice was to give the great powers time for deliberation upon terms of peace.

In the mean time great indignation had been aroused in England by the reports of Turkish outrages in Bulgaria. Meetings were held to protest against the policy of the British government. At Blackheath, September 9, Mr. Gladstone addressed an assembly of about 12,000. Since his Blackheath speech Mr. Gladstone, who on this question represents the popular sentiment of England as against the traditional policy of the government, has issued a pamphlet on the Eastern question, showing that Servia and Montenegro commenced the war only when the hope of redress for their brethren was finally withdrawn, and that, therefore, in a settlement with Turkey, the five cases of Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Bulgaria should not be considered otherwise than as the connected limbs of one and the same transaction, and claiming that the British government should interpose to put a stop to outrages like those which have desolated Bulgaria, and to exclude the administrative action of the Ottoman government from the provinces.

William M. Tweed was arrested, September 7, at Vigo, in Spain, where he had just arrived from Cuba.

Mr. Disraeli, having been elevated to the peerage as Earl of Beaconsfield, has issued a farewell address to his constituents, the electors of Buckinghamshire, by whom he has been returned to Parliament continuously since 1847.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The international rifle-match at Creedmoor, September 14, resulted in a victory for the American team by twenty-two points. In the contest were teams from America, Scotland, Ireland, Australia, and Canada. The Irish team came out second, and the Scotch third. In a subsequent match, September 21, between the Irish and American teams, the latter won by eleven points.

The Lafayette statue was unveiled in Union Square, New York city, September 6.

The mine under Hallett's Point Reef, Astoria, Long Island, was exploded by General Newton, September 24.

DISASTERS.

September 5.—Explosion of nitro-glycerine at Hell Gate, New York city. Three men killed and seven seriously injured.

September 22.—At Black Lick Station, near Columbus, Ohio, on the Pan-Handle Railroad, four cars of an express train jumped the track, rolling down an embankment. Over thirty people were injured, four of whom were instantly killed.

September 4.—The town of St. Hyacinthe, Canada, destroyed by fire. Six hundred houses burned, and four thousand people rendered homeless.

OBITUARY.

September 12.—In Richmond, Virginia, General Henry A. Wise, aged seventy years.

September 14.—In St. James Parish, Louisiana, Robert Barnwell Rhett, Sen., aged seventy-five years.

September 18.—In New York city, the Rev. Edmund Stover Janes, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, aged sixty-nine years.—At Fishkill, New York, Professor Charles Davies, the mathematician, aged seventy-eight years.

August 30.—Intelligence received in London of the death of Felicien David, the celebrated French musical composer, aged sixty-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT at Easton, Pennsylvania, says that a few days since a guest at one of the hotels in that place asked for a napkin at dinner. The landlord declined to give him one. "But," said the guest, "that man at the other table has one."

"That man," replied mine host, "is a regular boarder, and has just got back from the Centennial. I must pander to him for a day or two; but it won't be long before he will be wiping his mouth on the table-cloth and cleaning his nails with the fork, *like the rest of the gentlemen*. No, stranger, we don't allow any style here as a regular thing, but we can't help ourselves sometimes."

DOWN in the southeastern part of Virginia flourishes a breed of semi-wild hogs, called in the country vernacular "wind-splitters," or "razor-backs." They greatly resemble a greyhound in shape, and in speed would successfully compete with one. At one of the county fairs, several years ago, an enterprising Pennsylvanian placed on exhibition a pen of sleek fat Berkshires, which presented a marked contrast to the leaner native specimens by which they were surrounded. Their owner one day encountered one of his competitors in swine culture, and ventured a comparison between his own and the stilted occupants of the neighboring pens. "Wa'al, stranger," replied the ruralist, "they may be right smart for you uns, but down this yar county you couldn't give 'em 'way."

"Why not?" asked the astonished Pennsylvanian.

"Why, ye see, stranger, down yar a hog that can't outrun a nigger ain't wuth a cuss."

This anecdote was told by Senator Withers, of Virginia, in a stump speech delivered in Chesterfield County. When he descended from the platform he was accosted by a venerable darky, who had been an attentive listener, with the query: "I say, Mars Withers, whar can I git some dem hogs. Fo' God, dey's jess de breed for dis yar kentry."

A BOY'S way of stating things, though often inelegant, is generally nervous.. Example: A lad at Easton, Pennsylvania, entered a drug store, bottle in hand, and said he wanted ten cents worth of "armakymony." The drugger told him to repeat the word, and said, "Don't you mean arnica, or ammonia?"

"I dunno," was the reply.

"What is it for?" asks druggist.

"Can't tell," said boy, starting slowly out. When near the door a bright idea illumined him, and he turned and asked druggist: "If your wife hit you on the head with a chair leg, which of them medicines would you git to take the swellin' down?"

"Arnica."

"Then fill her in ten cents' worth," replied the boy; and he gazed lovingly at a big stick of licorice as the arnica was being bottled.

WHEN Professor Huxley was on a visit to his niece, in Nashville, he visited the Vanderbilt University, where he was cordially received, and where this incident occurred, illustrating the "warfare of science and religion." He was inspecting the different departments, and on passing from the School of Science to the School of Theology he remarked to the Rev. Dr. Sommers: "You have religion on one side and science on the other. Do you keep a patrol between?"

"Come in," said the doctor, "and see where we beat out theology, and where we should be glad to have the opportunity of beating a little into you."

"Ah, Sir," said the professor, "if I were here, I should give you novel theology, if not so sound."

"I have no doubt of its being *sound*," replied the doctor.

Finally, the peculiar construction of the seats in the theological apartment suddenly seemed to strike the English apostle of evolution, and he immediately evolved this from his inner consciousness: "You seem to have a twist in the desk appendages to the seats, I see, doctor."

"Yes; but it is not so bad as the twist which you put into the occupants, and which we are trying to work out."

"I hope we keep you employed," said Professor Huxley, and the laughing admission that they did was taken as a truce.

THE origin of the poor-box in churches is thus explained in a curious old book, entitled *Anecdotes Ecclesiastiques*, published in Amsterdam in 1772: "The prelates of France having refused to contribute in favor of the Crusade the fortieth part of their revenues, although they had promised the thirtieth part at the Council of Dijon, A.D. 1198, the Pope ordered a box (*tronc creux*) to be placed in each church, and to be locked with three keys, the first to be kept by the bishop, the second by the curé, and the third by some pious layman, that the faithful might there place their alms, and that, according to the quality of the persons and the fervor of their devotion, the bishops may commute the penitences into alms for the succor of the Holy Land. It is the first instance in which the word *tronc* has been used to signify the boxes which are placed in churches to receive alms."

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—Sir John Trollop, Knight, is said to have had a grave dug for himself, some years before his decease, in the chancel of a church built at his expense. By the side of the grave was placed his own figure in marble, with his right hand pointing to the building, and his left to the grave. On his breast were painted the following lines:

> I, Sir John Trollop,
> Made these stones roll up:
> When God shall take my soul up,
> My body shall fill that hole up.

IN a certain town of Chittenden County, Vermont, there lived, a score of years ago, a well-to-do farmer who was also a Baptist preacher. He was not a learned man, but his lungs were good, and while his "sermons" hurt no one, they were doubtless edifying to a large portion of his rustic congregation. One Sunday he "pitched into" the Roman Catholic Church like a good Protestant; but not wishing to be unjust, and willing even to

give evil his due, he checked for a moment the t of denunciation, and generously remark I don't believe in patronizin' the Pope, but illin' to allow that sometimes he says some good, as, for example, that remark of his'n, proper study of mankind is man.'"

One heard it thought this a Pius fraud on Alexa

In Rev. Mr. Hepworth's bright yachting book, *Aboard and Port*, recently published by Harper Brothers, are several funny yarns, one of h will be relished by readers of the Drawer, is related by an old salt named Fowler, whos wer of drawing the long-bow may be estimate the force of his language. He uncoils as ows:

"As I s a-sayin', we was coddin' off Nantucket; t wind blew heavy from the nor'east. There wa mighty sea runnin', and the cappen, seein' the st o' the fleet had come to anchor, said to m Fowler,' said he, 'hadn't we better let go our ud-hook?' I cast my eyes to the norrard, a see it was goin' to blow pretty stiff all night, s said, 'You can do as you like, Cap; but if she w my craft, I know what I'd do, mighty quick.'

"'What' hat?' sez he, kinder anxious; for I noticed he a ays come to me when it was a-blowin' hard.

"'Why,' s I, 'them clouds they look ugly, and it's goin' to h a naty night, and if we can get a fair hold of te botom, it's all right.'

"So the a hor was let go, and we bobbed about a good eal worse than we did t'other night. That was a mil-pond side of the sea we were in. Talk of mountains—they warn't nowhere side of them waves. Vhy, Sir, once the schooner pinted her bowsprit right for the North Star, and you know she's got to stand up pretty well on end to do hat.

"I was just goin out on the bowsprit to furl the jib, when a flaw of wind took the sail, and at the same ninute a heavy wave struck us, and threw me of my feet. I hung on to the clew of the jib, expectin' to le landed against the larboard rail, you know. But the wind was so strong it blew the jib outboard, and instead of droppin' on the deck, I fell flat on my back in the water. The tide was runnin like a race-horse, and when I got about midships, as I reckoned, a roller lifted me about twenty feet above the deck, and I hollered."

"You hollered?" aid Bertric.

"Well, I guess I did, and the crew heard me, too, and the cappen le heard me. I struck out, hopin' to get hold of the rail, but 'twarn't no use. I give myself up for lost. No more coddin' for me, I said to myself. Just then I heard the cappen say,

"'I'm throwin' ye a line, Fowler,' and with that I heard a splash clos to me. It was so dark I couldn't see nothin', but I heard the rope strike the water. I had the presence of mind to think that the rope would sink, so I fumbled round about a foot under water and caught hold of somethin'. It was the whippin' of the line.

"Well, I hung on with an awful grip, and could feel that they were haulin' away at t'other end. I never come so near faintin' in my life, but 'twarn't no time to faint just then. The sailors was haulin' me on board, when one of them looked over the side and see that I had only the whippin' in my hand."

"I thought you said it was so dark you couldn't see," broke in Ruloff.

"Well, I was almost aboard then, and, besides, it lit up about two o'clock."

"Two o'clock," cried Stigand; "why, you fell off the bows at one. Were you in the water in March for an hour, and did it take you sixty minutes, with a strong tide, to go from the stem to the stern?"

"Wa'al, it might not have been exactly two, but it was nigh on to it; and, besides that, I was strugglin' all the time, and the time might have seemed a little longer than it really was; and more than that, I had to guess at the time, cos I couldn't let go that rope to get my watch out and see just the minute I was drownded," said Fowler, not in the least disconcerted.

"Well, when I was most up, one of the sailors he said, 'Cappen, hadn't we better get the gaff and make fast to him?' At that I must say I felt mad. It was bad enough to fall overboard, but to be gaffed as though I was a dogfish was more than I could stand, so I really believe I fainted away. At any rate, the next thing I knew I was in the cabin stretched out on one of the transoms.

"The cappen stood over me, shaking me, and saying, 'Fowler, let go that rope.' I looked down to my hand, and found that I had hold of about three inches of it, with such a grip that I couldn't let go. So I took hold of the rope with my right hand, and kinder coaxed it away from the fingers of the other hand.

"I tell you, that was a grip, though, wasn't it?"

This remark was addressed to me, and I answered yes, without further comment on the adventure.

The effusiveness of some of the misses of this happy republic of ours has a fine illustration in the following extract from a letter of a young lady of New York: "Oh, how pleased we were to drive away from the restraints of the city into the free and open air! Every thing looked so nice and beautiful, and, oh! if you had only enjoyed the fragrance of the roses in full bloom! We were so eager to sniff the delight that *a keen, long smell actually pulled up the more delicate flowers by the roots.*"

In one of our London contemporaries we find the following, which is worth transplanting into this department of the Magazine: A late traveler in Western America was struck by the absence of the usual tessellated language of the bullock driver in the case of a man on the road with a small team, which he thus apostrophized, "Come hither, Baptist! Who-o-o! Presbyterian," etc. This mode of address seemed so strange to the traveler that he entered into conversation with the man, and asked him how these titles were applicable to a bullock team. "Well, Sir, you see," said he, "I calls this the 'clesiastical team. You see that bullock on the off side, leading; I calls him Baptist. We'll be crossing the creek presently; he'll be bound to make for water. That one on the near side, he's 'Piscopalian, 'cause he holds his head so werry high. That bullock on the off side of the pole, the one with the crumpled horn, I calls him Presbyterian.

He's the most out-and-out knowing bullock of the lot. The brindle in the same yoke with him, he's Wesleyan. He's always a-grunting and a-groaning, as if he was dragging the whole load. Bless your life, Sir, he's not pulling an ounce."

A WRITER in *Notes and Queries* has the following neat retort:

Mr. Falls, a well-known Irish sportsman, happened one day to ride down a hound. The irascible but witty master attacked him in no very measured language.

"Sir," was the reply, "I'd have you recollect that I am Mr. Falls of Dungannon."

The answer was ready: "I don't care if you are Mr. Falls of Niagara, you sha'n't ride over my hounds."

THE following dialogue recently occurred in one of our rural justices' courts:

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has spent only five shillings for fire-wood in eight years."

"Did he ever come in collision with you in any matter?"

"Only once, and then he was drunk, and mistook me for a lamp post."

"From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was saying, I would; if not, I wouldn't."

LAWYER C——, of Southeastern Massachusetts, was well known for his ready wit and repartee, as well as for his skill as an attorney and eloquence as an advocate.

The writer of this happened on one occasion to be in the United States Court sitting in Boston, the learned Mr. Justice Story presiding, when the following colloquy took place between Mr. C—— and a witness under cross-examination:

"Mr. Witness, where did you get that book which you hold in your hand?"

"It is the book of records of the church at Beech Woods, where I reside."

"Yes, I know; but where did you get the book itself?"

"Well, I was clerk of a military company at Beech Woods, and I bought this book to keep the records of the company. Afterward the company ran down, and I was chosen clerk of the church; so I took the same book to keep the church records in."

"Ah! I see. Then that book seems to contain the records of the church *militant*."

ALL who have been in the rotunda of the Boston State-house have noticed, opposite the main entrance, the battle flags of the Massachusetts regiments, also some gray stones set in the pavement below them. These stones are a fac-simile of the tombstones of the Washington family in England. These facts are set forth on a small marble tablet conspicuously placed. So much in explanation.

A few weeks ago, while a person was looking at them, a party of two or three ladies and an impulsive young miss came in and stopped in front of the colors. The young miss was quick to speak.

"Oh my! what are these?"

"Why, Mary, what makes you so green?" exclaimed one of the others. "Not know what these are? Indeed, I am astonished! They are the memorials of the Washington family. Don't they have lots of flags?"

A FRIEND at Rock Island, Illinois, tells us that Lemuel Andrews, who was well known throughout Illinois in 1850, and one of the early settlers of Rock Island, was a man of fine business ability, and at the same time jocose. For some years he drove a pair of roan ponies, named "Topsy" and "Turvy." Meeting him one day driving upon the street, a gentleman exclaimed, "What! Andrews? I couldn't make out whether you were man or beast coming down the street, every thing appeared so topsy and turvy."

The old gentleman promptly replied, "You should have remembered that 'the next work of God' followed chaos."

FROM a correspondent at Silver City, New Mexico, we have the two following:

Charley S—— is a pioneer and prospecter, "one of the old-time boys," thoroughly at home in the mountains, a keen tracer of "indications," and a masterly strategist in "corralling feet" when a new mining district has been "sacked," albeit his friends must admit that, with all his other accomplishments, Charley is just a little rusty in his classics. A few evenings since a stranger put up at the T—— House, where our hero was temporarily sojourning, and Charley, who had met the stranger elsewhere, was very polite and attentive, and did the honors of the supper table for his acquaintance with much zeal. As the meal progressed, the stranger guest spied a dish in the centre of the board which tempted his appetite, and not knowing the customs of the house, and doubtful whether the viand he craved was public or private property, he drew it toward him, and turned to Charley with the inquiry, "Is this *pro bono publico?*"

That worthy eyed the dish a moment with an intent and perplexed gaze, and answered, with an air of decision, "No; I should rather think that was *pickled tongue*."

Which his opinion was eminently correct.

JUDGE B——, Associate Justice of the United States Court for this district is a very mild, slow-spoken, "grave, and reverend signior," but not quite destitute of a spirit of levity when the occasion is tempting.

Not long since, in company with several members of the bar, he was traveling to a distant county for the purpose of holding court. As the accommodations on the way were not of the best, consisting of an occasional ranch or mail station, the party, who traveled in their own carriages, carried along with them a bountiful lunch basket, from which it was their custom to regale themselves when halting for a noonday rest. On one of these occasions a piece of cheese was brought forth from among their treasures, which, on examination, proved to be densely populated with that primitive development of organic life familiarly known as skippers. All of the party save

one expressed a very decided disrelish for fresh meat in that particular form; but ex-Judge N——, a portly lawyer of loud voice and strong stomach, declared a preference for the cheese, and the others very gladly relinquished it all to him. After making a hearty meal of the condemned lacteal product, he smacked his lips with great gusto, and exclaimed,

"Now I can say, like Samson of old, 'I have slain my thousands.'"

"Yes," instantly retorted Judge B——, "and you have done it with the same weapon."

The following curious account for restoring a chapel was engraved in French on a watch crystal in the Swiss Department of the Vienna Exposition. The whole was placed on a scroll less than an inch square. A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent, and presented his bill in gross to the curate, who refused payment, saying that the committee would require details. The painter produced it as follows:

Corrected and revised the Ten Commandments, 5 francs and 12 centimes; embellished and renewed Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon in his bonnet, 3 francs 6 centimes; put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter, and mended his comb, 3 francs 20 centimes; replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel, 4 francs 17 centimes; washed the servant of the High-Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks, 5 francs 12 centimes; renewed Heaven, adjusted two Stars, gilded the Sun, and renewed the Moon, 7 francs 14 centimes; re-animated the Flames of Purgatory, and restored some Souls, 6 francs 6 centimes; revived the Flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the Damned, 4 francs 10 centimes; put new spatterdashes on the Son of Tobias, and dressing on his back, 2 francs; cleaned the ears of Balaam's Ass, and shod him, 3 francs 7 centimes; put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah, 2 francs 4 centimes; rebordered the robe of Herod, and re-adjusted his wig, 4 francs 4 centimes; put a new stone in David's Sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs, 3 francs 2 centimes; decorated Noah's Ark, 3 francs; mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaned the Pigs, 4 francs 9 centimes. Total, 59 francs 11 centimes.

We have received from a friend in Watsontown, Pennsylvania, a sheet entitled *Now and Then*, the pages of which measure eight inches in length by six inches in breadth—a bright little local affair, devoted to the history and local affairs of the bailiwick and persons of Muncy who have "done things." Of these, two anecdotes are given:

Men in unpleasant circumstances often take comfort in making ludicrous contrasts. In the spring of 1864 Colonel H. J. B. Cummings, a former Muncy boy, and a worthy descendant of General Brodhead of Revolutionary fame, was stationed with his regiment (the Thirty-ninth Iowa) at Culleoka, Tennessee, to guard the railroad. Forrest, with a large body of cavalry, threatened to cut the road and prevent the supply of our troops around and south of Pulaski. Cummings was ordered to throw up earth-works forthwith, to protect the high trestle at Culleoka. To save his men from the labor of fortifying, he sent mounted men to the planters' houses within a distance of five miles, with orders that all their able-bodied negroes should report to him at daylight the next morning, "armed" with pick and shovel. To hinder the preparations for defense, the planters ran their negroes off, and not one reported for work. Exasperated at such conduct, the colonel sent out men and brought in every planter—men who had perhaps never done a day's work—and set them to work in the trenches, fed them army rations, and placed over them sentinels with fixed bayonets to compel them to be diligent. Standing behind a corner of the work, the colonel heard several philosophizing on the situation, when one of them made the following absurd contrast: "I voted myself out of the Union in one day, but it takes two days' confounded hard shoveling to get back again."

Wit does not always excite merriment, nor proceed from a love of fun. Men often try to sting, as well as try to tickle. Robert Rogers, the late popular proprietor of the Muncy and Hillsgrove stage, engaged to take a certain minister to a village in Bradford County. At Dushore they stopped at an inn for dinner. The landlord fancied and desired to purchase one of Robert's horses. Robert said the beast was nineteen years old, and would not suit his host. The landlord doubted Robert, and offered $150. He would risk his own eyes. Robert was still unwilling to sell, and the landlord offered $175. The owner now thought the offer too good to refuse it; but just as the bargain was being closed, the minister interfered and prevented it. He alarmed the landlord, and reproached Robert for being so unreasonable. Robert felt provoked at what he regarded as unreasonable meddlesomeness, but just then refrained from speaking his mind. He highly valued his old horse, yet regretted to lose so good a bargain. The party continued their journey. During the afternoon the minister admonished Robert of the danger he was in, and urged him to lead a better life. Getting warm with his exhortation, he exclaimed, "Robert, you are on the road to hell."

Robert could stand it no longer. He instantly began to back his team.

"What does this mean?" cried his passenger.

"See here," said Robert, dropping the reins; "I hired to take you to Bradford County, but if we are on the road to hell, you can go alone, because I don't want to go there."

Very Frenchy is this, from a Parisian source:

"The other day," says the writer, "the beautiful and the aristocratic —— (never mind the name), being at Versailles, conceived the sudden idea of bathing her 'tootsies' in the waters of the *bain d'Apollon*. After several minutes she wished to dry, but, *hélas!* no *linge pour essuyer les pieds* (no linen to dry the trotters). At this vital moment all the gentlemen were seized with a thought, the inspiration of genius, and cast to the lovely and aristocratic bather all their handkerchiefs, perfumed *à mort*. After drying her feet, she returned to each one his handkerchief with a graceful smile, upon which each cavalier kissed his handkerchief, and sniffing it with *délire*, returned it to his pocket. All owing to the heat."

The following great fact is expressed to us by a citizen of Danville, Pennsylvania:

One A—— V——, who bears blushingly a flaming mass of red hair upon his head, was delayed recently at a picnic, and, with many others, found it necessary to return to town on the train. The dusk of the evening prevented the use of a flag for a signal, and the question rose and went

eddying round, "How shall we stop the train?" Stepping to the front, and quietly pulling off his hat, Mr. V—— said, "*I* will signal the train." Which brought down the brakes.

One of my neighbors, writes a Troy gentleman, has a little girl, Lucy by name, of six or seven summers, and both she and her mother are much interested in religious matters. On a recent Sunday afternoon the mother and Lucy were enjoying the cool shade on the balcony, when the mother said,

"Come, Lucy, let's go in and read the beautiful story in your Sunday-school book."

"Oh no," said Lucy; "I'd rather stay here."

"Why," said the mother, "it is a beautiful story—tells all about heaven, that beautiful place where we all hope to go. Don't you want to know all about heaven?"

"Oh no, mamma; I'd rather be surprised."

A clerical friend incloses to us the following:

It was in a Baptist prayer-meeting. This was some thirty-five years ago. The good deacon was engaged, as usual, in offering a "few feeble remarks." In the course of these he was led to make the wise and very profound reflection, so seldom heard in orthodox prayer-meetings in these days, to the effect that he was a poor miserable sinner, and that had he received his just deserts, he would doubtless have been cut off and cast away long ago. "Amen!" fervently ejaculated a certain Methodist local preacher who chanced to be present. Hereupon, not unnaturally, there was a general titter on the part of the young people, and especially such of the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" as happened to be in attendance. The worthy deacon was embarrassed, and soon after sat down, covered with confusion.

The next day the local preacher was waited upon by a committee of three sisters, including the daughter of the aforesaid deacon, giving him to understand, in very significant terms, that henceforth "his room would be better than his company." In short, they plainly requested him to discontinue his attendance at their meetings.

"Why so?" exclaimed the astonished local preacher.

"Because," they rejoined, "we consider that you grossly insulted Deacon A—— last night."

"How so?" still continued the mystified local.

"Why, by your manifestly untimely and impertinent response to a certain remark on the part of that dear old man."

"Indeed," said the local, "I beg your pardon. Believe me, it was the farthest possible from my thoughts to reflect in any manner on that most worthy brother, or to signify my approval of his own self-estimate, much less to consign him, even in prayer, to that unhappy fate to which he seems to regard himself entitled. My feeling was simply to approve of his humble spirit—his spirit of profound self-abasement—which, in consideration of his conceded excellency, I thought was very beautiful indeed."

This apology and explanation, it would seem, should have been esteemed ample. The committee, however, were inexorable. They insisted that the local preacher should in future abstain from attending their meetings.

"Very well," said he. "If my presence among you is intolerable, I shall certainly yield to your request; but, meantime, mark you, if I can not worship with you, I shall at once set up a meeting of my own."

Paul was wont to pray to be delivered from "unreasonable men." There are, indeed, not a few of this sort in the world, and they are often quite enough to vex the patience of an all-enduring Job. They remind us of a preacher who once labored in Northern Vermont. He was not lacking in earnestness, but was most vexatiously impracticable. On a certain occasion, after the patience of his presiding elder had been taxed to its utmost by his contumaciousness, said presiding elder exclaimed, "Brother A—— is undoubtedly a good man, but I pray to be permitted never to meet him again *until I meet him in heaven.*"

THE SAD STORY OF BLOBBS AND HIS PULLET.

In a tiny country villa lived our Blobbs, but all alone;
Never wife or chubby children this staid bachelor had known.
Yet—for hearts *must* cling to something—he had made himself a pet
Of a little snow-white pullet, with her wings just tipped with jet.
Daily feeding and caressing, these had won the pullet's heart;
Following close her master's footsteps, seldom they were far apart;
And his love grew deeper, stronger, with the passing of each day—
"Wiser far than any woman," wicked Blobbs was wont to say.
Near by rose a wondrous structure—architects their brains had racked—
Cross between a Chinese temple and a cruet-stand, in fact.
This the pretty pullet's dwelling; here she hastened every night;
Perched on high, became a *rooster* till the dawning of the light.
One sad day a Yankee peddler, glib, persuading, passing by,
Gazed at Blobbs and that poor pullet with a calculating eye.
From his wagon's deep recesses drew out, smiling wickedly,
"Johnson's Patent Hen-Persuader;" then to guileless Blobbs said he:
"Here's a marvelous invention! In this box you see a nest;
Hens at once will lay an egg here, lured to do their very best.
Then behold! this sliding bottom lets the egg drop out of view,
And the hen, somewhat bewildered, lays at once egg number two!"
'Twould be useless to repeat all that this wily peddler said;
This suffices. Blobbs, unwary, by his specious tongue misled,
Bought the "Patent Hen-Persuader," set his snow-white pullet on,
Locked them both within the hen-house ere he went to town that morn.
Business then engrossed him fully, till, with num'rous cares beset,
Who can wonder that the pullet and her nest he should forget?
Nothing all day to remind him; but returning late at night,
Flashed a sudden recollection, and his cheek grew pale with fright.
Rushing madly from the station, straight he sought the hen-house door,
Called his pet in tones entreating. Ah! she'll never answer more!
Full of gloomiest forebodings, in he dashes; finds the nest
Overflowing with its treasures—yes, she's done her level best.
Forty-seven eggs! and near them head and tail and wings still lay,
For the poor ambitious pullet thus had laid herself away!